

I Shall Seal the Heavens

(我欲封天)

Book 5

Nirvanic Rebirth. Blood Everywhere!

Er Gen

(刘勇)

Story Description:

Shall Seal the Heavens is currently one of the most popular xianxia stories in China. It is about a failed young scholar named Meng Hao who gets forcibly recruited into a Sect of Immortal Cultivators. In the Cultivation world, the strong prey on the weak, and the law of the jungle prevails. Meng Hao must adapt to survive. And yet, he never forgets the Confucian and Daoist ideals that he grew up studying. This, coupled with his stubborn nature, set him on the path of a true hero. What does it mean to “Seal the Heavens?” This is a secret that you will have to uncover along with Meng Hao!

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

Chapter 629: Return

“First legacy trial by fire, failed,” said Night slowly, giving Meng Hao a deep look. Its voice echoed out throughout the entire Demon Immortal Sect.

Meng Hao smiled indifferently, apparently not concerned at all. Success or failure didn’t matter, as long as he got to try. What was the point of asking any questions? After all, he had eternal qualifications to participate in this legacy trial by fire.

This time he didn’t succeed, but the next time, a few hundred years from now... who was to say that he would fail again?

Most importantly, he had discovered his path to Spirit Severing. Meng Hao was sure that by shrinking his Cultivation base, by combining everything into one, Spirit Severing would be right in front of him.

“Your path to Spirit Severing has opened,” said Ke Jiusi to Meng Hao, his voice low. “When your Cultivation base is completely consolidated, then you can transform it into a Severing blade. You’ll either live, and sever out your Domain, or die, and sever your life.”

Meng Hao nodded. He had already come to understand this. That was definitely his path to Spirit Severing. Grind and polish his Cultivation base down until it became an illusory blade. After that blade appeared, he could begin the Severing.

The difference between life and death all lay in that blade!

“What Cultivators cultivate is both life and death,” said Meng Hao. “I’ve walked such a path for a long time. Living or dying doesn’t really matter. Life’s a journey; the places you go, the things you see, those are the most important things. Live without regrets.” He laughed, his eyes shining brightly.

A look of admiration appeared in Ke Jiusi’s eyes, and he also laughed.

“You’ve already found your path,” he said. With that, he waved his arm, causing a green wind to spring up. It picked up Meng Hao and began to

carry him out of the Demon Immortal Sect. "Time to leave. When father gave his approval of you, you became my little brother. I, too, was moved by your Dao. Perhaps one day in the future, the two of us will meet again in the starry sky!

"I hope that when that day arrives, you will have already reached Immortal Ascension!" Even as Ke Jiusi's voice echoed about, Meng Hao was carried by the green wind far away from the Demon Immortal Sect.

At the same time, Ke Jiusi's gaze came to fall upon Zhixiang, who still stood off in the distance.

Zhixiang immediately clasped hands and bowed.

"I am Zhou Zhixiang of the younger generation of the Demon Immortal Sect. Greetings, Patriarch Ke."

"We'll be old friends from now on," said Ke Jiusi. "Demon Immortal Body.... With people like you, I can feel good about the Demon Immortal Sect." As he looked at her, his eyes seemed to fill with reminiscence. It was impossible to tell who he was thinking about, but he sighed and then waved a sleeve. A jade slip flew out toward Zhixiang, which she quickly grabbed. Then, the green wind picked her up and, along with Meng Hao, she began to be carried away.

"Place that object in your Sect's Ancestral Hall," said Ke Jiusi coolly, "and have the disciples prostrate to it. It can stave off extermination for ten thousand years."

Meng Hao and Zhixiang continued to speed away within the green wind.

Meng Hao looked back at Ke Jiusi, and couldn't help but think back to all of the things that had happened since he arrived in the Demon Immortal Sect.

"Seal up the Demon Immortal Sect," said Ke Jiusi, his voice echoing out. "Destiny has already been severed, now we adjourn for a few centuries...." Meng Hao watched him as he sat down gloomily cross-legged on the fourth of true spirit Night's horns.

At the same time, true spirit Night gave Meng Hao a deep look. Then, its

enormous head began to sink down. Its eyes slowly closed, and by the time the head sank down completely... the seven horns rose up above the land!

Endless amounts of dust flew about. It was almost like time was running in reverse. Everything returned to its original position. In the blink of an eye, the seven horns grew thick and bulky, and were soon seven mountain peaks once again!

There were corpses on the mountain peaks just like before, not one more or less than before. The restrictive spells were in place just like before. It was like nothing had changed at all. The lands below also returned to how they were before. In moments, everything looked exactly as it had when Meng Hao first arrived.

Ke Jiusi sat cross-legged atop the Fourth Peak. His back was to Meng Hao; he was facing an area just outside the Seventh Peak, the location of Ke Yunhai's tomb....

Boom!

Meng Hao felt as if he had just slammed into an invisible wall. As he sank into it, everything went black. When he came to, he was outside the Demon Immortal Sect.

He glanced back, and the Demon Immortal Sect looked hazy. Just barely visible were countless illusory figures, hustling and bustling about.

Meng Hao said nothing. Zhixiang had emerged along with him, and when she looked back, her expression was one of pain and complex emotions as she looked at the illusory Demon Immortal Sect.

Countless tiny fragments of rock and stone suddenly flew out to surround Meng Hao and Zhixiang, quickly transforming into a new river of stars. Meng Hao was still gazing at the Demon Immortal Sect when a tremor ran through the whole river of stars, and it began to carry him and Zhixiang away. It rolled out like a bolt of white silk.

Meng Hao said nothing as the Demon Immortal Sect drew farther and farther away. Zhixiang likewise maintained her silence. They got farther and farther away until soon, the Bridge of Immortal Treading became

visible among the stars.

“I need to go,” said Zhixiang suddenly. She looked at Meng Hao.

He turned to look at her. “Take care of yourself on your journey.”

Their eyes met, and Zhixiang gave a warm smile.

“Thank you. My promise to you hasn’t changed. I truly believe that one day in the future, we will meet again. I look forward to finding out where we will meet, under what circumstances, or, perhaps I should say... in what identity.” Although she smiled, a flicker of farewell could be seen in her eyes.

With a final deep look at him, Zhixiang slapped her bag of holding. A person flew out from inside. It was a woman, her features beautiful, obviously quite young. This was none other than the Holy Daughter of the Five Poisons Tribe, Zhao Youlan.

Her eyes were closed, and she wasn’t moving. There were still signs of life detectable, but she was obviously in a state of dormancy. From the ripples of her Cultivation base, it was obvious that she was... of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage.

“This girl and I are connected by destiny,” said Zhixiang lightly. “I possessed her fleshly body that year, but I didn’t destroy her soul. I promised her that when it was time to part, I would bestow her with the good fortune of a great circle Nascent Soul Cultivation base. 1

“By the time I acquired the Demon Immortal Body, I had already returned her body to her. Would you mind taking her back to the lands of South Heaven with you?”

Meng Hao looked at Zhao Youlan, then back at Zhixiang. He nodded.

With a final look at Meng Hao, Zhixiang turned and then flew out from the river of stars. As she emerged out into the starry sky, a glow appeared beneath her feet that turned into a loom shuttle.

The loom shuttle was surrounded by swirling lights as it rapidly expanded to a size of nearly three hundred meters. Demonic Qi pulsed off

of it in ripples, distorting the images of the stars and causing ghost images to spring up.

She turned to look back at him and said, "Okay little Meng Hao, I'm gonna take off now. Don't miss me too much! Of course, if you really miss me, then once you have the ability to fly through the stars, then come to Planet East Victory. Who's to say whether or not I might let you have some alone time with me?" She laughed. Right now, she seemed to have returned to the way she was when Meng Hao met her for the first time.

Seductive as silk, eyes charming and amorous, she smiled and then transformed into a beam of light which shot off into the distance.

Meng Hao smiled and shook his head. For the most part, he and Zhixiang were partners in cooperation. However, after everything that had happened in the Demon Immortal Sect, gradually they had become friends.

He looked away from her retreating figure and then sat down cross-legged on a nearby stone fragment. Zhao Youlan's eyes were still closed as she lay next to him, slumbering. The two of them remained in the river of stars as it shot through the starry sky. Soon, everything became quiet.

Meng Hao stared out at the endless stars, and soon, a look of anticipation appeared in his eyes.

"Cultivation. Immortal Ascension. Flying among the stars.... It's all a journey. If I can leave the lands of South Heaven and enter the starry sky, my journey would be even more wonderful.

"At that time, Planet South Heaven would only be a bit of scenery along my way." Suddenly, Meng Hao smiled.

"My gains in the Demon Immortal Sect were tremendous!" he thought. He looked down at his bag of holding.

"Mountain Consuming Incantation, Nine Heavens Destruction, Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal.... Plus there's the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao. All of these divine abilities are there in my mind, as well as quite a few other minor arts.

“In addition, I have a good collection of lost treasures from the Demon Immortal Sect, as well as Ji Mingfeng’s bags of holding. Most important of all is the sword tip from that Wooden Time Sword!” When the thought of the sword tip, his heart palpitated with eagerness.

“That sword tip has 30,000 years of Time power. If I actually used it, it wouldn’t truly be 30,000 years, but it would still be shocking.” He rubbed his bag of holding, his eyes gleaming brightly.

“And then, there’s the precious treasure from the Fourth Plane, the continental mirror!! There are countless magical items stored inside, as well as Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, and the shadows of those three Paragons!

“The continental mirror is a precious treasure of true spirit Night. Taking it away was what awakened Night. Considering how valuable Night considered the treasure to be, well, it only serves to prove that my copper mirror has a mysterious origin.” When he thought about the transformation the copper mirror had experienced, he once again had the feeling that his gains in this adventure had been exceeding.

“All the acquisitions will surely attract quite a bit of prying. All the other remaining South Heaven Cultivators are cruel and unscrupulous, and definitely have ill intentions. Their Sects and Clans will quickly learn about everything that happened.” His eyes flickered.

“As for how much all those people owe me, if you add it together, it’s more than ten million Spirit Stones! Which means that, right now, the main thing I’m lacking... is Spirit Stones!” He gave a cold harumph, but then thought to the debt pledges he had, and a brilliant smile appeared on his face.

“The debtor must repay his debts; that is in line with the principles of Heaven and Earth! They can’t escape that fact! Although, to be the most safe, I can’t stay in the Black Lands or the Western Desert.” As he sat there thoughtfully, many thoughts raced through his head.

Time passed. Meng Hao sat there cross-legged, looking at the river of stars and the starry sky. Soon, he caught sight of a dot of light that was

none other than Planet South Heaven.

At the same time, he saw that, revolving around planet South Heaven was a shocking altar.

As soon as he caught sight of the altar, he got a clear sense of a cold, gloomy aura. The aura swept toward him, but was blocked by the river of stars, and could not reach him.

As the river of stars neared Planet South Heaven, Meng Hao stood up. He stared at South Heaven as it rapidly neared. Soon, he could see the lands below. He saw the Milky Way Sea, the Southern Domain and the Western Desert.

As they shot downward, Zhao Youlan slowly began to regain consciousness. Before she could open her eyes, Meng Hao leaped up, shooting out from within the river of stars into the highest levels of the sky above South Heaven. Then, he transformed into a beam of light that shot off into the distance.

There was a lot of pressure at such high altitude, but Meng Hao had been able to deal with the pressure at the 18,000 meter mark in the trial by fire of Lord Li's legacy. This pressure was nothing he would care about. He moved at incredible speed and quickly disappeared.

The river of stars began to rumble as it carried the confused Zhao Youlan down toward the lands below. As Meng Hao sped off into the distance, a cold, hoarse voice suddenly could be heard, accompanied by a slight chuckle.

"The pup from all those years ago has already grown up! His realm of Perfection really is perfect. I've been waiting for a long time.... It wasn't in vain that I covered your tracks before to confuse the Ji Clan. Child, the time has come to present your Perfect realm to me."

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1. Zhixiang made the promise to Zhao Youlan in chapter 474.

Chapter 630: 10th Patriarch of the Wang Clan 1

As soon as the voice rang out, the winds and clouds ceased moving. Not another sound could be heard!

The river of stars continued to rumble through the air, taking Zhao Youlan with it as it headed toward the land. Her eyes were wide open now, and just barely, she could make out the image of an old man wearing a long, white robe. He hovered in mid-air, his hair floating around him, his face ancient and filled with wrinkles. It was impossible to tell how old he was, but he looked as if he had just climbed out of a tomb.

A sense of putrefaction surrounded him, like the air that surrounded a person who had reached their end days but wasn't willing to take the final steps to the end. Instead, he would do something completely shocking.

However, he did not seem to be possessed of a flesh and blood body, but rather, was semi-transparent.

Even as Zhao Youlan noticed these things, she lost consciousness again, then disappeared along with the river of stars.

Meng Hao was currently speeding along, when suddenly his body began to shake. The air around him seemed to solidify, as if all of Heaven and Earth, the whole world, had transformed into a cage. He was like a cornered beast within that cage, struggling, but unable to extricate himself.

It was at this time that the cold voice rang out in his ears, filled with a sense of rot and decay. His face fell as a sense of grave crisis exploded out in him unlike anything he had experienced from the day he was born until now.

"This isn't Spirit Severing!!" Rumbling filled his mind, and then spread out to the rest of his body. Cold sweat began to pour down him. Without hesitation, he directly entered the Ninth Anima!

Boom!

His Cultivation base exploded up. Although it only had eight portions of Cultivation base, each one of those portions had been compressed and refined to the pinnacle, which created a frightening aura.

Boom!

His hair floated up around him as his Cultivation base radiated out. His energy shot up to the sky, and the intense power of his fleshly body was unleashed to its very pinnacle.

Things weren't over!

He performed an incantation gesture, causing the Mountain Consuming Incantation to appear. An enormous rumbling could be heard around him as the illusory image of an enormous mountain appeared. The illusion twisted and distorted as it suddenly expanded outward.

Next, he slapped his bag of holding, causing around ten magical items to appear. Each one of these items were incredible treasures that he had acquired in the Demon Immortal Sect. He valued them greatly, but in this moment of deadly crisis, he had no time to think about the pain of losing them. He produced them without hesitation and then roared.

"Detonate!!" It caused Meng Hao's heart to bleed to say such a word, but he had no other choice.

All of this takes some time to describe, but actually happened in a very short moment.

An illusory hand appeared out of nowhere off in the distance. It was semi-transparent, and was filled with glowing lights. It seemed to contain a great Dao of Heaven and Earth that was in accord with natural law. As soon as the hand appeared, everything grew dark, making the hand the only focus of attention.

The hand neared, gently slapping toward Meng Hao!

As it got close, Meng Hao detonated the ten Demon Immortal Sect treasures. A boom rattled out that seemed capable of splitting Heaven and Earth. Everything shook, and distorted ripples appeared in all directions. It seemed almost as if the world couldn't handle the destructive force

unleashed by the explosion.

Boom!

The cage around Meng Hao was now riddled with cracks. The explosion of the ten magical items also caused the incoming hand to pause slightly.

A cold “eee!” could be heard, and the hand passed by in a flash. The destructive force of the explosion dissipated, and it was in that brief moment that Meng Hao, stuck in this seemingly hopeless situation, grabbed at a chance for life.

“Dao Seeking! This is a Dao Seeking Cultivator!” Meng Hao’s heart began to pound and fill with bitterness. A Dao Seeking expert was something higher than him by more than an entire stage. Dao Seeking experts were rare, almighty figures in the lands of South Heaven!

As far as Meng Hao could remember, he had never provoked anyone like that before. From what the voice had just said now, this person was clearly not a member of the Ji Clan!

“Who is he?!” Meng Hao knew that the greater the danger he was in, the more he needed to remain calm. Eyes glittering, he took advantage of the cracks appearing in the cage to employ the greatest speed he could muster. He instantly transformed into the wind of the roc, along with a green smoke that contained a black moon. In the blink of an eye, he bored out through one of the cracks and shot off into the distance. He moved so quickly that he didn’t even have time to look back.

Even as he broke out from the cage, the giant hand shot in pursuit. It destroyed the cage, as well as the destructive powers of the ten valuable treasures he had detonated. Then it slammed into the illusory mountain.

BANG!!

The illusory mountain collapsed into pieces, which showered out in all directions. Blood sprayed from Meng Hao’s mouth, and cracking sounds could be heard. It seemed as if his body was on the verge of being destroyed.

The hand seemed almost leisurely in its strike. It smashed through the

illusory mountain, and then casually headed toward Meng Hao's back.

Even as the hand neared, Meng Hao lifted his head up and cried, "Agarwood!!"

Booming could be heard as an otherworldly power approached. However, for some reason, when it was about halfway, it seemed to hesitate. During that moment, the huge hand closed in.

Meng Hao did nothing to try to control the Agarwood. The blood-colored mask flew out of his bag of holding, rapidly growing larger until it covered his whole body, helping to block against the giant hand.

A howl could be heard from within the blood-colored mask, and a bloody glow rose up. The mastiff flew out, and as the hand neared, it, together with the mask, protected Meng Hao's back. The mastiff didn't even have time to turn around to look at its Master's back.

Boom!

The instant the hand slammed into the mastiff, it exploded, transforming into countless red strands that shot back into the blood-colored mask.

A massive rumbling could be heard as the Blood Immortal mask was sent spinning backward. It merged into Meng Hao's body, which trembled severely.

"Blood Mastiff!!" roared Meng Hao, his eyes bloodshot. In that instant, he could sense that the mastiff's blood had formed back together inside the mask, turning into a much smaller Blood Mastiff.

The double protection temporarily resolved his crisis. However, blood still sprayed from his mouth, and his internal organs were shattered into pieces. His life aura was diminishing, and he tumbled off into the distance like a kite with its string cut.

His eyes were filled with dense veins of blood, and an unprecedented level of hatred suddenly rose up within him.

Severe pain coursed through him, and he had the intense sensation that

he was being ripped into shreds. His skin was lacerated and torn in multiple locations; it made it seem as if in the following breath, his entire person would fall apart!

A second “eee?” sound could be heard, echoing out in Heaven and Earth. Suddenly, the parrot and the meat jelly flew out from inside Meng Hao’s bag of holding.

The parrot clutched onto Meng Hao’s shoulder, a look of unprecedented anxiety on its face. “Dammit, bitch! Dammit! This guy’s a step away from being a false Immortal! Even if he’s just a clone, he’s still at Dao Seeking. Meat jelly, you slut, why haven’t you saved Meng Hao yet!?!?” The meat jelly was trembling all over. However, it quickly spread out to cover Meng Hao, causing his collapsing flesh to solidify.

An ancient, hoarse voice could suddenly be heard coming from the void. “I am the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Back when you were in Foundation Establishment, I decided to make you my Dao seed, to accomplish my Dao, to allow me experience what it was like for the great ancestor to steal a foundation.

“Do you... really think you can escape?” There was something else in the voice; it contained bizarre fluctuations that seemed to conform to the natural laws of Heaven and Earth.

As the voice spoke, the hand faded away. However, it became clear again only a breath later, and when it did, it was behind Meng Hao. The hand formed into a claw that swiped at Meng Hao from the back.

“I saved you out outside of the Rebirth Cave,” the voice said, speaking neither quickly nor slowly. “When the Ji Clan was after you, I helped. And then there was all the commotion you caused in the Demon Immortal Sect. After you returned, I took the liberty of wiping out traces of your aura so that no one would know that you have returned.

“All of that was because... a time would come for you to pay me back. And that time... is now.” As the voice continued to speak, the sense of putrefaction continued to grow clearer.

“Four Perfect stages. The Perfect Foundation... is the basis for Immortal

Ascension. It would be a waste on you, so... it belongs to me.”

The hand continued to grab toward Meng Hao. No matter how the parrot and Meng Hao sped away, it was impossible to escape the gravitational force that they felt wrapping around them. Meng Hao’s body trembled, and then he clearly senses something on himself that caused the gravitational force to loosen. It almost seemed as if the force would leave him automatically!

In this critical moment, the parrot and meat jelly were going crazy. Meng Hao once again urgently said, “Agarwood! What about your promise to me!?”

As the words echoed out, everything grew quiet. Suddenly, a rumbling spread out as an otherworldly power neared.

Boom!

The power slammed into the hand that was grasping toward Meng Hao. The hand instantly shook, and any connection it had to Meng Hao was severed. Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood, and yet instead of fleeing, he turned around, his eyes bright red.

Fleeing like that wasn’t something he was willing to do!

This was his first time to turn around during the entire encounter. He saw the hand that had been attacked by the power of the Agarwood. Rays of light circulated around, forming into the figure of a man who seemed to be stepping out of nothing. He wore a long white robe, and was very old.

Meng Hao had no recollection of ever seeing this man before, and was quite certain that they had never met.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch had been enveloped by the mysterious power of the Agarwood. It was as if he had been imprisoned. His body floated there in mid air, alternating between blurry and semi-transparent. It was a very strange sight.

“Why do you have to resist?” he said hoarsely, looking at Meng Hao. He seemed as if he didn’t even notice the power of the Agarwood.

Meng Hao didn't reply, but his right hand slapped his bag of holding to produce a bronze alcohol flagon. He raised his head up to take a large mouthful, then spit it out. Alcohol Qi spread out, and suddenly, an azure bronze Immortal's sword appeared in his hand.

This sword was from Han Shan, and contained Sword Qi that was like a song!

Killing intent raged in Meng Hao's eyes. He raised his right hand and, without hesitation, struck out with the sword.

The Sword Qi appeared, shaking Heaven and Earth, causing everything to shake. The sky dimmed as uncountable amounts of Sword Qi poured out of the azure bronze sword. As the sword descended, the Sword Qi rumbled, transforming into a three thousand meter waterfall which shot from up above down toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's pupils constricted, the first change in his facial expression!

Even the Agarwood hadn't moved him. His eyes flickered, and as the Sword Qi neared, he suddenly spoke.

"The great ancestor once said that rain... is born in the Heavens and dies in the Earth. The passage between those two places is its entire life..." As the voice rang out, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch waved his right hand softly out in front of him, as if he was sweeping away some rain.

"Shout to the wind, call out to the rain...."

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1. The 10th Patriarch of the Wang Clan was introduced in [chapter 137](#). He was described as being at the peak of the Dao Seeking stage, and wanting to steal Meng Hao's Perfection. He reappeared in [chapter 305](#) and subsequent chapters that took place near the Rebirth Cave, where he manipulated events to help Meng Hao. He even came to look for Meng Hao in [chapter 521](#).

Chapter 631: False Immortals and True Immortals

“Whose entire life, bitch?” said Meng Hao, his killing intent boiling. The Sword Qi descended, slashing down toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, who was currently enveloped by the power of the Agarwood.

Rumbling climbed up into the sky as the Sword Qi neared. However, it was then that a black wind suddenly sprung up around the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. The wind rapidly condensed into a shocking black dragon.

The black dragon opened its mouth and a roaring wind emerged that fought back against the power of the Agarwood. The cage appeared to be instantly diffused; at the same time, drops of rain appeared out of nowhere. More and more appeared, transforming into a rain that filled the entire sky and then shot toward the Sword Qi.

A massive boom could be heard that shook everything. Blood poured out of Meng Hao’s mouth, and he fell back. Without looking back to see what had happened, he retrieved the teleportation jade slip that he had acquired from Patriarch Reliance that year, and squeezed it between his fingers.

The jade slip had been on the verge of shattering years ago. Strangely, though, after not having used it for so long, it had slowly repaired itself, and was now much more solid.

Glittering light spread out. Because of the current level of Meng Hao’s Cultivation base, the time needed to activate the teleportation power was much less. It only took the space of seven or eight breaths to succeed, and then he began to teleport away.

After Meng Hao disappeared, the roaring and booming in the area faded away. The Wang Clan Patriarch slowly moved forward, his body gradually becoming more blurry, and occasionally glittering with light. A huge gash could be seen stretching from his head all the way down through the rest of his body, splitting him entirely in half. He seemed to be forcing the two

halves to remain together.

He didn't seem to recognize any sort of pain as he watched Meng Hao disappearing. His eyes glittered with a mysterious light, and he smiled. Because his body had been split in two, however, the smile looked exceedingly savage and horrible.

"I underestimated you, child. It turns out you have a real precious treasure....

"However, you can't evade me." Even as he smiled that horrific smile, the Wang Clan Patriarch's body grew completely blurry. Gradually, it turned into a wisp of aura, which then dissipated into the surroundings.

At the same time, in the mountains of the Wang Clan in the Southern Domain, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's true self lay in a coffin in the tomb underneath the 10th mountain. His eyes opened.

A strange light glowed within as he looked up at the cliffs stretching up above him. He began to chuckle hoarsely.

"If it weren't for the fact that I used the power of my true self to interfere with the Ji Clan to hide that child's Perfect foundation, they definitely would have noticed. At some point throughout the years, they would definitely have discovered him and successfully stolen him away. If I had been able to use the power of my true self this time, I would have succeeded.

However, the Perfect Dao foundation has matured, and is ripe for the plucking. Even though I still can't venture out with my true self, a clone will still do the trick. That Sword Qi was obviously gifted by an outsider. How many times can he use it? Perhaps he's already reached the point where he can't." The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch shook his head and smiled. A ghost image suddenly appeared over him. In the blink of an eye, an illusory body rose up to float in mid-air. As it grew clearer and clearer, it started to resemble the Wang Clan Patriarch in all respects.

The clone's hand flickered in an incantation, and after a moment, he frowned.

“Near the Milky Way Sea....

“The Milky Way Sea is a forbidden zone for the Dao Seeking stage....”
The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s Clone hesitated for a moment. Then his expression returned to normal. His eyes flashed as he slowly began to grow blurry.

On the edge of the Western Desert, between the Violet Sea and the Milky Way Sea, was a border region that stretched farther than the eye could see. That border region was actually nothing more than a wall-like mass of soil. On one side, the water was violet, the other side, the water was blue, making the difference between the Violet Sea and the Milky Way Sea clearcut!

In a particular area in that border region, a huge black vortex suddenly appeared in mid-air. Meng Hao staggered out from the middle of the vortex, blood spraying from his mouth.

The blood was pitch-black, and filled with rot. Meng Hao’s face was pale, and his entire body was covered by a thin membrane, which was nothing other than the meat jelly, helping him to prevent his body from completely exploding.

However, Meng Hao could still sense his body slowly decaying. The feeling of imminent death grew stronger and stronger.

“10th... Wang... Clan... PATRIARCH!!” Monstrous killing intent boiled in Meng Hao’s eyes. He gritted his teeth as more blood oozed out of his mouth. This was was virtually the worst injury he had ever sustained in all his years as a Cultivator.

“That bastard was just a step away from being a false Immortal,” squawked the parrot angrily, flapping its wings. “How could he be so shameless! Bitch! He actually attacked you, Meng Hao! Dammit! Lord Fifth was viciously sealed that year, otherwise, it wouldn’t matter that the bastard didn’t have fur or feathers, I would have popped him anyway!”

“What’s a false Immortal?” asked Meng Hao. His hand was pushed up against his chest as intense pain wracked his entire body. Gradually, a violet light appeared in his eyes as he drew upon his longevity to heal

himself.

“False Immortals are low-lives who can never experience the luck to reach Immortal Ascension!” raged the parrot. “They don’t have their own Dao, and yet, they refuse to die. In their unyieldingness, they conform themselves to the Dao of another, and use that to become Immortal. That’s a false Immortal!

“Some people would rather die than become a false Immortal who belongs to someone else. Others, in order to avoid death, will pay any price. The latter are basically betrayers of the Dao!

“In the Ninth Mountain and Sea, the greatest of the false Immortals are the Ji Clan. The Ji Clan changed the Heavens, and their Immortals are all false Immortals, and also the strongest of all the false Immortals!

“Next are all the various Clans and Sects. After gaining enlightenment of the Daos of their ancestors, they trod the path of the false Immortal!” This time, the parrot didn’t hold any information back.

Meng Hao silently considered all of this. He had come to find that the Violet Pupil Transformation was becoming less and less effective in healing himself, and didn’t heal as quickly as before. Although it still worked, it was far, far too slow. His heart sank.

“Some people with high aspirations, those who truly strive after the Dao, who live in the morning and die in the evening, would rather acquire their own personal Dao. Such people can face death willingly.

“When people like that succeed, they are true Immortals!

“However, after the Ji Clan changed the Heavens, true Immortals are seldom seen. Perhaps every thousand years, one might appear on any given planet. Only on the four great planets can the Dao be confirmed and Immortal Ascension achieved. Once someone reaches Immortal Ascension on a planet, then in the next thousand years, a second person may not. Therefore, to say that in ten thousand years in the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea, a few dozen true Immortals appear, would be an overstatement.

“When you add in True Immortal Tribulation, the number of true Immortals who can survive in the four great planets won’t exceed ten!” By this point in its speech, the parrot sounded grieved and indignant.

“True Immortal Tribulation?” asked Meng Hao. He sent his Divine Sense into the blood-colored mask. When he saw that the mastiff was there recovering, he breathed a sigh of relief.

“Those who wish to search for their own Dao and become true Immortals must face it. Succeed, and it is inconsequential. Fail, and they perish to become a natural law of Heaven and Earth.

“Success mean ascension to being a true Immortal. Afterwards, when any Immortal Tribulation falls, that person will rise to prominence. Other than another true Immortal, no one else could possibly be a match.” It was hard to tell what exactly the parrot was thinking, but all of a sudden, its tone was gloomy.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he looked at the parrot and then asked another question. “That 10th Wang Clan Patriarch said something about a Perfect Dao foundation. What did he mean?”

“You cultivate the Sublime Spirit Scripture. Although I don’t understand too much about it, I do know that it’s one of the three classic scriptures. If you cultivate it to completion, you will be a Sublime Spirit Doyen!

“However, the Perfect realm lies only beneath Spirit Severing. That is, Qi Condensation, Foundation Establishment, Core Formation, and Nascent Soul, four stages. As for how to cultivate it after that, nobody knows except for past generations of Sublime Spirit Doyens.

“As for the Perfect Dao foundation, that is something that only those who cultivate the Sublime Spirit Scripture are qualified to have. Furthermore, anyone with such qualifications will have a much, much greater chance of reaching true Immortal Ascension.

“As far as false Immortals are concerned, if they can acquire your Dao foundation, then it means they would have another chance to make a choice! With enough experience and preparation, they might be able to change their path from that of false Immortal to the realm of the true

Immortal!

“Most importantly, possessing a Perfect Dao foundation means that if you fail in true Immortal Ascension, then you won’t perish! You can shed your Dao foundation and escape death that one time!”

After hearing this explanation, Meng Hao now understood everything that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch had said.

He also understood why the Ji Clan had virtually never come looking for him. Most likely, many threats that he didn’t even know about had been resolved in secret by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

He was like a Dao Protector. Except, his purpose in protecting Meng Hao was to steal his Dao foundation!

“What happens if my Dao foundation gets taken away?” asked Meng Hao slowly, a profound gleam swirling deep in his eyes.

The parrot thought for a moment, then replied in a low voice, “If a tower has no foundation, what happens?”

“It collapses,” replied Meng Hao coolly. “It’s unstable and is destroyed.”

“The same would happen to you. If someone steals your Dao foundation, then you’ll die.”

“Meng Hao, get out of here!” cried the parrot anxiously. “That bastard definitely got away. From what he said, he set you up as a Dao seed long ago. Flee! Flee until you’ve grown up a bit more!

“As for your aura, the meat jelly can conceal it. If the Wang Patriarch finds you any time soon, it won’t be a good thing!”

Meng Hao stood there silently, indescribable emotions stirring him into a somewhat vicious mood. Gradually, his lips twisted into a cold smile.

He knew that compared to the Wang Clan Patriarch, he was nothing more than a bug. However, his heart still thumped with viciousness. Now that this matter had been raised, it would not fade away. Instead, it had turned into something like a seed.

It was like a seed that was buried deep in the recesses of his heart.

“I came to understand the law of the jungle a long time ago,” Meng Hao muttered to himself. “One day, I will achieve my Dao, and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch will die. If the Wang Clan gets in my way, then when I have my own great Dao...

“I will ensure that the Southern Domain has no more Wang Clan, ever!” Filled with determination, the viciousness in his heart once again surged.

He took a deep breath and looked around. Then, he looked off in the direction of the Milky Way Sea, his eyes glittering. He began to fly at top speed, healing himself at the same time.

Eventually, he reached the invisible wall that completely separated the Violet Sea and the Milky Way Sea. He slammed into it, and then pierced directly through it. A fishy, sea aroma filled the air. This... was the Milky Way Sea!

A boundless sea surged in all directions. Off in the distance, the sun was setting. In the glow of twilight, all that could be seen were beautiful waves and a deep orange glow.

“I need to be cautious in all matters, prepared for all contingencies....” He lifted up his hand, within which was the teleportation jade slip. It was definitely on the verge of shattering now. After a moment’s hesitation, his eyes filled with determination and he pressed down. Based on his understanding from previous usage of the item, he could tell that the teleportation distance was determined by how much Cultivation base power was sent into it.

He pushed down hard and, a moment later, a black vortex appeared around him. He was sucked in, and then disappeared.

After he vanished, enough time passed for an incense stick to burn. Suddenly distortions appeared in the air in the position he had just left from. A moment later, the image of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch emerged. He looked around and then frowned.

“Very crafty, child,” he said coolly. “Your aura disappears from here. However, I’ve already determined that you are in the Milky Way Sea.

“You can’t evade me. Your Perfect Dao foundation belongs to me. You may enjoy hiding yourself, but I will find you.” With that, his body flickered, and he vanished.

Chapter 632: The Milky Way Sea

The Milky Way Sea was located in the middle of the lands of South Heaven, splitting everything into two continents, one comprised of the Eastern Lands and the Northern Reaches, the other of the Southern Domain and the Western Desert.

The area taken up by the Milky Way Sea is huge, far greater than either of the two continents. If you compared it in size with the Southern Domain, the Milky Way Sea would be approximately five times as large.

Therefore, it was divided up into four sections called Rings. The part outside of the Four Rings was called the Outer Sea.

The boundless sea was constantly plagued with hurricanes that swept about, causing huge waves to spring up. Still, there were many islands to be found, some large, some small, which meant that there were Cultivators too.

Of course, sea beasts swam to and fro within the sea waters. Their flesh and blood were often prized by Cultivators, especially the sea beasts that were similar to Cultivators, and were called Sea Demons. Their Demon hearts were highly valuable. Even one Demon heart could emit spiritual energy similar to a mid-grade Spirit Stone.

For these and a variety of other reasons, the Milky Way Sea had been a destination for Cultivators for many years. People settled down, multiplied, expanded, and soon power structures emerged.

There were both strong and weak powers in the Milky Way Sea, and they were distributed amongst the various islands that dotted the surface of the waters. Most of the powers existed in the Fourth Ring. Only some very powerful Sects or Clans qualified to reside in the Third Ring.

Of course, there were many legends that passed from ear to ear in the Milky Way Sea. Many seemed unlikely, but at the same time, many people believed them to be true. It seemed that when anything changed in the Milky Way Sea, there were always people who would attribute it to something strange.

It was a vast sea that would never be peaceful and calm, but would always be brushed over by hurricanes. This... was the Milky Way Sea.

In the Outer Sea region of the Milky Way Sea, a ship approximately three hundred meters long was moving along at high speed.

At the prow of the ship, a middle-aged man was casually recounting some Milky Way Sea legends to some youngsters who were gathered around him.

“According to the legend, there is an ancient ship which can be seen in the Milky Way Sea. Anyone who sees that ship will receive great blessings.... They say that an old man sits cross-legged at its prow.

“He wears a dilapidated suit of armor, and his eyes are closed. He never moves....”

The youngsters looked very excited. Apparently, this was a story they could hear a hundred times, but never get tired of.

Water sprayed up from the surface of the sea, and high up above the ship, a silk flag snapped in the salty breeze. Embroidered on the flag was the character “Zhang 张,” along with the representation of a flying sword. That indicated that this ship belonged to the Zhang Clan, a Cultivator Clan of the Milky Way Sea.

There were approximately fifty people on the ship, most of whom were fit and strong, but mortal. There were only a handful of Cultivators, all of whom sat cross-legged in meditation. The only one who didn’t was the middle-aged man at the prow of the ship, who was in the late Foundation Establishment stage. He was the one telling stories to the younger generation Clan members.

“Our Zhang Clan’s Patriarch saw that ship a few hundred years ago,” he continued in a low voice, taking advantage of the situation to subtly influence the younger generation of the clan. “He received a blessing just as the legends say; he had a Cultivation base breakthrough, and became a Core Formation expert.

“It was for that reason that he was able to occupy an island in the Outer

Sea, and establish our Zhang Clan as a local power. All of you need to remember this!”

Among the group of youngsters was a strapping young boy who instantly spoke up. “We know that story, Uncle Hai Xin!” he said. His tone pleading, he said, “Tell us about Saint’s Island!”

As soon as the words left his mouth, some of the other children began to beg for the same thing.

The middle-aged man laughed silently, not quite sure of what to say. He was about to begin speaking, when suddenly he sensed something. He turned his head to look at the ship’s quarterdeck, and saw a beautiful young woman emerging. She wore a nautical silk jacket and skirt, and was naturally beautiful, radiant, and enchanting. A slight smile could be seen on her face as she stepped out of the quarterdeck. However, despite the smile, it was impossible to cover up the anxiety and unease in her eyes.

Holding her hand was a child of six or seven years old, a boy. He had plump cheeks, and looked quite adorable. As for the young woman, her Cultivation base was at the great circle of Foundation Establishment.

“Greetings, Clan Leader!” said the middle-aged man respectfully. He clasped hands and bowed deeply.

The other youngsters around him also bowed to her.

“We’re all fellow Clan members, there’s no need for such politeness,” said the young woman, laughing. “Nan’er wanted to see the sun setting over the ocean, so I brought him out to have a look.”

The boy next to the young woman looked at the middle-aged man with wide eyes and piped: “Uncle Hai Xin, did I just hear someone mention Saint’s Island?”

The middle-aged man laughed, and a doting gleam appeared in his eyes. To him, all the hope of the Clan rested on the future of this boy.

“Ah, Saint’s Island,” said the man, smiling. “It’s the number one island in the Fourth Ring, and its Footloose Sect is the number one Sect in the

whole Fourth Ring!

“Saint’s Island is very large, almost like a continent! It’s far, far larger than our island. There is even a nation of mortals that exists there, called the State of Xiao.

“Because the Footloose Sect has a Spirit Severing Cultivator, it can strike awe into the hearts of all the other forces in the Fourth Ring. It has many Cultivators; Qi Condensation and Foundation Establishment Cultivators are everywhere. There are even dozens of Core Formation Cultivators! And when it comes to Nascent Soul experts... they have seven!

“In the entire Fourth Ring, there isn’t a single Sect or Clan who could possibly fight back against their power. The Footloose Sect is fully deserving to be regarded as the overlord of the Fourth Ring.

“You all know the reason we’re going there. Therefore, when we arrive, all of you need to be very respectful. Young Master Nan’er has the best latent talent of anyone born in recent years.

“The Footloose Sect is accepting disciples, which means that our Clan has an incredible opportunity!” As of this point, the man’s eyes shone with anticipation.

“If Young Master Nan’er can join the Footloose Sect, then with his latent talent, he’ll definitely be able to reach Foundation Establishment. There would even be the possibility that in the future, he could reach Core Formation! Then, he could be just as heroic as our Clan Patriarch, all those years ago!

“When that happens, our Zhang Clan will once again be able to rise to prominence in the Outer Sea!” The middle-aged man’s voice was filled with passion. The youngsters around him looked over with admiration and envy at the boy standing next to the young woman.

The young woman tousled his hair, and was about to say something when, suddenly, her expression flickered. In the same moment that she looked up, so did the middle-aged man.

From the middle of the ship, a man and a woman suddenly flew up into

the air. Both of them looked to be about fifty years old, and had Cultivation bases in the late Foundation Establishment stage. They stood on flying swords, expressions of shock on their face as they looked up into the air.

Everything was quiet, and everyone on the boat looked on, stunned.

What they saw was a huge rift soundlessly open in mid-air. It rapidly turned into a pitch-black vortex, which rotated rapidly as it turned into a black hole.

A man staggered out, blood spraying from his mouth.

He had long gray hair, and wore a white, blood-stained robe. His aura was unstable, and his face was pale white. Of course, it was Meng Hao.

The parrot perched on his shoulder, and its disdainful gaze swept around the area.

As soon as Meng Hao appeared, his internal injuries once again exploded out, which was something he hadn't anticipated. The second teleportation had actually ripped open the old wounds, causing the injuries to become even worse.

He hovered in mid-air, looking down at the people on the ship and the various expressions on their faces. It didn't matter that he was currently injured, as soon as his gaze swept across them, their hearts began to tremble and pound. They felt as if they were being stared at by an ancient, wild beast.

"My injuries are too severe," he thought, looking away. "I need to quickly find somewhere to begin healing." Ignoring the people on the ship below, he took a deep breath, and was just about to force his Cultivation base to rotate so that he could move off into the distance.

On the ship, everyone stood around as mute as cicadas in winter. Except for the young woman.

"Senior, there's no need to leave!" As soon as the words left her mouth, she felt regret. When Meng Hao looked back at her, she trembled, but then forced herself to clasp hands and bow deeply.

“Senior,” she went on, trembling, “you’re seriously injured. If you’re searching for a place to rest and heal, our ship has first-class cabins as well as some medicinal pills. If you’d like, you can always treat yourself here.” She clenched her teeth, and her heart pounded with nervousness.

When they heard her words, the faces of the surrounding Foundation Establishment Cultivators, including the middle-aged man, all fell. They couldn’t understand why the Clan Leader would do something like this. They wanted to do something to stop it, but didn’t dare to open their mouths.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he paused in mid-air to look at the young woman.

When he looked in her eyes, the young woman felt as if all Heaven and Earth were roaring, and she began to tremble even harder.

“What place are you going to?” he said, retracting his gaze.

“Our humble Clan is going to Saint’s Island in the Fourth Ring, so that my son can join the Footloose Sect.” The young woman didn’t dare to hide anything, and also spoke very respectfully. As of this point, the other three Foundation Establishment Cultivators had guessed what her purpose was. Although they continued to tremble inwardly, they also felt a bit of anticipation.

Meng Hao didn’t know where exactly this Saint’s Island was, nor did he understand the power structures and various regions of the Milky Way Sea. After a moment of thought, he nodded and then floated down onto the ship. The young woman respectfully guided him to a private cabin protected by a spell formation.

Meng Hao nodded, then sat down cross-legged. As he closed his eyes, the young woman respectfully made her exit.

As soon as she left, the parrot disapprovingly said, “Why did you pick this place? Don’t tell me you’ve taken a liking to that young lady? She doesn’t have much fur. I actually checked her out a few times earlier....”

“It doesn’t matter where I hide in the Milky Way Sea, it’s all the same,”

replied Meng Hao coolly. “Even if I’m at the bottom of the sea, once the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch detects my aura, he’ll be able to find me. Since that’s the case, I might as well hide here. Who knows, I might even gain some unexpected benefits.” With that, he began to rotate his Cultivation base. Violet light gleamed underneath his eyelids as he began to treat his injuries.

Time passed by. On the morning of the second day, the young woman brought some local Milky Way Sea food products. She also gave him a jade slip that had information about Saint’s Island, as well as a sea map of the surrounding areas.

The map was the most valuable thing to Meng Hao. Although it seemed simple, it had actually been produced by information gathered by successive generations of the Zhang Clan.

The young woman wasn’t sure of Meng Hao’s origins, but just to be safe, she gave him the map as a show of good faith.

Meng Hao took the jade slip, looked it over, and then smiled. The young woman instantly felt a bit more at ease. She reached up to pull a strand of hair back over her ear. Her features were naturally beautiful, but the mixture of anxiety and relief caused her to look even more entrancing. Suppressing her own excitement, she respectfully left.

Meng Hao watched her leave. Based on his experiences, the reason she had asked him to stay was because she had experienced grave danger in the past. Thus, she had taken the risk to call out to him.

He then focused his attention on the jade slip. “So the Milky Way Sea is divided into four Rings.... The area outside the Fourth Ring is called the Outer Sea.

“Saint’s Island. State of Xiao. Footloose Sect.” After a bit of time, he put the jade slip away and then continued to treat his injuries.

Time passed by slowly....

1. In Chinese, the word used to describe the young woman indicates that she either is or was married.

Chapter 633: Honored Guest

In the blink of an eye, seven days passed.

Meng Hao spent the entire time with eyes closed in meditation, treating his injuries. During the seven days, the injuries gradually healed by about thirty percent. Unfortunately, his fleshly body still couldn't hold together without the help of the meat jelly. It still needed time to grow stable. However, the wounds were gradually fusing shut.

Every day, he would eat three meals of fruit, personally delivered by the young woman. She was always very respectful.

She even offered up some Spirit Stones. Whatever Meng Hao requested was provided in full, and all his questions about the Milky Way Sea were answered in detail.

In addition to healing himself, Meng Hao was able to gain quite an understanding about the area.

During the seven days, the surface of the Milky Way Sea was calm and quiet. The Zhang ship from the Outer Sea bravely proceeded onward as it had from the beginning. Of course, now that Meng Hao was on board, everyone was a bit more nervous than before. However, nothing untoward occurred.

As time passed and Meng Hao continued to stay in secluded meditation, the young woman gradually felt more at ease. Her previous cheerful and playful attitude returned. Occasionally, her laughter rang out, filled with a bit of childish naivety.

The other three Foundation Establishment Cultivators on the boat were as nervous as ever. They understood what the Clan Leader was thinking, but in their opinion, what she was doing was like asking a tiger for its own skin, expecting a bad person to act against his own interest. In their opinion, young people like her didn't understand the ruthlessness of the Cultivation world. On the other hand, the three of them, having practiced cultivation up to the level of Foundation Establishment, and having maintained the position of the Clan on their island in the Outer Sea, had

experienced many situations of deadly crisis.

They well knew that in the Cultivation world, the law of the jungle prevailed, and danger was the norm. One bad thing could lead to complete destruction, and could even affect an entire Clan.

Meng Hao had randomly appeared out of a bizarre black hole. Although he was weak and severely injured, the look he had given them seven days ago had caused them to feel as if they were frozen dead in the middle of winter.

They had the intense sensation that if Meng Hao wanted to kill them, then it wouldn't matter if he was even more severely injured, they would all be destroyed.

Currently, all of three of them stood at the stern of the ship, frowning and giving voice to the same concerns.

"This matter with the Clan Leader... it's not wise!"

"That man was severely injured, and arrived via teleportation. From the look of things, he must be the subject of pursuit. If his pursuers catch up with him, it could bring about the destruction of all of us!"

"Ai! I know what the Clan Leader is thinking. This journey to Saint's Island is our last shot. If we succeed, we can strike some fear into the Liu Clan so that they don't dare to act recklessly."

"We can only hope that Nan'er will fight to excel. Hopefully he can stick out in the Footloose Sect's competition for new disciples."

The three of them exchanged glances and then sighed lightly.

The Patriarch of the Zhang Clan had founded their island in the Outer Sea. However, after he passed away in meditation, they had been forced to tread as carefully as if walking on thin ice. Another Core Formation Cultivator hadn't appeared in the Clan, which meant that the island they occupied soon came to be eyed greedily by surrounding neighbors.

Were it not for the spell formation left in place by the Patriarch before he passed away, as well as the magical items and social connections he

had made, then they would have long since lost their island and become an auxiliary Clan.

They had managed to hold on for a while, until finally a crisis loomed. The Liu Clan, who occupied a nearby island, had long since begun to glare at them like a tiger eyeing its prey. Slaughter had been on the verge of breaking out.

During that moment of critical danger, the Zhang Clan Leader, which was none other than the beautiful young woman, had made a difficult decision. She took all of her people and left the island in secret to deliver her son to the Footloose Sect.

If he became a disciple of the Footloose Sect, then his identity would be enough to intimidate anyone in the Outer Sea. It would protect the Zhang Clan for at least around a hundred years.

The three Foundation Establishment Cultivators continued to discuss matters.

“This whole thing is going to be very difficult.... There’s no need to even mention that after arriving at Saint’s Island, it’s impossible to know if Nan’er will be able to distinguish himself amongst the crowd and enter the Footloose Sect. Regardless of anything, our path is going to be one of extreme danger.”

“That’s right. Rumors will have spread, and the news leaked. The Liu Clan won’t be willing to accept this.... We can only hope that they react too slowly. Hopefully we left early enough to seize a superior position and evade their pursuit.”

“In addition to the Liu Clan, there are also the numerous sea beasts that roam between the Outer Sea and the Fourth Ring, not to mention the cruel rogue Cultivators. How could our path possibly be one of peace and security?”

“However, this really is our only chance....” The three once more sighed and then lapsed into silence. They understood what the Clan Leader was trying to do, and since she had already made her decision, there was no need to spend time worrying.

Who knew? Perhaps... inviting the wounded expert to stay with them might have some extraordinary outcome.

At the same time that the three of them were having their discussion, the Zhang Clan Leader, the young woman, stood at the prow of the boat, clasping her son's hand. She looked off into the sky up above, unable to conceal her expression of anxiety and unease.

"Our voyage will continue for three more days before we reach the Fourth Ring," she murmured. "After leaving the Outer Sea behind, then we really will have evaded the Liu Clan...." Although the Liu Clan was not weak, that was only when speaking in terms of the Outer Sea. In the Fourth Ring, they could be considered bugs. In the analysis of the young woman, once they entered the Fourth Ring, the Liu Clan would most likely give up any pursuit and not dare to follow.

After all, she and her Clan were at the end of their rope, whereas the Liu Clan wouldn't dare to rashly put themselves in danger.

She looked down at her son and patted his head. "Nan'er, you need to remember, the Footloose Sect pays a lot of attention to seniority. After we arrive, you must not make any breaches of etiquette."

The boy didn't seem to understand what she meant, but he nodded his head obediently. Her eyes filled with a doting expression, and she was just about to lean over to pick him up when her expression flickered and she suddenly looked behind her.

At the same time, the three Foundation Establishment Cultivators in the stern also looked back.

What they saw was a pitch-black ship speeding toward them at top speed. The flag flying on the ship was clearly emblazoned with a huge character.

Liu 刘!

This was a ship from the Outer Seas Liu Clan. They had been in full pursuit for days, and had finally caught up. On the prow of the ship stood four people, three of whom wore extremely respectful expressions. The

other was clearly different than them.

He was an old man with an aloof expression. His eyes flashed like lightning, and he held his hands clasped behind his back. His voluminous robe flapped in the wind, and his long, white hair made him look completely extraordinary.

His Cultivation base emanated the ripples of the early Core Formation stage. It was for this reason that the Liu Clan ship had been able to pursue at top speed for so many days.

As soon as the young woman caught sight of the old man, the blood drained from her face. She began to pant, and her hands clasped down tightly onto her son.

The other three Foundation Establishment Cultivators of the Zhang Clan also felt their hearts beginning to pound. Their faces paled, and their eyes filled with despair.

“Liu Clan... Patriarch!”

As the Liu Clan ship neared, the appearances of the old man and the other three who accompanied him grew clearer. Behind them appeared seven or eight Qi Condensation Clan members, all of whom wore expressions of disdain.

Standing next to the Liu Clan Patriarch was a middle-aged man. He smiled and said, “Zhang Wenfang, what’s your hurry? Now that you’ve abandoned your Zhang Clan island, where exactly do you think you’re going?”

1

Zhang Wenfang walked to the stern of the ship, took a deep breath and then said, “Junior offers greetings, senior Liu. Senior, we’ve abandoned our island, and would simply like to get as far away as possible. Our two Clans were friends in the past. Don’t tell me you won’t even give us a chance to survive?” The other Zhang Clan Cultivators gathered around her, their faces filled with extreme grief and indignation.

The young woman’s words were directed, not toward the man who had

spoken, but toward the Liu Clan Patriarch. Despite matters having reached their current state, she still addressed him respectfully.

The Liu Clan Patriarch said nothing; he merely looked on with a proud expression. The Clan member standing next to him was the one to respond, his tone of voice filled with ridicule. “What a joke! Do you really take us to be three-year-old children? Do you really think we don’t know of your plan, Zhang Wenfang? You’re obviously journeying to the Footloose Clan!”

“Junior can abandon everything, even deliver our island to you, senior. I can also swear that we have no intention to encroach on what is not ours. I just beg of you to be a bit lenient....” Zhang Wenfang’s face was pale, but before she could finish speaking, the Liu Clan Patriarch frowned.

“Pipe down!” he said coolly, his voice echoing about like thunder in all directions. The seawater roiled, and the minds of the Zhang Wenfang and the other Clan members filled with a droning sound.

One sentence, two words. All of the Qi Condensation Clan members coughed up blood. Only Zhang Wenfang and the other Foundation Establishment Cultivators got by with only pale faces. Their expressions were filled with increasing hopelessness.

“Where do you come up with so much nonsense?” said the Liu Clan Patriarch, his voice cool. “Kill them all! Old people, children, don’t leave a single one alive!” With that, he waved his sleeve, and the surrounding Liu Clan members flew up into the air, vicious expressions on their faces.

Zhang Wenfang clenched her teeth and looked back at the ship’s quarterdeck. “Senior Liu!” she suddenly cried. “If you have a quarrel with the Zhang Clan, you can kill us, but do you really dare to trifle with our honored guest?!”

“Still making things up?” said the Liu Clan Patriarch with a cold snort. “You expect me to believe that the Zhang Clan has a Nascent Soul guest aboard? Or is it a Spirit Severing expert? Wouldn’t that be a bit more threatening?” He had already swept the ship with Spiritual Sense, and had detected only the Zhang Clan Cultivators and mortals on the ship, no one

else.

By this point, the Liu Clan Cultivators were closing in. A glowing shield sprang up from the Zhang Clan ship, blocking their progress. However, it couldn't do anything to stop the Liu Clan Patriarch. With a single palm strike, he caused a deafening boom to ring out. The ship sank down by more than half into the water, and the shield shattered into fragments.

The Liu Clan Cultivators proceeded onward with vicious grins. As soon as they reached the boat, Zhang Wenfang and the other three Foundation Establishment Cultivators unleashed magical items and flashed incantations to summon magical techniques. Booms instantly rang out.

The massacre had begun.

“The Patriarch has issued the orders! Eliminate them completely, root and branch. They can only blame their own name of Zhang.”

Some of the Liu Clan Qi Condensation Cultivators, with hideous grins on their faces, headed toward the pale-faced and terrified youngsters. Zhang Wenfang's eyes turned red, and the Clan members next to her were on the verge of going crazy and risking everything.

The Liu Clan Patriarch hovered in mid-air, staring superciliously out of the corner of his eyes. To him, all of these people were clearly insects.

However, it was at this moment, a calm voice suddenly echoed out from within the Zhang Clan's ship.

“Pipe down!”

It was only two words, but as the sound expanded out, it instantly suppressed all other sounds. It was louder than thunder, and gave rise to three echoes. It was also filled with intense pressure that weighed down on everything.

At the same time, within his cabin, Meng Hao's eyes opened. His gaze seemed to pass through the ship, making everything outside visible.

1. Zhang Wenfang's name in Chinese is 张文芳 zhāng wén fāng – Zhang is a family name. Wen can mean “culture, language, gentle.” Fang means “fragrant”.

Chapter 634: Who's Feeling Jumpy?

The instant his voice rang out, it gave rise to the first echo. Ripples appeared that headed toward the Liu Clan Qi Condensation disciples who were about to attack the youngsters. They began to tremble, then blood sprayed from their mouths as they were sent tumbling backward. Then, their bodies simply exploded in mid air, countless pieces flying about in all directions. At the same time, all the other Liu Clan Qi Condensation disciples suffered the same fate. They first watched on with blank expressions, then were shattered into chunks of blood and gore.

When the second echo rang out, the Liu Clan's three Foundation Establishment Cultivators' faces went pale white. They felt as if an enormous, invisible hand were bombarding them. They tumbled backward through mid-air, screaming miserably. In the blink of an eye, countless tears and rips could be seen in their bodies, and then, a moment later, they exploded into pieces.

The third echo caused the Liu Clan Patriarch, who was floating up above, to shake. His face instantly filled with an expression of disbelief and horror. Blood sprayed from his mouth as he retreated backward. He couldn't prevent his body from beginning to rip apart.

"This... this...." His mind roared with a terror he had never known, and then he suddenly thought back to how Zhang Wenfang had mentioned an honored guest.

"Senior, spare me...." he screamed, his terror having reached the pinnacle. However, even as the words left his mouth, he suddenly burst into pieces, causing blood and flesh to rain down in all directions.

In that instant, everything went deathly silent....

Everyone who remained on the Liu Clan ship were all mortals, who were now watching on with pale faces, their bodies shaking.

As for the Zhang Clan members, including Zhang Wenfang, they all stared in shock, and were also shaking. That was especially true of the three Foundation Establishment Cultivators, whose faces were completely

pale. They had no way to even imagine what kind of Cultivation base could destroy all their enemies with a single statement.

And that included an early Core Formation Cultivator, someone whose Cultivation base was the same as their own previous Patriarch!

“Nascent Soul eccentric!” That was what was now floating in the minds of the three.

Zhang Wenfang’s body trembled. She also had never imagined that the person she invited to stay on their ship would be so fearsome. Originally, she had taken him to be a Core Formation expert, but what she had just seen left her astonished to the extreme.

Had she known that Meng Hao possessed such a Cultivation base, she might not have had the courage to speak up and urge him to stay behind. However, she was the Clan Leader. Therefore, her first reaction was to instantly turn toward the ship’s quarterdeck, then drop to her knees and kowtow.

“Thank you, senior... for your action just now....” Her voice quavered as she spoke. At the same time, the other members of the Clan, their minds trembling, began to drop to their knees to kowtow.

“Come on, let’s keep going,” replied Meng Hao from within his cabin. Zhang Wenfang ignored the Liu Clan ship, and, her anxiety deepening, respectfully complied, having the mortal members of the Zhang Clan send their own ship forward.

Moments later, the Zhang Clan ship was moving on just as before. As for everyone on board, absolute silence reigned amongst them.

They remained in that state for three days, until finally the ship entered the Fourth Ring, and then everything finally changed.

However, everyone still acted extremely cautiously. Whenever any of them happened to pass Meng Hao’s cabin, they would stop outside to bow before proceeding on their way.

Half a month later, the ship was speeding along through the Fourth Ring, and they drew ever nearer to Saint’s Island. Although they weren’t

sure why, they hadn't encountered even a single sea beast or rogue Cultivator. Perhaps it was luck. That was not even to mention the pirate Cultivators who would cause anyone who discussed them to grow pale in the face.

Meng Hao had treated his injuries to the point where he was now sixty percent recovered. The meat jelly had finally sloughed off of him; his fleshly body was now recovered to complete stability. As long as he didn't get involved with a magical battle of the Spirit Severing level, he would be fine.

"This injury was inflicted by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, who has a Dao Seeking Cultivation base. That's why the Violet Pupil Transformation has been so ineffective." His eyes finally opened. After taking a moment to examine his Cultivation base, a smile appeared on his face for the first time in many days.

His Cultivation base, which had originally been compressed to 8 parts, now only consisted of 7 parts. The deadly pressure he had experienced in the magical battle with the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch had fused it together.

"My path to Spirit Severing is already opened. Soon... if I encounter anything that wishes to dominate me, I will have to be stronger than it and anything!" He rose to his feet and pushed open the door of his private cabin. For the first time in a month, he finally stepped foot outside.

The parrot had long since left for who knew where. Its personality was such that it couldn't remain quietly in one place for days on end. Once the meat jelly removed itself from Meng Hao, the two of them flew off to have fun somewhere.

It was midday, and the sun shone brightly. When Meng Hao stepped out onto the deck, the warm sun fell onto his back, and it felt good. There were a few youngsters of the Zhang Clan playing nearby. One of them was the boy named Nan'er, and he was also the first to notice that Meng Hao had emerged. At first, his little face filled with hesitation. But then he remembered what his mother had said to him about being courteous.

Ignoring his fear, he clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao.

“Nan’er offers greetings, senior uncle.”

His words caused the other youngsters to notice Meng Hao. Instantly, their young faces went ghastly pale and filled with fear. The scene from half a month ago had been like something from a nightmare. All of them quickly began to bow.

Seeing the children caused a smile to break out on Meng Hao’s face. He liked children. Even back in Yunjie County when he was a scholar, he had been especially fond of kids.

After so many years had passed, after traveling the path of Cultivation and acquiring a longevity that far exceeded any mortal, there were many wonderful things about being mortal that seemed increasingly far away.

Seeing these children caused his eyes to grow soft and gentle. Glancing them over, he could see that their latent talent was all completely ordinary, except for the one called Nan’er. His was slightly above the others.

Meng Hao smiled and asked, “What are you guys playing?”

“We’re playing... hide-and-seek,” replied Nan’er a bit nervously. The other youngsters around him were even more nervous as they nodded their heads.

“He can hide really good....” said one of the other children bravely. He was a boy of about eleven or twelve years of age.

“Yeah, that’s right! Every time he hides, nobody can ever find him!” said another child. Soon, all of the kids starting talking, one after another, saying this and that. Meng Hao’s warm smile widened as he listened. Gradually, the nervousness they all felt began to dissipate.

“It’s not that I’m good at hiding,” said Nan’er, his voice strong and clear. “You guys are just stupid and can’t find me!” He glared around at the others.

When Meng Hao heard this, he laughed and looked at Nan’er.

“Where exactly do you hide?” he asked with a smile. Some of the other children cocked their ears, obviously quite curious.

Nan’er’s face went a little red as he looked at the other youngsters. He seemed to be considering whether or not say anything. After all, if he told everyone his hiding place, then where would he be able to hide in the future? Finally, he took a few steps forward, and Meng Hao scooped him up in his arms. Nan’er rested on his shoulder and then carefully whispered into his ear.

“Senior uncle, I always hide under my mother’s bed. I just go where nobody else can go, it’s simple, right?”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. It really was a simple truth. If you were playing hide-and-seek, you should hide where no one else can go. In that case, of course they would be incapable of finding you.

Now that he thought about it, he and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch were essentially playing a game of hide-and-seek.

It was in this moment that Zhang Wenfang suddenly emerged from the quarterdeck. When she saw Meng Hao with the children, and especially the way that he was holding Nan’er, she immediately started panting, and grew incredibly nervous.

“Nan’er....” she said. She tried her best to remain outwardly calm, but her voice still quavered a bit.

When Meng Hao saw her looking over at them, he put the boy down and tousled his hair.

“Sly little fox,” he said with a smile. Nan’er blushed and then ran to hide behind his mother.

“Junior offers greetings, senior,” said Zhang Wenfang, breathing a sigh of relief as she bowed.

Meng Hao nodded, and was just about to say something when suddenly, his expression flickered. He looked off into the distance. There, within the range of his Divine Sense, an island had appeared. It was incredibly large, and just glancing at it, almost seemed like a continent.

Mountain ranges could be seen, as well as many areas swirling with mist that blocked his Divine Sense. He only examined the place for a moment before retracting his Divine Sense. According to the map in the jade slip he had been given, Meng Hao knew that their voyage was almost at an end.

“Senior, we have only half a day left. When evening falls, we will reach Saint’s Island. Many thanks for your assistance,” she continued, her voice sincere. “Our entire Clan will remember you from generation to generation, senior!” She gave Meng Hao a curtsying bow. She really was extremely appreciative; however, the awe and reverence she felt occupied the most of her heart.

By now, many of the others on the ship had gathered. They watched Meng Hao with heads bowed; they were so nervous that they didn’t even dare to look up.

Meng Hao glanced over at Nan’er and then casually said, “He’s going to join the Footloose Sect?”

“That’s right,” replied Zhang Wenfang quickly. “My son has the best latent talent in the Clan. The Footloose Sect is recruiting disciples right now, so if he can distinguish himself, he will put himself in a superior position, both for himself, and our entire Clan.

“The Footloose Sect is the most powerful Sect in the entire Fourth Ring. You could consider it the overlord, a force that nobody dares to provoke. They pay very close attention to seniority, and the Sect rules are very strict. In fact, they say that there is virtually no fighting between members.”

“The State of Xiao,” thought Meng Hao. “The State of Xiao.” He said nothing, instead opting to stare off into the distance.

Seeing him remain silent, the rest of the people around didn’t dare to speak. Time passed slowly, and Saint’s Island grew nearer and nearer. The sky was starting to grow dark. In the murkiness of evening, the island resembled some enormous creature lying there on the sea. From a distance, it looked very grand and magnificent.

At the same time that Meng Hao neared the island, an old man wearing

a Daoist robe sat in a luxurious palace deep in the mountains.

He bore the semblance of a transcendent being, and was dignified in appearance as he sat on his white jade throne. Next to him was an incense burner, beside which stood a beautiful girl. The girl yawned as she lazily fanned the burning incense, causing the tendrils of incense smoke to spread out.

Originally, the palace was completely silent, but suddenly, the meditating old man opened his eyes. He trembled, and a perplexed look could be seen in his eyes.

“Strange,” he said, his eyelids twitching involuntarily. “Why do I feel so jumpy all of a sudden?”

Chapter 635: Destined To Meet Again

“Rainy, what do you think is going on?” murmured the old man toward the girl as she languidly fanned the incense. “Why does the Patriarch suddenly have this feeling that something huge is going to happen?” The old man was obviously ill at ease, and in no mood for meditation.

“Maybe you did too many bad things?” replied the girl, glancing over at him.

“No, not me! The Patriarch has spent these years cultivating life and spirituality. It’s been a long time since I even stepped outside.” The old man found that his eyelids were twitching even more rapidly, and for some reason, the unease he felt in his heart was growing more intense. He stepped down from his throne and began to pace back and forth inside the palace.

The uneasy feeling kept growing stronger, leading him to believe that something akin to a disaster was just around the corner.

If the other members of the Footloose Sect saw his current appearance, they would be truly shocked, as if the Heavens had fallen. They would all drop to their knees to kowtow immediately. That was because this old man was none other than the Patriarch of the Footloose Sect.

In the entire Footloose Sect, his position was the highest, and absolutely without compare. In fact, he was the founding Patriarch of the entire Sect.

The Footloose Sect paid special attention to seniority; it was actually a Sect rule that he had established. People with different levels of seniority were required to show proper respect to those above them, which made a clear distinction between everyone.

As for him, he was Patriarch Footloose, a position without compare. In all of Saint’s Island, he was the most supreme existence. A mere word from him could determine the existence or destruction of the entire island.

“Something fishy is going on! Something is definitely about to happen!

“I’m feeling more and more nervous, more and more jumpy!” The old

man's face flickered, and the girl suddenly looked a bit suspicious.

“Something big is definitely about to happen,” he said. “The Patriarch's premonitions cannot be wrong!” With that he suddenly stopped in place and looked up. A glow appeared in his eyes that seemed capable of splitting Heaven and Earth.

At the same time, an indescribably majestic Divine Sense suddenly spread out from him. It swept out in all directions, the mountaintop palace being the point of origin.

In the blink of an eye, the Divine Sense had covered the entire island. Every inch of dirt, every scrap of rock, every district, every person, every life.

Whether it be flying creatures in the sky, or the plants or animals on the ground, everything on the island was scanned and examined carefully by the Divine Sense.

“Nothing out of the ordinary?” said the old man. Now he looked even more baffled. He scanned back and forth several times, but couldn't detect anything that should make him anxious. Then, without even thinking about it, he caused the divine sense to expand out a bit further, to cover the sea area surrounding the island.

It was at this point that a tremor suddenly ran through the old man's body. His eyes went wide, and he looked off in a certain direction, a look of disbelief on his face.

In that direction, he could see a ship with his Divine Sense, a ship currently on its way toward the island.

In the prow of the ship was a man with gray hair, a pale face, and a long white robe. As soon as the old man saw him, his heart was thrown into chaos.

Beads of cold sweat began to pour down his forehead, and he started panting in unprecedented fashion. He almost didn't seem capable of believing what he was seeing. He rubbed his eyes vigorously a few times, just to make sure he wasn't mistaken. Then, he let out a mournful wail.

“Dammit, dammit, dammit....”

Eyes filled with disbelief and blankness, he stared at the white-robed man. Although he looked different than before, the old man instantly recognized who he was.

“Meng Hao!!!” The old man gnashed his teeth, and a vicious expression appeared on his face. His entire body began to shake, as if he were infinitely furious.

“I hid here from you, and you, you, you... you actually tracked me down, you bastard!?!?”

“You actually came from the Southern Domain looking for me?”

“You, you, you....”

“Won’t you ever give up?! The League of Demon Sealers is a bunch of bastards! Yeah, that’s right. All bastards! Stinking bastards!!”

This old man... was none other than Patriarch Reliance!

The so-called Saint’s Island was in fact the former State of Zhao. However, it had been transformed into something completely new by Patriarch Reliance, to the point where even the residents of the State of Zhao would never recognize it.

As for the State of Xiao, it was the new name for the old State of Zhao....

Regarding the Footloose Sect... it was nothing less than the old Reliance Sect. The Cultivators who made up the Sect were all previous members of the old Sects that had existed in the State of Zhao. After having fled the Southern Domain, the old turtle Patriarch Reliance had forced them into a corner, and they had joined the new Footloose Sect.

Hundreds of years had passed, so by now, they were all fully integrated into the Footloose Sect, and followed Patriarch Reliance’s orders without question. As for Patriarch Reliance, in his efforts to hide himself from Meng Hao, he had changed his name to Patriarch Footloose.

In his mind, he had been conned all those years ago, and had been given no choice but to become the Dao Protector of the Ninth Generation

Demon Sealer. With the Demon Seal in place, he couldn't fight back, and definitely couldn't harm Meng Hao.

However, even though he couldn't fight, what he could do, was hide. In his mind, hiding within the vast Milky Way Sea meant that he would most likely never meet Meng Hao again in his life. In that way, he could live a happy, footloose life. That was how he had come up with the new name Patriarch Footloose.

However, after seeing Meng Hao, everything changed in the blink of an eye.

“AAAARRGGGHHHHHHHH!” roared Patriarch Reliance. “The Patriarch's life is filled with suffering! I hide out here, and... dammit, I hide out here and the bastard can still find me!?” All the lands trembled slightly, and the seawater surrounding the island began to churn. It almost seemed as if there were some enormous creature under the water, flailing about.

“How could I possibly end up running into that Heaven-damned little bastard again?! That year in my Immortal's cave, he took away all of my treasures, all of my savings! He took my good luck charm, my Thunderclap Leaf, my Outlander Tree, my divine spirit plants, my Spirit Stone mountain!!” Patriarch Reliance was obviously stingy to the extreme; he still clearly remembered everything that Meng Hao had taken from him hundreds of years ago. 1

In response to Patriarch Reliance's angry ravings, the beautiful girl next to the incense burner suddenly looked up. A look of reminiscence appeared in her lovely eyes.

She thought back to all those years ago, to the vow made by the young man on the shore, who wanted to help the North Sea turn into a real sea.

“Meng Hao....” said the girl, covering her smile with a hand. She started to laugh, and then, without even looking at Patriarch Reliance, flew into the air. The instant she emerged from the palace, she saw an old boatman leaning up against the wall, looking at her with a doting expression.

“Boat Spirit! Meng Hao is back!” This girl was none other than Guyiding

Tri-rain!

A look of concentration appeared in the old boatman's eyes, and then he laughed. The girl shouted out in excitement, and then the two of them began to make their way off into the distance.

Patriarch Reliance suddenly looked up and then roared: "You two aren't going anywhere!"

Suddenly, the entire mountain that the palace was located on completely vanished.

At least, that is what someone looking from the outside would see. From the perspective of the mountain, everything on the outside disappeared.

"Fudge! Do I need to flee again?! 2

"Dammit! I lived here footloose and carefree for hundreds of years. Hundreds of years!

"No. I need to get away before he finds me. I can't allow him to figure out that I'm here." Gnashing his teeth, Patriarch Reliance flicked his sleeve. He was just about to send his Divine Sense back into his true self and then flee before Meng Hao stepped foot on the island, when suddenly, his eyes turned up thoughtfully.

"Wait a second. From the look of things, the little bastard doesn't know I'm here!" Patriarch Reliance's eyes suddenly grew bright. As for Guyiding Tri-rain, she didn't look very happy as she returned into the palace with the Boat Spirit. 3

"If he doesn't know that I'm here, then that must mean that he's not here to look for me, right? He just happens to be passing by!!

"If that's the case, then what do I need to flee for? I don't! I don't need to flee! He doesn't know I'm here, so all I need to do is make sure he leaves without a hitch. As long as he doesn't detect me, then he won't have any reason to suspect anything!

"Hahaha! It turns out the Patriarch is the cleverest as usual. This way, I can continue to live here footloose and fancy free without any further

complications!" The more he continued to talk, the brighter Patriarch Reliance's eyes glowed. As he paced back and forth within the palace, Guyiding Tri-rain watched on, her face growing increasingly unsightly.

"Didn't you make a promise to the Patriarchs from his Sect?" she asked, unable to hold back. "Why back out? Being his Dao Protector doesn't mean nothing good will come to you. Why do you have to constantly hide?"

"Silly little girl!" said Patriarch Reliance, glaring at her. "You don't know a damn thing!"

"Hmm. You know, it was just recently that I remembered something. I feel like a long, long time ago, I met another little bastard who had the same name as this bastard!"

"That other bastard went way overboard. It was back when I was little, and he bullied and humiliated me to the extreme!!

"I almost forgot about it. It wasn't until recently that it suddenly came to mind!" Patriarch Reliance's eyes went wide with both humiliation and curiosity. He really had no idea why it was only recently that he had suddenly recalled the matter.

In fact, the clearness of the memory also contained haziness.

"Have you ever wondered why the Patriarch carries an entire continent on his back? You think I want to? It's a humiliation!!" It wasn't clear what Patriarch Reliance was thinking about exactly, but his face was filled with fury.

"He must just be here to handle some matter or another. After he takes care of his business, he'll be gone. Once the little bastard is out of here, then everything will be fine!" Patriarch Reliance took a deep breath, and his eyes flashed like lightning. Having made his decision to get Meng Hao to leave as quickly as possible, he would now spare nothing to accomplish his goal.

Meanwhile, evening was approaching and the sky was growing dim. The seawater gurgled as the Zhang Clan ship neared Saint's Island. Meng Hao

stood at the prow, looking at the sandy beach up ahead, and the densely packed docks. Scattered Cultivators flew about above the island, and people bustled about busily on the beach.

For some reason, Meng Hao felt as if he weren't in the Milky Way Sea, but rather, back in the Southern Domain.

In the following moment, Meng Hao noticed that the entire island seemed to tremble. His eyes narrowed. At the same time, the surrounding water surged with waves, causing the ship to rock up and down. Everyone on the ship cried out in alarm.

Meng Hao was astonished at the sudden appearance of the waves, however, in the space of just a few breaths, they calmed down. His brow furrowed, and he stood there thoughtfully for a moment before sending his Divine Sense out. Although he didn't detect anything out of the ordinary, he remained vigilant inwardly.

Not much time passed before they entered the docks. After the ship was secured, they disembarked, and finally managed to step foot onto Saint's Island.

Meng Hao didn't know it, but as soon as he stepped foot onto land, Patriarch Reliance's heart trembled.

*

1. Meng Hao took Patriarch Reliance's treasures in chapter 85.
2. Please note, "fudge" is not a censored version of "f*ck." The word used in the original Chinese is a euphemism of the Chinese version of the F word.
3. Here is your collection of past references to Guyiding Tri-rain and the Boat Spirit. Meng Hao met them for the first time in chapter 44, which is also when he vowed to turn the North Sea into a real sea. Meng Hao almost died, sank to the bottom of the North Sea, and was brought back to life in chapter 66. He learns her name in chapter 89, and their story in chapter 90. He learns the meaning of her name in chapter 95.

Chapter 636: As Long As You Leave, Anything Is OK!

The docks were constructed into the beach, and seemed quite simple. However, the atmosphere was incredible. For one thing, there were countless uniformed disciples directing the boats here and there.

These disciples weren't very old, and most of them had a Cultivation base at the Qi Condensation stage. Occasionally, a Foundation Establishment disciple would stroll past on patrol.

They didn't wear haughty expressions, however, it was clear that deep in their bones, they held themselves high above the masses. The feeling wasn't very intense, but it was there. Despite that, they treated all the guests very courteously.

On the far side of the docks, horse carriages were lined up in rows. The horses that pulled these carts looked very bizarre. They didn't have four legs, but rather, six. Also, they had horns coming out of their heads. They looked like horses, but were also covered with tentacle-like feelers.

This was a unique wild beast in the Milky Way Sea that happened to be easy to tame. They were called Heavenly Horses.

Far off in the distance, three towering pagodas could be seen. Burning lights flickered inside, which would make them visible even from far off in the sea.

As Meng Hao looked at the three pagodas, he noticed that sitting within each of them was a cross-legged Cultivator. All were middle-aged; one had a Cultivation base at the mid Core Formation stage, the others at the early Core Formation stage.

Obviously, they were here to keep guard over the area and prevent any disorder from erupting.

The entire dock and beach could be considered a point of entry and exit of Saint's Island. Everything proceeded in quite an orderly fashion, despite the relatively large number of people present. Therefore, even though

evening was falling, a clamor of noise and voices filled the air.

Even as they docked, Meng Hao saw at least ten more ships arrive, to be directed by the locals into various locations in the harbor.

No one actually approached the docked ships to receive any of the outsiders. This was Saint's Island, and the Footloose Sect was the greatest Sect in the entire area. Despite the stellar reputation of the enormous organization, they wouldn't send disciples to personally receive tiny Clans from the Outer Sea.

Of course, that included the Zhang Clan. During the time period in which the Footloose Sect was recruiting new disciples, many, many Clans from the Outer Sea would come. In fact, right now there were literally hundreds of boats moored to the docks. And this was only one side of the island. If you counted the docks on the other sides of the islands, the number of boats would exceed a thousand.

In addition to the people coming to join the Footloose Sect, there were others who had arrived to do business. Saint's Island was a huge place, and the Cultivator cities there were exceedingly famous.

In fact, there were some types of Cultivation resources that could be only be acquired in full on Saint's Island.

Right now, the sky was getting dark, and the ocean breeze blew across their faces, bringing with it the pungent smell of saltwater and sea life. Meng Hao breathed in deeply as he stood there on the deck, looking at the shadows that were distant mountains of Saint's Island.

The Zhang Clan members, under the leadership of Zhang Wenfang, were preparing to disembark. The group of youngsters looked around with both nervousness and curiosity. Deep in their eyes could also be seen anticipation.

Nan'er clasped his mother's hand tightly as he looked around. He looked a little bit scared.

As the Zhang Clan Foundation Establishment Cultivators engaged in the proper formalities with the Footloose Sect disciples in charge of the docks,

Zhang Wenfang turned to Meng Hao and gave him a curtseying bow. Her voice low, she respectfully said, “Senior, this is Saint’s Island. Anyone below the Core Formation stage is prohibited from flying here, so we will need to travel by horse carriage....”

Meng Hao nodded but didn’t say anything. It didn’t take long for the Zhang Clan members to finish up with the Footloose Sect disciples, who then led the group toward three horse carriages.

This was the first time for the children, including Nan’er, to see Heavenly Horses. They looked at them wide-eyed, desiring to near them, but also afraid. This was also Meng Hao’s first time seeing such beasts, and he couldn’t help but stare a bit.

It was at this point that some Cultivators walked off of the deck of a newly arrived boat off in the distance. They wore resplendent clothing, and were led by man of roughly thirty years of age. His appearance was beyond ordinary, and he had a Cultivation base at the great circle of Foundation Establishment. He was followed by a group of four or five Foundation Establishment Cultivators, who in turn led seven or eight children along with them. The whole group casually looked over Meng Hao and the others as they neared.

The thirty-year-old man in the lead position suddenly made an “eee?” sound. He stopped in place and looked at Zhang Wenfang. She saw him as well, and her face flickered.

“Wenfang!” the man said slowly, obviously recognizing her.

She pursed her lips, a complicated expression on her face as she curtseyed to him with clasped hands.

“Brother.”

Upon hearing her words, the rest of the Zhang Clan members’ faces also flickered. As for the Cultivators behind the thirty-year-old man, they all seemed to be thinking the same thing as they looked over.

The thirty-year-old man stood there silently, his gaze as sharp as a blade. When he saw Nan’er standing there holding Zhang Wenfang’s hand, he

frowned.

Zhang Wenfang bit her lip, then finally lowered her head and said to her son, "Nan'er, this is your uncle."

"Hello, uncle," said Nan'er in his clear, crisp voice. A bit of fear could be seen on his face.

The thirty-year-old man snorted coldly.

"Wenfang," he said coolly and in a very impolite tone, "Father and Mother are still furious about what happened all those years ago. If you have a heart, you'll come home and let them talk to you. Don't continue to lose face and make a fool of yourself among these outsiders!

"As for this child.... Don't have him call me uncle. Did you really bring him here to try to get him into the Footloose Sect? You've overrated yourself from when you were young, and now you're getting your own son to do the same. You're just going to disappoint people." The people behind him began to chuckle, especially the group of children, within whose eyes scorn could be seen.

Nan'er was shaking, and looked even more scared. Zhang Wenfang suddenly looked over to glare at her brother. Breathing heavily, she said, "I already cut off all ties with you people that year."

"Xu Wenfang!" growled the man, his eyes growing wide.

"Xu Wende, I am Clan Leader Zhang Wenfang of the Zhang Clan," she retorted coolly. "You aren't even qualified to speak with me." With that, she tugged her son's arm to get into a horse carriage.

The other members of the Zhang Clan glared with hostility at the members of the Xu Clan, then began to enter the horse carriages. As for Meng Hao, his expression was the same the entire time, and he did not speak a word. In fact, he had long since taken a seat up front on the bench seat of one of the horse carriages.

No one dared to try to convince him to sit anywhere else. They all lowered their heads wordlessly as the horse carriages began to slowly make their way off.

“Slut!” said Xu Wende coldly, his voice loud enough for all the Zhang Clan members in the horse carriages to hear. “I offer to give you some face, and you reject it? Our Clan suffered shame because of you, and now you dare to bring that bastard son here to join the Footloose Sect!?”

“Since you insist on bringing your little Zhang Clan bastard here to lose face, then I look forward to seeing just how far he can get through the competition!”

The Zhang Clan Cultivators clenched their fists, and Zhang Wenfang sat there in the horse carriage, her face pale and her arms wrapped around Nan’er. It was impossible to tell what she was thinking, but tears were streaming down her face.

“Don’t cry, mother,” said Nan’er, wiping the tears off of his mother’s face. “I’ll definitely get into the Footloose Sect!” he guaranteed, his voice soft.

Meng Hao sat on the bench seat of the horse carriage. As the Heavenly Horses sped along the well-maintained road, he looked up at the canopy of stars overhead. He also heard what Nan’er said inside the horse carriage.

“What a good kid,” he whispered, shaking his head. Based on his experiences, it was simple for him to understand the situation with the Zhang Clan. Obviously, there was an unapproved marriage, after which the husband died. The Clan then began to deteriorate, leaving the wife responsible for her husband’s role of leading the Clan.

The Heavenly Horses sped along through the night. At dawn the following morning, a city appeared up again. Even from a distance it appeared majestic and magnificent. Despite the early hour, the city was still like a seething cauldron of activity. People walked hither and thither, and a buzz of excitement filled the air.

Up in the air, colorful beams of light could occasionally be seen flying about. Those would be Core Formation Cultivators.

Meng Hao looked everything over, and suddenly got the feeling that there was something out of the ordinary with this Footloose Sect. He wasn’t sure what it was, but there was something about Saint’s Island that

felt very familiar to him.

Upon close examination, he was sure he hadn't seen any of these places before, but he still had an intense sensation of familiarity. However, after much thought, he wasn't able to determinate what the source of that familiarity was. They entered the city through the east gate, and then eventually reached a tavern. Zhang Wenfang respectfully escorted Meng Hao to a luxury room, and then was about to go to arrange rooms for everyone else.

She wasn't sure what Meng Hao was thinking, and wasn't certain that he would continue to escort them. Before leaving, she hesitated for a moment, then lowered her head and asked, "Senior, there are still ten more days until the Footloose Sect begins the formalities of recruiting new disciples...."

Meng Hao nodded, but didn't respond. Zhang Wenfang respectfully left.

It was currently early morning. Meng Hao opened his window and looked out at the people walking around on the street below. There were quite a few mortals mixed in with the Cultivators. The rays of the rising sun shone down to illuminate everything.

He took a deep breath, then sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes, surrounded by the sounds of the bustling city.

"Why does this place seem so familiar?" he thought once more.

Despite the fact that Meng Hao's current Cultivation base allowed him to fight First Severing Cultivators, he still couldn't detect the stream of Divine Sense that cautiously swirled beneath his feet.

The owner of the stream of Divine Sense was of course Patriarch Reliance, who sat in his palace, more jumpy than ever.

"Fudge! The little bastard is here. And it turns out he's escorting some people who want to join the Footloose Sect!!" Patriarch Reliance was incredibly depressed. If he had known this was the situation, he would have simply canceled the Footloose Sect's call for new disciples.

That way, he could have completely prevented Meng Hao from even

coming.

“I can’t let this stand. With him here, the Patriarch can’t sleep well. I need to get him out of here as soon as possible.... Dammit, there’s still ten days before the recruiting begins? No, that won’t work. We’ll start tomorrow.... FUDGE! Let’s start now!!” with that he raised a hand, causing a jade slip to appear. Instantly, flames appeared on its surface and it flew into the air.

It transformed into a shocking beam of light which then sped directly toward the Footloose Sect.

The Footloose Sect was located in the east region of Saint’s Island, in a boundless stretch of wild mountains. There, nine great valleys could be seen, spread out in concentric rings. Although they looked majestic, there was also something strange about them. Inside of the nine valleys were countless richly ornamented palace buildings. Everything was luxurious and lavish.

The jade slip immediately entered the ninth valley, and a huge temple that lay therein. It came to stop in front of an old man who sat there cross-legged, somberly providing admonition to the group of people sitting in front of him.

As soon as he saw the jade slip, a tremor ran through the old man’s body. He quickly pinched the jade slip, then prostrated himself on the ground and lifted it high above his head. Instantly, the voice of Patriarch Reliance could be heard.

“Disciple recruitment begins immediately!”

It was only four words, but as they echoed out through the Footloose Sect, and the other deep valleys, colorful beams of light immediately shot out to gather in the main temple of the ninth valley.

These people were the Sect Leaders of the various auxiliary Sects from the other valleys. Their Cultivation bases were extraordinary, and some of them were Cultivators with whom Meng Hao had butted heads in the past.

Moments later, bells could be heard tolling throughout the Footloose Sect. Footloose Sect disciples flew out by the hundreds to head off in all directions. It was time to notify the visiting Clans that the disciple recruitment was beginning!

Chapter 637: The Zhang Clan is Here?!

Meng Hao was flabbergasted. And it wasn't just him. The group from the Zhang Clan were also shocked. In fact, everyone who had come to Saint's Island with the hope of joining the Footloose Clan were completely astonished.

The day for disciple recruitment was clearly ten days away, but then suddenly, the date was moved up. Many people began to feel nervous and alarmed, as if something incredible was about to happen.

An enormous event like disciple recruitment was no child's game. As such, even if the date were moved up, it shouldn't have been changed to earlier than the next day. There definitely should never have been a situation in which... it began that very day.

After all, it was already noontime....

Most importantly, there were many people who were still out at sea, hurrying on their way.

There were many speculations and inquiries, of course. Even the Footloose Sect disciples were complaining. They had no idea what major event was underway; all they could do was carry out matters according to the orders from the Sect.

Therefore, the Footloose Sect dispatched large numbers of disciples to begin to gather together all the prospective new disciples and bring them to the main gate of the Footloose Sect.

Before the Zhang Clan left the tavern, Zhang Wenfang hesitated, then invited Meng Hao to proceed along ahead with her. Meng Hao muttered inwardly for a moment, but then he saw the anticipation on Nan'er's face, and he couldn't refuse. He joined the Zhang Clan as they went to be teleported to the Footloose Sect.

When they arrived near the main gate, a hubbub of voices could be heard. Already, more than a thousand people could be seen, although only about three hundred were actually there to join the Footloose Sect. The

rest were just along as escorts.

Among the crowd was the Xu Clan, who, when they caught sight of the Zhang Clan, gave cold, contemptuous laughs.

The Zhang Clan had arrived somewhat late, and so were forced to wait at the end of the very long line. In the Footloose Clan's disciple recruitment, there were three trials by fire, each one of which could only have three participants.

Of course, in addition to the members of the various Clans present, there were also quite a few Footloose Sect disciples, there to maintain order. They acted very courteously, but it was also impossible for them to hide the pride they felt in their bones.

In the crowds, everyone was talking about the goings on.

"Three trials by fire. The first tests willpower, the second tests latent talent, and the third tests powers of insight. In every stage, you can earn first, second, third, or fourth rate marks.... anyone who gets three first place marks is worthy of the title Chosen."

"Yeah, that's right. In all the years, I don't think anyone ever got three first place marks. At the most, there may have been some people who got two."

"Furthermore, the Footloose Sect is very strict in its requirements for recruiting disciples. You have to get at least full third rate marks to get into the Sect. Even one fourth rate mark means that you're out."

Back at the end of the very long line, Meng Hao yawned as he listened to the conversations around him. According to his calculations, it would take at least two or three days for the Zhang Clan to get to the front of the line.

Nan'er was extremely nervous. Zhang Wenfang stood next to him, offering quiet words of encouragement. Meng Hao looked around, and even sent out his Divine Sense to sweep over the Footloose Sect.

"This Sect is a bit odd," he murmured to himself, his gaze flickering. "It's made up of nine valleys."

At the same time, Patriarch Reliance sat in his palace, wearing a worried face.

“This is taking too long... The little bastard is escorting someone to join the Sect, but, hey, couldn’t you go to the front of the line, huh?! Why did you run to the back!? What do you think you’re doing?!” Patriarch Reliance clenched his teeth, then sent his Divine Sense out to cover over the whole Footloose Sect. Eventually, it came to rest on a disciple near Meng Hao and the others.

The disciple was currently looking coldly out at the crowds, inwardly confused about why the Sect suddenly moved up the date for recruiting disciples. Even in the midst of his contemplation, his body suddenly trembled, and then his eyes began to grow brightly.

As of this moment, he was no longer himself. Instead, he had become a clone of Patriarch Reliance. He began to walk forward, eyeing Meng Hao and shivering a bit. Then he turned toward the Zhang Wenfang and Nan’er.

“Are you the Zhang Clan from the Outer Sea?” asked the Patriarch Reliance-controlled Footloose Sect disciple. His voice was cheerful as he stepped forward to examine Zhang Wenfang and the other members of the Zhang Clan.

Zhang Wenfang was taken aback, as were the other Clan members around her. In fact, the members of other Clans that were lined up ahead of them couldn’t help but turn around to look.

“Yes, we’re the Zhang Clan,” replied Zhang Wenfang as quickly as she could.

“Wonderful, wonderful. The descendant of an old friend is here!”

The Footloose Sect disciple sighed emotionally. “Years ago, I used to be very close to your husband, and even owed him a favor. To be able to see all of you here today is nothing less than fate. Come, let me escort up to the front.” With that, he quickly grabbed Nan’er and began to walk forward.

Zhang Wenfang stared in shock, wracking her brain to try to remember what past incident the man must be referring to. The other Clan members were also astonished. Even after thinking for some time, they truly couldn't recall their previous Clan Leader having a close relationship with any Footloose Sect disciples.

"This...." Zhang Wenfang hesitated for a moment, but seeing that the disciple had already begun to pull her son away, she quickly followed. The other members of the Zhang Clan also went along. Meng Hao watched everything happening, and then joined them.

The group made their way from the very back of the line toward the front, which instantly attracted the attention of everyone who was waiting. That was especially true of the Xu Clan, who watched on in astonishment as everything happened.

Immediately, people began to call out questions.

"Fellow Daoist of the Footloose Clan, dare I ask why they get to go from the back of the line to the front?"

"Yeah! They were in the back! They can't just randomly cut in line! How come they can so brazenly go all the way to the front!?"

Now even more people were paying attention. As soon as they saw what was happening, they were shocked, and couldn't understand why the Footloose Sect, which normally paid such close attention to rules and regulations, would allow something like this to happen.

Meanwhile, there were other Footloose Sect disciples who saw what was happening. One of them happened to be a Core Formation Cultivator who was in charge of maintaining order in the area. When he saw what was happening, he frowned.

"Zhao Han!" he shouted, a dignified expression on his face. That was the name of the Footloose Sect disciple who Patriarch Reliance was controlling with his Divine Sense. "What are you doing? It doesn't matter if you're longtime friends with these Zhang people, you..." Before the Core Formation Cultivator could finish speaking, Patriarch Reliance up in the palace gave a cold snort, and sent out more Divine Sense.

A virtually imperceptible tremor ran through the Core Formation Cultivator, and then his eyes glittered brightly.

“Wait, these guests are the Zhang Clan from the Outer Sea?” His expression one of excitement, he immediately stepped forward to glance over the group from the Zhang Clan.

This scene caused all the surrounding Footloose Sect disciples as well as the visiting Clan members to exchange astonished looks.

“The Heavens finally take notice, and allow me to see you members of the Zhang Clan!” said the Core Formation Cultivator, looking very excited. “The descendant of an old friend is here....

“Years ago, I was close friends with your Zhang Clan, and even benefited from a great kindness on the part of the Clan. Come come, I’ll take you to the first place in line!” With that, he took gaping Nan’er from Zhao Han without any further explanation, and headed off toward the front of the line.

Zhang Wenfang stared in astonishment once more. She felt as if her mind was spinning. She looked back at her other fellow Clan members, but they had looks as blank as hers. No matter how they wracked their memories, they couldn’t think of any time in which their Patriarch had any close friends at all.

The rest of the Clans who were here to join the Footloose Sect all watched on in astonishment, especially the Xu Clan. Their eyes were widest of all, and filled with disbelief.

It was in this manner that, under the leadership of the Core Formation Cultivator, the Zhang Clan continued on from the back of the line directly toward the front. The entire time, the Cultivators of the Zhang Clan almost couldn’t believe what was happening.

However, their expressions of confusion quickly turned into excitement.

Right now, more than half of the Outer Sea Cultivator Clans had come. There were even some Clans from the Fourth Ring. As of this moment, everyone now took note of the Zhang Clan, and many people began to

discuss the matter in hushed tones. Many people glanced over at them with admiration and envy.

The Xu Clan members all had faces pale and filled with disbelief.

“This... this is impossible!!”

By the time Nan'er arrived in the very first place in line, Meng Hao's shock at the sudden change of events caused him to feel that something fishy was going on.

Meanwhile, back in the Saint's Island palace, Patriarch Reliance looked quite proud of himself.

“Humph. The Patriarch prevails again! The only thing to do is to get the little bastard out of here as quickly as possible. I don't care what price I have to pay!

“Wait. No. I need to speed things up. The best thing would be to settle things within ten breaths of time. I need to make sure he has no reason at all to stay here. That way he'll screw off as quickly as possible!” Again, Patriarch Reliance sent Divine Sense out to cover the Footloose Sect.

In the blink of an eye, the Divine Sense split into dozens of streams that all settled into different individuals.

And then.....

Suddenly, an old man flew out from within the Footloose Sect. He obviously had a Core Formation Cultivation base, and as soon as he appeared, he laid eyes on Zhan Wenfang. “The Zhang Clan is here?! The Zhang Clan from the Outer Sea?”

The Clan members in the line immediately gaped.

“That's Honor Guard Han!”

“Honor Guard Han is one of the most powerful experts in the Footloose Sect. He has an incredibly high position!”

“Don't tell me... that he also owes a favor to the Zhang Clan?”

The old man quickly approached. “So, it really is the Zhang Clan.

Excellent, excellent! The descendant of an old friend is here! I will definitely take advantage of this day to pay back the favor I owe to the Zhang Clan!"

However, before he could even get close, before the crowds in line could digest what was happening, while the Zhang Clan members were all still in a daze, roaring shouts could be heard from within the Sect.

"The Zhang Clan is here?!"

"So, it really is the Zhang Clan! They actually made it to the Footloose Sect!"

"The benefactor is here! I, Tu Dahai, must go to pay my respects!"

Shockingly, ten figures appeared from within the Footloose Sect. Each and every one was of the late Core Formation stage, and they actually comprised more than half of all the Core Formation Cultivators in the Clan.

As they flew out, a buzz could be heard from within the crowds in line. All of the Cultivators from the Outer Sea Clans were trembling in astonishment. The Fourth Ring Cultivators were even more dumbstruck as their gazes followed those of the ten Core Formation Cultivators to fall onto the Zhang Clan.

Zhang Wenfang stood there dully, as did the other Zhang Clan Cultivators.

They were even starting to get a bit frightened. They had never heard anything about their deceased Patriarch having so many friends....

Meng Hao's eyes were wide as he watched on. What was happening really was far too strange....

Chapter 638: Twists and Turns Enrage the Patriarch

“Heavens, it’s actually true! Those ten or more Footloose Sect Honor Guards are all figures who could shake the entire area with the stomp of a foot. And they all... actually owe a favor to the Zhang Clan!”

“The old Zhang Clan Patriarch was only at the early Core Formation stage. How could he get these people from the Footloose Sect to owe him a favor?”

The crowd was abuzz, and the Zhang Clan were standing there wide-eyed.

“Was the Patriarch... really so illustrious back in the day?” thought Zhang Wenfang. She looked a bit dazed. She had never heard such a matter spoken of back in the Clan. In her memory, before the Patriarch died, although he’d had a few friends, few were the sincere type. Besides, he had been dead for so long that any friendly sentiments had long since faded away.

Were that not the case, the Clan wouldn’t have been forced into the dead end they had been, with no choice but to give up their island and come to this place.

However, what was happening right now was very real, causing Zhang Wenfang to grow even more confused.

Intermittent gasps could be heard coming from the crowds in line, and their faces were filled with disbelief and astonishment. All eyes in the area were completely fixed on the members of the Zhang Clan.

Although most of them dared not allow their envy and jealousy to show on their faces, such feelings filled their hearts.

That was especially true of the Xu Clan, whose faces were pale white, and whose hearts had seized with terror. How could they ever have imagined that the people they had just looked down upon and even shamed, the down and out Zhang Clan, could have such a glorious past?

“No wonder little sis cut ties with the Clan to marry into the Zhang Clan,” thought the man from the Xu Clan. “I didn’t understand back then, but now....” Having gained this new understanding, he suddenly felt a bit different.

As for the other Outer Sea Clans who had conflicts with the Zhang Clan, they were now scared witless and panting heavily. Not only were their hearts filled with fear regarding what might happen later, they were also inundated with intense animosity.

“I can’t believe the Zhang Clan has such incredible connections.... Why didn’t they say something earlier? Nobody in the Outer Sea would have dared to pick on them.”

Zhang Wenfang subconsciously glanced at some of her fellow Clan Members. What they all saw was mutual shock regarding what was happening.

“Could it be because of me?” thought Meng Hao. He couldn’t help but think this, and as he did, his eyes glittered. He looked at the Honor Guards from the Footloose Sect, and although it was impossible to tell what they were thinking, his eyes narrowed.

“Descendants of our benefactor, please accept our salute!” With that the Footloose Sect Honor Guards excitedly clasped hands and began to bow. There were even a few of the elderly members who had tears streaming down their faces. The joy they felt seemed beyond description.

The Zhang Clan members were overwhelmed by the unexpected show of favor, and even tried to shrink back. Zhang Wenfang had no idea what she should say. However, her heart filled with joy that she simply couldn’t suppress. It was like the saying “when the bitterness ends, the sweetness begins.” Tears began to roll down her face.

From the day she had married into the Clan until now, she had never experienced anything like this. The proud and elated feeling and the looks on the faces of her Clan caused the excitement in her heart to be equal to that of the Footloose Sect members in front of her.

The ten Honor Guards all began to speak one after another.

“Does this child wish to join the Footloose Sect?”

“What need is there to wait in line? We’ve been waiting for the descendant of a benefactor to come join the Sect! We can accept you immediately! Inner Sect disciple!”

“That’s right! He’s an Inner Sect disciple!”

They reached their decision very quickly.

The scene caused all the other Outer Sea Clans who were waiting in line to be filled with envy. Any Clan would wish their child to be treated in such a way. Who wouldn’t want to be invited into the Clan, as opposed to have to pay respects to enter?

Meanwhile, in the palace of Saint’s Island, Patriarch Reliance’s face was covered with a complacent grin. He stood up and began to stroll back and forth, giving Guyiding Tri’rain no choice but to watch on helplessly.

“The Patriarch is the smartest yet again,” he said. “Hahaha! Now the little bastard has no reason whatsoever to stay behind. Get out of here immediately, kid! Screw off with no delay!” As Patriarch Reliance thought about how proud he was of himself, he began to laugh heartily.

However, in the midst of his laughing, his face suddenly fell, and he sent his Divine Sense out one more time.

Even as the Honor Guard members were excitedly discussing their decision to accept Nan’er as an Inner Sect disciple, a cold voice like that of a thunderclap suddenly filled the Footloose Sect. The voice immediately caused everyone’s hearts to tremble.

“What’s the commotion!?” The cold voice which echoed out from the mountains belonged to that of an old man. “Accepting new disciples is a great matter within the Sect, and yet you people are here causing a racket! What a travesty!”

As soon as the grim-faced old man appeared, the ripples of a Nascent Soul Cultivation base emanated out. Everyone immediately began incredibly nervous.

“That’s... that’s Lord of the Third Valley!”

“The Great Valley Lord came personally! Don’t tell me he’s also friends with the Zhang Clan?” The crowds in the line, as well as the other Footloose Sect disciples who were not affected by Patriarch Reliance’s Divine Sense, were all making the same guesses inwardly.

“Even if you all are old friends with this Clan,” the old man said coolly, “the Sect still has its rules, and those rules won’t change.” His expression was not one of anger, but power. His words instantly shook everyone present.

“In the Footloose Sect,” he continued, “there is nothing more important than rules. Anyone who wishes to join the Sect must do so according to the rules.” His ice-cold gaze fell onto the members of the Zhang Clan. “All of you, go back to your original position in line. After enough time passes, you will naturally reach this position.”

Immediately, the Cultivators from the other Clans in line felt roused. They had felt that what was happening was unfair, but didn’t dare to give voice to such thoughts. Now that they saw a Valley Lord of the Footloose Sect administering justice, they felt that the rumors about the Sect were true; they really did strictly adhere to Sect rules.

Zhang Wenfang’s face was pale white. She immediately bowed her head and voiced compliance. The feeling caused by joy being reversed into the opposite filled her with complete shame. However, she feared causing problems for the Footloose Sect Honor Guards who were friends of the Clan, so she immediately acquiesced, grabbing Nan’er, who was trembling with fear, and began to make her way back to the end of the line with her other fellow Clan members.

The Xu Clan immediately went wild with joy when they saw this. They said nothing, but the looks of ridicule and disdain in their eyes were impossible to cover up.

“As for the lot of you,” continued the old man, his eyes cold, “you’re Honor Guard members of the Footloose Sect. Your actions just now were completely beyond the bounds of propriety! You will all be punished by

being confined to your quarters for three months!” His words rang out, filled with an incredible feeling of might and dominance.

However, as soon as the old man spoke the words, he suddenly heard a furious voice echoing in his own ear: “I’ll punish your ass!”

The raging voice was like thunder, although no outsider could hear it, only the old man. As soon as the powerful sound echoed about in his head, his face fell.

Naturally, he knew exactly who it was who was speaking to him.

“All of this was by the order of the Patriarch!” raged Patriarch Reliance, sounding flustered. “Fudge! You completely ruined my big plan! I’ll skin you alive!” He seemed truly enraged.

Just when the goal he had worked so hard to reach was about to be accomplished, a bit of interference ruined everything. Of course, Patriarch Reliance was scared. He was scared that Meng Hao would figure out that something was going on. He was so furious that he wanted to slap this old man to death immediately.

When he sensed the Patriarch’s rage and killing intent, the Lord of the Third Valley instantly began to shake. Suddenly, he looked up at the Zhang Clan retreating toward the end of the line, and his mind became very clear.

“Wait!” he cried, immediately hurrying forward.

“Are you people from the Zhang Clan?” he then asked, his voice filled with excitement. Teardrops could be seen forming in the corners of his eyes. His voice caused the other Outer Sea Clan members in line to instantly gape in shock. They simply couldn’t wrap their minds about what was happening....

They weren’t the only astonished ones. The surrounding Footloose Sect disciples all had blank expressions on their faces. The events of the day were simply... too strange for them to understand.

As for the Zhang Clan members, they stopped in their tracks, then turned to look at the old man who was scurrying over.

Zhang Wenfang looked at him and hesitated for a moment before quietly responding, "Senior.... We... we are the Zhang Clan from the Outer Sea."

"So it is the Zhang Clan after all!!" said the old man. He stamped his foot, causing the nearby mountain peaks to rumble, and the ground to quake.

"This is all my mistake," he said. "Earlier I was inside, and when I sensed that something big was going on, I came out. However, I didn't recognize you! Aiya! I have only myself to blame!" With that the old man laughed emotionally. From his expression, he seemed to be thinking about past times.

"I'll never forget how your Zhang Clan Patriarch showed me such kindness that year. He even saved my life six times! If it weren't for him, I would not be alive today. The descendant of an old friend is here. Ah, the descendant of an old friend is here." He sighed again as his words echoed about. Everyone was instantly stunned.

That was most true of the Xu Clan, who watched on with wide eyes, breathing heavily, their minds trembling. They truly could never have imagined that the Zhang Clan would have such deep relationships, to the extent that one of the nine Valley Lords of the Footloose Sect owed them a great favor.

"Now that his descendant has come to the Footloose Sect, even if we have to bend the rules a bit, I will assume all the responsibility," said the old man resolutely. "I will not allow a descendant of the Zhang Clan to suffer any shame here!" His gaze swept about, and all of the Outer Sea Clan members had no choice other than to bow their heads. Inwardly, they were completely shaken.

Meng Hao's eyes narrowed, and a slight smile had appeared on his face. Although he could sense no familiar aura, considering his past experiences, how could he not see through the bizarreness of the goings on?

"Interesting," he thought. "As far as I can recall, there's only one old

bastard who likes to handle things in such an unreliable fashion.”

Zhang Wenfang was currently trembling. The joy and surprise that had come her way was almost too much to handle. Currently, her blankness and confusion were almost at the pinnacle. She was just about to say something when suddenly, the Third Valley Lord took a few steps forward and then picked Nan'er up into his arms.

“They look alike!” he said. “They really look completely alike! A single glance at this child and I can't help but think of the Zhang Clan Patriarch.

“Child, are you willing to accept me as your Master?”

At the moment, most nervous of all was Patriarch Reliance, who panted in his palace as he watched the scene down below. He was dying to hear Nan'er voicing his acceptance.

“Hurry up and agree, child!” he murmured. “Come on, hurry up! I beg you, just agree.... The Patriarch promises you, if you agree, then from now on, I will watch over you in the Reliance Sect, er, no, I mean the Footloose Sect!” However, he didn't dare to do anything too obvious, lest Meng Hao sense something amiss.

Nan'er was extremely nervous, and even scared. His face was pale, and without even thinking about it, he turned to look back at his mother, and then for some reason, Meng Hao.

Had he not looked at Meng Hao, then Meng Hao wouldn't have inserted himself into the matter. However, considering how helpless the child looked in his inability to make a decision, Meng Hao couldn't help but smile and then casually say, “No need to rush into things. Considering the child's latent talent, I think he should have a bit better standing in the Sect.”

When Patriarch Reliance heard this, blood sprayed out of his mouth like a geyser. He lifted his head back and let out a howl of indignation.

Chapter 639: The Superiority of the Patriarch's Intellect

“You little bastard! What do you want? What are you doing!?” Patriarch Reliance clenched his hand into a fist and then slammed it into the ground. A boom filed the palace, causing the entire mountain to shake. In fact, waves rolled out across the sea surrounding the island.

“You’re messing with me, aren’t you, you little bastard!” fumed Patriarch Reliance. “I’m acting with good will and good intentions! I helped you pull everything off smoothly, and then you refuse!?!?” His voice rolled back and forth within the palace, but did not echo outside. He was now agitated to the extreme, and on the verge of flying into a rage.

“Are you really trying to push the Patriarch into going insane! FUDGE! The Patriarch refuses to play your little game. I’ll just take the Footloose Sect and leave. The Patriarch can’t afford to provoke you, so he’ll just avoid you completely!” Patriarch Reliance was just about to follow through with his words, when suddenly he seemed to think of something.

“Wait. No!” A look of suspicion suddenly appeared on his face.

“That little bastard is crafty to the extreme. At the moment, he still doesn’t know that I’m here. If I appear, then the cat will be out of the bag. If he finds out I’ve been hiding in the Milky Way Sea....” Suddenly, Patriarch Reliance’s eyes flashed.

“Hmmpphh. The Patriarch is intelligent, divine and mighty. How can I possibly be fooled?” Patriarch Reliance’s voice dripped with disdain. “Clearly the little bastard is feeling out the situation. Therefore, I will not reveal myself, no matter what happens. I’ll just hold on.... So what if he takes a Master? That doesn’t count for crap! He won’t accept one Nascent Soul Master? How about a group then!? I can’t believe that he’ll refuse!” Once again, his Divine Sense spread out through the entirety of the Footloose Sect.

Meanwhile, outside the main gate of the Footloose Sect, Meng Hao’s

words echoed out, causing Zhang Wenfang to gape in surprise. Nan'er looked at Meng Hao wide-eyed for a moment, then immediately spoke in his crisp, clear voice.

"I don't accept...."

The Third Valley Lord's heart immediately quivered, and he glared at Meng Hao hatefully. He was just about to say something when, all of a sudden, eight streams of Divine Sense shot toward them.

Eight figures became visible in mid-air. Although their faces were not clear, the ripples of a Nascent Soul Cultivation base were quite clear. The entire Footloose Sect trembled, and the sky flashed with a riot of colors. The wind and clouds were thrown into upheaval, and brilliant rays of light shone out in all directions.

It instantly caused countless disciples to approach the area; as for the Footloose Sect disciples who were already at the main gate, their faces flickered and they all began to drop to their knees to kowtow.

The Outer Sea Clan members in line began to pant. They watched the scene in shock, their minds trembling.

"The nine great Valley Lords are all here!"

"What exactly is going on? Don't tell me... don't tell me all of them are friends with the Zhang Clan?"

The Zhang Clan members stood there trembling, filled with blankness and also fear because of everything that was happening.

A deathly silence then filled the air. Meng Hao looked up, eyes glittering. Although all of these people were Nascent Soul Cultivators, there were odd ripples emanating from their bodies. With Meng Hao's Cultivation base, he could sense them, but couldn't see clearly exactly what they were.

Of course, considering they were Lords within the Sect, they would certainly possess some secrets to elevate their level of dignity, which Meng Hao understood.

"This child has destiny connecting him to the Footloose Sect!" said an

archaic voice from within one of the eight streams of Divine Sense up in mid-air. The voice echoed out throughout the entire Footloose Sect.

“After discussion, we nine great Valley Lords all accept this child as an apprentice! He will join the Footloose Sect as a Conclave disciple!”

The voice reverberated out into the ears of everyone present. The other Clan members from the Outer Sea watched on, panting with unprecedented anxiety. Far too many unexpected turns of events had occurred, to the point that they would be unable to forget this day for the rest of their lives.

The disciples of the Footloose Sect were completely shocked, and they all began to look over at the young child held in the arms of the Third Valley Lord.

It must be stated that within the Footloose Sect, there were only three Conclave disciples! As of this moment, there were four!

Complete silence followed, after which an explosion of sound could be heard. That sound was caused by the voices of the crowds in line as they expressed their disbelief and utter shock.

The matter that had just occurred would soon spread out through the entire Outer Sea, as well as the Fourth Ring. Throughout all the years, such an event had never occurred in the Footloose Sect. The Nine Valley Lords had all accepted a single person as an apprentice! That person would quickly become completely famous.

As for the Zhang Clan, they would experience a meteoric rise because of the events of the day. Whether it be in the Outer Sea or the Fourth Ring, because of their relationship with the Footloose Sect, no one would ever dare to provoke them. It wouldn't take very long for word of this matter to spread everywhere.

The Zhang Clan was destined to rise to fame.

Zhang Wenfang panted at this unexpected blessing. It was simply too amazing, causing her entire person to tremble, and tears to pour down her face. The Zhang Clan members around her were also excited to the

extreme.

Meng Hao smiled. When he noticed Nan'er looking back at him again, he nodded.

Nan'er mustered his courage, and then clearly spoke out. "Nan'er accepts the senior grandpas as Masters!"

His voice wasn't very loud, but as soon as it rang out, everyone, be they Footloose Sect disciples or Outer Sea Clan members, knew that as of this instant, this boy was... completely different from them!

With the nine great Valley Lords as his Masters, he would be the number one person in the entire Footloose Sect. In fact, as long as his latent talent wasn't extremely poor, he would surely reach Core Formation!

From now on, the Zhang Clan would be like a blazing sun in the sky. Everyone who had ever looked down upon them would be forced to bow their heads in compliance. Anyone who had disputes with them in the past would only be able to writhe in fear and send gifts of apology in great numbers.

Anyone who had blood enmity with them would be forced to immediately flee the Outer Sea. Otherwise, they would never be able to find shelter anywhere.

The Zhang Clan was like the carp who leaped over the dragon gate and received the highest reward. That was the final assessment of everyone present.

Tears streamed down Zhang Wenfang's face. The joy in her heart caused the most brilliant smile she had ever smiled to appear on her face. "Husband, is your spirit watching all of this from the underworld...?"

The other Zhang Clan members watched on with wild joy, as if they could see the countless possibilities that had now opened up for their future. They thought back to the past, and then considered the future, and seemed to have acquired new enlightenment. Their new understanding would keep them going as they reached out to a higher realm.

Most excited of all, however, was no member of the crowd, and no

member of the Zhang Clan. Instead, it was Patriarch Reliance, up in his palace. He was so excited that his body trembled as he paced back and forth. He looked over at Guyiding Tri'rain with a scornful expression.

He, of course, didn't care about what was happening with the Zhang Clan. Intense anticipation appeared in his eyes as he looked off at the Footloose Sect and Meng Hao. He hoped fervently that all of this was enough to cause Meng Hao to leave Saint's Island.

"You have no reason to stay behind, you little bastard, so why don't you go? Hahaha! Screw off at top speed! Do not under any circumstances allow me to see you again!" Patriarch Reliance thought about what it would be like if Meng Hao left with absolutely no suspicions. Then he would be able to openly live a footloose and fancy free life. When he thought about that, it filled him with excitement, almost as if he had gotten some sort of revenge. The more he thought about Meng Hao leaving, the more anticipation he felt.

Currently, the entire Footloose Sect was in an uproar. Meng Hao was laughing, and his eyes glittered. Then, his expression returned to normal as he looked over at Zhang Wenfang and the others.

From the look in his eye, it seemed that he was still worried about the Zhang Clan members, apparently concerned about their safety in the future.

Although others might not be able to read his expression, Patriarch Reliance was completely focused on Meng Hao, and immediately sensed it. Without hesitation, he sent his Divine Sense into the nine Valley Lords.

Almost as if they knew what Meng Hao was thinking, the nine Valley Lords instantly began to speak.

"The members of the Zhang Clan are close friends with the Footloose Sect. You will stay on Saint's Island in your own area, which will belong to you in perpetuity."

Instantly, waves of intense envy and jealousy filled the hearts of the various Clan members from the Outer Sea. After all, one of the reasons they hoped to join the Footloose Sect was to not just for the opportunity

for a single member of the Clan, but for the entire Clan to have the chance to move to Saint's Island.

It was an honor, and a very high position. After moving to Saint's Island, the Clan would never again need to worry about its continued existence in the future. The Footloose Sect would be their biggest protector.

Now, everyone watched on as the previously down and out Zhang Clan received such incredibly good fortune. Various complex thoughts filled the hearts of everyone present. Everyone immediately made the decision that they would spare no effort or cost to become friends with the Zhang Clan.

As for the Xu Clan, their hearts began to pound with fear and intense terror. They worried that retaliation would come from the Zhang Clan, which would turn into a great catastrophe that they couldn't withstand.

This particular phase of a disciple becoming apprentice to a Master was now concluded. The crowds of Clans waited to continue with the process of trying to join the Sect, while the Zhang Clan, to everyone's envy, was led away respectfully by Footloose Sect disciples. As for Meng Hao, Patriarch Reliance watched with eager anticipation as he finally parted ways with the Zhang Clan.

Nan'er gave Meng Hao a deep look. He waved, his face filled with unwillingness to part.

Meng Hao reached out to tousle the boy's hair. Then he muttered for a moment and slapped his bag of holding to produce a bottle of medicinal pills, along with a few magical items, all of which he gave to the boy.

"Focus on practicing cultivation," said Meng Hao. "You never know, we might meet again someday in the future." With that, he patted Nan'er's shoulder and then turned to walk off into the distance.

Zhang Wenfang watched Meng Hao walking off, and then looked at the gifts he had given Nan'er. Her eyes filled with deep gratitude, she dropped to her knees and respectfully kowtowed to him.

Perhaps through all eternity, they would never know the real reason why Nan'er had been accepted as an apprentice.

Meng Hao made his way off.

Under Patriarch Reliance's anticipatory gaze, he left the Footloose Sect mountains. As soon as this happened, Patriarch Reliance smiled, and was so excited that he almost let out a huge roar.

He couldn't help but feeling happy at how superior he considered his intellect to be. Right now, it seemed like everything he looked at filled him with happiness. His eyes squinted with joy as he watched Meng Hao making his way further and further away.

However, in the midst of all his smiling, he suddenly gaped.

That was because even as Meng Hao turned into a beam of prismatic light that shot throughout the air, he suddenly stopped and looked down. There below him, not far away from the Footloose Sect, was one of the largest Cultivator cities on Saint's Island!

"Uhh? Come on, get going!" said Patriarch Reliance, staring. "What are you waiting for, huh?"

Meng Hao hovered in mid-air, rubbing his chin. Although it was impossible to tell whether or not he was doing it on purpose... he began to mutter to himself.

"Before I leave, I really need to purchase some items. It probably won't be easy to find a Cultivator city like this one out on the Milky Way Sea.

"Furthermore, these Footloose Sect Cultivators are good people. The prices here probably will be pretty low, and definitely not too high. If they were too high, then I might be forced to stay on Saint's Island for even longer." Clearing his throat, he flew toward the city.

Patriarch Reliance watched on blankly as Meng Hao descended upon the city. He wanted to cry, but had no tears, and was on the verge of going mad. He began to pant and walk in circles in the palace, gnashing his teeth.

"I've already mostly succeeded. If I have to keep on, then so be it! I'll deal with it! No Spirit Stones! Fudge! I'll give you some!

“As long as you leave, I’ll do anything!”

Chapter 640: I'll Leave After I Finish Shopping

Meng Hao was in a good mood....

It was a warm, sunny day, and evening was approaching. The color of the sky and the scenery around him all looked incredibly beautiful. The more he looked at it, the better he felt.

His body flickered as he shot through mid-air toward the city. Almost in the same moment in which he was about to arrive, seven or eight streams of Divine Sense suddenly neared him. Almost as immediately, they dispersed in amazement.

Meng Hao had only revealed an early Nascent Soul stage Cultivation base. Even still, that caused quite a bit of shock amongst the people in the city. No one dared to block his way, and they allowed him to enter the city.

The Cultivator city was crowded and bustling with activity. All types of shops could be seen, and although most of the Cultivators were in the Qi Condensation stage, there were some Foundation Establishment and even the occasional Core Formation.

When it came to Nascent Soul Cultivators, Meng Hao saw a few. Clearly, they were not members of the Footloose Sect but rather, Cultivators come from the Fourth Ring to do business.

As soon as he entered the city and began to stroll about, he saw shops on both sides of the street filled with luxurious products; customers were constantly walking in and out. As for the streets themselves, they were paved with green limestone, making the whole place seem even richer.

As he walked, Meng Hao noticed a mid Core Formation stage Cultivator up ahead. He wore a light green robe, and looked quite mighty, even threatening despite his lack of angry expression.

He was walking up ahead of Meng Hao, and was just about to enter a shop off to the side, when suddenly a growl could be heard off in the distance, and a bright beam of light shot toward him at top speed.

“Zhou Jian, you traitor! So it turns out you hid here after daring to steal my Spirit Stones!? Well I, Sun, swear that you will be slain this very day!” A middle-aged Cultivator could be seen approaching. His Cultivation base was at the Core Formation stage, and his power seemed boundless. He performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, causing two flying swords to emerge with sharp glows. They instantly shot toward the Cultivator with the light green robe.

The man’s face fell, and he had no time to evade. Instantly, fighting broke out between the two of them. Attacks exploded out, forcing quite a few nearby onlookers to dodge out of the way.

They fought openly, surrounded by explosions that rose up into the sky. Magical items and divine abilities were unleashed, and both men coughed up blood and then fell back. Almost in the same instant that they fell back, the Footloose Sect disciples in charge of maintaining order rushed toward the scene. A cold snort filled the entire area.

“Magical fighting is prohibited in Saint’s Distance City! The two of you screw off immediately!”

The echoing voice caused the face of the Cultivator named Sun to flicker. As he looked up, the Cultivator named Zhou took advantage of the pause to retreat further. It was hard to tell whether or not it was intentional, but his movement brought him right next to Meng Hao’s side. Before any observer could see what happened, the man slipped a bag of holding to Meng Hao.

“Please watch over this for me, Fellow Daoist,” he said. “I’ll be back within three days at the least. If I haven’t come to get it within three days, then everything inside belongs to you.” With that, he flew up into the air. The Cultivator named Sun let out a roar and then began to chase him. The two of them quickly vanished.

Meng Hao stood there blinking. The fight had started far too quickly, and ended even faster. Meng Hao looked down at the bag of holding, wiped away the brand mark without hesitation, and then scanned it with Divine Sense. Instantly, a strange expression appeared on his face.

There was nothing inside other than Spirit Stones.....

Furthermore, there were more than 30,000 of them.

Meng Hao cleared his throat, then calmly put the bag of holding away, his expression the same as ever. There really was nobody he knew so unreliable as to be able to pull off something like this which was so full of sloppy mistakes.

Upon first stepping foot onto Saint's Island, Meng Hao hadn't thought too much about why the place seemed so familiar. But then he realized that it looked so different from that familiar place in his memory that it seemed obvious someone had altered it, even moving mountains and rivers to make it different.

And then... everything went completely smoothly, especially all the matters to do with the Footloose Sect. Meng Hao couldn't help but start getting a bit suspicious. Considering everything, it was only natural that he realize what was happening.

"It's a good thing that when I went to the Bridge of Immortal Treading that year I got a bird's eye view of the Milky Way Sea, and realized that the old bugger was hiding there," he thought. "If it weren't for that, I might have had my suspicions, but I couldn't have been sure. 1

"The old bastard really is good at hiding. Even my Demon Sealing senses couldn't pick up on his aura." Meng Hao coughed lightly, then, without batting an eyelid, continued onward.

Meanwhile, back in the palace, Patriarch Reliance was nervously staring at Meng Hao. He watched him put away the bag of holding and then let out a sigh. Then, he started to complain regretfully.

"Oh, my Spirit Stones. Those are the Patriarch's 30,000 Spirit Stones... gone, just like that. Everything here on Saint's Island belongs to me, only to be gone, just like that....

"Dammit, you little bastard! Nothing good ever happens when I run into you!" Patriarch Reliance gnashed his teeth, but there was nothing else he could do. He could only silently pray that Meng Hao would leave as

quickly as possible.

As for Meng Hao, he patted his collection of free Spirit Stones, and then glanced around. Soon he caught sight of a shop that specialized in magical items. His eyes narrowed as he strode toward it.

Even on the outside, the shop looked extremely luxurious. Upon entering, he could see that it had three floors, and that the glow of magical items was shocking. The products available started from the Qi Condensation stage and even went up all the way into the Nascent Soul stage. There were special and incredible items available for all stages.

Currently, there were about seven or eight Cultivators in the shop, looking through various treasures, followed by salespeople with radiant smiles. In the middle of the shop was an incense burner, from which wisps of smoke radiated out, filling the entire first floor with an elegant aura. As soon as someone entered, it was possible to calm the mind and simply enjoy the high-end atmosphere of the shop.

As soon as Meng Hao stepped foot inside, an old man wearing a long gown approached smilingly. He clasped hands and bowed deeply to Meng Hao.

“Fellow Daoist, welcome to one of the top ten shops in all of Saint’s Distance City. We guarantee quality, and are honest with all customers. You can set your mind at ease when you do business here.

“What exactly are you looking for?” The old man’s smiling words seemed somehow familiar to Meng Hao. After thinking about it for a moment, he realized that they were almost exactly the same words he had used in his own shop back in the Reliance Sect.

The old man had a passable Cultivation base of the early Foundation Establishment stage. His latent talent was ordinary, and he was not on the verge of any sort of breakthrough, which was why he maintained such a position in this shop. He quickly measured up Meng Hao. Although he couldn’t clearly see Meng Hao’s Cultivation base, based on the way he carried himself, the old man could see that he was full of money.

“You’re funded by the Footloose Sect?” asked Meng Hao, sounding a bit

surprised.

The old man looked both proud and embarrassed as he laughed and nodded.

“Fellow Daoist,” he said, “is this really your first time to Saint’s Island? There are three Cultivator cities here, and many of the shops in those cities are the property of the Footloose Sect.

“Take a look here.” The old man pointed to a wooden plaque next to the door, upon the surface of which was clearly carved a design that looked like a turtle....

“That mark,” continued the old man, “indicates that this place is property of the Footloose Sect.”

Even as the old man made his explanation, Patriarch Reliance’s heart began to pound, and he started wailing in anguish.

“I’m finished, FINISHED!” he cried. “How could the Patriarch in all his intelligence forget about THAT!? Dammit! That design.... Please, DO NOT let it attract the attention of that little bastard!”

In his anxiety, Patriarch Reliance quickly sent his Divine Sense into the old man that Meng Hao was talking to. An imperceptible tremor ran through the old man, and his expression changed. As of this moment, he was no longer himself, but rather, an incarnation of Patriarch Reliance.

“Fellow Daoist, look over there!” he said quickly, stepping in front of Meng Hao to block his line of sight. “All of the treasures in this shop are very extraordinary, really!”

Inwardly, Meng Hao gave a cold laugh, but outwardly, he looked in the direction in which the old man was pointing. There was a flying saber, completely silver and radiating icy coldness. The price listed next to it was 1,500 Spirit Stones.

It was a magical item useful to the early Foundation Establishment stage. Meng Hao looked it over and then frowned.

“Too expensive!” he said, his voice serious.

The old man laughed on the outside, but inside, he was cursing Meng Hao's stinginess. "The Patriarch just gave you 30,000 Spirit Stones, and now you're saying it's too expensive?!"

"Fellow Daoist, today is your lucky day! It just so happens to be our crazy, once-a-decade sale! All products in the entire shop are half off! You can have this item for only 750 Spirit Stones!"

Meng Hao didn't look satisfied. "This thing is worth 30 Spirit Stones at the most. Forget it. I think I'll go to some of the other shops in the city. Then I'll probably go to some of the other Cultivator Cities as well." With that, he turned to leave.

However, as soon as the words left his mouth, a tremor ran through Patriarch Reliance. When he heard that Meng Hao planned to stroll around the city, he began to grieve inwardly. Gritting his teeth, he decided to throw all caution to the wind.

"Fine. 30 Spirit Stones! It's yours!"

Meng Hao spun back around and grabbed the little saber, his face awash with joy. Then he waved his finger at the hundreds of other magical items on display on the first floor of the store.

"I want all of them," he said.

Patriarch Reliance stared in shock. However, in his desire to get Meng Hao away as quickly as possible, he could only grit his teeth and endure the drops of blood that were being squeezed out of his heart.

It was in this manner that, under the shocked gazes of the other customers, Meng Hao purchased everything on the first floor of the shop. Then, even as Patriarch Reliance was starting to get excited, Meng Hao didn't leave, but rather made his way toward the second floor.

"Everyone says that the people from the Footloose Sect are good people. Although I've seen many things, I have to say that this is the most honest shop I have ever been into. Alright, I'm going to take a look at the second and third floors. Assuming I like what I see, I'll take it all. 30,000 Spirit Stones should be enough for everything, right?" He swished his sleeve

magnanimously.

Patriarch Reliance, in the form of the old man, almost coughed up an entire mouthful of blood. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was just about to howl out in rage, when Meng Hao continued to speak in a soft voice.

“I’ll leave after I finish shopping.”

The sentence caused Patriarch Reliance to gasp. He continued to remind himself that he just had to hang on a little bit longer. As he comforted himself in this way, he gave a smile that looked worse than a wailing grimace, and then escorted Meng Hao through the second and third floors. He moved as quickly as possible, and soon, Meng Hao had gathered up all of the magical items.

In the final calculation, there were several thousand items. Even at the price of only 30 spirit stones per item, he still needed over 100,000 Spirit Stones.

Patriarch Reliance felt as if his heart were being slashed by daggers. His face was pale as he stared helplessly at Meng Hao, seemingly on the verge of crying.

When it came time to settle the bill, Meng Hao rubbed his bag of holding, and a thoughtful look appeared in his eyes.

“I don’t think I have enough Spirit Stones,” he said a bit bashfully. When Patriarch Reliance heard this, he gaped in shock.

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1. When Meng Hao flew up to the Realm of the Bridge Ruins in chapter 454, he saw Patriarch Reliance floating in the Milky Way Sea.

Chapter 641: Who Would Outdo....

“What... what are you trying to pull?!” cried Patriarch Reliance. The old man he was controlling trembled as he pointed at Meng Hao and nearly coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Back in the palace, Patriarch Reliance stamped his feet with fury and let loose a torrent of cursing. His fury surged to the Heavens, and he seemed on the verge of going insane.

“You little bastard! You, you, you... you have no money?! Then what are you doing!?”

“You have no money and then try to buy so many things?! Dammit! You have no money?! The Patriarch just gave you 30,000 Spirit Stones!? 30,000!! 30,000 whole Spirit Stones!! The Patriarch lived a bitter, frugal life to save up all those Spirit Stones!” Years ago, Meng Hao had defied all sorts of difficulties and danger to attract all the Cultivators from the State of Zhao to the Reliance Sect to free Patriarch Reliance. At that time, Patriarch Reliance’s heart had filled with joy. However, he had only rewarded Meng Hao with a single low-grade Spirit Stone. From that could be seen the level of stinginess which had long since become a part of Patriarch Reliance’s very being.

“Furthermore, every item in that shop belongs to the Patriarch! You have no money and want to buy everything? Ridiculous!!”

Seeing Patriarch Reliance raving the way that he was caused Guyiding Tri’rain to purse her lips. However, her expression quickly returned to normal, except for the glint of shrewdness in her eyes.

“The old turtle really is looking for trouble,” she thought, feeling a bit sorry for Patriarch Reliance. “Meng Hao conned the entire State of Zhao back then. There are people who still remember that down to this day. And yet the old turtle is still trying to match wits with Meng Hao? He’s simply looking for trouble....

“Although, you can’t really blame the old turtle. He’s getting old, and his brain is somewhat addled. Perhaps it’s because he was beaten in the head

when he was young?” The more she thought about the matter, and of all the things that had happened in the past years, the more she couldn’t help but feel a little sorry for Patriarch Reliance.

Of course, Meng Hao had no way to see or even know what was going on in the palace. He looked apologetically at the old man who stood in front of him.

“How about this,” he said, sounding a bit embarrassed. “How about I do some work for you? I’m sure that in a few dozen years, I can clear all of my debt! Yeah... I’m pretty good at concocting medicinal pills.”

Patriarch Reliance, in the form of the old man, stared fixedly at Meng Hao. He began to pant, and it almost seemed as if steam was rising from the top of his head.... Inside his mind, two people suddenly appeared. One of them was giving advice, and the other was venting angrily.

“Alright Patriarch, it’s time to risk it all!”

“No way! I’ve worked so hard, and almost pulled it off! I’m just about to succeed! I just have to hold on a little bit more! A little bit more is all! Then, I’ll finally be able to gaze upon hope!

“The sunshine always comes after the storm!!” Even as Patriarch Reliance was feeling conflicted, Meng Hao cleared his throat.

“Or, maybe I just shouldn’t buy these things,” he said. “I think I should go browse some of the other shops. I’ll try to finish going through them all within a year. After that I’ll head over to the other cities....”

These words were like a trump card that Patriarch Reliance couldn’t match.

“How much money do you have?” he asked through gritted teeth.

Meng Hao blushed. “I have 5,000 Spirit Stones in my bag of holding.”

“You....” Patriarch Reliance almost screamed out that he had just given Meng Hao 30,000 Spirit Stones. However, he suppressed his heart for a long moment; he felt as if he had just been stabbed through, and there was no blood left to ooze out....

“Ha ha....” he said through clenched teeth. However, to achieve his goal, he had no choice but to continue to endure. Even if it caused Meng Hao become somewhat suspicious, he had no choice. After forcing out his laugh, he said, “You’re... you’re really lucky!! Today is... our opening-day celebration! We have a huge... sale! 5,000 Spirit Stones gets you everything in the store!”

Eyes sparkling, Meng Hao quickly placed 5,000 Spirit Stones in front of the old man, then collected together all of the magical items into his bag of holding. Then he smiled and gave a light sigh.

“The people of Saint’s Island, and especially the members of the Footloose Sect, are all good people,” he said. With that, he spun and left, flying directly up into the air and shooting off into the distance.

When Patriarch Reliance saw this, his deeply injured spirit was finally able to recover a bit.

“As long as you leave, that’s all that matters.... Just go!” he said, gnashing his teeth. “You little bastard! I don’t ever want to see you ever again in my life!” He gradually calmed his mood, then stopped thinking about Spirit Stones and magical items. If he did, he was worried that he might not be able to take it and then explode with fury.

However, even as Patriarch Reliance struggled to improve his mood, Meng Hao suddenly stopped flying. He looked down as he noticed a second city down below.

When he saw this second city, a smile appeared on his face.

Currently, it was the middle of the night, and yet, the city was still filled with bright lights and activity. Even at this hour, the shops weren’t closed. The whole city was bustling, making the entire city seem like a bright, dazzling pearl.

Patriarch Reliance: “.....”

He stared blankly, veins popping up on his forehead.

Then he saw Meng Hao shamelessly floating down toward the city, and he couldn’t take it any more. He finally exploded.

“Ridiculous!!! Shameless!!!” he bellowed, causing the entire palace to shake. He waved his right hand in front of him, causing countless streams of Divine Sense to shoot out. They sped toward the city and immediately entered the various shops.

Before Meng Hao could even get close, all of the shops in the entire city suddenly closed their doors and turned out the lights.

It was the middle of the night, so the previously brightly lit city was suddenly cast into darkness. Of course, everyone within the city noticed this and was instantly alarmed.

Up in mid-air, Meng Hao’s face twitched a bit.

“That damned old turtle,” he thought. “All I took was a few Spirit Stones and magical items. In total, it’s only worth a few tens of thousands of Spirit Stones!

“The old turtle is far too stingy. After all these years, he still hasn’t changed. I bet that right now, he’s in such pain that he wants to die.

“He wants me to leave, and is worried that I’ll plunder him even more, so he instantly caused all the shops to close. Shameless! Completely shameless!!” Meng Hao hovered indignantly up in the air, staring down at the city for a long moment. Then, he continued to fly.

Back in the palace, an unprecedentedly wide smile appeared on Patriarch Reliance’s face, as well as a look of intense pride as he reveled in his superior intellect. Patriarch Reliance currently felt incredibly refreshed.

“Little bastard! No matter how crafty you are, you can’t outsmart the Patriarch!

“As usual, the Patriarch is the most intelligent! How else could I come up with so many plans? Hahaha! Let’s see what you try to do now!” By now, he had long since forgotten that he was trying to hide. Nor did he consider that such overt actions might cause Meng Hao to be suspicious.

His complacency had reached the pinnacle, and the feeling of finally being able to vent his frustrations gave him a bit of hope. Hope to see Meng Hao finally leave!

“No matter where you go, I’ll just close all the shops! Let’s see what other reason you could possibly come up with to stay here!” Patriarch Reliance’s eyes sparkled as he glanced over at Guyiding Tri’rain.

“Well, what do you say? Is the Patriarch clever, or not?”

Guyiding Tri’rain blinked, then smiled. “The Patriarch is definitely brilliant.”

Patriarch Reliance seemed more pleased than ever, and his smile grew even wider.

As for Meng Hao, he frowned as he flew through the air. About an hour later, he suddenly stopped in place, then looked down toward a mountain down below.

As soon as he even glanced at it, a rumbling sound suddenly filled the air as the entire mountain collapsed right in front of his eyes.

Meng Hao stared in shock. This time, it was true and utter shock.

“Patriarch Reliance!” he thought, “Aren’t you being a bit too obvious, bitch? Can’t you pretend even a little bit? Dammit! What do you want me to do? Pretend that I don’t notice? Pretend that I do?” Meng Hao was conflicted about exactly what course of action to take.

If he pretended not to notice anything suspicious, that would be too obvious....

But if he pretended to notice something fishy, then it would also tip off Patriarch Reliance. In Meng Hao’s opinion, Patriarch Reliance was so unreliable, there was no way to know how he might flip out if that happened.

“If I scare him too much,” Meng Hao thought, “he might just take this whole place with him and run away at top speed. This time, I have to make sure he doesn’t flee.” Meng Hao really was unsure of what to do. Inwardly, he cursed the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. How could a Dao Seeking Cultivator be so slow? Meng Hao had already let his aura begin to emanate out, and yet the old man still hadn’t come looking for him yet.

Meng Hao was consumed with the desire to beat the living daylights out of the old turtle. Currently, he just couldn't think of how to deal with the unreliable Patriarch Reliance.

Even as he went back and forth in his mind, he continued to proceed forward. However, he quickly found that if he stopped for even a moment, nearby mountains would collapse; even the rivers would change their course.

Almost everywhere he went rapidly turned into flatlands.

"Could there possibly be anybody more unreliable...?" Meng Hao thought. "If things keep going on like this, even if I really did beat him in the head in the Demon Immortal Pagoda, he should be able to understand that I'll notice things are obviously off." Meng Hao hesitated for another moment before his eyes began to glitter. At this point, he completely ceased suppressing his internal injuries. He let out a blood-curdling scream and then coughed up a mouthful of blood.

His face immediately went pale.

"My injury is playing up again!" he cried loudly. Bowing his head, he sank down toward the ground, picking a random area to sit down cross-legged to meditate and treat his injuries.

His injuries truly were not completely healed. They were only healed by approximately seventy percent. The remaining thirty percent were filled with the power of Dao Seeking, which was very difficult to heal with the Violet Pupil Transformation.

According to his calculations, the final thirty percent would take years to completely heal using his current method. Therefore, he didn't mind allowing the old turtle to see that the injuries and the blood were very real.

"In order to deal with this unreliable old turtle," he thought, grinding his teeth, "I just have to be more shameless than him. In that case, you bastard, I'll just stay here indefinitely!"

Now it was Patriarch Reliance's turn to be stunned. He rubbed his eyes vigorously as he watched Meng Hao sit down cross-legged to meditate.

Then his eyes began to shine brightly as he saw that Meng Hao truly did have serious internal injuries.

Patriarch Reliance began to pant. He stared for a long moment, then grabbed at his long hair and began to pull it hard. He paced back and forth within the palace, his face unsightly to the extreme, looking like a volcano that was about to explode.

“Dammit! Who was it that hurt him!? Why didn’t you just directly kill him?! Why leave an injury like that to flare up at a time like this?!”

“What do I do? What is the Patriarch supposed to do...? That injury won’t be healed for years. After everything I’ve done so far, just when I was about to succeed, then this kind of thing has to happen!” Patriarch Reliance ground his teeth. Inwardly, his hatred toward whoever had injured Meng Hao continued to grow.

Guyiding Tri’rain almost couldn’t stop herself from bursting out laughing. Right now, she almost couldn’t take it any more. She had to know, which of these two unreliable fellows would outdo the other....

Chapter 642: The Patriarch Flies Into a Rage

“I’ll just sit here and wait for the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch to come,” thought Meng Hao complacently. “In the meantime, I’ll treat my injuries and just let time pass.” He sat there cross-legged in the remote mountain forest, surrounded by silence. The night was dark and charming; a soft breeze brushed gently against his face.

He rotated his Cultivation base as he slowly treated himself. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes. A few days passed.

The parrot and the meat jelly emerged during that time, then left to go play on the sea. It was impossible to tell what vices they had indulged in, but they came back smelling like seawater. They made quite the commotion as they returned to perch on Meng Hao’s shoulder.

“You are immoral!” cried the meat jelly, preparing to launch into a speech. “That white crane....”

“SHUT UP!” replied the Parrot, glaring. It was just about to continue speaking when suddenly it made an “eee?” sound and then looked around. Before it could say anything, Meng Hao’s eyes snapped open and he stuffed the parrot and the meat jelly into his bag of holding, then cleared his throat and continued to meditate.

At the moment, Patriarch Reliance was completely torn about what to do, so he didn’t notice what had just happened. He was utterly helpless in terms of Meng Hao; during the past few days, he had grown increasingly anxious. It was now clear based on Meng Hao’s actions that he planned to stay long term to restore himself to health.

“You little bastard, you just wait. The Patriarch is going to go all out!” Patriarch Reliance lifted his head up and roared. He had been in conflict over the past several days, and at this point, couldn’t wait any more. Clenching his teeth, he waved his sleeve, causing his body to grow transparent. It appeared as if he had separated some of his essence, which

then began to swirl in the air above his hand, emanated a multicolored glow.

It rapidly turned into what appeared to be a Spirit Fruit, from which a delicate fragrance wafted out. Anyone who looked at it would instantly feel themselves palpitating with eagerness.

Off to the side, Guyiding Tri'rain's eyes went wide and she began to breathe heavily. She recognized this object; it was a strand of essence from Patriarch Reliance's clone form.

Clenching his teeth and enduring the distress of it all, Patriarch Reliance lifted his right foot and then stamped it down onto the surface of the palace. Instantly, a white crane appeared. As soon as it flew out, it began to change shape into a gray eagle, which then grabbed the Spirit Fruit with its talons. After that, it passed through the walls of the palace and shot off into the distance.

Patriarch Reliance watched anxiously as the gray eagle left. He felt distressed, and couldn't stop from stamping his feet back and forth in nervousness.

"Screwed over. I'm screwed over big time.... However, as long as that little bastard leaves, the Patriarch can deal with it!"

The gray eagle shot through the sky with incredible speed toward Meng Hao's location. In only the space of a few breaths, it appeared near him.

It kicked up a stiff wind that caused Meng Hao's eyes to open. He looked up into the sky, and as soon as he caught sight of the gray eagle, his pupils constricted. Clearly, the most important part was the Spirit Fruit it held in its talons.

At a single glance, he could sense the ripples that emanated out from within the fruit, as well as the colorful glow which surrounded it. It almost looked like an Immortal Fruit. Even just glancing at the Immortal Fruit provoked a reaction from his internal injuries.

"This thing can really heal injuries...." thought Meng Hao. He hesitated for a moment, then smiled bitterly. Patriarch Reliance really had hit him in

a soft spot with this particular move. He sighed inwardly.

“But it’s such a blatant move.... Well, he is Patriarch Reliance, after all, so I guess it’s not that strange.” It was with a wry smile and a conflicted heart that he watched the gray eagle start to fly in circles over his head. It seemed as if it was simply waiting for him to snatch the Spirit Fruit.

“Snatch it!” roared Patriarch Reliance. “Come on! Why aren’t you snatching it!?” At the moment, he wanted nothing more than to throttle Meng Hao.

After struggling back and forth for a while, Meng Hao took a deep breath. His eyes filled with determination. He simply couldn’t ignore such temptation. He had just made the decision, and was about to make a move, when suddenly, the gray eagle loosened its talons.

The Spirit Fruit slowly fell down from the sky with great accuracy to land directly in front of Meng Hao.

Patriarch Reliance burst out with hearty laughter, and he looked extremely proud of himself. Then he harrumphed to express the superiority of his intellect. Finally, he sent his Divine Sense into the gray eagle, causing it to let out a cheerful cry filled with complacent pride.

Because Meng Hao was staring in shock, he didn’t notice that at some point, the parrot had stuck its head out of the bag of holding and was looking intoxicatedly at the gray eagle. Suddenly, it transformed into a black streak of light that shot out at top speed.

Back in the palace, Patriarch Reliance’s Divine Sense was still in the gray eagle, controlling it as it flew off into the distance. “You little bastard! The Patriarch has lived for years and years, and you want to try to compete with me? Let’s see what reason you can come up with to stay now! Hahaha! The Patriarch is... huh? Ahh? AAGGHHH!!” In the midst of his complacency and laughter, he suddenly shuddered, and his eyes went wide with disbelief.

He could clearly see the black beam of light shooting out from Meng Hao’s bag of holding. Then, the black shadow shot through the air to penetrate the rear end of the gray eagle.

“What... what is it doing?” said Patriarch Reliance, trembling.

The gray eagle shook. It was illusory, after all, so it twisted and then transformed into countless dots of glittering light that spread out in all directions.

A tremor ran through Patriarch Reliance and he stared blankly. Because his Divine Sense had been inside the gray eagle, everything that had happened just now... he had also experienced.

His face was filled with disbelief, but it only took a moment for him to react. His eyes went wide and were shot with blood as he lifted his head up and roared.

“You, you, you... you actually....

“Ridiculous! You actually....

“AAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!” After understanding exactly what had happened, Patriarch Reliance was filled with unspeakable, unprecedented rage and madness.

All of the the lands of Saint’s Island shook, and enormous waves rolled out across the sea. The faces of all the Cultivators on the island flickered as they wonder what had just transpired.

Meng Hao was also a bit frightened. When he saw the parrot returning, that intoxicated look on its face, his scalp went numb.

“Damned bird,” he thought, taking a deep breath. “It... it actually did... it did Patriarch Reliance?” The parrot’s expression was one of deep emotion as it returned. Everything that had happened completely exceeded Meng Hao’s imagination.

The parrot still seemed to be savoring the aftertaste of what had just occurred. As it returned, Meng Hao could hear it muttering.

“Strange. How come it couldn’t handle being done? I barely started and it disappeared?”

Meng Hao grabbed the parrot and violently threw it into his bag of holding. Then he smiled wryly and collected up the Spirit Fruit. He quickly

popped it into his mouth, then transformed into a beam of light and shot up into the air.

“What’s going on in this place!” he yelled loudly. “I can’t stay here!” He immediately shot off into the distance. Even as he did, the area he had just been in collapsed into a huge crater.

The ground trembled and shook, and huge waves surged across the sea. Patriarch Reliance was completely in a rage; his fury was burning to a shocking level. Although he couldn’t do anything to Meng Hao, he still couldn’t accept such humiliation. He was just on the verge of revealing his true self to swallow up the parrot, when Guyiding Tri’rain came running over. She grabbed Patriarch Reliance’s arm.

“Patriarch, calm down!” she said. “Think about what’s most important!”

“Go away! The Patriarch is gonna go all out with this guy!” Patriarch Reliance took a few steps forward. A rumbling sound filled the air as the palace opened up to reveal the lands of Saint’s Island stretching out below.

“Patriarch, think three times before you act!” urged Guyiding Tri’rain. “Meng Hao’s already gone! If you reveal yourself now, you’ll undo all your previous hard work!”

Patriarch Reliance stopped in place with his foot in the air. Veins bulged out on his face, and his entire person resembled a volcano that might erupt at any moment. His face twisted with struggle; on one hand, he was thinking about the happiness he could enjoy in the future. At the same time, he was thinking about the revenge that needed to be exacted for what the parrot had done to him.

In the midst of his struggle, he stomped his foot down. Forcing himself to endure everything, his body trembled and his head seemed about to explode. Clearly, his restraint had reached its very limits.

Patriarch Reliance could feel an indescribable fire burning inside of him. He felt as if he had to find someone to beat up to vent the rage and toxic anger that raged in his heart.

As he forced himself to continue to be patient, Saint’s Island ceased

trembling, and the sea returned to calmness. Meng Hao transformed into a beam of light that shot through the air. His face was unsightly, but his internal injuries were now healing at a shockingly fast rate.

In the time it takes an incense stick to burn, all the pores on Meng Hao's body seemed to have opened. The injuries inside of him were healed, and an intense coldness rushed out through his skin into the air, transforming into flakes of black snow that drifted in the air.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and increased his speed. His mind spun with countless ideas as he tried to come up with more reasons to stay on the island. However, he knew that Patriarch Reliance's rage had been kindled to its peak, and the slightest mistake on his part could cause it to explode out.

If that happened, Patriarch Reliance would definitely run away again, and that did not fit in with Meng Hao's plan.

"It's all the fault of that bastard parrot. It ruined my big plan." He sighed as he neared the border region of the island. He decided to slow down a bit, but when he did, the land beneath him would quake and the nearby mountains would collapse.

Meng Hao smiled bitterly and then continued to speed along. Soon, he saw the sea off in the distance, as well as the last Cultivator city of Saint's Island. Right now it was day, and the city should have been bustling with noise and excitement, but instead, all the shops were closed.

"Patriarch turtle, you've pushed me into a corner!" cursed Meng Hao inwardly. He clenched his teeth and then suddenly stopped in mid-air. His eyes began to glow with an intense light, and his expression was incredibly grim.

The look on his face caused Patriarch Reliance's fuming heart to suddenly begin to thump.

"I've been hiding in this ancient palace for years," he thought, "completely cut off from anything to do with the Demon Sealers. He shouldn't be able to sense me.... Not good, not good! Maybe what I did just now was too obvious! When you add in the fact that I couldn't control my

temper, maybe the little bastard saw through it all!!”

Meng Hao looked around, his face grim. Finally, he spoke in a cold voice: “I’m not sure which member of the senior generation in this place doesn’t want Meng Hao to stick around. Fine, I’m leaving!”

Complete silence was the only response.

When Patriarch Reliance heard Meng Hao’s words, he immediately heaved a sigh of relief.

“So, he doesn’t know I’m here. He actually thinks I’m someone else. Alright, that will do.”

Meng Hao glanced around before his gaze finally came to rest on the city up ahead. He lifted his hand up and pointed at it.

“However, I’m lacking in Spirit Stones, and happen to have a random assortment of magical items in my bag of holding. I’ll sell them in this city, and as soon as I’m finished, I’ll leave this place!” With that, Meng Hao flicked his sleeve and headed toward the city.

Chapter 643: Plundering

Patriarch Reliance hesitated for a moment. Had Meng Hao not directly stated his intentions, he would never have allowed him to enter the city. However, Patriarch Reliance couldn't help but glance at the sea, and then back at the city.

Finally, he violently clenched his teeth.

"This is the last time," he said decisively. If Meng Hao tried to pull any more tricks after this, then he would go for broke and run away with the land on his back.

Meng Hao headed toward the city at top speed. Inside, the shops had all closed their doors, which left the Cultivators quite confused. Soon, quite a commotion could be heard.

Meng Hao's arrival didn't attract much attention. He picked a relatively open area where he then sat down cross-legged. Waving his sleeve, he caused a vast quantity of magical items to suddenly appear in front of him. They flew out into the surrounding area, causing a bright glow of light to spread out in all directions.

When thousands of magical items suddenly appeared all at once, glowing and shining resplendently, it instantly caught the attention of quite a few bystanders. When they saw the magical items, gasps could be heard.

The sounds of discussions soon filled the air.

"So many magical items!"

"How can that guy have so many magical items!? He has things from the Qi Condensation stage all the way to the Nascent Soul stage! He has everything!"

"Don't tell me he sacked a shop somewhere?! All of those magical items are clearly new! Not a single one is used!"

Soon, people began to approach to examine the magical items that floated in the air around Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he quickly listed prices for each item, which were based on the original amount he had purchased them for, multiplied several times over. Then he closed his eyes and sat there silently.

More and more people crowded around, their eyes glittering as they occasionally glanced over at Meng Hao. Some people wanted to buy things, but the prices were clearly quite high. There were even some magical items whose price was several times greater than normal. Because of this, many people began to curse inwardly.

Time passed by, and soon quite a crowd had built up. Right now, all of the shops in the city were closed, so Meng Hao's flagrant display quickly attracted the attention of the vast majority of Cultivators in the city.

Unfortunately, although there were a lot of people, few people were willing to buy at the exorbitant prices Meng Hao had listed.

Meng Hao didn't feel anxious at all. In fact, he wanted to stretch time out as long as possible. Patriarch Reliance, on the other hand, was getting very nervous back in his palace as he watched the scene unfold. Soon, evening was falling. Of the thousands of magical items Meng Hao had for sale, he had only managed to get rid of a few. Patriarch Reliance was now incredibly worried.

"Well, this is the last time!" said Patriarch Reliance, stamping his foot. He sent his Divine Sense out into several people in the city.

Before long, seven or eight Cultivators approached Meng Hao's vendor stall. They moved at top speed, causing quite a disturbance as they arrived in front of Meng Hao.

"I want 500 of these magical items!" said one of their number, an old man. He tossed out a bag of holding. Meng Hao's eyes instantly opened. He looked at the man, then slowly opened the bag of holding. He then removed all of the Spirit Stones from inside and began to count them one by one. After checking the number thoroughly, he waved his sleeve, causing five hundred magical items to fly toward the old man.

The old man's face twitched as he gathered up the items, then turned

and walked off. After he left, another person approached, and, in exactly the same fashion as the man before, began to purchase magical items.

“That was the manager of the Auspicious Pavilion. He has a considerable social standing, and a close relationship with the Footloose Sect.... Why is he here buying magical items from this guy?”

“I’ve seen that guy before. That’s the shopkeeper from Chen Manor! He’s here too....”

The surrounding crowds watched on in astonishment as the seven or eight Cultivators wasted nearly two hours purchasing various items. Soon, all of Meng Hao’s magical items were gone.

Of course, the reason it took so long was that Meng Hao fastidiously counted every single Spirit Stone. Otherwise, he could have taken care of selling all the items in the space of a few breaths.

Considering how many Spirit Stones Meng Hao ended up taking, it was no surprise that the crowds eyed him greedily, like hungry wolves.

Meng Hao calmly secured all of the Spirit Stones into his bag of holding. In total, he had acquired several hundred thousand, making his trip to Saint’s Island somewhat profitable after all.

Finally, he rose slowly to his feet and sighed. Back in the palace, Patriarch Reliance’s patience could stretch no longer as Meng Hao transformed into a beam of light that shot up into the air.

As soon as that happened, four or five Cultivators down in the city took out jade slips that they then used to send voice transmissions.

Moments later, three Core Formation Cultivators flew out from a secret location. At the same time, an old man in a red robe sat cross-legged on a ship near the seashore. Suddenly, his eyes opened and began to glow with a brilliant light. The ripples of an early Nascent Soul Cultivation base emanated out from him.

He was the type of person who was threatening without showing anger. As soon as his eyes opened, he produced a brightly glowing jade slip. When he sent his Divine Sense into the slip, his eye narrowed.

“A Cultivator flying around with hundreds of thousands of Spirit Stones?” said the man coolly, rising to his feet.

“On Saint’s Island, only Core Formation Cultivators are permitted to fly....

“He sold a lot of items, most of them suitable for Qi Condensation and Foundation Establishment. However, his Cultivation base clearly wasn’t Nascent Soul. He must be a Core Formation Cultivator.

“Most likely, he’s at the great circle of Core Formation. In my hands, though, someone like that is a mere insect.” A slight smile appeared on the man’s lips.

“If I can get my hands on a few hundred thousand Spirit Stones, then this trip will have been no waste.” The man used minor teleportation to instantly vanish. When he reappeared, he was in mid-air above Saint’s Island. After confirming his exact position, he picked a direction and started flying.

Meng Hao frowned as he flew through mid-air. He really couldn’t think of another reason to stay behind, and it almost felt like he was being banished. It didn’t make him happy.

After all, the person doing the banishing was supposed to be his Dao Protector.

“If I’d known this was going to happen, I would have thrashed that little turtle a bit more back in the Demon Immortal Pagoda!” murmured Meng Hao angrily. He proceeded onward, watching the seashore get closer and closer.

By now, Patriarch Reliance was getting incredibly excited. Anticipation filled his eyes as he watched Meng Hao get further and further away.

“He’s leaving! The little bastard is finally leaving! Hahaha! What an excellent feeling!” The more Patriarch Reliance thought about it, the happier he felt. He even started to hum a little tune.

If Meng Hao were there, he would instantly recognize that tune. It was the very same tune Patriarch Reliance had hummed back in the Reliance

Sect. 1

Currently, Meng Hao's face was unsightly. The sea was clearly visible off in the distance, but he still couldn't think of a reason to stay behind. Even as he was beginning to hesitate, a whistling sound could be heard from behind him.

When Meng Hao heard the sound, he was instantly both surprised and very happy. He quickly looked back to see three beams of light shooting toward him. An expression of joy appeared on his face.

In the same moment that Meng Hao turned to look back, a cold voice could be heard coming from one of the three pursuers. "Fellow Daoist, please slow down for a moment!"

The three pursuers were middle-aged men, one of whom was in the mid Core Formation stage, the other two were in the early Core Formation stage. They flew through the air very quickly, and arrived in the blink of an eye.

Back in his palace, Patriarch Reliance watched on in shock.

"What are you people doing!?" Meng Hao shouted, shrinking back.

The eyes of the three men glittered with killing intent. The mid Core Formation Cultivator looked Meng Hao over closely. Earlier, he had been somewhat hesitant because of not being able to clearly see Meng Hao's Cultivation base. Now, though, it was obvious to him that it was at the early Core Formation stage.

Furthermore, Meng Hao's words and expression seemed to be filled with alarm, which left the man feeling even more calm.

"The three of us would like to borrow something from you, Fellow Daoist," said the man with a false smile. "Hopefully you can help us achieve our aim." With that, the other two moved to surround Meng Hao.

The eyes of all three radiated ill intentions as they coldly stared at Meng Hao. The greed in their eyes couldn't be more apparent.

"What... what do you want to borrow?" Meng Hao replied hurriedly.

“Just some Spirit Stones, that’s all,” said the man with a smile. “Fellow Daoist, you have several hundred thousand Spirit Stones in your bag of holding. Do you mind loaning them to us?” As he spoke, killing intent glittered in his eyes. Just when he was reaching out to attack....

“Okay! I agree!” said Meng Hao. He slapped his bag of holding and instantly caused hundreds of thousands of Spirit Stones to fly out. The sight of so many Spirit Stones instantly caused the three Cultivators to stare, panting.

For the time it takes half an incense stick to burn, a sound almost like the gurgling of water could be heard as the Spirit Stones poured out onto the ground. Soon, they had formed together into something like a small mountain.

Even though it was evening, the Spirit Stones glittered and shone, causing the eyes of the three men to shine brightly.

However, as Meng Hao was backed up, the tip of one of the magical items from the Demon Immortal Sect suddenly appeared. Meng Hao’s face fell, and he quickly covered it up.

“Hahaha!” said the middle-aged man, his eyes flashing. He was all smiles as he spoke, although he was working hard to control the excitement inside of him. “Fellow Daoist, you seem to be in such a good mood, so I hate to tell you that in addition to Spirit Stones, I also happen to need some magical items. I noticed just now that you have some inside your bag of holding. Hand it over now for me to take a look.”

The other two were palpating with eagerness at how rich they were about to become.

Meanwhile, back in the palace, Patriarch Reliance was panting, his eyes filling with rage as he clenched his fists tightly. He wanted nothing more than for Meng Hao to leave as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, these blind fools dared to intercept Meng Hao and delay him. This was enough to cause Patriarch Reliance to explode like lightning.

“Are they looking to die?!” roared Patriarch Reliance, waving his hand out. At the same time, the three people surrounding Meng Hao, in the very

midst of their most ultimate excitement, suddenly began to tremble. The sound of someone roaring exploded out in their minds.

Then, in the blink of an eye, their eyes went wide and their bodies burst into pieces. A haze and blood and gore filled the air, which rapidly vanished into nothing.

Meng Hao smiled bitterly, then moved to collect up the Spirit Stones on the ground. However, it was at this point that he suddenly smiled excitedly once again. Off in the distance, a beam of light approached him at top speed from the direction of the ocean.

It was the early Nascent Soul stage old man.

“Take out your Spirit Stones and... huh?” Even as the old man’s cold voice rang out, he suddenly gasped. He had just seen the huge Spirit Stone mountain laying there on the ground.

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1. Both Patriarch Reliance and Meng Hao hummed the same tune back in chapters 84 and 85.

Chapter 644: Patriarch, Save Me!

“Another one?” Patriarch Reliance’s rage once again flared up. He was incredibly indignant. After all the untold difficulties he had gone through to accomplish his goal of sending Meng Hao away, he had almost reached his goal.

And yet, at the critical moment, one blind fool after another came to stir up trouble. Patriarch Reliance was extremely nervous that Meng Hao would seize some new chance to stay behind on the island. Thus, his rage burned up into the sky. He was about to reach out and crush the newcomer with a palm, when suddenly, a tremor ran through his body. He looked up, and there wasn’t a trace of rage on his face. Gone was the easily changeable mood from when he was dealing with Meng Hao. Now, his expression was very serious.

He stared off into the depths of the sea.

Next to him, Guyiding Tri-rain also got a strange feeling seemingly from nowhere. She looked up, and her expression flickered. The Boat Spirit appeared soundlessly next to her, and also looked off into the distance.

Meanwhile, the overbearing old Nascent Soul Cultivator saw the huge pile of Spirit Stones, and it caused his heart to tremble. He glanced around the area, and, seeing nothing out of the ordinary, turned to look frowning at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked back at him, and as their gazes met, he laughed.

The scene caused the old Nascent Soul Cultivator to get a very strange sensation. He suddenly had the feeling that something fishy was going on, and immediately backed up a few paces.

He was just about to say something when Meng Hao’s face suddenly flickered. He jerked his head to look off onto the distance. At the same time, his entire person erupted with an intensely fierce aura. He didn’t grow any larger, but in the eyes of the old man, he suddenly seemed indescribably huge. The old man suddenly felt as if he were nothing more than a bug in front of Meng Hao.

The explosive aura that roiled off of Meng Hao caused the old man to tremble and pant. His eyes went wide with disbelief, and his mind filled with roaring.

“Great circle of the Nascent Soul stage!!” he thought, both his mind and body trembling. The blood drained from his face.

In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao’s aura continued to rise, breaking through a certain barrier that suddenly caused the wind and clouds to surge, and the sky and land to dim. The crackle of thunder could be heard.

His energy swept over everything for thousands of kilometers in every direction, and a vortex appeared. The vortex spun rapidly, rising up to the point where it seemed to connect Heaven and Earth. Rifts appeared in the air, as if the world itself couldn’t handle the explosive power of Meng Hao’s Cultivation base.

“Spirit... Spirit Severing!!” Being in the middle of the tempest made the old man feel like he was a tiny leaf the midst of the raging sea, or a lone boat on the verge of being crushed into tiny pieces.

His mind buzzed and went completely blank, and his face completely drained of even the slightest bit of blood, until he looked almost dead. His body trembled like a screen, as he stared wide-eyed at the vortex, and Meng Hao, who looked almost like an Immortal.

“I... I actually tried to rob a Spirit Severing eccentric....” The man’s trembling soon was completely replaced by astonishment and indescribable fear. The turn of events left him thoroughly discombobulated. In his estimation, he had just done the most insane thing he had ever done in his entire life.

As he trembled, he was suddenly incredibly glad that he hadn’t finished speaking earlier. Perhaps he still had time to turn around and leave.

“Senior.... Senior, I....” Even as he began to stammer an explanation, Meng Hao flicked his sleeve. Instantly, all of the Spirit Stones vanished. Completely ignoring the Nascent Soul Cultivator, he flew up into the air and looked off into the distance.

What he saw was a long beam of light shooting across the sky above the sea. It seemed capable of splitting Heaven and Earth as it shot toward him. Rumbling could be heard, and soon, the image of a white-robed Cultivator became visible within the beam. He didn't look old, but rather, middle-aged. His hands were clasped behind his back as he strode through the air inside of the beam.

His hair floated around him, and everywhere he passed, distortions spread out. It seemed as if in every place that he passed, the natural laws of the world would change because of him. Waves surged in the sea down below, roaring and rumbling.

If you looked closely, you would be able to see that in that part of the sea, the waters were sunken down as if by some incredibly shocking pressure.

"He's finally here!" thought Meng Hao. His eyes glittered brightly, and without hesitation, he entered the Ninth Anima!

Boom!

His body shook violently as an energy even more powerful than before was unleashed within him. He had a Spirit Severing fleshly body, and an energy capable of shaking everything.

Down below, the Nascent Soul Cultivator coughed up a mouthful of blood and sank down to the ground, quivering. To him, it was like the Heavens were crumbling.

Of course, the approaching figure was none other than the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch!

He strode forward, his expression cold, seemingly filled with infinite killing intent. He appeared capable of causing everything around him to collapse into destruction, and each step he took made everything rumble and shake.

"You dared to disseminate your aura to draw me here," he said coolly, his voice crackling like thunder. "Who exactly are you relying on for help? Ask them out immediately." His voice caused the entirety of Saint's Island

to shake. Mountains crumbled, and countless people on the island cried out in alarm.

In the Footloose Sect, dozens of beams of light flew up into the air, and the faces of everyone instantly began to flicker with various expressions.

Up in mid-air, the wind and clouds surged into an enormous, rumbling vortex. It looked almost like doomsday had arrived.

As the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch entered the airspace over Saint's Island, waves raged in the surrounding sea, from within which could be heard something like desolate howls that echoed about in all directions.

"If you have nobody to rely on for help, well then, you simply won't be able to escape this time." The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's voice was calm, and did not seem to contain even a scrap of emotion. His eyes were cold as his gaze fell onto Meng Hao.

As soon as the gaze touched him, a rumbling sound surrounded Meng Hao. Inside of him, the power of seven Cultivation bases within him exploded out, and the strength of his fleshly body radiated out to slam into the pressure of the gaze.

Boom!

Rumbling filled Meng Hao's body, and he felt an incredible pressure. This feeling was even more intense than the last time, causing his face to pale. Underneath the pressure, his Cultivation base suddenly condensed from seven parts into six!

It seemed as if the pressure from the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was like a grindstone, and Meng Hao... was the blade!

At the same time, the intense power of his Cultivation base exploded out and fought back.

RUMBLE!

Blood oozed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and he was sent spinning backward. However, a bright light shone in his eyes as he relied only on his own power to resist the pressure of the gaze.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's eyes flickered as he gazed deeply at Meng Hao. This was not the same clone that had faced Meng Hao back in the Southern Domain. This was a flesh and blood body, a true clone.

It was far, far more powerful than the Divine Clone from last time. After all, the will within its gaze could kill a person.

Down below, the Nascent Soul Cultivator's astonishment had reached a pinnacle. He had no way to even imagine what level of Cultivation base could cause a Spirit Severing expert to be incapable of fighting back.

"This place is a nightmare...." He began to tremble violently, and wished he could simply lapse into unconsciousness.

Meanwhile, back in the palace, Patriarch Reliance's eyes were glittering as he silently observed what was happening.

A look of anxiety appeared in Guyiding Tri'rain's eyes.

Hovering in mid-air in the seaside region, Meng Hao wiped the blood from his mouth and backed up.

As for the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, he was now even more excited about Meng Hao's Dao foundation. "It truly is worthy of being called the Perfect Dao foundation...."

He took another step forward toward Meng Hao.

It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly shouted out: "Patriarch, save me!!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, Patriarch Reliance's face twitched. He pretended as if he hadn't heard, but Guyiding Tri-rain, looking more anxious than ever, quickly turned to look at him.

Boom!

Even as he spoke the words, Meng Hao fled at top speed, his body flickering with a bloody glow. However, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch instantly appeared in front of him.

"Patriarch Reliance," said Meng Hao, using his Cultivation base to cause his words to echo out through all of Saint's Island, "I'm the only remaining

disciple of the Reliance Sect. Even in the Footloose Sect, considering my level of seniority, I should be considered a respected Elder. Can you really just watch on while I get killed?” Everyone in the Footloose Sect could clearly hear the words he had spoken. Meng Hao instantly tried to retreat again, but the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch waved his hand out. His shocking killing intent, which contained the will of Dao Seeking, transformed into a black beam that shot toward Meng Hao.

It moved with incredible speed, but Meng Hao was on guard. The Immortal’s sword appeared, which instantly caused the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s pupils to constrict.

In that instant, back in the palace, Guyiding Tri-rain gritted her teeth and then suddenly vanished. She transformed into a drop of rainwater, which then shot out of the palace. At the same time, the Boat Spirit also vanished.

When the raindrop reappeared, it was in front of Meng Hao. It instantly transformed into a sheet of falling rain, which blocked the incoming black beam of light.

Guyiding Tri-rains voice suddenly sounded out. “Your fleshly body is strong, but you can’t use it now. Rain is water. Water can become a lake, and that lake wishes to transform into sea. The surface of the sea can ripple; vibration can resist countless powers!”

As soon as Meng Hao heard her, his eyes went wide. Although he recognized the voice, there was no time to reminisce right now. The words seemed to bring him to his senses, and he began to vibrate his body.

All of this takes some time to describe, but actually happened in the blink of an eye.

The black beam neared, and as it passed through the rainwater, more than half of it dissipated. What remained slammed into Meng Hao, causing a boom to rattle out. The vibrations of Meng Hao’s body, however, transformed into a strange power that caused all the defensive power within his fleshly body to be consolidated into one location. Within the blink of an eye, a hundred vibrations occurred, fighting back against the

black beam.

Meng Hao's body shook, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. As he fell backward head over heels, the rainwater transformed into a young girl who caught him in her arms. The Boat Spirit appeared as well. He waved his sleeve, causing the air to ripple and distort in protection of Meng Hao as they retreated.

Although they had dispelled the black beam, the ripples that had been sent out as a result had completely destroyed the surrounding land. Everything had been crushed and destroyed, leaving behind a massive crater.

As Meng Hao retreated, an angry look appeared in his eyes.

"Old turtle Reliance, you're my Dao protector! I can't believe that the restrictive spells placed on you would allow you to just sit by and watch while I perish!" Even as he spoke, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch neared. A look of derision appeared on his face, and he lifted his right hand up. The will of extermination appeared in his eyes as he struck out with his palm.

As soon as the palm began to move, everything grew dark, as if the entire world now belonged to that palm. As it descended, Meng Hao, as well as everything in the entire area, began to topple and disintegrate.

Seeing what was happening, Patriarch Reliance lifted his head up and roared. Meng Hao's words had stabbed him to the heart. He truly couldn't just sit by complacently and watch him die.

"Fudge! Fine, the Patriarch is coming!"

When you added in the flames of fury which still raged inside of him, and the fact that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was destroying the entire land with his palm, it all made Patriarch Reliance howl and finally...

Leave the palace!

Chapter 645: Shameless Old Turtle!

As soon as Patriarch Reliance appeared on the outside, all of Saint's Island trembled. He wore a long azure robe, and his hair swayed in the wind. He looked ancient, but his eyes glowed with a bright light, and veins bulged out on his forehead. The anger and fury within him had reached the point that they absolutely had to be vented.

In a single step, he crossed half of Saint's Island to appear in front of Meng Hao, directly between him and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch!

He lifted his right hand, and instantly, a sheet of steam rose up. It emanated shocking Demonic Qi, as well as prismatic light. Instantly, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's palm slammed into it.

"I'm the Patriarch! Now screw off!" he raged, lifting his head up and roaring. His voice echoed out in all directions like thunder.

The mist and the palm slammed into each other, causing an enormous roaring to fill the air. Patriarch Reliance was sent tumbling backward, as if a raging wind had just swept over him. When he looked up, a vicious expression filled his eyes.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch also trembled, and his eyes gleamed brightly. But then, he gave a cold laugh.

"A trifling Spirit Severing Cultivator?" he said coolly. "Child, this is the person you are relying on? Allow me to destroy him, and your hope along with him!" From the way he spoke, destroying Patriarch Reliance would be incredibly easy for him.

Actually, from his point of view, destroying a Spirit Severing Cultivator truly was a simple matter. In fact, normally speaking, Meng Hao could not have stood up to him for even half a moment. The only reason he could was that the 10th Wang patriarch needed to be very careful not to kill him. If he killed him, it would be impossible to steal his Dao foundation.

Truth be told, the Wang Patriarch had many Daoist magics that could easily destroy everything in sight.

“I am a Patriarch of the Wang Clan. An ancestor of the Clan invented three finger attacks, two of which have since become lost arts. However, the Extermination Finger is still being passed down via legacy.” With that, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch waved his finger in the air. It seemed to possess the power of extermination; the life force of all living things instantly began to wither under the power of the finger attack.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he sensed his own life force rapidly fading. A cold light suddenly appeared in his eyes as he fell back yet again. Having just gained enlightenment regarding the vibration technique, a hundred vibrations instantly appeared within him, locking down his life force so that the withering effect was instantly slowed down.

“Now is not the time to leave,” thought Meng Hao, countless thoughts racing through his mind. “I need to wait a bit longer, until the fight between old turtle Reliance and the Wang Clan bastard reaches the peak. When the true flames of fury flare, that is the time to flee.” The entire reason he had stayed on Saint’s Island was to attack the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch here, and use Patriarch Reliance’s power to destroy him, thus giving himself a way out of his current crisis.

Guyiding Tri-rain stood next to him, a serious look on her face. As for the Boat Spirit, his eyes shone brightly as he stood protectively off to the side.

Because of the transformations occurring in Heaven and Earth, and the quaking of Saint’s Island, the experts of the Footloose Sect sped over as fast as possible. They knew that they were flying into danger, but the rules of the Footloose Sect were very strict. Seniority was the most important thing of all. If the Patriarch was in battle, then it didn’t matter that they couldn’t match up to him, unless he specifically ordered them away, they were required to come.

Most nervous of all was the Nascent Soul Cultivator down below, the one who had tried to rob Meng Hao. He was shaking violently, and his eyes were as wide as saucers. Everything that was happening caused him to breath rapidly. His mind spun, and he had lost the ability to even think. It didn’t matter if it was Meng Hao, Patriarch Reliance, or the 10th Wang

Clan Patriarch, none of them were people that he could even come into contact with. To the Nascent Soul Cultivator, getting involved in this conflict was clearly the most unlucky thing that had ever happened to him in his entire life.

Heaven and Earth were sinking into extermination. The finger attack of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch caused the entire world to turn gray. The only thing that had color was the Wang Clan Patriarch himself.

The finger descended, and the world shook.

Patriarch Reliance's eyebrows shot up, and he performed an incantation with his right hand. Instantly, Demonic Qi swept out.

"What dog crap Extermination Finger are you talking about?!" he said. "The Patriarch has never heard of any such thing. Demonic Art, Heaven and Earth Cleaving!" Patriarch Reliance also waved a finger. From the look of it, his fingernail became the Heaven, and the flesh of the finger became the Earth. As for the tip of the finger, it transformed into something that looked like a sharp blade which could cleave both Heaven and Earth.

Both finger attacks slammed into each other in mid-air.

BOOM!

The massive explosion caused the Nascent Soul Cultivator down below to cough up blood as he was sent spinning backward. Meng Hao fell back, his eyes glittering as he saw the plants around him rapidly wilting and drying up. As for Patriarch Reliance, starting with his extended finger, his entire body began to shrivel.

In the blink of an eye, his hair had fallen off, and his entire body was emaciated. He almost looked like a desiccated corpse. Then, a pop could be heard as he exploded, transforming into countless dots of light that floated away.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's expression was the same as ever. He seemed to have utmost confidence in his finger attack just now.

"That's who you were relying on?" he asked coolly. He looked over at Meng Hao with eyes full of ridicule.

Meng Hao's expression was calm. Next to him, Guyiding Tri-rain's expression was similar. This caused the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch to gape in shock. He obviously could tell that something was not quite right. Just as he was about to take a step forward, a shocking roar suddenly filled the air.

"Dammit! This bastard actually dared to extinguish the Patriarch's clone!?" Instantly, a pulsing cloud of steam appeared out of nowhere, which gradually reformed back into the shape of Patriarch Reliance.

This new Patriarch Reliance's Cultivation base was a bit weaker than before. As soon as he appeared, his rage boiled up into the sky, and a demented gleam appeared in his eyes. He instantly shot forward.

"With me here," he roared, "nobody can kill that little bas... er, ahem, nobody can kill Meng Hao!"

If he hadn't spoken such words, then Meng Hao wouldn't have taken anything to be amiss. However, as soon as the words left his mouth, Meng Hao's heart started to pound with fear, and his face flickered. He absolutely did not believe that Patriarch Reliance would utter such words and truly mean them.

"Dammit, what technique has the old turtle come up with to get out of the Demon Seal...?"

"It must have something to do with the words he just spoke. Don't tell me that whatever technique he's using can actually get out of having to fight here?" Meng Hao was no longer the unseasoned Cultivator he had been long ago. After everything he had experienced, he had long since honed his powers of reasoning. Based on Patriarch Reliance's words just now, he could obviously pick up on some clues as to what was going on.

Even as Meng Hao's mind was racing with countless thoughts, Patriarch Reliance neared and then stood between him and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. He flicked his sleeve.

"Meng Hao, get out of here!" he said, then charged once more toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Meng Hao shivered and then began to pant slightly. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch gave a cold snort and took a step forward, then once again attacked with his Extermination Finger.

As before, the finger attack caused everything to turn gray, and all life to be destroyed. Patriarch Reliance lifted his head up and let out an indignant howl.

“Life is to be treasured! Promises are even more eternal! I am Patriarch Reliance, and I promised to be Meng Hao’s Dao Protector! Even if I am torn into a thousand pieces, I will abide by my promise!”

Seemingly completely unafraid of death, Patriarch Reliance charged forward. He seemed to prefer to die in battle to block the momentum of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. As he charged forward, he performed an incantation gesture, unleashing a Demonic art as he fearlessly attacked.

Anyone who was watching would definitely feel the complete and utter valiance on display. Giving up one’s life to keep a promise; such were the actions of a true man!

However, Meng Hao understood Patriarch Reliance all too well. He knew that the damned old turtle would never act like this. Sweat began to pour down his forehead as a very bad feeling filled his heart.

Without hesitation, he cast aside his previous plan and began to flee in the opposite direction. Guyiding Tri’rain looked at fleeing Meng Hao, and then back at Patriarch Reliance as he seemed to face death unflinchingly. Then she sighed.

BANG!

Under the power of the Extermination Finger, Patriarch Reliance’s body withered rapidly and then collapsed into pieces.

However, at the same time, a roar suddenly could be heard. The mist formed together again, once more turning into Patriarch Reliance. Yet again, he risked death to block the way of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

“I can die with no regrets, but Meng Hao... must not die!” cried Patriarch Reliance. “That is my promise from years ago!”

A strange glow appeared in the eyes of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch as he looked at Patriarch Reliance.

“So, a promise truly can give rise to someone so brave as to use their own essence to come back to life in this way!” From the perspective of the Wang Clan Patriarch, Patriarch Reliance must be drawing on the essence of his true self to return to life.

To Cultivators of his realm, one’s essence was the most prized of all possessions. Wasting it could lead to severe injury that would be difficult to recover from. It truly was extremely precious.

A look of respect appeared in the eyes of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. He suddenly realized that if this Patriarch Reliance were a member of his own Clan, then he would definitely make an excellent guard.

Meng Hao was cursing inwardly. By now, he had realized exactly what Patriarch Reliance was doing. Currently, Meng Hao employed all the speed he could muster to flee, although he wished he could move thousands of times faster.

“Hahaha!” thought Patriarch Reliance. “It turns out this method is working after all. The Patriarch is the most intelligent yet again! The Demon Seal only requires that I become a Dao Protector. Dao Protector, huh. That just means protecting! And the true meaning of Dao is to temper oneself. Therefore, the identity of a Dao Protector doesn’t mean I have to prevent the little bastard from dying. All I have to do is protect him a bit. If any accidents happen, as long as I’m trying hard, then it won’t matter.

“And I’m already trying hard! This might just be a clone, but I did have to expend some essence, right?! As for the Demon Seal, it shouldn’t be too much of a problem. Hahaha! The Patriarch is far too intelligent!

“This time, it won’t count as defying the Demon Seal!” Patriarch Reliance felt quite proud of himself. On the outside, though, he looked furious. He seemed to be going all out to block the way of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Once again, his body withered and then collapsed.

The next time he appeared, he was even weaker than before. By now, the

10th Wang Clan Patriarch was truly in admiration of Patriarch Reliance's loyalty. This time, when Patriarch Reliance's body withered away, the Wang Clan Patriarch didn't wait for it to reform before shooting off to pursue Meng Hao.

When Patriarch Reliance reappeared, he was extremely weak. In fact, his body was so shapeless that the illusory image of his true self could actually be seen.

He now looked like a fearsome turtle, who stood there watching as the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch chased after Meng Hao.

His expression one of incredible grief and indignation, Patriarch Reliance shouted, "Don't kill him! Kill me instead!" Inside, Patriarch was laughing up a storm, but on the outside, his eyes were bloodshot. He lifted his head up to roar, and then offered pursuit.

"Kill me, okay?! I have to keep my promise even if I die. Don't kill him!! I'm not just his Dao Protector, I'm his Patriarch! He is the highest ranking disciple in the Footloose Sect next to me! He is my equal, the future and hope of the Footloose Sect. You are not permitted to kill him!"

"Shameless!!" growled Meng Hao through clenched teeth. Without hesitation, he pulled out the good luck charm and was about to press down on it hard, when suddenly...

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch turned his head. There, he saw Patriarch Reliance, looking both complacent and indignant. He was in turtle form now, and his eyes glowed with a strange light.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was moved. "I've seen many Demon beasts in my life, but this is definitely... the most loyal one I've ever encountered!"

Chapter 646: I'll Give You Some Good Fortune!

In order to create the most realistic act, Patriarch Reliance filled his roars with incredible power. Everyone on the island, including the Cultivators of the Footloose Sect, could hear him clearly.

Their faces all flickered with various emotions. The people near the battlefield didn't dare to get too close. Their expressions were that of shock, and they were panting.

"Meng Hao? Who's that? It sounds like he's really important in the Footloose Sect!"

"What kind of person would the Patriarch risk his life to protect? He must be the hope of the whole Footloose Sect! He can't die!"

"Meng Hao? I remember! He was an Inner Sect disciple of the Reliance Sect! The Patriarch was right! He's the highest ranking member of our Sect next to the Patriarch!" The astonished Cultivators immediately committed Patriarch Reliance's words to heart, engraving them there to remember always.

Actually, Patriarch Reliance's words were filled with such realistic emotion that even he was starting to believe them. Tears appeared in his eyes as he roared out. It was at this point that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch stopped in mid-air, his eyes wide with shock.

"Why aren't you chasing him?" said Patriarch Reliance, blinking. He was now far larger than the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, and had inserted himself between him and Meng Hao. He glared angrily. "Kill me, and then you can pass!"

Patriarch Reliance was now fully immersed in the game. To him, it was actually quite fun, and when he spoke, his voice burst with incredible power.

"With me here, nobody can hurt Meng Hao!" roared Patriarch Reliance. Of course, inwardly, he was laughing. He wanted the 10th Wang Clan

Patriarch to strike him down as quickly as possible, and then go take care of the little bastard. Then he himself would finally be freed.

However, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch didn't seem to have any intention of chasing Meng Hao. From his perspective, there was no way for Meng Hao to truly escape; he would catch him sooner or later. However, the Demon beast in front of him was something quite rare.

In fact, it was rare enough that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch couldn't possibly let it go!

"What an incredible, loyal Demon beast," he said slowly. "In all my life, I've never seen anything like it!" The admiration in his eyes grew stronger as he looked at Patriarch Reliance, nodding and smiling. "For a Demon beast like this to follow that child is a real pity. Demon turtle, I am the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Are you willing to be my follower? If so, then from now on, you will be the Divine Beast Dao Protector of the Wang Clan!"

"The day I achieve Immortal Ascension, I will bring you with me into the Heavens!"

Meng Hao was just about to press down on the good luck charm when he heard the words of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. He stopped in place and looked back. When he saw the scene, and especially the trembling Patriarch Reliance, he wanted to laugh out loud.

He knew Patriarch Reliance, and that he most valued his freedom. In order to get rid of Meng Hao, Patriarch Reliance might be able to forget about some other matters, but as for his freedom... talking about that was one good way to really piss him off!

"I never imagined it would play out this way," thought Meng Hao. "But I like it. Come on, be a bit more realistic, you old turtle. Keep up the act, I want to see more!"

Patriarch Reliance stared with wide eyes for a moment, and then his heart began to pound. He felt like he was about to explode; madness suddenly surged through his mind.

“What did you just say? What did you call me?” He almost couldn’t believe that someone would try to turn him into a guard beast. Actually, this was the second time such a humiliation had occurred to him since he grew up.

The first time had been at the hands of the League of Demon Sealers.

To Patriarch Reliance, the level of irritation this caused him exceeded anything else in the world. His body began to tremble and distort, and it was only because of the little bit of rationality left that he was able to suppress his rage.

“You’re not pleased, little Demon turtle?” said the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, his face sinking. He had offered this Demon turtle a rare, moving opportunity. Normally speaking, considering his temper, he would have just instantly killed it.

“Fudge! YOU’RE the Demon turtle!” roared Patriarch Reliance. “Everyone in your whole Wang Clan are all Demon turtles, and you’re the bastard son of a turtle! Do you really dare to try to make me your security guard!?!?” Moments later, though, he inwardly urged himself to just hold on a little bit longer. All he had to do was hold on, and then great good fortune would come his way.

By this point, though, his body had grown incredibly blurry. Furthermore, his real body was actually trembling some, causing huge waves to surge out on the sea, along with echoing rumbling sounds.

“Well, it’s beyond your control,” said the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, his voice cool. “If you’re willing, good. If you’re not willing, it doesn’t matter. When I make a decision, nobody can change it. I’ll put some restrictive spells on you, and then from now on, you’ll be the Demon turtle of my Wang Clan!” Apparently, he felt his own words to be the will of Heaven, like laws and statutes that couldn’t be broken.

Meng Hao was going wild with joy, and almost started laughing out loud. He knew that currently, he could leave at any time he wished. Besides, if Patriarch Reliance couldn’t endure through all this, then Meng Hao didn’t mind facing a bit of danger just to be able to see that happen.

As the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch spoke, he raised his right hand and performed an incantation. Instantly, thousands of restrictive spell symbols appeared in mid-air. They circulated around in the area to form a huge net, which then shot toward the illusory, turtle-form Patriarch Reliance.

Patriarch Reliance's body was blurry, but it was still possible to see how furious he was. His panting sounded like explosions, and his fury... finally reached the point of detonation!

His eyes were wide; earlier, he had done everything he could to hold back his rage. But now, he couldn't suppress even a tiny bit of it. In the blink of an eye... his fury exploded!

Thunderous booming sounds echoed out in all directions as Patriarch Reliance lifted his head up and let out an unprecedented howl of rage!

"AAARRGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!" In this moment, he didn't care about Meng Hao or the Demon Sealing Sect. All he cared about was the towering rage he felt from being offended in such a way.

Such overt humiliation made him think back to how he had felt being restricted by the League of Demon Sealers. It was like an old wound had been ripped open. Patriarch Reliance's rage filled his mind, and he roared again.

"Dammit! Dammit....

"The League of Demon Sealers is one thing, but you, tiny child, you actually dare to humiliate the Patriarch!?!?"

Patriarch Reliance was so immersed in his rage that he completely forgot about the act from before. His eyes were bright red, and the entirety of Saint's Island was shaking violently. The land quaked, as if some enormous creature were waking up beneath it.

The surrounding seawater was covered with massive, roaring waves, as if the sea in the area was about to explode.

Far beneath Saint's Island, deep in the blackness of the sea, something like two oil lamps suddenly appeared. They were bloodshot, and filled with madness, the madness instigated by old wounds being ripped open. It was

a madness stemming from humiliation.

BOOM!

Huge fissures ripped open in the land. The sky grew dark, wild colors flashed about, and the sea raged. All of these sudden changes caused the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's face to fall.

However, before he could even make a single move, an aura exploded up from deep within the sea. The aura was filled with intense rage, and as soon as it appeared, it caused even the air to be shredded. It seemed as if Saint's Island were being ripped out from the very world.

As soon as the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch sensed the aura, his face completely filled with shock. He immediately took a deep breath and then flew up into the air, his face pale.

"Immortal!!" he said, his voice faint.

"This is the aura of an Immortal!!

"Demonic Qi like an Immortal. This is the will of a Demon Immortal!"

A deep, growling voice could suddenly be heard from within the ground, causing the earth to shake and mountains to tremble. "You actually dare to call the Patriarch a Demon turtle? You actually dare try to make me your security guard!"

The voice came up from the ground and from within the sea. The seawater churned and seethed and began to spin around Saint's Island until it transformed into a huge vortex.

"You actually dare to try to put restrictive spells on me! Are you... worthy?!"

BOOM!!

The sea exploded up, causing water to shower about in all directions. A huge force seemed to shoot up into the sky, and at the same time, a gargantuan head became visible within the sheets of water. It stretched out to blot out the entire sky. Its shadow was so huge that it could obstruct both the sun and the moon. It covered over everything!

It was the colossal head of a vicious turtle, its skin covered with wrinkles. It was pitch black and terrifying, and when it opened its mouth, sharp, yellow teeth could be seen. And then there were the eyes, which seemed blurry at first, but then clearly radiated intense fury and rage.

This was... the head of Patriarch Reliance's real body!!

An indescribable energy pulsed out from Patriarch Reliance. His aura emanated out, causing all living things to tremble with fear. Up in mid-air, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch slowly forced himself to turn around. Then he saw the indescribably gigantic head filling the entire sky.

He gaped, and his mind filled with a roaring sound. His eyes went wide, filled with an expression of astonished disbelief.

He suddenly understood why his opponent could so frivolously waste its essence. It was because, its essence... was incredibly, astonishingly vast....

"You...." stammered the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, his scalp going numb. For years, he had swept across Planet South Heaven, but he had never seen a shocking, terrifying Demon beast like this.

"You want the Patriarch to be your security guard?" raged Patriarch Reliance. The sound of his voice was like thunder, filled with madness. Countless mountains on Saint's Island collapsed, and huge waves rolled out across the sea.

The Wang Clan Patriarch staggered backward several paces. Patriarch Reliance's roar just now caused him to cough up a huge mouthful of blood. His face was pale white.

Panting, he thought back to what he had said about making his opponent a guard. Then he took a deep breath. Obviously, he had absolutely no qualifications whatsoever to try to make a Demon Immortal act as a guard.

"Senior, please calm your anger," he said quickly, continuing to back up. "This is all just a big misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding my flipping ass!" roared Patriarch Reliance. The echo of his roar sounded back and forth, causing the sea itself to roar, making it

sound like there were countless Patriarch Reliances all roaring at the same time. But then he said, "Allow the Patriarch to bestow you with some good fortune!"

This was the second time that Meng Hao had seen Patriarch Reliance's real body. It was as shocking now as it had been before. Suddenly, he thought back to how he had vented his spleen on Patriarch Reliance in the Demon Immortal Pagoda, and he felt a little scared. But then he remembered that he could restrain Patriarch Reliance with the Demon Sealing Scripture, and he felt a bit calmer.

It was at this point that Meng Hao heard the words 'good fortune,' and his eyes began to shine brightly. He quickly began to back up; he knew that now was the time for him to make his exit.

Chapter 647: Patriarch Meng Hao

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was momentarily stunned by the mention of 'good fortune.' Roaring, Patriarch Reliance's gargantuan head shot toward him at incredible speed.

He moved so fast that ghost images sprang up, and the air itself cracked.

BANG!

Rage flared up in the eyes of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and a glittering shield sprang up. However, cracking sounds echoed out, and it began to shatter into small pieces. His face went pale, and he started performing a double-handed incantation. Instantly, magical power swirled around him, and an incredible magical art shot toward Patriarch Reliance. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch coughed up more blood and sped backward, having narrowly escaped complete catastrophe.

His mind was overcome with terror; after reaching Spirit Severing, he had never encountered anything that he had feared. That was not to mention his position after reaching Dao Seeking. In all of the lands of South Heaven, he was afraid of nothing; even the idea of double-crossing the Ji Clan didn't get him scared.

Now, though, he was afraid. He fled without even the slightest bit of hesitation, at the same time producing several dozen magical items. Each of these magical items could be considered a treasure of great value. He had spent years collecting them all. Unleashing them caused a bright light to shine out and swirl around his body as he fled.

However, Patriarch Reliance's eyes flashed with killing intent. His head shrank back, but then shot out again as fast as lightning.

A bloodcurdling scream echoed out from the mouth of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. This time, he couldn't dodge. His precious treasures were destroyed, and a crunching sound could be heard as half of his body was crushed and ripped away by Patriarch Reliance.

His scream was matchlessly desolate. The Wang Patriarch continued to try to escape with the remaining half of his body. He was clearly in an unprecedentedly horrific and terrible situation.

Blood sprayed about in all directions, and Meng Hao's eyes glittered. Without stopping to even look back, he waved his arm, causing some of the blood to swirl over to him. Then he continued off into the distance.

Behind him, Patriarch Reliance wasn't finished venting. Even as his head shot once more toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, he sensed that Meng Hao was getting further and further away. However, his rage did not lessen. Instead, it boiled up from his insides. He instantly changed directions, moving like a bolt of lightning to suddenly appear right next to Meng Hao. His enormous mouth opened as if he were about to consume him.

In that instant of malice, though, layers of restrictive spells flared up around him. Countless magical symbols could be seen, connected together like chains that glittered with bright light. They covered Patriarch Reliance's entire body, no matter how he strained against them. Even his shell was affected; cracks spread out, as if he were about to be crushed alive.

The pain caused Patriarch Reliance to let out a miserable cry. His head shot back and he glared hatefully at Meng Hao.

"Nothing good ever happens when I run into you!" roared Patriarch Reliance.

"One of these days, Meng Hao's turtle is gonna beg for me to ride him!" Meng Hao shot back hatefully, looking over his shoulder coldly at Patriarch Reliance as he continued to shoot off into the distance.

Meng Hao's words seemed to move Patriarch Reliance inwardly. His eyes turned bright red, and he slipped further into madness. However, he didn't try to consume Meng Hao again. The glowing chains could still be seen on him, causing his entire body to be wracked with pain. The rage inside of him was impossible to describe. Being incapable of doing anything to kill Meng Hao, all he could do was flash back toward the the Wang Clan

Patriarch to continue to vent his anger.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was scared out of his mind. Even in his wildest dreams, he could never have imagined that he would run into a Demon Immortal in this place. It completely exceeded his understanding of Planet South Heaven.

“This is impossible! How could there be a Demon Immortal in the lands of South Heaven?! Dammit! The Ji Clan is completely useless! How could they permit a Demon Immortal to hide in the Milky Way Sea!?” By this point, having lost half of his body, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch knew deep inside that he was going to die. There was no way that he could flee a Demon Immortal.

“Damnable Meng Hao! First, the kid pulls out an Immortal’s sword to kill my clone, and now he has a Dao Protector like this! Just how lucky can one person be?!” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch almost felt as if he couldn’t accept it. But then, he realized that perhaps it was because Meng Hao had such luck that he was able to form the Perfect Dao foundation.

“Thankfully, this is only a clone. Granted, it’s a flesh and blood clone, and I’ll sustain some damage when it dies. However, I don’t have any other options right now.... Well then, if I’m going to die, I’ll go out fighting this Demon Immortal!” A bright light appeared in his eyes as Patriarch Reliance’s head closed in on him. With a roar, the Wang Clan Patriarch spun around and began to perform an incantation.

Meng Hao was fleeing at high speed. He was going so fast that he barely had time to clasp hands and bow to Guyiding Tri’rain off in the distance. As of now, Meng Hao’s plan had succeeded, and now all that was on his mind was to get away.

Patriarch Reliance’s head was now far away from Meng Hao. He was enraged, and also frustrated. Whenever he encountered Meng Hao, nothing good happened. The first time, he had been forced to leave with the State of Zhao. Now, he had been humiliated into taking action.

The feeling of vexation only served to kindle his fury. Patriarch Reliance felt the overwhelming desire to vent his rage, so it was with intense killing

intent that he shot toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Booming sounds echoed out along with miserable shrieks. Meng Hao didn't stop for even a moment. He shot forward at the highest possible speed, transforming into a beam of colorful light. It only took the space of a few dozen breaths for him to reach the border of the sea.

Up ahead were some disciples of the Footloose Sect. When they saw Meng Hao, they were instantly shaken inwardly. There were a couple Cultivators among their number who actually recognized Meng Hao from his time back in the State of Zhao.

"Greetings, Patriarch Meng Hao!" they said, clasping hands and bowing deeply.

Seeing their actions caused the others to realize that the person in front of them was none other than Meng Hao, the person their Patriarch was risking his life to protect. This was the person whose seniority was highest in the entire Sect, second only to the Patriarch himself. Of course, because their Cultivation bases were not high enough, they had no way to know about the matter of Patriarch Reliance trying to consume Meng Hao.

Furthermore, in the Footloose Sect, nothing was more important than matters of seniority. It was built into the Sect rules, and had long since been imprinted deeply in their hearts, and was something that no one would dare to defy. To see Meng Hao and not immediately bow would be far too excessive.

"Greetings, Patriarch Meng Hao!" said the group, all of them clasping hands and bowing. Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and a smile appeared on his face. He nodded to the group as he shot past them.

When Patriarch Reliance saw this happening, he very nearly coughed up a mouthful of blood, and his rage burned even higher than before. He felt as if he had just hoisted up a rock to crush Meng Hao, only to drop the rock on his own foot. His act from before had been completely convincing to all of the surrounding disciples, leaving them shocked and amazed. It only took a short time for Meng Hao's name to be spread around the entire area.

“Nothing good ever happens to me around Meng Hao! DAMMIT!!” His rage rocketing to unprecedented heights, Patriarch Reliance bit toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, to begin the torment.

Meng Hao had originally planned to leave, but then he stopped. He considered the act Patriarch Reliance had put on, the relationship between the two of them, as well as the two displays of killing intent just now. Then he decided to pull a quick little con. He turned back to the Footloose Sect disciples.

“Take out all your Spirit Stones and give them to me,” he said. “Later, Patriarch Footloose will repay you a hundredfold! Don’t worry, Patriarch Footloose is willing to give up his life for me, do you really think he cares about some trifling Spirit Stones?” As he spoke, he imbued his voice with his Cultivation base, causing his words to echo about throughout the entirety of Saint’s Island.

When Patriarch Reliance heard the words, his anger burned even hotter. He looked at the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch in front of him, gasping on the verge of death, and had half a mind to go after Meng Hao once again and try to kill him. However, he knew that if he did that, he would be restrained by the restrictive spells. Furthermore, if he spoke up to contradict Meng Hao, then it would be a huge loss of face, and people would suspect his previous actions. Right now, Meng Hao’s words were echoing in the ears of the Footloose Sect members throughout Saint’s Island; it seemed that in the future, Patriarch Reliance would have no choice but to pay back the Spirit Stones for Meng Hao.

“Hmph!” he said, comforting himself. “How many Spirit Stones could a few trifling disciples have? Who cares if I have to pay them back a hundredfold! My spit is worth more than that!” With that, he jerked his head to the side. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, who was currently clasped viciously in his jaw, let out a miserable shriek.

The group of Cultivators stared in shock at Meng Hao, then produced their bags of holding and gave him all the Spirit Stones therein. These were all Footloose Sect disciples with extraordinary Cultivation bases. They had quite a collection of Spirit Stones numbering in the tens of

thousands. Meng Hao nodded happily as he collected them all together.

“I accept your 100,000 Spirit Stones!” said Meng Hao loudly, his voice echoing throughout Saint’s Island. “Make sure to keep ahold of this receipt!” He quickly tossed out a jade slip, then shot off into the distance.

The group gaped in astonishment. They had clearly handed over less than 50,000 Spirit Stones. How could it have suddenly turned into 100,000? After a moment, their eyes began to glitter as they realized that Meng Hao had blessed them with good fortune. Their hearts filled with joy, and they all bowed deeply to Meng Hao’s retreating figure.

“We bid you respectful adieu, Patriarch Meng Hao!”

Patriarch Reliance heard their words, and began to tremble. Then he let out an indignant bellow.

“MENG HAO!!!”

“Patriarch, there’s no need to escort me away!” cried back Meng Hao. “Disciple will take his leave now. Patriarch, you risked your life for me, leaving disciple very moved! I won’t put you to any more inconvenience!” By this point, he had flown off of Saint’s Island and was over the sea. Further back, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s clone was a mass of blood and gore. He let out a final bloodcurdling screech, and then was shredded into pieces and then swallowed by Patriarch Reliance.

Patriarch Reliance’s head swiveled to glare hatefully at Meng Hao’s retreating figure. After a long moment, he lifted his head up and roared. Massive waves seethed on the sea, forming into huge vortex formed. It swept around Saint’s Island, and, to the shock and alarm of everyone, caused the entire island to speed away with incredible speed.

Wind swept about, and waves crashed. In the blink of an eye, not even a shadow of the island remained. The only thing remaining on the sea was Meng Hao, floating in mid-air.

Meanwhile, back in the Wang Clan in the Southern Domain....

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s true self lay in the coffin in his tomb underneath the mountains. He suddenly opened his eyes and then

coughed up a mouthful of blood. He sat up, and as he did, his aged figure grew even older. He became more withered, and his aura was thrown into chaos and disorder.

His archaic, wrinkled face was pale as he grasped the side of the coffin. He looked up, and within his pupils appeared an intense, venomous hatred.

After a long moment passed, his eyes glittered.

“So, there is enmity between that Patriarch Reliance and Meng Hao. He attacked him twice... but was unable to destroy him because of the restrictive spells.

“The only reason he attacked me was because I accidentally offended him.

“In turn, that means that he won’t be helping Meng Hao a second time.

“Next time.... Next time I catch up with him, will be the day Meng Hao loses his Dao foundation!” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch breathed heavily as a cold glow appeared in his eyes.

Chapter 648: Third Ring Stormwind Divide

The Milky Way Sea was split up into four rings, outside of which was the Outer Sea, and area mostly made up of small islands occupied by various Cultivator Clans. Among such Clans, the strongest Cultivators were of the Core Formation stage.

To them, the Fourth Ring was an incredibly dangerous place, populated not only by thieves and murderers, but also filled with ferocious sea beasts. In addition, there were powerful Sects and Clans.

Some of those Sects and Clans were led by Nascent Soul Cultivators, which made the whole place very dangerous. However, everyone knew that it was not impossible to scrape out some good fortune there, much like the Zhang Clan had.

Of course, to the Cultivators in the Fourth Ring, the Third Ring... was like a forbidden zone filled with both danger and opportunity!

Any who entered the Third Ring without being in the Nascent Soul stage did so at great risk to their lives. Even Nascent Soul Cultivators could die easily in the Third Ring if luck wasn't with them. That was because the Third Ring was filled with inordinate amounts of sea beasts.

Despite that, there were still many Cultivators who attempted to get into the Third Ring. In fact, there were even some experts who made their home there.

What attracted Cultivators to such a place of profound danger was none other than the potential profits there!

The sea beasts there were known as Sea Demons, and their hearts were considered precious treasures. They were objects similar to Spirit Stones, and served a similar function. A single Demon heart was superior to a low-grade Spirit Stone, and in fact was more similar to a mid-grade Spirit Stone in terms of quality.

There were even some hearts from especially powerful Sea Demons

that... could compare to high-grade Spirit Stones. Such things were valuable treasures that no Cultivator could afford to ignore.

After all, the Milky Way Sea had no Spirit Stone quarries, and thus, no way to even produce Spirit Stones. Considering how valuable Cultivators viewed Spirit Stones, it was no wonder that Demon hearts quickly became a trade item in the Milky Way Sea.

In fact, there were even some precious items that could only be acquired by purchasing them with Demon hearts!

In order to acquire Demon hearts, one had to enter the Third Ring and take some risks to earn a chance for good fortune. Of course, the powerful Sea Demons there had fierce and savage dispositions, and regarded all Cultivators with extreme hostility. The two were as incompatible as fire and water!

Even still, there was no way to prevent the thirst of Milky Way Sea Cultivators for Demon hearts!

Many, many tales were told in the Milky Way Sea about people who had struck it rich overnight in the Third Ring. Therefore, throughout the years, countless Cultivators had come to brave the almost certain death of the Third Ring.

Meng Hao was well aware of this, thanks to the information provided him in the jade slip from the Zhang Clan. Although it didn't contain a wealth of details, there was enough of an introduction for Meng Hao to gain a basic understanding.

Currently, in a particular part of the Fourth Ring of the Milky Way Sea, a beam of light screamed through the air, causing the seawater below to seethe and churn.

A man could be seen, wearing a green robe, his long, gray hair whipping in the wind. He looked young, but also emanated a faint, archaic air.

His eyes were like stars, and his features were handsome. He looked somewhat like a scholar. This was of course, Meng Hao.

He was now a month away from Saint's Island. The entire time, he had

sped along across the surface of the Milky Way Sea, during which time he had come to a much greater understanding of the entire area.

Currently, his eyes glittered brightly as he proceeded forward, thinking all the while.

“It might not have been the true self of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch that died. It would be great if it was his true self, but if not... then I only have a temporary respite from danger. It won’t be too long before I’m in another deadly crisis.”

Meng Hao continued to think as he proceeded onward. The parrot flew nearby. Occasionally, it would dive down into the water and then shoot up again off in the distance. It was clearly having a lot of fun.

Meng Hao pulled out the jade slip given to him by Zhang Wenfang and closely examined it yet again.

“A never-ending tempest exists between the Fourth and Third Rings,” he thought. “It’s a windstorm that can shred anything alive. It’s like a huge divide that prevents anyone from entering the Third Ring....” The map in the jade slip portrayed the sea, and not much else from the Fourth Ring. It was already relatively useless to Meng Hao.

His body flashed as he continued on into the deeper regions of the Milky Way Sea.

“Although I don’t have a map, the Milky Way Sea is arranged in ring-like areas. All I have to do is keep going deeper.” He increased his speed, and the parrot went faster to keep up.

Time continued to pass. Soon, it was two months later.

Meng Hao was shocked by how large the Fourth Ring was. He had been flying for three months, although he hadn’t gone nonstop. Occasionally, he would catch sight of islands populated by various Sects and Clans.

These were groups who had inhabited the Milky Way Sea for generations, and were quite knowledgeable about the area. Considering the level of Meng Hao’s Cultivation base, it was a simple matter for him to acquire maps from such groups. It didn’t take long before he had a

thorough outline of the entire Fourth Ring area.

In addition, he also learned a bit about the Third Ring.

“There are three Saints in the Third Ring!

“The so-called Three Saints are three Spirit Severing Cultivators who lead three Sects. The Sea Divinity Sect, the Flying Immortal Sect, and the Sun Soul Society!

“Those three Sects determine who is allowed to enter the Third Ring. In addition, they built three Sea Cities in different locations surrounding the Third Ring, where people have to pass through on their way in and out. Anyone who wants to go in must pay a certain amount of Spirit Stones. Furthermore, anyone who leaves must also pay Spirit Stones, based on how long they stayed inside....” Meng Hao floated there in mid-air thinking about the information gleaned from the jade slip he held in his hand.

“Those three Sea Cities all possess a special method for bringing people in and out of the tempest safely.

“According to the rumors, there wasn’t always a tempest surrounding the Third Ring. Supposedly, the ancestors of the Three Saints joined forces to summon it. Then, successive generations of descendants were able to pass through it.

“The three Sects have vast resources, and tens of thousands of members. For unknown reasons, each Sect only produces a single Spirit Severing expert. However, because of their deep resources, even Dao Seeking Cultivators would think twice before tangling with them.”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he put the jade slip away. After some thought, he decided not to head toward one of the three Sea Cities. Instead, he would use the maps he had acquired to make his way directly through the hurricane.

“If the Wang Patriarch is truly not dead, then getting into the Third Ring via the Sea Cities would leave behind a trail that he could follow. The best method will be to force my way through on my own!

“That way, the three Sects won’t have any record of me. Even if the 10th

Wang Clan Patriarch comes looking for me, with my altered aura, it will be difficult for him, at least temporarily.” Having made his decision, Meng Hao flared his aura and shot forward at top speed.

A few days later, a gray mass of storm winds appeared up ahead.

Rumbling sounds emanated out, and the closer he got, the more the storm winds resembled a huge wall that stretched up into the Heavens. It was ring-shaped, and seemed to have no end; it stretched off as far as the eye could see.

Fog pulsed in and out, along with howling, screaming sounds. It almost seemed as if devils and fiends lurked inside, waiting to stop any Cultivators who entered, and preventing any Sea Demons from charging out.

“According to the information from the jade slip, though, the Fourth Ring also has Sea Demons. That just goes to show that the storm winds might be powerful, but do contain weak spots.” He hovered outside of the storm winds, his hair flying around him, his clothes whipping violently.

Inside the storm winds, lightning crackled. As for the seawater in the area, it seemed to be divided. Although waves surged outside the tempest, they were incapable of entering inside. They could only crash on the outside, which caused the whole area to be filled with an almost permanent blanket of rain.

Meng Hao examined it for a moment, then looked down at the surface of the sea. His eyes glittered for a moment, and then he rotated his Cultivation base. Soon, the surface of the sea began to grow transparent to his eyes, allowing him to see into the world underneath.

What he saw was that the storm winds actually extended down into the sea. Although they didn’t appear to interfere with the flow of the water, when Meng Hao extended his Divine Sense deep down, he could vaguely sense that there were shocking things in the water that he didn’t dare to touch.

He pulled back his Divine Sense, then took a deep breath and closed his eyes. Currently, he fluctuated with only five portions of Cultivation base

power inside of him. As time passed, he would slowly be able to fuse them together into one.

After adjusting his aura, Meng Hao's eyes opened, and they glowed with a light that made it seem as if he was prepared to take Heaven and Earth by force. His aura exploded up, and he entered the Ninth Anima.

Meng Hao's fleshly body hummed, and in the blink of an eye, reached the pinnacle of his power. A dreary expression of death covered his face, and the energy of his Cultivation base surged out with monstrous power. The air around him shattered and cracked, and any rain that fell near him was instantly pushed three hundred meters away.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. His body was like an arrow pulled tight against a bowstring. Suddenly, he shot forward; in the blink of an eye, he made contact with the storm winds. Without the slightest bit of hesitation, he entered in.

From a distance, the tempest looked like a vicious, primordial beast that opened its mouth and then swallowed up Meng Hao.

As soon as he entered the storm winds, he was battered by an intense force. Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he surged forward. Rumbling sounds could be heard as the fog up ahead seemed to be ripped apart. The sweeping wind also seemed to collapse.

They were completely incapable of doing anything to stop Meng Hao. His hair whipped around, but he didn't sustain even the slightest injury. Compared to the Underworld Wind he had experienced in the Demon Immortal Sect, this was almost nothing.

As he charged forward amidst the booming roars, the fog within the storm winds scattered and seethed. In a very short moment, Meng Hao had already traveled three thousand meters in.

He was surrounded by screaming winds and pitch blackness, interspersed with flashes of bright lightning. His face was expressionless as he proceeded forward relentlessly. His Spirit Severing fleshly body and terrifying Cultivation base made it possible for him to move further and further in.

Every time he breathed, countless bolts of lightning would shoot toward him. When they struck him, though, he would simply absorb them. If any outsider saw what was happening, they would surely be completely shocked

From ancient times to modern, few people had ever qualified to charge alone through these storm winds on the Milky Way Sea.

Chapter 649: Spirits Hide in the Divide

“There’s a trick to this Milky Way Sea Stormwind Divide,” Meng Hao murmured. The winds screamed around him, and lightning crackled. The winds could flay any Nascent Soul Cultivator alive, and the lightning could reduce them to powder.

However, all the wind could do to Meng Hao was blow against his face. It couldn’t shake him in the least. As for the lightning, it was like a tonic that helped his Cultivation base rotate a bit faster.

The parrot gripped his shoulder, also completely disdainful of the storm winds. Occasionally it would squawk and fly out into the winds with the meat jelly bell.

Anyone who saw this scene would certainly be astonished. In the entire Milky Way Sea, the only people who would dare to traverse the Stormwind Divide alone were Spirit Severing Cultivators.

And when it came to Spirit Severing Cultivators, there were only three in the Milky Way Sea.

Those were the Three Saints of the three Sects.

Other than those three, no one would dare to try to cross the Stormwind Divide.

The divide was actually huge. Meng Hao had proceeded forward with arms clasped behind his back for more than thirty thousand kilometers, and still had not emerged from the other side. As he continued onward, the winds raged, carrying whimpering sounds with them through the pitch black darkness. It sounded like countless demons and fiends were howling at him.

Lightning danced in sheets, sending rumbling booms out in all directions.

This was a place where Nascent Soul Cultivators fundamentally couldn’t exist. Their fleshly bodies would be destroyed, their Nascent Souls shattered. However, to Meng Hao, none of it counted for anything.

Two hours later, Meng Hao had proceeded along even further, although he wasn't sure exactly how far. Within the darkness, the wind was like a sharp blade that forced him to slow down a bit. However, because of the strength of his fleshly body, he was still able to proceed onward.

He pushed through the storm winds for another day. They grew more and more astonishing, and lightning struck down everywhere. There were even flickering magical symbols that could be seen in the area. Meng Hao's eyes flickered when he felt the pressure exuding out from the magical symbols.

At first they were scarce, but the following day, Meng Hao couldn't help but frown and slow down. The magical symbols around him were no longer flickering, but rather, glowing brightly. Oftentimes, he would see ten or more magical symbols fused together to create spell formations.

At one point, he eyed one of the spell formation with flickering eyes. "This spell formation could cause Spirit Severing Cultivators to tremble!" He did nothing to avoid it, but rather, allowed the magical symbol spell formation to touch him.

A boom rattled out, and his body trembled a bit, but he didn't retreat. A smile of confidence broke out on his face as the magical symbol spell formation collapsed into pieces right in front of him.

He brushed off his clothes and then continued onward. A few days later within the Stormwind Divide, Meng Hao's expression flickered. He transformed into a green smoke and shot past a collection of magical symbols that had been shooting toward him.

Rumbling echoed out; the magical symbols seemed to be imbued with a will that could exterminate anything in Heaven and Earth. As they passed by, Meng Hao noticed that the fog in the area dissipated slightly because of the domineering air cast about by the ball of magical symbols.

As the ball made its way off into the distance, it encountered other scattered magical symbols and appeared to consume them, absorbing them into itself.

"That thing was made up of hundreds of magical symbols!" A serious

look appeared in his eyes. The spell formation made from hundreds of magical symbols caused him to feel a clear sense of menace. He wasn't even sure if he would be able to stand up to it were he hit.

"I really can't afford to underestimate this Stormwind Divide," he murmured. He sent his Divine Sense out as he proceeded forward.

Gradually, he saw more and more spell formation formed from hundreds of magical symbols. Eventually, they became commonplace, and soon, he caught sight of even bigger spell formations.

Those formations were formed from thousands of magical symbols, and no longer looked like simple spheres, but rather, were formed into the shape of magical items. He saw one that looked like a battle-ax sweeping about through the wind. Other spell formations made from hundreds of magical symbols avoided the battle-ax, and didn't dare to get anywhere near it.

The battle-ax was dozens of meters tall, and glittered brightly. A bleak, killing will spread out from it, as if it constantly desired slaughter. Looking at it, it appeared completely beyond ordinary.

Meng Hao was able to sense a Spirit Severing aura on the battle-ax, which surprised him. A glow of interest could then be seen within his eyes.

"The magical symbols here are very intriguing. On an individual level, they aren't very powerful, but in groups of ten, they emit powerful pressure. Hundreds together are something Spirit Severing Cultivators wouldn't dare to touch, and when thousands coalesce....

"It emanates the aura of Spirit Severing, and is clearly like a Spirit Severing Treasure!" Meng Hao was moved. Based on what he knew of cultivation, after reaching Spirit Severing, in addition to acquiring enlightenment regarding the Domain, one could also create a Spirit Severing Treasure.

This was done by fusing the will of the First Severing blade into a magical item, using the Nascent Divinity to nourish it, and then transforming it into the Spirit Severing Treasure. Such a magical item was

created with life force, making it incredibly powerful.

Furthermore, the weakness or strength of the magical item upon its creation would determine the weakness or strength of its later form.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he did nothing to evade it. After measuring it up for a moment, he lifted his right hand up to perform an incantation. The image of a mountain appeared above his hand, after which he pointed forward. The mountain rumbled out, heading directly toward the battle-ax shaped collection of hundreds of magical symbols.

As the mountain neared, the battle-ax did nothing to avoid it. When the mountain slammed into it, a huge boom could be heard, and the mountain collapsed. There was absolutely no change whatsoever to the battle-ax. However, it suddenly stopped in place, almost as if it had a spirit that was now staring in shock.

It was as if it possessed its own will, and was currently thinking about how nothing in its memory had ever dared to attack it.

Meng Hao frowned. The battle-ax was far more powerful than he could have imagined. It was in this moment that the battle-ax finally reacted; it instantly shot toward Meng Hao, blade first.

Furthermore, a black mist rose up around it, within which two eyes were visible, staring dead at Meng Hao. A furious rumbling sound emanated out from within the battle-ax as it sped toward him.

"Interesting," he said, smiling. His days spent traveling through the Stormwind Divide had actually been somewhat monotonous, so how could he shrink back from something intriguing like this?

Moments ago, he had just been testing it out. Now that the battle-ax was charging toward him, he suddenly lifted his right hand, causing the illusory image of a mountain thousands of meters tall to appear around him. He then waved both hands outward, causing the mountain to grow until it was 15,000 meters tall. Then, the battle-ax slammed into it.

A boom could be heard that resonated up into the sky. The fog in the area churned, and the sound echoed out into the far regions of the storm

winds.

In fact, quite some distance away within the Stormwind Divide was a pitch-black ship that flew a pitch-black flag. As it proceeded through the storm winds, it emanated a bloody aura, as if the ship itself were filled with fresh blood.

Blood-colored magical symbols rose up from the blood, which, in combination with the sails of the ship, allowed it to proceed safely through the winds that would cause even Spirit Severing Cultivators to wince.

The wind could do nothing to the boat, and when the lightning neared it, it didn't hit the ship, but actually avoided it. Even the balls of magical symbols seemed shaken when they saw the ship, and would sink into dormancy.

There were a dozen or so Cultivators on the ship, pale-faced and panting as they looked out at the terrifying scene outside. Most of them were Nascent Soul Cultivators, with only a couple being of the Core Formation stage.

In charge of the ship were three old men. They wore haughty expressions, and would occasionally glance over at the other passengers with looks of scorn.

"What's all the fuss about?" said one of them. "We still have a long ways to go. There's at least six months of travel before we reach our destination."

"The Sun Soul Society ferry isn't the fastest in the three Sects, but it's the safest. Your Spirit Stones will not have been spent in vain."

In response to the words of the old men, the passengers on the ship forced smiles onto their faces. They were already scared witless by everything they had seen on their journey. There were only two of their number who had calm expressions; it seemed they were already familiar with the frightening sights of the Stormwind Divide.

All of these people were Cultivators on their way to search for good

fortune in the Third Ring. This ship was a special vessel to transport them there, for a certain amount of Spirit Stones of course.

In the Milky Way Sea, there was only one way to get into the Third Ring, and that was to go to one of the Sea Cities of the three Sects, pay the price, and then board one of these special ships.

Of course, Meng Hao's illegal method did not count as a valid method of entry.

The people on the ship had just squeezed out smiles onto their faces when, suddenly, muffled booms could be heard from off in the distance. Immediately, the storm winds in the area rippled, and the lightning twisted. Furthermore, many of the magical symbols twitched and then seemed to awaken from slumber.

The sight caused the faces of everyone on the ship to flicker as they wondered what had just happened.

As for the two people who previously had completely calm faces, they opened their eyes, and a strange light could be seen therein. They exchanged a glance, and then looked off into the distance.

The three old men from the Sun Soul Society who were piloting the boat also looked up. Strange looks could be seen in their eyes, but only for a moment. Then they began to laugh coldly, and expressions of derision could be seen clearly on their faces.

"Someone is trying to rely on their own power to illegally pass through."

"Whoever it is, they are paying for their unlawful travel with their life! Serves them right!"

"How could somebody possibly pass through the spell formation set up by the ancestors of the three Sects? That person is simply looking to die. Although, to cause such a reaction shows that his Cultivation base is definitely not weak."

"Who cares? He most likely ran into a ten-symbol formation. If it was a hundred-symbol formation, then he's definitely dead!"

When the other Cultivators heard the words of the three old men, they began to chuckle. Every year there were always Cultivators who tried to get through on their own power, in order to avoid paying the fee to take a ship. However, nobody ever succeeded; they always died inside.

The Cultivators on the ship had never imagined that they would encounter such a person on their own journey.

“It’s too bad we’re so far away,” said one of them. “Otherwise we could personally witness him dying. It must be a spectacular sight.”

“It’s already perilous enough trying to get into the Third Ring. To place oneself out in the Stormwind Divide is really stupid.”

“Now that I think about it, all those Spirit Stones I spent were really worth it.”

Everyone on board seemed to be a bit more relaxed now.

Chapter 650: How Happy You Are....

Cultivators were just people, so naturally, they also possessed the seven emotions and six pleasures, and tended to think of themselves as superior to others. Such a feeling of superiority would often turn into a type of happiness.

Oftentimes, that feeling of superiority really is... the source of happiness.

For example, the feeling that you are safe while someone else is not, can be happiness. Another example would be drinking a cup of water when you are thirsty, while someone else has nothing to drink except their own saliva. That can also be a kind of happiness.

The people in the boat were currently experiencing exactly that type of happiness.

Because of such happiness, they were not as nervous about the danger that surrounded them. Instead, they were laughing and chatting about the unlucky fool on the outside who had overestimated himself.

Of course, Meng Hao was the unlucky fool to whom they referred. Booming surrounded him as the mountain around him collapsed. At the same time, the gigantic battle-ax also started to collapse too.

The backlash rocked the battle-ax, causing it to be torn to pieces right in front of Meng Hao. However, the magical symbols that had formed it did not disperse; instead, they formed back together into a huge hand. Instantly, the hand grabbed toward Meng Hao, radiating intense ferocity and hatred.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he lifted his hand and pointed forward. Instantly, his finger turned the color of blood. This was the Blood Finger!

Next was a second finger, a third... and finally, five fingers stretched out, turning into the Blood Palm! It was fully thirty meters wide, seemingly illusory, but at the same time, incredibly realistic. Backed by the power of the Ninth Anima, it shot directly toward the ax-cum-hand.

A huge boom could be heard as both the Blood Palm and the huge hand formed of magical symbols both exploded into little pieces. Meng Hao didn't hesitate for a moment; he instantly moved forward, performing an incantation gesture with his right hand and then waving his sleeve. A killing air immediately spread out. The glow of the Greenwood Tree could be seen, along with the extinction of the Violet Sea, raging flames, and the Frost Soil.

This was a five elements magical technique that instantly caused five characters to appear. They exuded vicious pressure down onto the dissipating magical symbols of the battle-ax.

A rumbling could be heard as the hundreds of magical symbols which had made up the battle-ax began to tremble. They seemed to be struggling to escape, but before they could, Meng Hao neared. His hand clenched into a fist, which then punched out, backed by the intense power of his fleshly body.

The air vibrated, and a gust from the surrounding storm winds bore down on him. It slashed into the magical symbols, instantly cause them to scatter and disperse.

This time, the magical symbols flashed, but did not re-form back together. Meng Hao gave a cold snort, then performed another incantation, simultaneously rotating his Cultivation base. Instantly, no less than a thousand tiny mountains appeared and then shot out.

This thousand mountains technique was formed by the Mountain Consuming Incantation, and as it descended, each mountain exerted intense pressure onto a magical symbol. Instantly, they were all suppressed. Meng Hao waved his hand, and the mountains crushed down onto them.

In the blink of an eye, the mountains began to consolidate together. Rumbling could be heard as a thousand-meter tall mountain appeared, sealed inside of which, shockingly, was a battle-ax.

It struggled, attempting to free itself, but Meng Hao waved his hand through the air and the mountain shot toward him. As it did, it grew

smaller and smaller, until it could fit onto the palm of his hand.

The battle-ax inside was suppressed down, shrunken. It struggled more and more fiercely, until cracking and popping sounds could be heard. After the space of a few breaths of time, the battle-ax successfully destroyed the mountain, and then began to charge out from within.

Meng Hao's face was calm as the index finger of his left hand pushed onto the mountain.

“Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!”

His coolly spoken words caused a ‘hex’ character to appear and cover the mountain peak, sealing it. The battle-ax let out a mournful wail. It was completely incapable of extricating itself now.

Meng Hao felt a bit relieved, finally. He left behind a strand of Divine Sense, added a few more restrictive spells, and then finally smiled and put the mountain into his bag of holding.

“This will count as a treasure,” he thought, his eyes glittering brightly. Although it had seemed a simple matter to subjugate the item, it actually took all the power of his Cultivation base, as well as the support of his incredibly powerful fleshly body. Were it some other Spirit Severing Cultivator along the likes of Patriarch Huyan, they could by no means collect up the battle-ax in the relaxed manner which Meng Hao just had.

“The more spirit treasures I have like this the better,” he thought. “Who knows what kind of price I’ll be able to sell them for in the future.” Eyes shining brightly, he looked around until his gaze fell upon a group of one hundred magical symbols floating around off in the distance.

The collection of symbols seemed to possess a certain amount of sentience. Perhaps because he had been touched by the aura of the battle-ax, as soon as he looked at the one-hundred symbol spell formation, it instantly appeared to be shocked, and then attempted to flee.

“Since this entire area was planned out like a structure to block Sea Demons, it wouldn’t be very reasonable of me to take away all the spell formations. Besides, the one-hundred symbol formations can’t even form

into anything specific, so it would be mostly useless to try to take them away.” Muttering to himself, Meng Hao turned and flew off into the distance, ignoring the one-hundred symbol spell formations.

Quite some distance away, the passengers on the pitch-black ship could hear the muffled booms off in the distance, and their smiles grew even happier.

“That guy must be dead already.”

“He overestimated his own ability, and didn’t even have enough Spirit Stones to pay to get on the ship. No wonder he wanted to risk it all in the Third Ring. What a pity he’s not very intelligent. Who does he think he is to try to charge through the Stormwind Divide? One of the Three Saints?”

As the others chatted and laughed, the two calm Cultivators closed their eyes and ignored the goings on. The three old men from the Sun Soul Society who were responsible for the boat looked more arrogant than ever. They had been running this boat for a full sixty-year cycle of time, and during that time had never heard of anyone successfully charging through the Stormwind Divide.

However, after a few days passed, the sense of happiness felt by everyone had lessened a bit. But then, more of the magical symbols in the area, as well as the lightning and even the gusts of wind, seemed to be under pressure, even nervous. More explosions could be heard from off in the distance.

The sounds caused the group to grow even more excited. This time, they didn’t need any explanation from the three old men. Everyone knew exactly what the sounds were, even if they couldn’t see the source. Soon, the sound of their conversation could be heard.

“Hahaha! Don’t tell me another person is trying to charge through?”

“Another person who doesn’t know their own limits? I never imagined that this trip to the Third Ring would be so fascinating.”

“What a pity. I truly wish I could watch with my own eyes.”

Everyone was excited, but the three old men were actually somewhat

shocked. Just about every time they piloted the ship, they would hear explosions like this. However, it was very rare to hear such a series of explosions twice, like they had this time.

The three old men exchanged smiles, but didn't think too much about it, and focused instead on piloting the ship forward.

The sounds didn't last for very long, only as long as it takes an incense stick to burn. Then they faded away, and another round of talking and chuckling began on the ship.

However, about four days later, the sounds could be heard once again. The passengers on the ship were astonished.

"What's going on? How could there possibly be three people all trying to cross the Stormwind Divide?"

"Something doesn't seem right...."

"Everyone; do you think... that perhaps the person from the very beginning didn't actually die?" These final words were spoken by the person with the weakest Cultivation base of the whole group, the young Core Formation Cultivator.

As soon as he spoke the words, everyone went quiet. The two Cultivators who had sat there calmly the entire time suddenly opened their eyes, seemingly astonished by the implication of the young man's theory.

The three men in charge of the ship also looked shocked, but quickly recovered.

"No unfounded ravings allowed onboard!" growled one of them.

"This is the Stormwind Divide!" said another. "Other than the Three Saints of the Milky Way Sea, nobody can cross it!"

"Obviously what we're hearing is an entire Sect trying to cross. It's not the first time something like that has happened." The rest of the passengers weren't quite sure whether or not to believe the words of the old men. In any case, the happiness of their mood had clearly lessened by quite a bit.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao flew quickly through the storm wind gusts. Currently, he faced a 150 meter long whip. The whip was about three meters wide, and completely savage in appearance. However, it was surrounded by an enormous mountain, which was gradually suppressing it.

After enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn, it made an unyielding howl. Then the mountain descended, completely sealing it. It shrank down into Meng Hao's hand, after which he put it into his bag of holding.

"Number four!" he said, eyes shining brightly. With a smile, he turned and proceeded to speed along his way.

Two more months passed by. During that time, the group on the ship heard one set of explosions after another. Soon, they had heard the sounds seven times. By now, their mood had changed from one of curiosity to shock.

By the time the thirteenth set of explosions rang out, they were filled with dread. Even the three old men were panting.

After the two months passed, and the twentieth set of explosions reached their ears. Everyone on the boat was now completely and utterly dumbfounded. That was especially so after they realized... that the sounds of the explosions were getting closer!

During the two months, Meng Hao ran into more magical symbols in the shape of treasures. Whenever he did, he would instantly attack and exert full power to subdue them.

By this point, he was in the very depths of the Stormwind Divide, and was getting much closer to the pitch-black ship.

As he got deeper in, his speed was continually reduced. The intensity of the wind was now hurting him, and was even causing his body to start to break apart.

Right now, he had to continuously disseminate power from his Cultivation base in order to hang on.

As for the lightning, it was now possible to see illusory figures within it that apparently possessed sentience. Meng Hao was shocked.

At one point, he suddenly caught sight of a bright white light in the otherwise pitch blackness. It seemed to be consuming lightning, which caused Meng Hao to take a deep breath and then change his course.

What he saw was a toad, gobbling up lightning. This was the first time he had seen magical symbols shaped into the form of a beast. The toad was at least three hundred meters long, and in Meng Hao's estimation, was formed from around ten thousand magical symbols.

"I wonder how far away I am from the edge of this place..." he thought, avoiding the toad. The toad noticed him, but completely ignored him as it continued to consume lightning.

Meng Hao looked away, and was just about to speed off into the distance when suddenly he made a slight "eee?" sound. He turned his head and sent Divine Sense out. Sure enough, he could sense a ship, speeding along through the air.

"Perfect. I can jump onto this ship and rest a bit while I go the rest of the way." His eyes glittering, he proceeded on toward it.

Chapter 651: My Dao Is Nigh!

That ship, of course, was the Sun Soul Society ship who had listened to the ruckus caused by Meng Hao this entire time. Whether it was the three old men, the two calm youths, or the rest of the passengers, all of them were bewildered and filled with dread. Everyone wanted the ship to emerge from within the Stormwind Divide as soon as possible.

During the past two months, they had heard the sounds of explosions more than twenty times. By now, they had all begun to speculate that it wasn't a group of people trying to pass through the Stormwind Divide, but rather, a single individual!

That person must be incredibly powerful, fearsome to the extreme in order to be able to brave the spell formation and not be destroyed.

Most important of all was that the ship happened to have a Feng Shui compass that the three old men had pooled their power together to use a month previous.

The Feng Shui compass was something rarely used on the ship. It had only one function; it could send out invisible waves into the Stormwind Divide, which would then cause a map of the area to appear on the surface of the compass. The map would reveal the location of any powerful spirit creatures formed of magical symbols.

A month ago, they had used that function of the map to reveal the spirits, which were all represented in by white dots of light. The entire area around them was densely covered by such white dots. However, there in the middle of all of them... was a red dot!

That red dot caused everyone to be filled with horrified astonishment.

A red dot represented an outside Cultivator!

Furthermore, during the past month, the white dots in the area had been significantly reduced. It seemed to indicate that the magical symbol spirits were intentionally avoiding the area. In addition, the red dot that represented the outside Cultivator only continued to grow brighter and

more resplendent, like fresh blood. Everyone looked on with wide eyes, panting.

That was even more the case when they realized... that the red dot was actually moving at high speed toward the yellow dot on the map. That yellow dot... represented the ship they were on! Panicked cries of alarm could be heard.

“He’s coming!!”

“The Cultivator who’s crossing the Stormwind Divide, he’s... heading right toward us!” The more than ten Cultivators aboard the ship were all pale-faced. Some of them even rose to their feet in terror, their faces filled with fear and awe of the unknown.

The three old men in charge of the boat exchanged pale-faced glances. They could see the bitterness and complex emotions in each other’s eyes. The three of them could never have imagined that they would ever witness such a shocking scene.

They didn’t know who this outsider was, but the three of them did know with complete certainty that anyone who could survive in the depths of the Stormwind Divide would most definitely be of the Spirit Severing stage!

“Spirit Severing eccentrics have strange dispositions. If he kills all of us, the Sect wouldn’t do anything. It wouldn’t risk offending a Spirit Severing expert just for the likes of us three.”

“Dammit! Why is this happening? If he wants to cross, fine, but why does he have to come after us...?”

They sat there, perturbed. It was at this point that everyone watched in astonishment as a huge gust of wind from the Stormwind Divide suddenly blasted against the right side of the boat, causing the bloody glow that emanated up from the ship to dim, as if it were being completely covered up.

Not a single sound could be heard onboard. Everyone sat there apprehensively, looking out in the direction of the gust of wind. The fog

outside roiled, and a stifling pressure began to bear down on them.

Soon, a green figure could be seen, striding forward through the air. His salt and pepper hair floated about him as he laid eyes on the ship. It was, of course, Meng Hao.

Even as he caught sight of them, everyone on the ship looked at him.

As soon as the three old men saw him, they began to tremble. "Third generation disciples of the Sun Soul Society offer greetings to you, senior," they said in unison. The intense pressure radiating from Meng Hao caused them all to breath raggedly. They even felt the Nascent Souls inside of them quivering under the pressure.

Intense terror began to build up inside of them, especially when Meng Hao looked directly at them. His gaze was like a sharp blade. It was almost like he could read their hearts and minds with a single glance. It was as if they were completely transparent in front of him. Without any hesitation, the three old men quickly clasped hands and bowed deeply

At the same time, the more than ten passengers on the ship also clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's face was expressionless as he strode forward toward the ship. As he neared, a red shield suddenly sprang up, a defensive mechanism of the ship.

When the shield sprang up, the three old men felt their hearts starting to pound, and their faces completely fell. Inwardly, they felt intense regret, and were sure that a misunderstanding was about to occur. Obviously, the shield wouldn't be able to do anything to hinder an expert who could survive out in the Stormwind Divide. At the most, it might slow him down for a moment, but in the end, the unlucky ones in the whole matter would be themselves.

They were about to try to lower the shield, but before they could, Meng Hao pushed directly into it. Zapping sounds could be heard, but his face was the same as usual as he walked through it.

Most of the others on the ship actually couldn't see what was

happening, but the three old men couldn't help but gasp with shock. They had never imagined that their shield would be so ineffective in blocking Meng Hao.

What was happening completely exceeded their imaginations; they instantly dropped to their knees and kowtowed.

There were others who noticed the strangeness of the goings on. The two calm youths had been to the Third Ring before, on more than one occasion. Therefore, they understood quite a bit more about the ship than the others. Currently, their faces flickered, and their hearts began to pound.

Meng Hao said nothing. He boarded the ship, looked around, and then sat down cross-legged on the prow.

He didn't speak at first, and the rest of the people on the ship were as silent as cicadas during winter. The three old men didn't dare to rise to their feet. The entire ship was quiet.

After a bit of time passed, Meng Hao casually said, "Do you happen to have a map of the Third Ring?"

Without the slightest hesitation, the three old men produced jade slips from their bags of holding and respectfully offered them to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao accepted, glanced at the jade slips, and then eyed the Feng Shui compass off to the side. His eyes glittered, and he nodded.

"You're going to the Third Ring?" he asked.

"Senior," replied one of the three old men, "we are currently under orders to pilot this ship and deliver these passengers to the Seahold in the Third Ring."

"Would it be convenient for you to take me along?" asked Meng Hao coolly.

"Senior, you are most welcome aboard our ship. Many thanks for staying to watch out for us. We members of the junior generation can't thank you enough." The three old men were attempting to be as respectful as

possible, and in their fear of offending Meng Hao, spoke in a borderline fawning tone.

“Well, let’s get moving,” said Meng Hao, closing his eyes.

The three old men immediately voiced their agreement, then carefully rose to their feet. Inwardly breathing sighs of relief, they sent the ship forward at the highest speed possible. As they proceeded onward, no one dared to speak. The ship was completely quiet.

The ship didn’t move as quickly as Meng Hao could move, but the advantage was the ease with which he could proceed. He sat there cross-legged, meditating for a few days. Then, he suddenly opened his eyes and looked over at the Feng Shui compass. There, he could clearly see that a thousand-symbol spirit was floating not too far off in the distance.

After enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn, the thousand-symbol spirit was close enough to see with the naked eye. It looked like an iron chain floating there in the storm winds. It completely ignored the ship, although it occasionally attempted to consume lightning as it drifted about.

Meng Hao suddenly stood up.

“Stop the ship. Wait for me!” With that, he strode out. The three old men and the other passengers were shocked. They watched on as Meng Hao left the ship. Immediately, the iron chain appeared to sense him. It whipped around in his direction, and an intensely bleak killing will rose up to the Heavens. Suddenly, the lightning in the area turned red and shot whistling through the air toward Meng Hao.

However, before the iron chain could even get near him, Meng Hao performed an incantation gesture. Instantly, the characters for metal, wood, water, fire, and earth appeared. As they surrounded the iron chain, Meng Hao stepped forward and punched.

The iron chain collapsed, sending a thousand magical symbols spreading out in all directions. He then performed another incantation gesture, and the Mountain Consuming Incantation caused a thousand mountains to appear. They covered the magical symbols, then merged together to form

a huge mountain peak. Next, the mountain peak shrank down into Meng Hao's palm, where he sealed it.

After putting it into his bag of holding, he spun around and returned to the ship.

The entire spectacle only took ten breaths of time. Meng Hao's actions were as natural and unforced as floating clouds and flowing water. Everything was completely efficient, as if he was completely used to doing such things. Everyone who watched on was thoroughly shaken.

The people on the boat stared blankly, and the two Cultivators who had been to the Third Ring before were breathing heavily. They were well aware of how mighty a thousand-symbol spirit was, which caused their fear of Meng Hao reach a new peak.

By now, they were absolutely certain the reason they had heard explosions more than twenty times in the past. Back then, they could never have imagined that it was a terrifying Cultivator who could subdue and capture magical symbol spirits.

Most shocked of all were the three old men. They were disciples of the Sun Soul Society, and were far more knowledgeable about the Stormwind Divide than the others.

Although others were unaware that the magical symbol spirits could be subdued, they were well aware of the fact. Every few hundred years, powerful experts from the three Sects would enter the spell formation under the leadership of a Patriarch, with the sole purpose of collecting magical symbol spirits. Such spirits were useful to the Patriarchs.

Although no one knew exactly how the Patriarchs used them, it was known that the magical symbol spirits were the essence of the spell formation. That was especially true of the thousand-symbol spirits, which were comparable to Spirit Severing Cultivators. They were unpredictable and virtually indestructible; only the Three Saints were capable of subduing them.

"S-s-senior... sir... how many thousand-symbol spirits have you acquired during your journey?" asked one of the three old men, his face pale, his

voice quavering.

“More than twenty,” replied Meng Hao from his position seated cross-legged on the prow. He glanced at the old man.

“More than twenty!!” The old man’s face completely fell, and he began to pant. He suddenly turned to look at the other two old men and then roared, “Get the ship moving again! Top speed!!”

They actually didn’t need any reminders. Having heard what Meng Hao said, they trembled, as if they had just thought of something even more terrifying than Meng Hao. They rotated their Cultivation bases at top speed to control the boat and push it forward as fast as it could.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he looked at the old man who had just spoken.

The man looked back with a wry smile, and a face full of anxiety.

“Senior, perhaps you are unaware that in a hundred year period, no more than five of the thousand-symbol spirits can be collected. That number can’t be exceeded, or else.... It will cause the yellow springs Underworld Ship to appear....

“The yellow springs emerge, the Underworld Ship appears, Dao Seeking forbidden zone!”

As soon as the old man spoke the words, the storm winds around them suddenly seemed to stop moving. The lightning stopped in mid-air, and the fog came to a standstill!

It seemed almost as if time, as if the very natural laws of the Heaven and Earth, had suddenly become completely motionless.

At the same time, an archaic voice could be heard. It was filled with an air of time; it sounded as if a veil of rot had been lifted. The hoarse voice echoed out from off in the distance.

“Long ago, you chose to continue onward to the end, until there was nothing of you left....

“Long ago, I chose to continue onward to the end, until only I was left....

“Who am I? Who are you...? Unfathomable bleached bones. The beginnings of eras. My Dao... is nigh.”

Chapter 652: Underworld Ship

As the voice echoed out, all of the hair on Meng Hao's body stood on end. An indescribable feeling washed through him, and it felt as if some ancient, icy hand were gently caressing his neck.

An aura of putrefaction filled the area. As for the ship he was on... everything suddenly seemed to slow down. In one fleeting moment, it seemed as if thousands of years had passed.

Everyone on the ship went pale white and began to shiver. Unprecedented expressions of fear could be seen on their faces. Even those who didn't know of the yellow springs Underworld Ship could tell from the current situation that they were in a situation of critical danger!

Terror filled the hearts of the three old men. They employed all of the power of their Cultivation base, and even consumed medicinal pills, to push the boat forward with all the speed possible.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and rotated his Cultivation base to dispel the intense coldness. One of the three old men who sat nearby yelled out in a hoarse voice: "Don't look back! All of you, listen to me. Under no circumstances look back!

"One must not gaze upon the path to the yellow springs! If you turn your head, you're done for!"

There were a few people on the ship who had been contemplating turning to look back. However, after hearing the old man's words, they sat there trembling, not daring to turn their heads even a little bit.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed. Behind him, he could hear sobbing sounds rising and falling. It sounded like the weeping of a crowd of countless people. Gradually, everything around grew even colder. In the dim light, it was possible to make out strands of white fog that looked like hair, swirling about in the air.

"The end of my Dao... is nigh...." said the voice, filled with an aura of decay. It seemed to be getting closer.

A cold gleam gradually appeared in Meng Hao's eyes as he stood there on the prow. Although he didn't turn his head back, the energy in his body gradually grew more and more focused.

The ship picked up speed, but everything around it was motionless. Even if it moved much faster, it would still be incapable of escaping the white strands that filled the area and were continuing to grow more numerous.

It almost seemed as if the ship itself were mired within a painting, a painting in which everything was motionless. It didn't matter if the three old men went all out with power, they still weren't moving fast enough.

The aura of rot grew closer, as if the Underworld Ship that the old men had talked about was getting closer and closer.

Even though their own ship wasn't moving, the passage of time on board seemed to be speeding up. Everyone trembled, as they sensed signs that their life force was beginning to drain away.

Despair welled up in the hearts of the three old men.

Meng Hao silently lifted up his right foot and then stamped it down softly onto the deck. Instantly, his Cultivation base rumbled, and power poured into the ship. Much of the deck directly shattered, but at the same time, the ship surged forward with incredible speed.

The speed was such that it seemed they would break free from the world of motionless within which they were stuck. The three old men gasped, and hope appeared in their faces as they assisted with all the power they could muster. It finally seemed that the ship would break free from the painting. Movement in their surroundings even became visible.

Eventually, they reached a speed that was capable of combating against whatever law it was in the area that caused everything to remain motionless. The air began to move, and the stillness seemed to be on the verge of shattering. It was at this point, when everything seemed to be just about to begin moving again, when Meng Hao heard a sigh in his ear.

Then he heard the voice of a man, a voice filled with boundless love. "Hao'er... have you been safe and sound all these years...? Back then, your

mother didn't agree, but as your father, I... I insisted that it must be this way. Don't blame your mother....”

Meng Hao trembled. He recognized the voice. Bits and pieces of it actually remained in his memories. Even after so many years had passed, he recognized that this was the voice of his father!

He stood there silently. He didn't look back as the ship sped forward. The motionlessness in the area was rapidly giving way to movement. The white strands that floated in the air were slowly moving backward, freeing the ship.

Just then, though, Meng Hao heard another voice.

“Hao'er... do you... still remember me? I'm your mother.... Look back, let me see your face. It's been so many years.... We've missed you.”

Meng Hao's entire body trembled, and his head moved slightly. A complex expression appeared in his eyes as he stood there breathing. He didn't look back; instead, he focused all his energy on controlling the boat. A rumbling sound could be heard as the front of the boat finally pierced out of the painting of stillness.

Meng Hao could see the border of the still region just up ahead; they were almost out of the painting.

“Deep in your heart, is obsession.” This voice was not the voice of his parents that existed in his memory. It was the ancient, decaying voice.

The voice seemed confused, as if it it, too, were filled with infinite obsession.

“You are a living being that I have encountered on the path to the yellow springs. I can... help you to fulfill your obsession. Look back, and you will be able to see what your parents look like.”

Meng Hao's Cultivation base suddenly stopped moving. He poured no more power into the ship, but instead stood there on the prow. Directly in front of him was the edge of the painting of motionlessness; after passing beyond that border, they would be free.

Meng Hao well knew that if he looked back, something untoward would likely happen. However, the words spoken to him just now had left him completely shaken.

No one else could hear the words spoken into his ear just now, not even the three old men. Everyone just sat there, trembling and in a daze. Meng Hao was the only lucid one among them all.

In his silence, Meng Hao suddenly smiled. It was an unrestrained smile, a smile filled with a will of purification.

He suddenly murmured, "What's the harm in turning my head? In my life of cultivation, I cultivate my heart. My path is one of understanding and truth.

"If I don't look back, how could I claim to cultivate my heart?" His eyes filled with a bright light as he casually turned to look behind him.

The first thing that caught his attention were the countless white strands that floated in the air, twisting and twining around the ship. The strands originated from an enormous battleship!

The ship was fully three thousand meters long, and radiated an archaic air, as if it had existed for countless ages. It was dilapidated in a way that suggested it had experienced the baptism of war.

At the prow of the battleship, a figure could be seen. It was an old man wearing a pitch-black suit of armor. It was impossible to see his features clearly, but his body looked like it had been rotting inside the armor for innumerable years. 1

As for the white strands, they were actually the man's hair!

As soon as Meng Hao laid eyes on him, the old man seemed to take notice. His head lifted up, and he looked at Meng Hao.

As soon as their gazes met, Meng Hao's mind filled with rumbling. Next, a vision appeared to him. He saw a coffin, its surface covered with carvings of nine butterflies.

The coffin rested on an ancient battlefield. The surroundings were

devoid of any colors except for black and white.

The vision lasted for only a few breaths of time. Then it dissipated. Meng Hao panted as he regained consciousness.

“His... Dao seed....” said the armored figure softly, his voice hoarse as it echoed about. “In all the years, of all the living things I have encountered, I have seen countless Dao seeds.... You, however, are different than them.

“Go.” The old man sat there cross-legged in his armor. It looked like he would never, ever stand up. When he spoke, his voice seemed to be filled with reminiscence. Slowly, his hair pulled away from the ship Meng Hao was on. At the same time, the archaic, three thousand meter battleship slowly began to back away. At the same time, it started to fade, as if it were about to vanish into thin air.

The stillness in the area also began to slowly disappear.

As the ship began to vanish, Meng Hao suddenly opened his mouth to speak. “Senior, you still haven’t fulfilled your promise!” Immediately, the stillness returned. The old man on the battleship gave Meng Hao a profound gaze.

That gaze seemed to contain the transformations of the entire world. It contained the turnings of time as it poured into Meng Hao’s eyes. Instantly, a roaring sound filled his mind.

This time in his vision, he saw Mount Daqing!

Outside of Mount Daqing was a whistling violet wind. Fog roiled about, covering the entire mountain, and eventually, Yunjie County.

Within the city, the lamps inside the houses were instantly extinguished, except for one house.... Inside that house, the lights danced, illuminating a middle-aged man who stood next to the window. It was impossible to tell what he was thinking.

The sounds of weeping could be heard within the bedroom. Through the cracks in the door, the silhouette of a woman could be seen. She held a boy in her arms, and tears streamed down her face.

The boy had intelligent eyes, but right now, they were filled with confusion and puzzlement.

The violet wind blew the violet fog until it completely covered Yunjie County. Far up above in the black night sky, a violet sun suddenly became visible.

The violet sun caused an indescribable pressure to suddenly weigh down on Yunjie County.

It was in that moment that the man pushed open the front door and walked out into the violet fog. The woman wiped the tears from her eyes and looked back at the boy for a moment. Then she turned and walked away.

In that moment, Meng Hao was able to clearly see her face.

She was beautiful, gentle, and her tears seemed to be filled with infinite reluctance to part. However, she left the boy behind in the room, frightened, confused and helpless.

“Dad.... Mom....” cried the boy. He seemed to be growing more frightened. He ran out into the fog.

“Dad.... Mom.... Where are you? I’m scared....” The boy’s voice was young and tender, and quavered when he spoke. He seemed terrified. The wind around him was cold, and the fog was all-encompassing. However, it couldn’t do anything to suppress the boy’s cries, which echoed out into the fog.

His sobbing grew more and more shrill as he ran. He suddenly tripped and fell, scraping his knees and tearing his garment. His hair was in disarray, and tears streamed down his face to fall onto the ground. All he wanted was his dad and mom, but what he didn’t notice was that behind him, a black, spectral hand stretched out toward his head from within the fog.

1. This is not the first time an armored figure was mentioned in connection to the Milky Way Sea. Check out chapters 555 and 632.

Chapter 653: Demons Stir in the Third Ring

Meng Hao watched the scene playing out with the boy, who was obviously himself. And yet, as he searched through his mind, no memory such as this existed. He remembered that night, and he remembered the violet-colored wind, as well what seemed to be countless bizarre voices.

That was the night his dad and mom went missing. He remembered waking up fuzzily, not quite able to remember what had happened. The only thing he remembered... was that his garment had been torn.

When he saw what was happening in the vision, it felt like lightning was striking through his mind.

Then he saw the spectral hand reaching out toward the boy. In that moment, a man appeared behind the boy. He gave a cold snort as he gripped the spectral hand between his fingers and then snapped it off.

The spectral hand disintegrated into powder, and a bloodcurdling scream could be heard. A ghostly figure flew off into the violet fog.

The boy was alarmed, but then he turned his head, and a look of joy appeared on his face. Tears rolling down his cheeks, he rushed into the arms of the man.

“Dad... where did you go? I couldn’t find you. I...”

The man did not pursue the ghostly figure. He knelt in front of the boy, his face filled with both love and doubt. Gazing at the boy, he reached out and tousled his hair.

He was silent for a long moment before he spoke out in a soft voice, “Don’t cry, Hao’er. Mom and dad have to go away for a while. We’ll all see each other again one day.”

As soon as he heard the words, the boy reached out and grabbed the man’s robe tightly. “Where are you going? I don’t want you to go....”

The man didn’t say anything. He patted the boy’s head, and then, after

another long moment passed, said, "The Eastern Lands."

His expression was filled with intense love, and also pain. Then he reached out to touch the boy. His hand flickered with a glowing light, and the boy's eyes closed and he fell asleep.

The man held the boy in his arms as he turned and walked back into the house. He gently placed the boy down onto the bed, then stood there watching him. Time passed, and he finally sighed.

Meng Hao was able to see the man's profile, outlined by the lamplight. He was handsome and dignified, and looked both familiar and yet also strange. Looking at him caused Meng Hao's heart to begin to pound.

After another long moment, the man leaned down and kissed the boy on the top of the head. When he raised back up, his expression was one of both pain and farewell. He left the house, and walked off into the violet wind and fog. He left Yunjie County, left Mount Daqing, and disappeared.

As the vision ended, a tremor ran through Meng Hao's body and he regained clarity. He stood on the deck of the ship. The only thing around them was storm winds. There were no white strands of hair, no Underworld Ship. There was only the Stormwind Divide.

Everyone else on the boat was asleep.

The surroundings were quiet. Meng Hao looked around, then sat down cross-legged and stared off into the distance, somewhat in a daze.

After a bit of time, the three old men awoke. Then, one by one, so did the others. They looked at Meng Hao with a mixture of dread and gratefulness. Meng Hao didn't speak, so of course, neither did they dare to say a single word.

It was in this manner that the ship continued on its voyage for several more months. Eventually, amidst the silence, it neared the end of the Stormwind Divide.

The entire time, Meng Hao never rose to his feet. When they encountered symbol spirits, he didn't even look at them. He only stared out in front of the ship; no one had any idea what he was thinking.

After the months passed, and the boat reached the end of the Stormwind Divide, a dock could be seen through the darkness, their final destination.

Meng Hao stood up and sent his Divine Sense to spread over the entire ship, and the people on it. This was a minor magical technique that he had picked up in the Demon Immortal Pagoda, a Daoist magic that would erase any trace of him from the minds of these people. After that, he flew out to disappear into the storm winds.

About ten breaths of time after Meng Hao vanished, everyone on the ship regained their senses. They looked a bit confused, but after a moment, the ship reached the dock. At that point, they seemed to break through some invisible barrier. The previous blackness gave way to a sudden burst of intense light.

It was sunlight shining down onto the sea and the waves. The group on the boat inhaled the salt air, and they knew... that they were now in the Third Ring!

Even as exclamations of joy rang out from the ship, Meng Hao emerged alone from within the Stormwind Divide. He stood on the surface of the sea, looking up at the sun.

“Whether that vision was real or not, the Eastern Lands... are definitely where I need to go!

“After I resolve this crisis with the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, then I’ll definitely be heading to the Eastern Lands!

“I’ll visit the Great Tang, I’ll visit Chang’an, and I’ll fulfill my childhood dream....” He looked off toward the east, wishing that his Cultivation base was sufficient to be able to see the Eastern Lands right now, no matter how far away it was.

“Maybe I can find some clues about dad and mom, and what happened that year. What was the violet wind and violet fog, and what did it have to do with me...?”

“And also...” He lowered his head and looked down at the back of his hand. Every time he had a Cultivation base breakthrough into a new stage,

there was the symbol that appeared there.

That mark had been with him for a long time, and if he couldn't come to understand what it meant, he would feel as if he had wasted all his years of cultivation.

"It's not like I didn't notice how strange Fang Yu was acting all those years ago.... Am I just unwilling to accept the truth?" In his thoughtfulness, a rare bit of weakness could be seen in his eyes. Finally, he sighed and pushed all the thoughts down into the bottom of his heart.

He suddenly felt very lonely. It was the type of loneliness where you look around and wonder where your home is. He had practiced cultivation for hundreds of years, but right now, had no friends to keep him company.

Such thinking caused the weakness in his eyes to grow a bit stronger.

"Is this cultivation? A path... that a person must stick to alone?" He closed his eyes for a long moment. When he opened them, no weakness was visible. Instead, there was the unswerving determination that usually resided therein.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and looked around, a sharp gleam in his eyes.

Everything around looked almost the same as the Fourth Ring. However, Meng Hao could sense that much more Demonic Qi flowed through the Third Ring.

No one else would be able to detect it, but as a Demon Sealer, Meng Hao could naturally sense it.

What Meng Hao didn't know was that in this very moment, countless eyes suddenly opened on the seafloor of the Third Ring. All of them stared up in his direction.

In the deepest part of the sea, the undercurrents swirled, and it seemed as if a tempest were forming. Countless red eyes emanated intense desire, as if they had finally seen hope for the first time.

Up above on the surface of the waters, Meng Hao muttered to himself

for a moment and then sped off. After flying for the time it takes an incense stick to burn, he suddenly frowned. The sea up ahead of him suddenly exploded up as a giant tentacle shot out from the water toward him.

It moved with such incredible speed that it looked like nothing more than a shadow. It almost looked like a flaming whip as it ripped through the air.

It was an attack that contained power similar to the Nascent Soul stage. Meng Hao gave a cold snort, then waved his hand toward the incoming tentacle and made a grasping motion. The tentacle stopped in mid-air just a few feet in front of him, almost as if it had been seized by some enormous, invisible hand.

The tentacle was completely black, and covered with countless suction disks. It squirmed and wriggled, seemingly struggling to free itself. It was sickening to look at, and if you followed it to its source, you could see what appeared to be an enormous creature in the churning waters below.

At the same time, whooshing sounds could be heard as more than ten additional tentacles burst out from the water toward Meng Hao. He watched on with a cold gleam in his eyes, then clutched out with his right hand and pulled.

Boom!

The sea exploded under the incredible power of Meng Hao's hand as an enormous, three hundred meter long cuttlefish was wrenched up out of the waters to hover in mid-air.

Meng Hao relaxed his hand, and then took a step forward. He instantly disappeared, only to reappear directly in front of the cuttlefish. His right hand formed into a fist which he then struck out. A massive boom could be heard as the cuttlefish directly exploded into countless pieces that then rained down onto the surface of the sea.

Within the shredded meat and flesh was a bluish crystalline object about the size of a finger. As soon as Meng Hao saw it, he grabbed it. When it touched his palm, it let off a gentle glow, along with the ripples of spiritual

power.

“This looks like a mid-grade Spirit Stone. It must be a Demon heart.” After examining it for a while, he put it away into his bag of holding, then began to make his way off. However, it was then that he frowned. He sent his Divine Sense out, and immediately, his face sank.

Within the range of his Divine Sense, he could sense more than twenty different kinds of Sea Demons in the area. All of them were speeding along through the sea in his direction.

Each one emitted violent auras, as well as intense avarice. They seemed to view themselves as hunters and him as the prey.

“Is this why the Third Ring is so dangerous?” he thought, his brow furrowed. With that, he waved his hand toward the sea down below. Instantly, the surface of the sea rumbled and sank down, forming into what looked like a crater, roughly three hundred meters wide. With another wave of his hand, Meng Hao caused the crater to begin to rotate.

The rotation caused a huge roaring sound to lift up into the sky. It almost looked like a black hole was forming in the water. Great waves surged about, revealing seven or eight vicious Sea Demons.

These Sea Demons didn’t have very high Cultivation bases; all were roughly at the early Nascent Soul stage, and a few even were in the Core Formation stage. They looked at Meng Hao with red eyes and vicious greed. It seemed that they couldn’t wait to consume Meng Hao, as if even taking a single bite of him would give them some type of enlightenment.

Their gazes caused Meng Hao to be filled with a sensation of disgust. He almost felt as if he were being looked at by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Coldness flickered in his eyes, and he made a cold snort as the fingers of his right hand slowly clenched into a fist.

At the same time, the vortex in the sea slowly constricted, tightening down and closing. The seawater instantly turned red with blood, and miserable howls could be heard. When Meng Hao opened his fist, the waters spread back out and the vortex resumed spinning.

A moment later, Meng Hao waved his sleeve, causing more than twenty Demon hearts to fly up from the reddened water. He put them into his bag of holding, then transformed into a beam of light that shot off into the distance.

The only thing that was left behind was the blood, which slowly dissolved into the seawater. Everything was calm and peaceful.

Chapter 654: Lily....

The Third Ring was very large and contained a great number of Cultivators. Most organized into groups of three or perhaps five to go hunting Sea Demons in various regions of the Third Ring. To encounter a Sea Demon was a lucky break in and of itself. Of course, there were some powerful Sea Demons who could also bring incredible disaster.

There were even some areas within the Third Ring that were specially noted in jade slip maps. Anyone who wanted to enter such areas had to prepare special items ahead of time.

Furthermore, there was one particular city in the Third Ring called Seahold that had been established jointly by the three Sects, which made it convenient for Cultivators to trade for supplies. The city was enormous, and towered up above the surface of the water like a huge fortress. It was covered with shocking spell formations that had protected it for countless years against the attacks of Sea Demons.

Within the city were garrisoned more than 10,000 Cultivators from the three Sects. In addition, there was always one of the three Saints in command of the city. They rotated every one hundred years.

For years, the three Sects had maintained an incredible reputation, to the point where even the powers in the Southern Domain, Eastern Lands, Western Desert, and Northern Reaches acknowledged them.

Several days later, Meng Hao flew in mid-air over the Third Ring. He lifted up his right hand, and lightning crackled. Instantly, a thirty-meter long Sea Demon comparable in power to a Foundation Establishment Cultivator, was destroyed.

This particular Sea Demon didn't even have a Demon heart. However, for some reason, as soon as it detected Meng Hao's aura, it had seemed to go crazy, and had attacked him with complete abandon. Meng Hao had run into seven or eight other Sea Demons just like this in his travels so far.

"Something's not right!" he thought, frowning. It almost felt as if he were going around the Third Ring with a big target on his back. No matter

where he went, Sea Demons would come for him.

His eyes flickered as he thought for a moment, then sent his Divine Sense out. After searching for about three days, he was able to find a group of Cultivators, five of them, who were cautiously hunting for Sea Demons.

He followed them from a distance, and they were unaware of his presence.

However, after only half a day, he sensed eight frenzied Sea Demons closing in. All of a sudden, they burst out from the water, howling. The faces of the five Cultivators instantly filled with shock.

“How could there be so many Sea Demons!!”

“Don’t tell me some sort of treasure is in the area!?” The five of them began to flee in alarm. Of course, the Sea Demons weren’t after them, so they were able to get away easily.

Meng Hao floated there in mid-air, his brow furrowed. Having observed what was happening, he now understood that it was he himself who was attracting the Sea Demons!

“Is there something special about me that drives them crazy?” he thought, his eyes flickering. Down below, the Sea Demons were charging across the surface of the water at top speed. Meng Hao let out a cold snort, then waved his right hand. Instantly, the sword tip with 30,000 years of Time power flew out. Under Meng Hao’s control, it turned into a black beam of light that shot directly toward one particular Sea Demon which looked like a crab.

When it shot through the Sea Demon, the creature instantly turned completely gray, as if had just passed through tens of thousands of years of time. In the blink of an eye, it turned into nothing more than ash.

The beam continued on to pierce through six more Sea Demons, all of whom, regardless of the level of their Cultivation base, instantly withered up and turned into nothing more than ash.

As for the final Sea Demon, it looked like a sea turtle. When it saw

everything that happened, its eyes filled with terror. Despite that, it didn't seem to be able to resist the urge to charge toward Meng Hao. It was like an instinct that it was unable to control. With a howl, it charged onward.

Meng Hao glanced coldly at the sea turtle, which was only a few dozen meters long. He put away the Time Sword tip, then performed an incantation. The Mountain Consuming Incantation appeared, and an enormous mountain peak descended. It smashed down onto the sea turtle, completely sealing it inside. Meng Hao waved his sleeve to collect up the mountain, as well as the other Demon hearts in the area. Then, he proceeded off into the distance.

Not too long later, Meng Hao materialized out of thin air to appear near an island. Instantly, roaring could be heard from the island. Meng Hao frowned somewhat grudgingly. He had no idea what type of ferocious beast or Sea Demon was there, but without waiting to find out, he sent a palm strike down. The entire island shook and trembled as the palm attack slammed into the area where the roaring came from.

The island trembled, and then was completely silent. Whatever creature was there had been killed with a single strike.

Meng Hao sat down cross-legged, then waved his right hand. Immediately, the mountain peak flew out from his bag of holding, within which was sealed the body of the sea turtle.

The first thing that Meng Hao thought about when he looked at the sea turtle was old turtle Reliance. He frowned for a moment, then waved a finger, causing the mountain peak to vanish. The sea turtle glared at him viciously with red eyes. Then it howled and charged in attack. Meng Hao's right hand instantly waved down.

A boom rattle out as a huge, invisible palm crushed down onto the sea turtle. No matter how it struggled, it was incapable of freeing itself. It could only look at Meng Hao and roar.

"You want to eat me?" asked Meng Hao coolly. He sent out some of his Demon Sealer aura, but it didn't seem to provoke any special reaction from the sea turtle. It continued to roar and snap at him as if it wanted to

swallow him in a single bite.

“So, it’s not because I’m a Demon Sealer?” he thought. He retracted the aura and then started to remove all of the bags of holding he possessed and place them off to the side. What he discovered was that the sea turtle didn’t even glance at them. It continued to glare directly at him and him alone.

“It’s not anything in my bags of holding either. Could it really be me personally? Is it because of the Fleshly Sanctification?” After a good period of thought, he couldn’t come up with any better explanation.

After all, he did have some of the characteristics of the Demon Immortal Body. Meng Hao found it plausible that it could be attractive in some way to the Sea Demons.

After more thought, his eyes began to shine brightly. He raised his right hand, sliced a cut into the tip of his finger, and then squeezed out some blood. The sea turtle instantly went into a frenzy, howling and writhing as it attempted to charge forward and get at the blood.

“So that’s what’s going on,” thought Meng Hao. The wound on his finger instantly healed back up, and he rose to his feet. Then, he lifted up his hand to do away with the troublesome sea turtle. However, before he could complete the motion, his hand stopped.

“What if that isn’t the complete explanation...?” he thought. He glanced at the turtle again, and then closed his eyes to recall a divine ability he had picked up in the Demon Immortal Pagoda that was similar to the one he had used earlier to erase memories.

Based on his previous Cultivation base, using the ability would have resulted in a backlash. However, if he used it now, he could reduce the effects of the backlash to a minimum. His body flashed, and he appeared directly next to the sea turtle. Even as it eyed him hungrily, his hand pressed down onto the turtle’s head.

“Spirit Searching!” It was only a light touch, but the sea turtle’s body immediately went stiff.

White light emanated out from Meng Hao's eyes. In a scant moment, his senses entered into the mind of the sea turtle. He sensed brutality, madness, and desire.

There were also a random assortment of memories that flooded into Meng Hao's mind. Being his first time using this technique, Meng Hao felt a bit out of sorts. However, his powerful Cultivation base pushed down the ill feeling, and he began to search for an answer in the sea turtle's memory.

He searched for quite some time, until suddenly his concentration peaked. Within the intact memories inside the sea turtle, he had encountered a word.

“... lily”

Meng Hao's face flickered and he pulled his right hand away. The sea turtle was now laying prone, gasping for breath. A Spirit Searching like the one he had just performed would leave it either dead or injured.

“Lily....” murmured Meng Hao. With that, he looked down at himself, then used his right hand to violently push down onto his belly. His entire body shook, and then began to grow weaker, both in terms of Cultivation base and in his Qi and blood.

As he grew weaker, he performed an incantation gesture. A seal appeared, which he placed onto himself, causing his energy to fade. Underneath the pressure, his Cultivation base sank to the Nascent Soul stage, then the Core Formation Stage, and then the Foundation Establishment stage....

Now that he had weakened himself to this extent, another bizarre aura silently appeared. This aura was none other than the aura of the Resurrection Lily!

Normally speaking, Meng Hao was too powerful, and kept the aura suppressed to the point where it wouldn't be easily noticeable. Now, though, by intentionally weakening himself, he caused the aura of the Resurrection Lily to be revealed more openly.

As soon as the aura appeared, something happened that caused Meng Hao to be deeply shocked.

The sea turtle, which moments ago had been gasping on the verge of death, suddenly lifted its head up. Its eyes focused, it let out a shocking roar and then charged toward Meng Hao. Its body was being suppressed, but it didn't seem to care. It roared and struggle until its shell began to crack and shatter. Its body began to fall apart, but its eyes were bright red and its head stretched out violently until it literally ripped off of the body. Blood splattered about as the dying head stretched out toward Meng Hao, its mouth gaping.

Meng Hao backed up a few paces. He could clearly see the desire and madness in the dying eyes. His face flickered as he looked out at the surrounding sea. Huge waves rolled across its surface, and countless shocking auras could be sensed charging from all directions, filled with madness.

Meng Hao immediately severed the aura and released the seal. His energy rapidly rose, and the Resurrection Lily's aura was suppressed. The madness in the sea around him was reduced by a small measure.

Meng Hao instantly transformed into a green smoke and vanished.

When he reappeared, he was in mid-air off in the distance.

"So, the Resurrection Lily is what's attracting the Sea Demons!

"Now that I think about it, Master told me about someone who came to him looking for medicine to help with the Resurrection Lily infection. As to whether he is alive or dead now, I have no idea. I just remember that he was from... the Milky Way Sea. 1

"If I can find him, maybe he could use his understanding of the Resurrection Lily to help me with mine." After thinking for a moment, Meng Hao vanished again.

Meanwhile, far from the Third Ring, in the depths of the Second Ring...

The water in this area was black, and everything was quiet. Even the surface of the sea was calm, without any waves or even ripples. There was

also a black island, upon which sat a cross-legged figure. He had the physical appearance of a Cultivator, except that a spiraling horn stuck out from his forehead. He was surrounded by vast quantities of bones, many of which were the bones of Cultivators.

His eyes suddenly opened, and within each eye, two pupils could be seen. A savage aura exploded out from him.

“Resurrection... Lily....”

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1. Grandmaster Pill Demon told Meng Hao about a person from the Milky Way Sea named Reverend Silver Lamp, who came to him asking for help regarding the Resurrection Lily. That was in chapter 294.

Chapter 655: Hunting Sea Demons

A month flashed by.

During that time, Meng Hao swept freely across the Third Ring. Considering the level of his Cultivation base, there were no Sea Demons who could stand up to him. The instant any appeared and got close to him, he would destroy them.

Sometimes he didn't actually even need to do anything personally. He would simply send the Wooden Time Sword tip flying out to circulate around him. A mere thought could send the tip speeding to the attack at any time.

Twenty-five days earlier, a group of adventuring Cultivators, roughly a dozen or more in number, had been speeding along, pursued by two roaring Sea Demons.

Even in the midst of their hopelessness, a black beam appeared. It shot through the two Sea Demons, transforming them into ash. The Demon hearts flew out, and then vanished into thin air.

Twenty days earlier, a haughty-faced man was fighting at close quarters with a Sea Demon, when a black beam suddenly appeared out of nowhere to transform the Sea Demon into ash.

Fifteen days earlier, ten days earlier, five days earlier, similar scenes played out in different areas in the Third Ring. In fact, almost every day such things occurred. Gradually, rumors began to spread about the black sword tip.

After a month of domination, Meng Hao had collected nearly a thousand Demon hearts. Most were low-grade, with only a few being mid-grade.

Meng Hao wasn't very happy with the results, although anyone else would have been wild with joy.

"Chosen from the Sects and Clans of the Southern Domain, Northern Reaches, and Eastern Lands all owe me large quantities of Spirit Stones. My gains in the past month have been too negligible. This doesn't

compare at all to conning people.” He currently hovered in mid-air, looking out at the boundless sea, wondering how many Sea Demons existed underneath the waters.

“If I could get some high-grade Spirit Stones, or even... ultra high-grade Spirit Stones, then things would be worth it!” He had some ultra high-grade Spirit Stones in his bag of holding, but not many. They were incredibly valuable, and every time he thought about how he had wasted two thousand of them all those years ago, it made him sick.

“Short on money again.... If I had enough Spirit Stones, I could copy more Wooden Time Swords, or maybe even the Time Sword tip. Except, I would need, at the least, more than ten million Spirit Stones to do that.” He looked down at the surface of the sea, and clenched his jaw.

“If the Wang Clan Patriarch isn’t dead, then danger will be coming my way. The most important thing for me to do now is get stronger as fast as possible. I need to go all out!” Determination appeared in his eyes, and then he vanished into thin air.

Several days later, Meng Hao sat cross-legged on a certain large island within the Third Ring. The entire area around him had long since been cleared, and the Time Sword tip circulated around him. He looked down at his bag of holding as a small mountain flew out.

Sealed inside of the little mountain was a battle-ax, which was none other than the thousand-symbol spirit he had captured.

After looking at it for a moment, he lifted his right hand up into the air, causing the mountain to vanish. The battle-ax instantly began to emit a rumbling sound, and was just about to attack when Meng Hao waved his wide sleeve, causing a huge pressure to envelop the area. He reached out with his hand, but the battle-ax made a popping sound and transformed into over a thousand magical symbols. Meng Hao’s hand grasped nothing but air.

The magical symbols cascaded about, seemingly quite proud of themselves. They swirled behind Meng Hao, where they once again formed into a battle-ax, which then chopped down toward Meng Hao.

“Hex!” said Meng Hao coolly. He didn’t even turn his head to look; he simply pointed backward with his left index finger.

The thousand magical symbols trembled and struggled in mid-air. However, when Mang Hao punched out, the battle-ax collapsed into a mass of magical symbols. Then he performed an incantation, and the Mountain Consuming Incantation appeared in the form of a thousand mountains, which covered over all the magical symbols.

Meng Hao performed all these actions smoothly and spontaneously, as if he hadn’t been troubled in the least bit. Then, his expression indifferent, he caused the magical symbols to approach him one by one. He imprinted them with Divine Sense, a process that took several hours to complete. After it was all done, his eyes glittered as he allowed the thousand mountains to loosen and free the magical symbols.

The symbols seemed as if they had lost their sentience. They simply floated there, flickering with light, but unmoving.

“Consolidate!” said Meng Hao coolly. Immediately, the symbols formed together into the shape of a battle-ax, which then rotated around him. After exercising control over it for a few moments, Meng Hao then used the same method on the more than twenty thousand-symbol spirits in his bag of holding. He finished a few days later, after which, more than 20,000 magical symbols all whistled through the air around him.

They turned into a vortex of storm winds that emanated an incredibly threatening pressure.

A strange light appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes. The incredible power of this treasure was second only to the symbol spirits he had seen in the Stormwind Divide that formed into enormous ferocious beasts.

“However, it wastes too much of my Cultivation base,” he thought after a moment. After consuming some medicinal pills, he sat down to meditate. It wasn’t until dawn of the following morning that he finally opened his eyes.

“The time has come!” he said. Taking a deep breath, he performed an incantation, placing multiple seals onto his body that caused his energy to

rapidly weaken. Soon, the aura of the Resurrection Lily once again appeared.

Previously, Meng Hao had assumed that only he could sense the aura. However, after arriving in the Third Ring, he understood that to Sea Demons, the Resurrection Lily was like some hitherto unknown tonic that, if consumed, could provoke incredible transmutation.

As soon as the aura spread out, the surrounding sea began to churn. Countless glowing red eyes snapped open in the depths of the sea in the Third Ring. In the blink of an eye, the Sea Demons shot with incredible speed in the direction of something they instinctively knew they had to consume.

Some distance away, a multicolored jellyfish was just under the surface of the water, stalking a group of Cultivators, waiting for the right opportunity to attack. However, just in the moment when it was about to make a move, it suddenly trembled and then shot away under the water.

In another location, a group of a few dozen Cultivators were locked in close combat with three Sea Demons. Suddenly, the Sea demons roared, dove down into the water, and vanished.

Scenes like this played out throughout various locations in the Third Ring. Quite a few Cultivators noticed the phenomenon. Some Cultivators up in mid-air were shocked to see waves sweeping across the sea, and the countless Sea Demons swimming through the water.

“Don’t tell me it’s a Beast Tide!!”

Even while so many people were shocked, Meng Hao sat calmly waiting on the island. After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, an enormous pincer suddenly shot out from the seawater toward him.

At the same time, multiple Sea Demons burst out from the water to charge toward Meng Hao.

His eyes glittered with coldness as he waved his right hand, causing a thousand-symbol battle-ax to fly out. It swept out, filling the area with the sounds of explosions as it destroyed the Sea Demons.

Even as they died, an additional hundred or more Sea Demons emerged from the water, their visages that of wildness and greed. It was almost like Meng Hao had turned into a whirlpool that caused desire to well up within all the Sea Demons of the Third Ring.

Meng Hao was calm and unhurried as he manipulated the magical symbols. With the wave of a finger, 1,000 magical symbols flew out, surrounding the island, making it impossible for any Sea Demon to get even more than three hundred meters onto the island.

Four explosion-filled hours passed. More than a thousand Sea Demons had charged out from within the shocking waves. They didn't seem to even understand the difference between life and death; disregarding even their own lives, they charged forward relentlessly.

Booms rang out as Meng Hao's hands moved even faster to control the 8,000 magical symbols, which whistled through the air. They formed into various magical items, including the battle-axe, and emanated incredible might.

Another four hours passed, during which time, Meng Hao consumed medicinal pills on three occasions to support the rotation of his Cultivation base. Currently, the island was surrounded by densely packed groups of Sea Demons. There were so many that he almost couldn't see anything else.

The sight was enough to shock anyone who might see it, even Meng Hao. However, he wanted even more Sea Demons. The magical symbols were now 13,000 in number, whistling about to create a droning sound that filled the ears.

From afar, the island appeared to be surrounded by a vortex of storm winds, and a black fog. Outside of the storm winds were endless amounts of Sea Demons that charged forward in their attempts to get onto the island.

The roaring was astonishing, and blood showered about everywhere. Meng Hao was unsure of how many Sea Demons he had killed in the relatively short period of time. The only ones who knew were the parrot

and meat jelly.

That was because they were flying around, boring their way in and out all over the place. As the Sea Demons died, they gleefully collected up the Demon hearts.

It was in this moment, however, that a howl split the air from off in the distance. This howl was unique; it sounded like a weeping girl, and it instantly caused Meng Hao to look up. His Divine Sense swept out, and off in the distance, he could see the Sea Demons all trembling and making way for an enormous seven-colored jellyfish which was slowly swimming forward.

On top of the head of the jellyfish, shockingly, was... a white flower!

It was a Whitebone Lily, a flower that looked like bleached bones. It swayed back and forth, causing all the color in the area to vanish and be replaced with only black and white.

As Meng Hao looked over, he suddenly felt the island shake beneath him, as if some enormous creature down below were attacking it.

His face flickered for the space of a few breaths, but he was powerless to support the island. Cracks spread out on its surface, and then the island simply collapsed into countless pieces.

Huge waves rolled out across the seawater as, in the blink of an eye, the entire island sank down into the water. As for Meng Hao, he was also pulled down into the sea.

In that instant, the Sea Demons in the area grew even more frenzied. The world underneath the surface of the waters was their domain, so it was with even more madness that they charged forward.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. The world underneath the surface might be the domain of the Sea Demons, but it was also his world!

He had formed the water character of the five elements totem, and had also practiced cultivation on the bottom of the Violet Sea for a hundred years. Why would he possibly care about the pressure exerted under the sea? His expression was cold as he lifted his right hand to cause 20,000

glittering magical symbols to circulate out. They transformed into twenty magical items which shot toward the Sea Demons and began to slaughter them.

The explosions did not pass out of the seawater, but they did give rise to enormous waves which swept out through the Third Ring. The Cultivators who saw them were shocked, and intrigued about what was happening.

Furthermore, some of the incredibly powerful Sea Demons of the Third Ring were now in motion, heading toward Meng Hao, filled with madness.

Chapter 656: The Resurrection Lily Makes a Move!

Meng Hao was under the water, surrounded by 20,000 magical symbols which swept around him in the form of a tempest. The water seethed, and the Sea Demons were unable to get within even three hundred meters of him.

Of course, the Sea Demons attacked with reckless abandon, impelled by instinct to fight even if they died. Meng Hao's eyes flickered as the magical symbols surged around him, carrying out an incredible slaughter.

Waves surged out, affecting more than half of the Third Ring, and more and more Sea Demons arrived. Soon, even the Third Ring's Seahold city was affected, causing even more Cultivators to look around in shock and wonder what was occurring.

In fact, the waves even crashed into Seahold, the city created by the joint efforts of the three Sects. The sounds of bugles filled the air, and the Cultivators garrisoned there armed themselves and entered battle formation, as if they were preparing to fight some incredible enemy.

The powerful experts within the city emerged one by one, their faces grim and filled with intense harshness. They looked off into the distance at the countless waves that surged toward them.

"Could it be that the Sea Devils of the Second Ring are on the attack?"

"Impossible! The Sea Devils of the Second Ring are few in number. They rarely appear, and almost never enter the Third Ring. To them, the Sea Demons of the Third Ring are like common animals. They view themselves as the emperors and kings!"

"But if it's not the Sea Devils, then what is causing these great transformations in the Third Ring?!"

Everyone was discussing the matter, and as soon as the Sea Devils were mentioned, faces filled with fear.

Outside the city, crashing sounds could be heard as the waves slammed into the city walls.

The sounds could be heard without cessation, and echoed throughout the city, causing the Cultivator's faces to flicker with various expressions.

In the middle of Seahold was an enormous tower nearly three thousand meters tall. The areas surrounding the tower were a forbidden zone which no one could enter without being invited first.

This was a cultivation area set aside for the three Saints. At the highest level of the tower sat a middle-aged man wearing a voluminous red robe, who happened to be surnamed Lin. He had long black hair, and currently stood with his hands clasped behind his back, looking out a window. He was frowning, and it was impossible to tell exactly what he was thinking.

"The waves are higher by three meters, and seemingly for no reason," he said coolly. "It seems something has provoked the Sea Demons. They're all heading in the same direction. Are they going to pay respects, or have they been summoned? Or enticed?" His eyes shone with a brilliant light, and as he spoke, his words seemed to cause ripples to spread out in the air.

"In any case, the Sea Demons are not intelligent. It must be desire which is driving them!" He suddenly took a step forward, and then vanished. Shockingly, he reappeared outside of Seahold, far off in the distance. Waves surged beneath his feet as he clasped his hands behind his back and strode forward.

With a single step, he vanished and then reappeared far, far off. Then he repeated the process. It was with incredible speed that he moved, a speed that a Nascent Soul Cultivator could never achieve, not even by bringing harm to their own life.

At the same time that the red robed man proceeded forward, Meng Hao was surrounded by 20,000 surging magical symbols. Blood filled the water around him as countless Sea Demons were completely destroyed. He had no idea how many he had killed, but as he sank down deeper, the Sea Demons that surrounded him seemed endless.

It was at this point that a five-colored bolt of lightning suddenly

appeared, shooting through the hordes of Sea Demons. Wherever it went, Sea Demons directly exploded. The lightning itself seemed to be filled with the power to destroy Heaven and Earth. In the blink of an eye, it slammed into the magical symbols that surrounded Meng Hao.

Boom!

A thousand of the 20,000 magical symbols instantly collapsed. It shot onward toward Meng Hao, who immediately looked up. When the island collapsed and began to sink to the sea floor, he had already noticed the approaching Whitebone Lily jellyfish.

However, after sinking down, despite being unhampered by the surroundings, he found himself in a different situation than when he had been in the Violet Sea. Here, his Divine Sense had limitations.

Of course, he was as vigilant as ever, so as the lightning bore down on him, he lifted his right hand and pointed forward with his index finger. The Blood Palm instantly appeared and shot forward.

A boom could be heard as the five-colored lightning bolt spread apart, surrounding the Blood Palm, as if it wished to bore directly into it.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he let out a cold snort. He flicked his sleeve, performed an incantation, and then pointed forward. Immediately, a face appeared in front of him. It looked like Meng Hao's face, although its eyes were closed as it shot forward. This, of course, was the first form of the Blood Immortal divine ability.

Booming filled the bottom of the sea. As the lightning collapsed, the face's eyes opened, and the lips began to speak with a soundless voice.

The soundless voice seemed to rip the jellyfish out into the open. Six ripple-like formless sound waves swept out in front of Meng Hao. The first of them caused thousands of Sea Demons to instantly explode. The second, third, and fourth sweeping ripples caused more than 10,000 Sea Demons to collapse.

The fourth and fifth ripples seemed to open a path that revealed the enormous jellyfish off in the distance. The Sea Demons in front of Meng

Hao all scrambled clear as the sixth ripple shot directly toward the jellyfish. The water seethed and distorted to form the face of Meng Hao, which rumbled toward the jellyfish.

A brilliant, five-colored glow spread out from the jellyfish, which transformed into a five-colored shield that shot out in defense. A huge boom could be heard, which transformed into an even more intense attack that spread out in all directions. Meng Hao gave a cold snort, and was just about to directly slay the bizarre jellyfish when suddenly, he sensed an incredible force shooting toward him. The intensity of the force caused him to tremble inwardly. The magical symbol tempest around him shuddered, and another thousand symbols instantly collapsed.

As the force neared Meng Hao, his eyes glittered. Giving up any plans to slay the jellyfish, he spun around. His right hand clenched into a fist, which then punched directly toward the incoming force.

A bang could be heard, and the seawater exploded out in all directions. It was as if two enormous, incredibly shocking fists had slammed into each other in the middle of the water.

A deep growl could be heard as an enormous figure retreated backward from the force of Meng Hao's punch.

It was at this point that Meng Hao could clearly see the Sea Demon that was the source of the powerful force from just now.

It was a giant!

A three thousand meter tall giant, with two heads and scale-covered skin that was completely blue. Its eyes, however, were bright red as it stared at Meng Hao.

This was what had caused the island to collapse!

Shockingly, located behind the giant could be seen a Whitebone Lily, swaying back and forth!

The Whitebone Lily was a ghastly white color, and looked completely shocking. That was especially true because, when he looked at it, Meng Hao could almost see a human face, staring back at him with a strange

expression.

The gaze was filled with many emotions, with avarice and with... concentration, almost as if it were... staring at something like itself.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. As of this point, he had seen two bizarre Sea Demons in the Milky Way Sea's Third Ring, both of whom had strange Whitebone Lilies on them.

In fact, when Meng Hao looked at the Whitebone Lily, he could clearly sense that the Resurrection Lily inside of him felt provoked, and even emanated the desire to attack.

Apparently, the pressure from Meng Hao, as well as the intensity of the current danger, had caused it to intentionally allow some of its aura to seep out into his blood vessels.

Meng Hao's mind trembled. He had been fighting with the Resurrection Lily for years, and although he always succeeded in suppressing it, he only did so with the use of force. This was the first time that the Resurrection Lily had given up on any resistance, and merge its aura with Meng Hao of its own initiative.

As the aura merged into him, a bizarre light appeared in Meng Hao's eyes. He did not resist, but rather, allowed the aura of the Resurrection Lily to spread out within him. Instantly... a five-colored Resurrection Lily appeared behind him!

The flower formed into a face that was split into two parts. One part looked like Meng Hao, as mild as jade; the other looked as vicious as a wicked spirit!

Two faces, five petals, five glowing colors. In the blink of an eye, the light spread out to fill the sea floor. As it did, Meng Hao's mind suddenly trembled, and a strange glow appeared in his eyes. As of that moment, he could... sense the energy of Heaven and Earth!

This was not the first time he could sense the energy of Heaven and Earth, but this was the most direct connection he had ever felt. He almost felt... as if he were favored by Heaven and Earth, as if his existence was

approved.

With every breath he took, the power of Heaven and Earth flowed into him. Regardless of whether it was spiritual energy or Demonic Qi, or other types, anything that could be of benefit to him flowed in.

The feeling was indescribable, as if Heaven and Earth would do anything for him.

The power was boundless!

It felt like his destiny grew deeper, as if the Heavens had opened their eyes to gaze upon him. It was like any living thing that wished to harm him would become an object of loathing to Heaven and Earth.

The indescribable feeling was like a mysterious premonition.

“The Resurrection Lily blooms with seven colors, petals bloom and fall for a thousand years.... Don’t tell me that it really is impossible to kill it!” The realization hit Meng Hao, but he had no time for consideration at the moment.

Almost in the same moment that the five-colored Resurrection Lily appeared behind him, the hosts of Sea Demons around him went into a frenzy. Their eyes were red, and seal marks appeared on their bodies.

The seal resembled the face of a spirit, almost like the earliest version of the Resurrection Lily, except white. However, if you looked closely, you could see that it was not the Resurrection Lily, but, shockingly... a Whitebone Lily!

“This Whitebone Lily definitely has some direct connection with the Resurrection Lily. But why are there so many Whitebone Lilies in the Milky Way Sea!? It seems like almost every single Sea Demon has one!” His mind trembled as he looked around at all of the Whitebone Lily seals, and his scalp began to grow numb.

“I wonder if it has something to do with the Reverend Silverlamp of the Milky Way Sea that Master spoke of?!” Meng Hao’s face flickered as he once again looked around at the enormous giant and the jellyfish, and realized that they were different from the other Sea Demons.

What existed on them was not a mark of the Whitebone Lily, but an actual, living flower.

Currently, the two Whitebone Lilies were swaying back and forth, and looked as if they were about to bloom, each of them with three petals.

Chapter 657: Saint Sun Soul of the Three Sects

“I remember Master told me that Reverend Silverlamp came to him seven hundred years before, asking for help in solving the problem of the Resurrection Lily. Master was able to help a bit, but couldn’t truly solve the problem. Then, Reverend Silverlamp returned a few hundred years later, having dispelled the poison of the Resurrection Lily!

“Could it be... that these transformations in the Sea Demons in the Milky Way Sea have something to do with Reverend Silverlamp?”

Meng Hao’s mind trembled, and his eyes flickered. However, he knew that he could not let himself feel anxious, but rather, needed to allow time for the clues to appear. Right now, the constant slaying of Sea Demons, coupled with the level of his Cultivation base, had left him feeling quite exhausted. Considering how many Sea Demons there were in the area, even if he kept killing them for days, he still wouldn’t be able to kill them all.

Also, he knew that since the drastic changes in the sea would cause widespread repercussions, it wouldn’t be too long before outsiders came to investigate.

“Well, first I’ll just have to kill you!” he said, turning toward the enormous giant. If the giant hadn’t destroyed the island, then Meng Hao wouldn’t be in his current situation under the water.

He quickly exercised control of the magical symbols, sending them spreading out to clear a battlefield. The giant approached, roaring, surrounded by bubbles as it charged.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort and then clenched his right hand into a fist.

“First Heaven Destruction!” he said, his eyes glittering. An illusory image appeared on his hand; it almost looked as if two hands had appeared and merged together. This was a Daoist magic that Meng Hao had acquired in the Demon Immortal Pagoda, the Nine Heavens Destruction.

After leaving the Demon Immortal Sect, he had occasionally contemplated it inwardly. After that, when he met with Guyiding Tri-rain, he was enlightened regarding the matter of vibrations. That caused the seed to sprout in his mind, and he then thoroughly understood.

The Nine Heavens Destruction was vibration!

The fist descended and water exploded. The bubbles collapsed, and Meng Hao's fist shot like lightning to slam directly into the giant.

Bam!

"Second Heaven!" Meng Hao punched again, and the water seethed, exploding out to create gigantic waves.

"Third Heaven!" Killing intent flickered in his eyes as the fist descended. The giant let out a bloodcurdling scream that echoed out despite its location on the seafloor. Meng Hao's fist slammed into the giant's chest, causing a huge hole to explode out.

Within the mangled flesh, a crystalline stone about the size of an infant's hand could be seen. It almost looked like a heart. Meng Hao's right hand stretched out to immediately grab the resplendent crystal, then wrench it away. The giant shook violently. At the same time, the illusory Resurrection Lily behind Meng Hao savagely enveloped the giant and then flickered as a ghost image appeared over the Whitebone Lily. It appeared as if some sort of invisible fight were taking place.

All of this happened in only the space of a few breaths. Meng Hao grabbed the Demon heart and then backed up. The Whitebone Lily trembled and then shattered into pieces, which the five-colored Resurrection Lily instantly consumed. The Resurrection Lily looked even more ferocious, as if it had been reborn; the five-colored petals all grew even more resplendent.

"Time to go!" Meng Hao growled. His voice instantly echoed out to the parrot, who had been silently going around collecting Demon hearts. It instantly flickered, returning to Meng Hao's side. Meng Hao then transformed into a green smoke and a black moon, which shot up toward the surface of the water.

Hordes of Sea Demons tried to obstruct his path, and the jellyfish went into even more of a frenzy, shooting out countless lightning bolts. However, none of it was able to hinder Meng Hao even the slightest bit. He quickly performed an incantation, causing the more than 10,000 magical symbols to spin around him into a tempest that emanated black fog. Then, he directly shot out of the water.

In that instant, countless Sea Demons flew out as well. However, they were incapable of stopping him as he shot up into the air, transforming into a beam of light that shot off into the distance.

At the same time, he forcefully suppressed the aura of the Resurrection Lily. It didn't matter whether the Resurrection Lily was willing or not, nor how much it struggled; it was completely pushed down by Meng Hao.

He moved with incredible speed until he was around 3,000 meters away. Finally, he was about to check how many Demon hearts he had acquired, when suddenly, his expression flickered as he noticed a red cloud speeding toward him from off in the distance.

Shockingly, within the red cloud could be seen a huge face. It rumbled as it shot toward Meng Hao, emanating an aura of Spirit Severing which seemed to cover everything.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered and he raised his hand, causing the magical symbols to shoot up into the air in the form of a tempest, which then moved directly to intercept the red cloud face.

A huge boom rattled out. The cloud dispersed, and Meng Hao's magical symbols collapsed. As they scattered about, Meng Hao shot backward, his face grim. He looked off into the distance to see a middle-aged man wearing a red robe, striding forward with an expressionless face.

He glanced coldly at Meng Hao, his gaze sharp. The Spirit Severing aura within Meng Hao could now be seen, his energy pulsing brightly.

The red-robed man's eyes narrowed slightly. Then he saw all of the tempest magical symbols, and he immediately understood that the person in front of him was not weak.

However, 'not weak' meant little to him.

"Your first offense was to cause chaos in the Milky Way Sea!" he said coolly. "I don't care where you got those symbol spirits, they belong to the three Sects. Outsiders are not permitted to possess them. That is your second offense.

"Two crimes. Allow me to explain your punishment...." The red-robed man waved his hand, employing some special technique that instantly caused all of the magical symbol spirits to tremble and then wrest themselves free from Meng Hao's control and shoot to the side of the red-robed man.

"I am a Saint, and these objects belong to me. Thus, I will take them back. Now, produce all of the Demon hearts you acquired and then get the hell out of the Milky Way Sea!

"I'll give you three days. If you're still in the Milky Way Sea at that time... well, I happen to be lacking a puppet mount." A cold gleam could be seen in the man's eyes, as well as a look of superciliousness. His aura was one that invoked profound reverence, and made it seem that his words were like the will of Heaven when spoken out on the Milky Way Sea.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever. He had never seen this red-robed Cultivator before, but with a single glance at his Cultivation base, he could tell that he was different from Patriarch Huyan. This man was apparently at the Second Severing level.

In that case, the man's identity was obvious.

"Can't we talk this over?" asked Meng Hao.

"No. No talking it over," replied the red-robed man calmly.

"But, I don't want to hand over the Demon hearts," said Meng Hao coolly, "nor the symbol spirits."

The red-robed man responded with a cold snort and a cool detachment. He waved his right sleeve, causing more than 100,000 symbol spirits to rush out from within. In the blink of an eye, they blotted out the sky and cast everything into shadow.

“Well, then you can just stay behind. Whatever Sect or Clan you belong to can come to me and pay a ransom price to get you back.” With that, the 100,000 symbol spirits spread out into the air and shot toward Meng Hao.

As they neared, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding, causing an enormous bronze wheel to fly out. It was covered with magical symbols which instantly glowed with brilliant light as it began to rotate.

At the same time, a sense of the power of Time appeared. It spread out to fill the area, causing the magical symbol spirits to suddenly reveal ancientness. They began to move slower, allowing Meng Hao to casually move forward through their midst.

“A Time treasure!” thought the red-robed man.

At the same time, Meng Hao performed an incantation and then pointed forward. Instantly, the Time Sword Formation appeared. As it rotated, it transformed into the shape of a lotus, which caused the raging power of Time to sweep out in all directions. It seemed to be working in unison with the Wheel of Time as Meng Hao flicked his sleeve, causing it to fly toward the red-robed Cultivator.

“A Time treasure....” the red-robed man said coolly. “It seems I underestimated you.” He waved his right hand through the air, causing a tremor to run through the 100,000 magical symbols. Instantly, 10,000 of them exploded, causing an immaterial explosion to rip through the power of Time. The rest of the symbols continued to shoot toward Meng Hao.

“Mountain Consuming Incantation!” Meng Hao proceeded forward, extending his right hand and then pushing it down toward the sea. Instantly, the seawater roiled, and from its depths rose up a trembling mountain. The mountain shattered into countless fragments which then shot out in front of Meng Hao, reforming together into the shape of a small mountain.

After coming to the Third Ring, this was Meng Hao’s first time using a real mountain to fight an enemy with the Mountain Consuming Incantation.

As soon as the art appeared, the massive collection of 90,000 magical

symbols fought back against the mountain. Booming sounds could be heard, but Meng Hao continued to proceed forward. He was now roughly three hundred meters away from the red-robed man.

The man frowned, then performed an incantation with his right hand. He pointed up to the sky, causing the bright gleam of swords to shoot up into the sky from nearby Seahold.

Three swords flew through the air, emitting a droning sound. Their incredible speed was such that they rapidly became invisible.

Many of the Cultivators in the Sea City saw what was happening, and were completely shocked. Their faces flickered as they came to the conclusion that the Saint had encountered a formidable foe!

Almost simultaneously, the three swords appeared in front of the red-robed man. They didn't pause for even a moment, but rather, shot directly toward Meng Hao.

The red-robed man's voice was cool as he said: "These three swords of mine were forged with a Sky-Sun Bone, something rarely seen in the Milky Way Sea, even in ten thousand years. It borrows the power of the stars and refines it into an undying strength that can overcome any obstacle."

As the three swords neared, Meng Hao waved his right sleeve, causing the Time Sword tip to fly out. It moved with incredible speed, piercing through the air, sending out ripples of Time power as it headed toward the red-robed man.

Shockingly, a strand of silk was connected to the the sword tip, flashing coldly in the sunlight.

"This sword tip of mine comes from a 70,000 year old Spring and Autumn Tree," said Meng Hao coolly. "The rest of the sword was destroyed by an Immortal, but the tip is eternal. Time did not harm the sword tip, and I refined it into a treasure. It can kill and exterminate countless forms of life, and nothing can stand up to it without withering away.

"The silk behind it is something rarely seen in Heaven and Earth. If the silk remains unbroken, I cannot be killed."

When the sword tip appeared, the red-robed man's three swords seemed to hold back.

The red-robed man's pupils constricted as he stared at the sword tip. He could sense the incredible power of Time emanating off of it. He felt that if he got too near it, he would begin to wither, and his life force and longevity would be reduced.

"You're a Time Cultivator," said the man, looking at Meng Hao.

"You're Saint Sun Soul of the three Sects!" replied Meng Hao.

Chapter 658: Hometown Alcohol

The red-robed man was none other than one of the three Saints of the Milky Way Sea, Saint Sun Soul of the Sun Soul Society!

He was fond of red garments, and his three swords could shake Heaven and Earth. The last time the Demon Tide arrived to destroy Seahold, he single-handedly wielded his three swords in defense. The Sword Qi penetrated all the way to the Second Ring.

It was completely shocking, and frightened the Demon hordes into retreat.

Meng Hao had learned of these things before coming to the Third Ring. Therefore, when the red-robed man appeared, he easily guessed who exactly he was.

At the moment, Meng Hao's Time Sword tip pressed on toward Saint Sun Soul, even as Saint Sun Soul's three swords stopped 7 inches away from Meng Hao, emanating a frigid aura.

The two of them stared at each other as they carried out their invisible struggle. This was no battle of magical techniques, but rather, a contest of Divine Will. Any observer would not be able to see or hear anything. However, to the two of them, everything was rumbling violently, lightning crackled, and the world seemed on the verge of collapse as even the wind moved in reverse.

Red-robed Saint Sun Soul looked at Meng Hao, and his pupils slowly constricted. "You're not a match for me."

"And you can't kill me," replied Meng Hao calmly.

Saint Sun Soul looked back at Meng Hao silently. He had to admit that what Meng Hao said was true. He really had no way of killing him. Meng Hao's Cultivation base was very strange, and although he couldn't say exactly why, it gave him the feeling that Meng Hao could trample all of the Sea Cities in the Milky Way Sea.

It was as if... he had some indescribable, unknown connection to the

whole place.

Saint Sun Soul suddenly raised his right hand and flicked his sleeve, causing the three swords to instantly vanish. When they reappeared, they were circulating around him.

Simultaneously, Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and the Time Sword tip flew back to rotate around him.

Saint Sun Soul looked at Meng Hao and then slowly said, "In the past, I swore an oath to never again kill a Cultivator. My sword will only kill the Outsiders!

"You may stay in the Milky Way Sea, but that aura of yours displeases me. If I discover you have anything to do with the Sea Devils of the Second Ring... well then, I will be forced to use the precious treasure of the Sun Soul Society ancestor and its Dao Seeking power to destroy you."

Meng Hao looked back at the red-robed man. Although it was only moments ago that they had drawn swords on each other, he didn't find him to be detestable. In fact, he could sense that the man was proud, and not the type to speak falsehoods.

People such as this, while simple, had unshakable principles.

"I'll do as I please," said Meng Hao coolly his eyes shining with a bright, cold light.

Saint Sun Soul's eyes gleamed with a similarly cold light. His face cold, he gave Meng Hao a final deep look, then turned to depart.

Before he could leave, Meng Hao quickly said, "It took a lot of effort for me to collect those magical symbol spirits."

Saint Sun Soul stopped and looked back. "These symbols belong to the three Sects."

Meng Hao didn't respond immediately. Instead, he slapped his bag of holding to produce a bottle gourd with alcohol in it. He tossed it over.

Saint Sun Soul caught it. When he looked down to examine it, he stared in shock.

“That’s bit of alcohol from my hometown,” said Meng Hao unhurriedly. “I took some with me when I left.”

Saint Sun Soul looked at the alcohol flagon, then looked back at Meng Hao. He thought for a moment, his face expressionless. Then he turned to leave. As he did, he flicked his sleeve, causing the 10,000 magical symbol spirits he had taken to suddenly flicker as he severed his connection with them. Then, they flew back to swirl around Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked away, then turned into a beam of colorful light that vanished in the blink of an eye.

Several days later, on a relatively small island in the Third Ring, Meng Hao sat cross-legged, the 10,000 magical symbol spirits circulating around him like a shield.

The parrot was in front of him, glaring at him angrily, as was the meat jelly, who stood next to the parrot.

The three had been facing off against each other like this for nearly ten breaths of time.

“Five creatures with fur or feathers. No discussions and no wiggle room. When Lord Fifth risks life and limb, it’s not for nothing!”

“Yeah. Lord Third wants three bullies! No discussions! When I say three, I mean three!”

Meng Hao was silent, and a pained expression could be seen on his face. After a long moment, and seemingly completely against his will, he forced himself to nod. Seeing Meng Hao like this caused the parrot to laugh proudly. Then it tossed out a feather, which flew off not too far into the distance, then exploded with a popping sound. Instantly, it transformed into a heaping mountain of Demon hearts.

The meat jelly also looked extremely proud of itself. It opened its mouth and spit out a multi-colored cascade of lights that transformed into a second mountain of Demon hearts.

Meng Hao laughed inwardly. He was all too familiar with these two nitwits. Their demands were simple, but Meng Hao knew that if he agreed

too quickly, or gave them the feeling that he didn't care, then it would only lead to more trouble.

Therefore, he intentionally pretended to consider and struggle in order to please the two ninnies.

Having dealt with them, Meng Hao's eyes shifted to look at the two mountainous piles of Demon hearts. There were clearly well over 100,000 of them.

Furthermore, it seemed that nearly half were mid-grade Demon hearts. There were even some high-grade hearts, which vastly increased the value of the collection.

"I wonder if I can use Demon hearts to duplicate things with the copper mirror?" he thought, his eyes glittering. He lowered his head thoughtfully. Currently, the greatest danger he faced was the deadly threat of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

"That old codger's Cultivation base is just too high, so I'm not a match for him at all. The only thing I can do... is figure out a way to escape from him next time I run into him." He looked over at the Time Sword tip.

"If I had ten or more sword tips, I could form them into the Lotus Sword Formation. With that, maybe I could take him by surprise.... Unfortunately, I don't have enough Spirit Stones." He frowned, but then his eyes began to shine with a bright light.

"I can duplicate Wooden Time Swords, though. Given the level of my Cultivation base now, I should be able to seal seven sixty-year cycles of Time into the sword. If I had over a hundred of them...

"Then I could unleash the third form of the Lotus Sword Formation. I wonder how powerful that would be." Having reached this point in his train of thought, Meng Hao immediately produced a Wooden Time Sword. Then he took a deep breath and began to seal Time into it.

During the half month that followed, rumbling booms occasionally echoed out. Meng Hao's brow was furrowed the entire time. On the last day, though, his frown disappeared. Floating there in front of him was now

the only Wooden Time Sword that he possessed.

The veins of wood were clearly visible on it, and when the power of Time emanated out from within, it contained the ripples of seven sixty-year cycles of time. Meng Hao had no other magical item that possessed as much power of Time.

“All the other Wooden Time Swords were destroyed in the process. This is my only one left, but it was worth it.... It’s a good thing that in the end, I only need one instance of success!” With that, he pulled out the copper mirror and began to duplicate it.

Unfortunately, it required a vast amount of Spirit Stones to duplicate a Wooden Time Sword with seven sixty-year cycles of Time. This time, the pain Meng Hao felt in his heart was real. By the end, he used all of the Spirit Stones in his bag of holding to make ten copies.

Including the original sword, he now had a total of eleven.

After a moment’s thought, he tried to use the Demon hearts to duplicate some things. After putting seven or eight Demon hearts into the mirror and then observing the results, he stopped.

“They’re no different than Spirit Stones...” he thought with a frown. Originally, he had assumed that although the Demon hearts seemed very similar to Spirit Stones, they must have some other unique function.

After all, they were Demon hearts, not Spirit Stones.

“I’m able to attract large quantities of Sea Demons here in the Third Ring. But that’s unique. Other people would probably be able to save up a few hundred Demon Hearts at the most.

“People really come risk there lives here for a trifling few hundred Demon hearts?” A contemplative look appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes.

“That Saint Sun Soul also mentioned wanting Demon hearts. Considering the level of his Cultivation base, and his status, he wouldn’t care about a few million Spirit Stones, much less a few hundred Demon hearts.... Therefore, Demon hearts must have some use of which I’m unaware!” After further thought, Meng Hao was sure that there must be

something he had overlooked. After a bit more consideration, he rose to his feet, his eyes glittering. He then waved his sleeve to collect up all the Demon hearts.

He remained on the island for a while thinking. Finally, his eyes flashed and flew up into the air, heading off into the distance at top speed.

“Since I don’t know,” he thought, “I guess I’ll need to find someone who does.”

As he flashed through the air, he changed his appearance and reduced his Cultivation base to the Nascent Soul stage. After speeding along for a few days, he suddenly stopped and looked off into the distance.

Not too far away, he spotted a several hundred meter wide whirlpool, within which was an enormous seahorse. It roared as pulses of coldness emanated out from it, causing everything around it to freeze.

Hovering in mid-air in front of the seahorse were two people, a man and a woman. The man was old and hunchbacked. He had a Cultivation base at the early Nascent Soul stage, and wizened features. His face was pale, and he clutched a pearl in his hand, which emanated pulses of flame power. It transformed into a rain of fire that filled the entire area, including the spot occupied by the seahorse.

Next to the old man was the woman, who wore a mask that made it impossible to see what her face looked like. However, from the rest of her skin that was visible, it was possible to determine that she wasn’t very old.

Her Cultivation base was at the early Core Formation stage, and although she watched intently as the old man fought back against the Sea Demon, deep within her eyes flickered intense hatred.

Seeing the old man’s pale face, she said, “Senior, let’s just forget about it. Why don’t we go find a weaker Sea Demon....”

“We’ve been out here for months,” said the old man through gritted teeth. “This is the first Sea Demon we’ve found. How could we possibly let it go!?” He spit out a mouthful of blood, causing the pearl he held to turn bright red. Next, a sea of flames exploded out, causing steam to rise up

from the seawater below. The seahorse, which was caught up in the flames, roared. Intense coldness exploded out from it as it charged forward into the fire. Immediately more than half of the sea of flames was extinguished.

The old man's face flickered, and he clenched his jaw. However, it was in this exact moment that suddenly, a bright beam of light approached from off in the distance.

Inside the beam, of course, was Meng Hao.

His sudden appearance shocked the old man. The face of the young woman next to him also flickered. As for the old man, when he saw that Meng Hao's Cultivation base was at the early Nascent Soul stage, he relaxed a bit, but at the same time, also frowned.

"Fellow Daoist," he said, "please keep your distance. I discovered this Demon, so according to the custom, it belongs to me."

Chapter 659: I Struck It Super Rich!

With a faint smile, Meng Hao stopped and didn't get any closer.

The old man frowned and exchanged a look with the young woman. Then he focused his strength on controlling the magical items in front of him, and causing the sea of flames to descend once more.

The seahorse roared, and a blue light spread out from its body. It seemed to be going all out; the light exploded in all directions, and everywhere it passed turned into ice, even the sea of flames. The ice sealing caused the old man's face to fill with shock. His pearl completely froze over, after which he shot backward at top speed. He grabbed the young woman and then made to leave. Unfortunately, he had been injured, and the blue light was too fast. At the moment, he seemed incapable of escaping....

An expression of struggle appeared in the old man's eyes, but it lasted only for the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint. He looked at the young woman, preparing to throw her back into the blue light to block its way.

In that moment, Meng Hao lifted his hand up and pointed his finger out. The expanding blue light suddenly stopped moving, allowing the old man and the young woman to escape from the area.

At the same time, Meng Hao waved his hand again, causing a Wooden Time Sword to fly out. It shot like lightning toward the seahorse, and stabbed it through in the blink of an eye. It was only one sword with seven sixty-year cycles of Time power, but as soon as it pierced the seahorse, a bloodcurdling shriek could be heard, and the seahorse began to wither up.

Its eyes filled with terror, and it began to sink down into the water. However, even as it did, Meng Hao let a certain bit of aura seep out, which caused the seahorse's eyes to go red. It instantly charged him again. The old man and the young woman watched on in astonishment as the Wooden Time Sword stabbed it through seven or eight more times.

The howls of the seahorse echoed out in all directions as its body rapidly withered. In a short moment, it was transformed into a desiccated corpse

floating on the surface of the sea....

Meng Hao neared the corpse of the seahorse, then pushed down on it with his right hand. Immediately, a Demon heart flew into his hand. Up in midair, the old man and the young woman looked at Meng Hao with complex expressions. They looked as if they were on guard, especially when it came to the shocking sword he had used.

When Meng Hao looked up at them, the old man pulled the young woman into a position behind him, and also began to rotate his Cultivation base. He then clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao.

“Many thanks for your assistance, Fellow Daoist,” he said, slowly backing up at the same time. He was obviously terrified of Meng Hao’s sword. “That mid-grade Demon heart is yours. If fate ever allows us to meet again, then I’ll definitely repay you.”

Meng Hao shook his head. “Don’t be in such a hurry to leave,” he said. Then he sent the Demon heart flying toward the shocked old man, who caught it without even thinking about it. He looked at the Demon heart and then looked back at Meng Hao, his heart filling with anxiety and doubt.

The young woman stared fixedly at the Demon heart in the old man’s hand and began to pant. The hatred deep in her eyes flickered again; she was obviously well aware of what the old man had almost done to her earlier.

“Fellow Daoist, you....” the old man said hesitatingly.

Choosing to not beat around the bush, Meng Hao said, “The two of you have pretty strong Cultivation bases. That Demon heart seems to be virtually the same as a mid-grade Spirit Stone. Why do you care so much about it?”

His words left the old man completely at a loss. The young woman also looked at Meng Hao with a quizzical expression.

The old man was quiet for a moment, then looked at Meng Hao and said, “Fellow Daoist... don’t tell me this is your first time in the Milky Way Sea?”

Meng Hao nodded.

The old man took a deep breath, then muttered a few things to himself as he put the Demon heart away.

“You’re right,” he then said. “The spiritual energy in this Demon heart is similar to a mid-grade Spirit Stone. However, one mid-grade Spirit Stone couldn’t buy you any Demon hearts at all!

“In the Three Sects’ Seahold, there are special locations that purchase Demon hearts.

“As for the exact value, it fluctuates. If I recall correctly, when I last left Seahold, one low-grade Demon Heart was worth 500 low-grade Spirit Stones!

“There were even some places that would pay 1000!”

When Meng Hao heard this, it didn’t matter that he had such a high Cultivation base, his mind filled with a roaring sound anyway. His bag of holding contained about 80-90,000 low-grade Demon hearts. If you calculated it out, they were worth... 80-90,000,000 low-grade Spirit Stones.

That number sent great waves crashing about inside of Meng Hao’s mind. His brain trembled, and he almost couldn’t believe it. During his entire life, he had never possessed so many Spirit Stones. He immediately began to breathe heavily.

“How much did you say?” he blurted without even thinking about it.

“Low-grade Demon Hearts range in value from several hundred to a thousand Spirit Stones....” said the old man. He didn’t seem to think anything about Meng Hao’s reaction was strange. Anyone who heard about the matter for the first time would be astonished.

“What about mid-grade Demon hearts?” Meng Hao followed up immediately.

The old man hesitated for a moment and rubbed his bag of holding, but continued on with his explanation: “Their value fluctuates too, but not too

much. One mid-grade Demon heart is worth about 10,000 low-grade Spirit Stones!”

Meng Hao’s mouth went so dry that he couldn’t speak. Within his bag of holding were more than 30,000 mid-grade Demon hearts. After he calculated the number, his mind once again filled with roaring.

Now, he suddenly understood why people risked their lives to come here.

“I’m rich!” he thought. “I really am super rich!” Meng Hao couldn’t control the excitement that exploded out within him. The fact that his lifelong desire had suddenly been fulfilled caused his heart to begin to pound rapidly.

The old man looked at Meng Hao and continued, “Of course, there are even more rare Demon hearts, the high-grade variety. I’m actually not sure exactly how much they are worth, because they only appear in auctions.

“However, I do remember that at the last auction I attended, a high-grade Demon heart was sold for the incredible price of 670,000 Spirit Stones!”

When Meng Hao heard that, he went even more wild with joy. He had nearly 10,000 such high-grade Demon hearts in his bag of holding. All of a sudden, he felt as if an enormous golden ingot had fallen directly onto him.

Moments later, though, his face suddenly flickered when he remembered that among the seven or eight Demon hearts he had used to test out the duplication powers of the copper mirror, four had been high-grade Demon hearts.

He suddenly felt a twisting stab of pain in his heart.

“That means... I... yet again wasted more than 2,000,000 Spirit Stones? Fudge! That’s....” He had the sudden impulse to scream and curse. After taking a few deep breaths, he told himself that it wasn’t any worse than the matter with the 2,000 ultra high-grade Spirit Stones. After a bit of time, he calmed himself.

“Is there a type of Demon Heart even more precious than what you’ve

already mentioned?” he asked. “Something similar to ultra high-grade Spirit Stones?” He happened to have exactly just such a Demon Heart in his bag of holding, the one he had acquired from the Whitebone Lily giant.

The man thought for a moment and then replied, “No such thing exists. Well, perhaps my Cultivation base isn’t high enough, or maybe I just have never encountered someone with access to such riches. However, in the Third Ring, there is something called a Whitebone Demon heart. They are incredibly rare precious treasures. Something like that would be priceless.”

Meng Hao’s heart trembled. He was almost certain that the Demon heart in his bag of holding, the one that was the size of an infant’s hand, was the Whitebone Demon heart that the old man had just mentioned.

“One more thing,” said the old man. “And probably the most important. In the Three Sects’ Seahold, most items can only be purchased with Demon hearts. That’s another reason why I value them so much.

“With this mid-grade Demon heart, I now have enough saved up to acquire Fortification Pill Powder. With that my... my apprentice can safely continue on through the Core Formation stage.” Having finished speaking, the old man backed up and bowed once again to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao gave a faint smile, and nodded. He was in an excellent mood now, and the only thing he could think about was going to Seahold to trade his Demon hearts for Spirit Stones.

“With so many Spirit Stones,” he thought, “I feel quite confident that I can... duplicate a hundred Wooden Time Swords that contain seven sixty-year cycles of Time. Then I can unleash the third form of the Lotus Sword Formation!” He took a deep breath and suppressed his excitement. He well knew that no one other than him would ever be able to possess one hundred Wooden Time Swords. Be it in the past, or in the future, it would be something completely rare, perhaps even absolutely unique.

It was only because of... the copper mirror, and its Heaven-defying duplication ability. Without that, it would be impossible to forge one hundred Wooden Time Swords. Every time he attempted to seal Time into the swords, a failure would leave the sword completely destroyed.

Furthermore, the rate of failure was simply far too high.

“Actually, I might even be able to duplicate the Time Sword tip!” he thought, the brightness in his eyes growing even brighter. He was just about to turn and leave, when suddenly, the young woman gritted her teeth and then, seemingly throwing all caution to the wind, clasped hands and bowed toward Meng Hao.

“Senior,” she said, “please allow me to offer my respects.”

Meng Hao had already begun to leave when he heard the young woman’s words, and looked back.

Simultaneously, the old man’s face flickered, and he reached an arm out to hold back the young woman. A cold gleam of killing intent appeared in his eyes.

“Fellow Daoist, my apprentice is immature, please forgive her. Farewell!” With that, he grabbed the young woman and prepared to leave. He had already sealed her Cultivation base, making it impossible for her to speak. However, her eyes radiated despair, almost as if she wished she could die as the man pulled her away.

Meng Hao frowned. He had already realized that these two people were not apprentice and Master. In fact, based on his experiences, he had already formed some speculations about the old man’s true motivations.

Originally, he didn’t want to interfere, but after seeing the despair in the young woman’s eyes, he suddenly recalled the image of another woman.

“The look in her eye back in the Black Sieve Sect Blessed Land was exactly the same as this,” he thought. 1

“Hold on a moment,” he said. Sighing to himself, he suddenly appeared directly in front of the old man.

The old man’s face flickered again. He hadn’t sensed anything at all just now. Moments ago, Meng Hao had clearly been behind him, but now, all of a sudden, here he was. The old man’s heart began to thump.

“Let her finish,” said Meng Hao. The old man had just given him some

valuable information, so Meng Hao wasn't willing to simply attack him.

The old man stood there silently for a moment, then loosened his grip.

A tremor ran through the young woman as her Cultivation base was restored. An unprecedentedly bright light appeared in her eyes, a light filled with hope. She once again gave Meng Hao a deep bow.

"Senior, it's your first time to the Milky Way Sea. There are many things you don't know, and the Three Sects' Seahold has very strict rules. Regarding where to stay, outsiders would have a very hard time figuring out matters on their own.

"Senior, I grew up in Seahold, and know the place inside and out. If it would please you, I'm willing to act as your guide. I can save you a lot of time, if you're willing."

*

1. It was in the Black Sieve Sect Blessed Land that Meng Hao arrived just in time to prevent Xu Qing from being raped.

Chapter 660: The Alcohol is Quite Strong

The woman's words caused the old man's face to grow very unsightly. He once again clasped hands to Meng Hao.

"Fellow Daoist, my apprentice doesn't understand the way of things. Please, don't take offense. Seahold might be large, but everything there is handled in an open and clear way. Once you go, Fellow Daoist, you will naturally understand."

The young woman bit her lower lip, and said nothing more. She simply gazed at Meng Hao with a pleading look.

The old man was starting to get a bit worried. "Fellow Daoist," he continued, "I answered all your questions without holding anything back. My apprentice is merely homesick. However, if we Cultivators wish to make progress, must step out of our comfort zones. That's why I took her out into the world, to gain some experience."

Meng Hao looked over the young woman and the old man, and then sighed inwardly.

"In the cultivation world, the law of the jungle prevails. I can't do anything about that. However," he said, shaking his head, "when it comes to our actions and decisions, there is an unwritten truth; habitual unjust behavior can prevent you from reaching Spirit Severing."

"Many thanks for helping me achieve my aim!" said the old man, reaching out to grab the young woman.

"Senior!!" continued the young woman, "when you had a weak Cultivation base, didn't you ever have a benefactor that was willing to help you...?" Before she could finish speaking, the old man's hand latched onto her, and she immediately became like a puppet, capable only of shedding tears filled with despair and the desire to die.

When Meng Hao heard her words, he suddenly said, "Did I say you could leave?"

The words were simple, but as soon as the old man heard them, his

mind trembled. The Nascent Soul inside of him began to tremble, and beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. He immediately stopped in place and slowly turned around, an expression of disbelief and shock on his face as he looked at Meng Hao.

It was in that instant that he realized that the Cultivation base of the person in front of him far, far exceeded his own.

Meng Hao's voice was cool as he said, "This young woman has a unique physique suitable for certain dual-party cultivation techniques that extract the Yin to strengthen the Yang.... Your goal is nothing more than to use that power to break through a Cultivation base blockage." With that, he lifted his right hand, causing ten mid-grade Demon hearts to fly toward the old man.

"Normally I wouldn't interfere in such a matter," he continued slowly, "but having encountered this young woman, it seems the two of us are connected by destiny. Thank you for answering my questions just now. Take these Demon hearts and leave."

The old man struggled inwardly for a moment, but in the end, released the girl and collected up the Demon hearts. With a bitter smile, he clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao, then hurried off into the distance.

Meng Hao's Cultivation base was beyond his comprehension, and the gap between the two of them far too large. The old man didn't even have the nerve to feel resentment, but rather, simply resigned himself to his fate.

As the old man made his way off into the distance, tears flowed ceaselessly down the young woman's cheeks, and she bowed over and over again to Meng Hao.

"Thank you for your kindness in rescuing me, Senior. I grew up on my own in Seahold, and will spare no effort to aid you." The gratitude she felt was clearly visible in her eyes. She had just evaded a huge calamity, and as a result, her voice quavered as she spoke. It seemed that all the courage she had shown just now completely vanished, and turned into weakness.

"What's your name?" asked Meng Hao, looking her over.

“Wei Li.... Junior’s name is Wei Li,” she replied softly, lowering her head to conceal the sorrow she felt because of her name. 1

Meng Hao nodded, but did not ask for any further details. Then, he flicked his sleeve, sweeping up the young woman to fly off into the direction of the Three Sects’ Seahold, which was notated on the map he possessed.

Wei Li hesitated for a moment as she flew alongside Meng Hao. She looked around at the mist that surrounded them, and felt the incredible speed with which they were moving, something she had never experienced before. Her voice soft, she finally said, “Senior... are you... are you a rogue Cultivator?”

“Why do you ask that?” replied Meng Hao calmly.

“In the Third Ring, all the Nascent Soul Cultivators are either rogue Cultivators, or belong to Sects and Clans that provide special flight treasures. Such treasures make it possible to avoid a lot of trouble, and also allow you to meditate and practice cultivation while traveling.”

Wei Li hesitated again, worried that she might somehow offend Meng Hao with her words. “Furthermore, upon entering Seahold, if you have such a flight treasure, you won’t be interrogated.”

“So that’s how it is,” said Meng Hao. After a moment’s thought, he said, “Well, after I get to Seahold, I guess I’ll just have to buy a few.” He realized that he truly didn’t have any sort of special flight treasure. Considering that it was possible to practice cultivation while riding such a treasure, Meng Hao started to feel somewhat excited.

Wei Li’s eyes went wide, and she almost went on to tell Meng Hao that such flight treasures were extremely expensive. However, she didn’t dare to actually open her mouth on the subject. Then she thought about how he had casually produced ten mid-grade Demon hearts, and she realized that he most likely had an incredible social standing.

After a long moment, she looked over Meng Hao’s plain and unadorned robe, and then said, “Senior... you should probably change into a different set of clothing. In Seahold, you can purchase Daoist garments crafted from

Sea Demons. According to the rumors, the highest quality garments can even resist an attack from the Spirit Severing level.

“If you prefer simple and unadorned clothing, Seahold has those too. However, regardless of whether it’s in terms of the quality of material, or the defensive capabilities, such garments are unique to the Milky Way Sea. Every year, people come from various outside Sects and Clans to have them custom made.”

Meng Hao looked down at his robes and nodded. He had never really paid much attention to his attire, but after listening to the young woman’s words, he realized that they made sense.

“Hmm, yes. When we get there, I’ll buy a few sets.”

“Senior, there’s also the matter of bags of holding. In the Milky Way Sea, you can get special holding treasures with a capacity a hundred times normal. Some even have other mysterious properties.

“In fact, the highest quality holding items can even store spiritual energy. That way, if you ever run low on magical power, you will have at least one chance to open your bag of holding.”

“Such items exist?” asked Meng Hao. It all sounded so new and interesting to him. He nodded. “Okay, when I get there, I’ll buy a few.”

“Senior, do you have any voice transmission talismans on you? None? You should definitely buy some of the voice transmission talismans available in the Seahold. That way, you can communicate directly with anyone on the outside, no matter where you are in the Milky Way Sea.”

“Alright! I’ll buy several!”

“Senior, considering the level of your Cultivation base, you probably don’t need magical rings, but I still suggest that you buy a few....”

“Excellent. I’ll definitely purchase a handful.”

“Senior, if you plan to stay in the Third Ring for a long time, you might want to buy an Immortal’s cave in the city. Of course, the prices vary depending on the location....”

“I’ll buy the best one!”

As they traveled, Wei Li continued to evaluate Meng Hao from top to bottom. If it were any other situation, Meng Hao wouldn’t really pay attention. However, considering how many Demon hearts he had in his bag of holding, and the number of Spirit Stones he could trade them for, his heart surged with joy.

Filled with the feeling of being rich and imposing, and accompanied by someone describing all the amazing things he could buy, roused his spirit. He flicked his sleeve and decided to buy everything.

Several days later, Meng Hao peered at Seahold from some distance away as they approached. He had already lost track of how many things Wei Li had described to him, nor could he remember exactly what he had said he intended to buy.

However, Wei Li was very professional, and she had long since taken out a jade slip to keep meticulous records.

Up ahead, the Seahold looked matchlessly huge. It was like an ancient sea beast, slumbering upon the surface of the water. At the moment, it was evening, and the city was ablaze with lights. A cursory examination left Meng Hao with the impression that at least 100,000 Cultivators were inside.

The area was surrounded by patrolling Cultivators of the three Sects. Also visible in the middle of the city was a huge tower, adorned with resplendently glowing pearls. They also emanated invisible ripples that no one but Meng Hao could see, which spread out to cover the entire city.

The entire city was surrounded by a towering wall, part of which stretched down below the surface of the water. The wall was completely black, and looked very somber and ominous. Vicious-looking spikes encircled the city, upon which were impaled the dried-up corpses of Sea Demons.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. Within Seahold he could sense, at the very least, hundreds of restrictive spell formations. Clearly, if he attempted to charge directly into the city, it would be impossible.

If they were activated, these restrictive spell formations could easily destroy a Spirit Severing Cultivator.

If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal. However, Meng Hao could also sense an aura deep within the city that caused his scalp to grow numb. It seemed to be partly the aura of a Cultivator, and partly the aura of a magical item.

It was impossible to distinguish clearly, but Meng Hao was certain that whatever thing emitted this aura... vastly exceeded the power of Spirit Severing.

After glancing the city over, his eyes came to rest on the huge tower in the middle of the city. In that very moment, red-robed Saint Sun Soul sat cross-legged in that very tower, meditating. Suddenly, his eyes opened.

His gaze passed out from within the tower until it reached Meng Hao off in the distance. Although Meng Hao had changed his appearance, he still recognized him.

The two of them were separated by quite a difference, but they could both sense each other looking at each other. After a moment, they retracted their gazes.

Seeing that Meng Hao had stopped in mid-air, Wei Li looked at him and said, "Senior?"

After a moment, she continued, "Senior, do you have an identity medallion?"

"If you do, then you can just enter directly. If you don't, well, that will be a bit more troublesome...."

Meng Hao frowned. He did not have an identity medallion, and currently, they were standing directly in front of the city gate. Inside, three men sat cross-legged, meditating. In front of them stood a dozen or so Cultivators clutching command medallions. Occasionally, they would glance around with cold expressions.

It was already evening, but there was still quite a line of people outside, waiting to enter the Seahold.

When Meng Hao and Wei Li arrived, the three old men all opened their eyes at the same time. In that moment, Meng Hao could sense the fluctuating ripples coming from nearby restrictive spell formations.

He knew that if he showed even the slightest bit of malice, those spell formations would activate.

“Senior,” said Wei Li, “if you have no identity medallion, then I can go into the city first to buy one for you. Unfortunately, the price will be quite high. Also, I will only be able to get the most common type of identity medallion, which will cause problems later. However....” Even as she was in the middle of speaking, a bright beam of light suddenly flew out from within the city.

Inside was a beautiful woman wearing a pink garment. She was elegant and poised, and as soon as she appeared, the Cultivators in the city gate bent at the waist to bow deeply.

“Respects, Madam Lin!” 2

At the same time, respectful expressions appeared on the faces of the other Cultivators in the area. One after another, they clasped hands and bowed.

“Greetings, Madam Lin!”

The poised and stately woman nodded and smiled. She passed through the crowds of people until she reached Meng Hao. As for Wei Li, she nervously backed up. Meng Hao’s expression was completely normal as he watched the woman everyone called ‘Madam Lin’ approaching. She stopped in front of him, and, as everyone watched, gave him a curtsying bow.

She didn’t speak, but she smiled and handed a gold-colored command medallion to Meng Hao.

“Someone asked me to pass you a message. The alcohol is quite strong.” She smiled and gave Meng Hao a deep look, then turned to leave.

As she walked away, everyone in the crowd turned to look at Meng Hao. Wei Li stared blankly at him, eyes wide.

1. Wei Li's name in Chinese is 唯离 Wéi lí. It's kind of a made up name. Wei means "only." Li means "leave" or "depart." The name sounds sad, perhaps to indicate that some sorrowful event occurred in her past.
2. When addressing a woman as "Madam" in this way, the surname used would be that of the husband. For example, many chapters ago Meng Li was addressed as "Madam Fang." In this case, it indicates that this woman's husband is surnamed Lin. When Saint Sun Soul was introduced in chapter 656, we learned that he is also surnamed Lin. From this, it seems pretty obvious that the woman is his wife.

Chapter 661: Seeing Xiaoxiao Again

As the elegant woman left, the surrounding Cultivators began to cry out in surprise. “First-rank Seahold medallion!”

All eyes were on Meng Hao, and especially the gold-colored command medallion he was currently fiddling with.

“A first-rank Seahold medallion... only the Three Saints of the three Sects can give out such a gift!”

“This is only the second time I’ve ever seen that type of command medallion. This person must be an incredibly honored guest!”

As the buzz of conversation spread out, Meng Hao looked down at the command medallion. It was completely gold, and the image of a Seahold was carved on its surface. On the other side were the characters: Sun Soul Society.

A faintly discernible pressure would be felt emanated from within.

Wei Li’s eyes were wide and filled with disbelief. She stared blankly as she followed Meng Hao through the crowd to enter the Seahold. Everywhere they passed, the Cultivators of the three Sects would immediately clasp hands and bow to them with extremely respectful expressions.

Even after they had made their way well into the city, Wei Li’s mind was still abuzz. Finally, she took a deep breath and then looked at Meng Hao. He seemed to get only more and more mysterious to her.

Finally, she couldn’t hold back any longer, and asked, “S-senior.... Sir, don’t tell me you know Saint Sun Soul?”

“No, not really,” replied Meng Hao casually, who was currently looking around. It was evening, but the city still bustled with noise and excitement, like a boiling cauldron.

Wei Li walked on for a few paces, but didn’t seem convinced. “That’s impossible. If you don’t know him, why did Madam Lin personally give you a Seahold medallion? She’s one of the revered Saint Sun Soul’s two

beloved, and she usually never appears in public.”

Meng Hao looked back at her with an enigmatic smile. “I gave him a flagon of alcohol a while back.”

A serious look appeared in Wei Li’s eyes. She wasn’t quite convinced, but what had happened earlier was just far too bizarre. On the other hand, to believe what Meng Hao just said, well, it seemed unimaginably fantastic.

“Forget about it,” said Meng Hao, smiling. “Now, why haven’t you taken me to one of those places that purchases Demon hearts?” Although he didn’t act very imperious, Wei Li started to get a bit nervous. She quickly murmured her assent and then began to give an explanation.

“Senior, there are three locations in the Seahold that specialize in Demon hearts. Those would be the three Sea Pavilions belonging to the Sea Divinity Sect, the Flying Immortal Sect, and the Sun Soul Society.

“The prices they give might not be the highest, but they are always honest with all customers. No matter how many Demon hearts you bring, they can convert them into Spirit Stones.

“In addition to the locations run by the three Sects, there is also the Milky Way Auction House, which of course hold auctions.

“Furthermore, there are other random shops throughout the city that buy Demon hearts. Of course, when all is said and done, this is the Milky Way Sea, and usually you can just buy things directly with Demon hearts.

“In fact, Senior, if you plan to purchase a lot of items, I recommend that you... don’t exchange your Demon hearts into Spirit Stones right away. The majority of items in the Seahold can only be purchased with Demon hearts.”

Meng Hao thought silently for a moment, then nodded his head. “First, let’s go somewhere that sells flying magical items.”

“Senior, what type do you wish to purchase?” asked Wei Li.

“The best type!” declared Meng Hao loudly.

Wei Li’s eyes began to shine, and she immediately began to lead him off

in a certain direction. She really was very familiar with the area. Evening continued to descend as she led him through Seahold for roughly the time it takes an incense stick to burn. Eventually, they came to a stop outside a particularly impressive pavilion.

It was built to look like an enormous, plum-colored airship. Although night was now falling, the entire building glowed with resplendent light. Ripples emanated out, and in front of the doors were two gigantic stone qilins, mighty and extraordinary in appearance.

As for the main door itself, it was roughly fifteen meters tall, and was constructed of deep sea driftwood. Looking at the structure from the outside, it truly seemed as if every bit of building material had been carefully selected, and was imbued with abstruse meaning. There were even magical symbols that were filled with strong spiritual energy. Almost anyone who looked at the building would be shocked by the level of luxury.

“When it comes to magical flight items, there are a total of eleven shops in Seahold where you can find them. The best is the Flying Immortal Sect’s Cloudburst Pavilion. The flying magical items here are often sought after even by outside Clans and Sects.” Wei Li was starting to get somewhat excited. In her world, the Cloudburst Pavilion was a place she could never step even half a foot into, let alone purchase any of the magical flight items inside.

The cost of such magical flight items far exceeded her imagination. The most she could normally do would be to glance in from outside. Now, though, she had a chance to actually enter, which left her very excited.

Meng Hao stood outside the Cloudburst Pavilion, studying it. He could see that the interior was decorated with beautiful extravagance. Bright lamplight illuminated everything, and the floors were actually paved with Spirit Stones.

Four or five customers could be seen inside, proud expressions on their faces as they walked about, listening to the Flying Immortal Sect disciples introduce the various magical flight items.

From the clothing they wore, it was possible to tell that they were wealthy and respected people. At a single glance, it was clear that they came from great Sects and Clans; these were definitely not nameless, rogue Cultivators.

Sitting cross-legged next to the entryway were two old men wearing brocaded robes. Their faces glowed with health, and they sat there meditating with eyes closed. Shockingly, their Cultivation bases were at the early Nascent Soul stage. To have Nascent Soul Cultivators acting as door guards would be enough to strike fear into the hearts of any rascals or thieves.

Inside the shop, three more Flying Immortal Sect disciples could be seen, two men and a woman. They were chatting happily, and occasionally, the woman would chuckle lightly. Her eyes sparkled enticingly, and she gave off an enchanting air.

However, they all completely ignored Meng Hao and Wei Li as they stood there outside the shop. They were used to people standing outside and gazing in with envy and admiration.

Meng Hao was just about to walk in, when suddenly, the sounds of laughing and chatting could be heard behind him. A group of Cultivators suddenly appeared, clustered around a woman. They made their way directly toward the shop.

Everyone on the road scurried to the side to make way for the group, their expressions filled with respect. Each and every Cultivator in the group were Chosen of the three Sects, figures who the others on the road would never dare to offend.

Regardless of whether you looked at them in terms of the clothes they wore, or their dispositions, they were imposing in all aspects.

Despite that, these Chosen of the three Sects were currently smiling, laughing, and gushing all sorts of flattery regarding the woman that they were escorting.

The woman was beautiful, and seemed incredibly delicate. Furthermore, her eyes occasionally flashed with a captivating look, which filled her with

a tempting allure.

When the Cultivators that surrounded her managed to catch a glimpse of her smile, it caused their hearts to palpitate with eagerness.

Next to the woman walked a young man with slanted eyebrows and eyes that sparkled like stars. He was exceedingly handsome, and wore a long white robe. Overall, he looked completely dashing, with an extraordinary jade-like face.

“Xiaoxiao,” he said, smiling at the indescribably beautiful and striking woman. “This is the Cloudburst Pavilion of the Flying Immortal Sect. Please, step inside!” As he passed, his cool gaze passed over Meng Hao and Wei Li.

Immediately, the two old men sitting cross-legged in the shop opened their eyes and rose to their feet. The other three disciples also rushed forward. All of them bowed to the young man with deep respect.

“Greetings, Junior Leader.”

The young man nodded. His somewhat arrogant and complacent expression became gentle and refined as he turned to look at the woman named Xiaoxiao. As they all entered the shop, the four or five customers inside quickly clasped hands and bowed deeply.

In contrast to the hubbub inside the shop, Meng Hao continued to stand outside calmly. However, a barely discernible, enigmatic smile tugged at his lips. Next to him, Wei Li had a look of extreme respect as she stared enviously at the woman named Xiaoxiao.

“What a coincidence,” thought Meng Hao. “I never expected to run into her in this place!” This woman was none other than Ji Xiaoxiao, whose written pledge Meng Hao still possessed in his bag of holding. 1

“Come on,” he said coolly, “let’s go in.” Wei Li followed him as he stepped foot into the shop. Nobody paid the slightest bit of attention to them. Everyone circled about the Chosen of the three Sects, respectful smiles plastered on their faces.

Meng Hao waited for a moment, but no one came over to greet him. In

the entire first floor of the Cloudburst Pavilion, not a single person even looked at the two of them. Meng Hao's expression immediately darkened.

"So, this is how the Cloudburst Pavilion receives customers, huh?!" His voice immediately echoed out through the entire Cloudburst Pavilion, drawing the attention of everyone inside. Even Ji Xiaoxiao looked over, although she couldn't recognize Meng Hao because of his changed appearance.

The Junior Leader of the Flying Immortal Sect frowned but continued to interact with Ji Xiaoxiao, occasionally pointing out various magical flight items.

Of course, the two old men noticed his furrowed brow. Immediately, their hearts began to thump. Looking a bit impatient, one of them pointed to the female Flying Immortal Sect disciple.

"Go deal with it," he said.

Originally, the woman had been quite excited because of the arrival of the Chosen from the three Sects. She had hoped that her good looks might give her some special opportunities.

But now, having heard the old man's words, resentment instantly bloomed in her heart. She didn't dare to refuse the order, though, so, face grim and heart filled with irritation, she walked over to Meng Hao and Wei Li.

She glanced over the two of them, and felt more than ever that they weren't even worth looking at, and were here to just cause mischief. "What kind of magical flight item do you want?" she asked coldly. "The cheapest magical item here costs fifty low-grade Demon hearts. If you can't afford it, please leave."

She couldn't see Meng Hao's Cultivation base, but this was the Cloudburst Pavilion of the Flying Immortal Sect. Even if he did have a high Cultivation base, it would be nothing she would hold in awe.

In this place, nobody would ever dare to make a scene.

Wei Li was a bit upset, but at the same time nervous. She looked over at

Meng Hao.

“Show me the most expensive thing you have,” Meng Hao said coolly, his expression the same as ever.

“The most expensive?” replied the woman with a light laugh. She couldn’t prevent the look of ridicule from appearing in her eyes. She had worked in this place for years, and had seen far too many people just like this, people who believed themselves to be incredible. In the end, they would always leave ashen-faced and depressed.

The woman laughed coldly. “The most expensive item we have costs 5,000 low-grade Demon hearts. Fellow Daoist, do you want to have a look?”

Meng Hao thought for a moment, then nodded. “Sure, why not.”

“Well, a treasure like that is not something that anybody can just look at,” she replied. “If you want to see it, then according to the regulations, you have to pay a thirty percent down payment. Fellow Daoist, do you really want to look at it?” The ridicule in her tone was quite obvious. At the same time, she noticed that the group of Chosen was heading toward the second floor of the pavilion. Suddenly, she started to get a bit anxious.

“The door is over there, Fellow Daoist,” she said suddenly. “You can see yourself out.” With that, she turned to catch up with the group of Chosen.

*

1. Ji Xiaoxiao is the Ji Clan member whose chest Meng Hao face-planted into before going into the Demon Immortal Sect. He met her first when she was facing off against Fang Yu. Later, he blackmailed her into taking him to the corpse of her fellow Clan member who he had killed. Like many other South Heaven Cultivators, she owes him Spirit Stones from the time when they were all descending into the Fourth Plane of the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane.

Chapter 662: Xu Pingping

To be the subject of such scorn here for no apparent reason caused Meng Hao to frown. If he revealed his Cultivation base, it would instantly resolve the situation. However, it was with great difficulty that he had managed to strike it rich. Therefore, since he could solve the problem with his Demon hearts, he didn't want to use his Cultivation base to intimidate people.

Almost in the exact moment that the woman went to leave, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding. Instantly, a rush of clattering could be heard as 1,500 low-grade Demon hearts piled up in the middle of the pavilion. They looked like a small mountain.

Glittering light flickered out, forming a resplendent scene. In addition, the sound that echoed out, along with the strong spiritual energy, immediately caused all of the Chosen who were about to go up to the second floor, to subconsciously look back. Looks of shock instantly appeared on their faces, after which bright glows appeared in their eyes.

Ji Xiaoxiao looked back at the Demon hearts. Despite her identity and Cultivation base, she was still shaken inwardly. She clearly knew the value of Demon hearts, and couldn't stop herself from looking over at Meng Hao.

Next to her, the young man also gaped and began to breathe raggedly. Although he was a Junior Patriarch, the sight of more than a thousand low-grade Demon hearts piled up together was something even he would rarely see.

As for the female Flying Immortal Sect disciple, she was actually the last person to realize what had happened. When she saw everyone looking behind her, she subconsciously looked back. Then she saw the mountain of Demon hearts, and her mind went blank.

Roaring sounds filled her head, and she could scarcely believe what she was seeing. How could she possibly imagine that these two plainly dressed, almost rustic Cultivators, would actually... have so many Demon

hearts?!

“S-senior... I...” stammered the woman.

“Is that enough?” asked Meng Hao coolly. “Now bring out your best product.” He waved his right hand.

RUMBLE!

A second mountain of Demon hearts appeared. Then, another rumbling could be heard, and a third mountain could be seen. In total, three small mountains of Demon Hearts now lay on the floor of the pavilion, a total of 5,000 Demon hearts. The resplendent light that shined out from them filled the entire area. Intense spiritual energy made the entire area seem like a Celestial paradise.

The woman’s mind was now roaring, and she was almost incapable of standing up straight. Her face was pale and filled with intense disbelief. She was literally incapable of imagining how the person she had just ridiculed could actually be such an ostentatious moneybags.

The other Chosen from the three Sects who currently stood on the stairs were also panting. Their eyes were wide as they stared at the Demon hearts. They dearly wanted to grab them for themselves.

Ji Xiaoxiao also stared in shock. She looked at Meng Hao, and gradually, a burning fervor rose up in her. As for the young man next to her, he took a deep breath as he stared at the Demon hearts.

The entire pavilion was filled with complete silence.

It was at this point that a peal of laughter could suddenly be heard coming from the second floor. A young woman walked out, wearing a set of revealing clothing. She seemed to be innately seductive; as she walked out, a fragrant aroma preceded her, and her forehead was adorned with a five-colored crystalline pattern. Even before Meng Hao could say anything to her, a charming smile could be seen on her face. An aura of maturity emanated out from her, filled with an intense attractiveness.

She walked slowly down the stairs, completely ignoring the Chosen as she passed them. In contrast, all of the Chosen bowed their heads and

clasped hands to her.

As for the Junior Leader of the Flying Immortal Sect, when he saw the woman, he immediately lowered his head respectfully.

“Earlier today, I heard the magpies calling, so I knew that an honored guest would come to call. I’ve been waiting all day, although it was nothing more than resting, really. Now the honored guest is here.

“I am Xu Pingping. Greetings, Fellow Daoist.”

Meng Hao glanced at Xu Pingping and saw that she had a late Nascent Soul Cultivation base. She hid it well, but to Meng Hao’s eyes it was clearly visible.

His glance instantly caused Xu Pingping’s heart to quiver. His look gave her the feeling that he could see through every defense she had, all the way into her heart. It seemed almost like all her secrets could be thoroughly revealed, no matter how she tried to hold them back.

Instantly, she became nervous, although her expression did not change in the slightest. Her demeanor continued to be one of maturity and charm.

“Fellow Daoist, please come up to the second floor,” she said with a smile. “I’m sure that the Cloudburst Pavilion has everything that you need.” In both terms of her wording and her inner feelings, she was extremely respectful to Meng Hao.

He nodded, then walked up ahead to climb the stairs. Wei Li followed, her heart pounding. Everything that she had seen so far today had opened up a new world to her. She was both nervous and excited as she trailed after Meng Hao.

She was just about to step foot onto the stairs when suddenly she hesitated and quietly said to Meng Hao, “Senior, the Demon hearts....”

“No one in Seahold would dare to take my Demon hearts,” said Meng Hao slowly, continuing up the stairs. When his words echoed out into the ears of everyone present, their hearts trembled.

Such wording was incredibly domineering.

Xu Pingping's eyes glittered. When she thought back to Meng Hao's penetrating glance just now, she couldn't help but be a bit more cautious than before.

As for the Chosen on the staircase, be they from the Flying Immortal Sect, or other Sects, without even thinking about it, they backed up to make way for Meng Hao. When he neared Ji Xiaoxiao, she looked up over curiously.

In return, he completely ignored her and proceeded on to the second floor.

Xu Pingping followed. As she passed the Chosen, she suddenly stopped and looked back at the two Nascent Soul Cultivators, as well as the other Flying Immortal Sect disciples whose job it was to receive guests.

"The two of you screw off," she said coolly. "Go back to the Flying Immortal Sect immediately." The two old Nascent Soul Cultivators tremblingly voiced their acknowledgement.

"The other four of you can also screw off. Go to the Flying Immortal Dungeon, where you will be punished for half of a sixty-year cycle!" Immediately, the Flying Immortal Sect disciples' faces went deathly pale. They began to tremble, and appeared to be completely filled with terror.

"And as for you...." she said, looking at the dazed female disciple standing in the middle of the pavilion. "If I get in any trouble from the Sect because of you, you pathetic, dog-eyed slut, well, you wouldn't be able to pay me back if you had ten lives. You're expelled from the Flying Immortal Sect. Get out of here. The farther you screw off, the better." With that, she turned and continued on to the second floor. When she passed Ji Xiaoxiao, she nodded and smiled.

The Cloudburst Pavilion only had two floors. The second floor was roughly the same size as the main hall. It was grand and imposing, and had an incense burner directly in the center. It was carved with strange creatures, and the smoke that wafted out from it made the second floor seem almost as if it were filled with mist.

After stepping foot onto the second floor, Meng Hao sat down in a

nearby chair. Wei Li stood next to him, looking around. Her heart was nearly bursting with excitement; she had never imagined that one day she would be able to stand in a position like this.

Meng Hao's expression was calm. He sat there, eyes closed, unspeaking. Moments later, Xu Pingping approached, her smile seemingly covering up the bitterness she felt inwardly.

"Senior, you left so many Demon hearts sitting in the main hall, I can't help but be a bit nervous."

Meng Hao opened his eyes and looked at her with an enigmatic smile. As soon as his gaze fell upon her, she got a bit more nervous, and even her smile started to feel a bit forced.

"I want a magical flight item," he said calmly. "The best you have."

"I already have everything prepared, Senior," said Xu Pingping. She clapped her hands three times, after which three women clad in delicate gauze skirts floated out from the smoke of the incense burner. Each of them carried a silver platter, which they held up high as they respectfully approached.

By this point, Ji Xiaoxiao and the others had arrived on the second floor and were looking over from off to the side. Obviously, they were less interested in the magical flight item and more interested in Meng Hao.

The items on the three silver platters included a reddish, copper short sword, a violet wooden boat, and a loom shuttle.

Xu Pingping looked at Meng Hao and smiled.

"Red Copper Sword," she said. "It expands when it rushes against the wind, becoming three thousand meters long. Nine levels of ghost images will appear inside of it, and it can accommodate three hundred passengers. It also contains a swarm of 10,000 short swords.

"Violet Wooden Boat. It can accommodate two hundred passengers, and has no offensive spell formations, nor any defensive spell formations. However, its speed... is similar to a First Severing Cultivator. Unfortunately, it consumes Spirit Stones at a high rate, one low-grade

Spirit Stone for every three breaths of time!

“Soul Loom Shuttle. It is only nine meters long, with average speed. However, its most powerful advantage is its Wind Blade function. Every hour, it can produce a single Wind Blade. As long as you have enough Spirit Stones, there is no limit to the number it can produce.

“These three items are the highest level flying items that we manufacture here at the Cloudburst Pavilion. Which one would you like, Fellow Daoist?”

When the Chosen from the three Sects saw the three magical flight items, their faces filled with longing. They well knew that these items were incredible.

Meng Hao frowned slightly. Others might view the items as high quality, but considering the level of his Cultivation base, they didn't quite meet up to his expectations.

Seeing Meng Hao's frown caused Xu Pingping's heart to quiver, and she started to pant a little. His frown, coupled with what had happened earlier, caused her to start to formulate some speculations about Meng Hao.

She hurriedly continued, “Although, I actually advise you not to purchase these items, Fellow Daoist. They seem incredible, but are actually relatively ordinary. Despite being expensive, they are standard manufacture items; in the lands of South Heaven, you will find quite a few people who own them.”

“Oh?” said Meng Hao, looking at Xu Pingping.

“Senior,” she said softly, her eyes glittering, “if you have enough Demon hearts, then the Cloudburst Pavilion can offer you a one-of-a-kind precious treasure!” She raised her right hand and performed an incantation, then pointed at the incense burner.

Immediately, the incense burner began to rumble, attracting all eyes in the room. Suddenly, vast quantities of smoke poured out from inside, within which could be seen, shockingly, an illusory bronze war chariot!

The war chariot emanated an air of ancientness, and was surrounded by

crackling lightning. It was also covered with cracks that made it seem as if it had experienced the baptism of flames of war and countless battlefield bloodbaths.

An indescribable pressure spread out from it, and visible on its surface were numerous flying beasts that almost looked alive. Although no one else could tell, when Meng Hao looked at them, they almost seemed alive.

To his eyes, all of the beasts were living, and struggling, letting out roars that caused his mind and heart to tremble.

He made a slight “eee?” sound, then reached his right hand up to touch his left eye. Then he blinked nine times, causing the Immortal Qi of Immortal Shows the Way to circulate inside of him. When he looked at the war chariot this time, the flying beasts all merged together to transform into a black wing!

Unfortunately, there was only one.

Meng Hao looked away and closed his eyes. After a moment he opened them again and looked at Xu Pingping.

“How much?” he asked.

Xu Pingping’s heart was trembling. Things were not quite going according to her plan for this item. Then she thought of Meng Hao’s actions earlier, and she started to regret.

“Fellow Daoist, this item isn’t for sale. It’s....”

Meng Hao’s face immediately darkened, and suddenly, a shocking pressure emanated out from him to envelop the entire area. It almost seemed as if a storm were coming.

Chapter 663: Rich and Headstrong!

Meng Hao looked at Xu Pingping for a moment, then retracted his energy. The second floor returned to normal. However, the pressure just now had caused sweat to begin to stream down her back. The feeling she got was the same as that you might feel when facing some ancient beast.

However, the only one to feel the pressure had been Xu Pingping, and no one else. Neither Ji Xiaoxiao nor the Chosen from the three Sects had felt anything. The only thing they had noticed was the change in Xu Pingping's expression.

"Name a price," said Meng Hao coolly. To hear himself saying such words caused Meng Hao's heart to surge. In his hundreds of years of practicing cultivation, his money purse had always been empty. Even when he occasionally fell into some profit, it would inevitably be sucked away by the copper mirror.

But now, he finally had the confidence derived from achieving the dream he had kept in his heart since childhood....

I'm rich, fools!

Next to him, Wei Li's eyes shone brightly. She continued to have the strong feeling that Meng Hao was almost glowing, emanating an indescribable aura that battered against her face.

Xu Pingping, feeling somewhat intimidated by Meng Hao's display, nervously said, "It really isn't an issue of the price...."

"6,000 low-grade Demon hearts," said Meng Hao, lifting his chin up proudly.

"That's...."

"Not enough? How about 8,000?" Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever, but inwardly, that surging feeling grew more intense. To suddenly go from being broke to rolling in wealth gave Meng Hao the feeling that he could buy the entire shop if he felt like it.

This was a confidence that had nothing to do with Cultivation base. The

more confident he felt, the more powerful his words became.

I'm REALLY rich, fools!

Even Xu Pingping, who was so experienced and knowledgeable, was shocked by the confidence and power in his words. Her eyes went wide, and she sucked in a deep breath. 8,000 low-grade Demon hearts was an extremely high price!

Wei Li stared blankly at Meng Hao with wide eyes. Mentally, she was calculating how much 8,000 low-grade Demon hearts were worth in Spirit Stones.

As for the Chosen of the three Sects, and Ji Xiaoxiao, when they heard Meng Hao's words, their jaws dropped and they stared in shock. As of now, they suddenly realized that he really did exude the air of a rich person....

The eyes of a few of the female disciples began to shine brightly as they looked at Meng Hao. Although they hadn't noticed before, they could see now... this guy was incredibly handsome and had an extraordinary air. He was elegant and dashing, clearly different from the average person.

Although Meng Hao's tried to keep his expression the same as usual, anyone who looked at it would feel as if the following characters were clearly written there:

I'm Mr. Moneybags!

Xu Pingping's eyes were wide, and her heart was pounding. "I think...."

"Still not enough?" said Meng Hao. Waving his hand in imitation of the rich folk he remembered from Yunjie County, he cleared his throat and said. "No problem. 10,000 low-grade Demon hearts works for me."

When he saw the shock on the faces of the bystanders when they heard this, Meng Hao felt quite pleased inwardly, even more so than if he had just experienced an increase in Cultivation base.

Xu Pingping gasped. Ji Xiaoxiao's eyes were fixed on Meng Hao. As for the Junior Leader of the Flying Immortal Sect, and the Chosen from the

three Sects, all of them gaped with wide eyes and slack jaws.

Xu Pingping struggled visibly for a moment before replying, “Senior, this war chariot was delivered to us only recently. Apparently, it appeared on the border between the Second and Third Rings. I haven’t even notified the Sect about it yet.”

Meng Hao’s expression was calm, but his eyes flickered. He definitely did not mind being addressed as Senior.

“If my speculations are correct, Senior, you have come to the Milky Way Sea because of the Sea Devils in the Second Ring, as well as... the legendary ancient battleship!

“This bronze war chariot is filled with ancientness, and is obviously an object from ancient times. For it to appear here indicates that there is a high possibility it originated from the ancient battleship.

“I only have one request, Senior. When you go searching for the ancient battleship, can you take Junior with you? You don’t have to provide me with any assistance. As long as I step foot onto it, all obligations will have been fulfilled.

“In return, I will sell the item to you for 5,000 Demon hearts.”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered.

“And what if I don’t go looking for the ancient battleship?” he asked coolly.

Without hesitation, Xu Pingping replied, “If that is your wish, Senior, then I will have to resign myself to such an outcome.” She quickly performed an incantation with her right hand and then pointed toward the incense burner. Instantly, the smoke inside parted, and the bronze war chariot flew out, almost as if it were trying to escape the pavilion.

Meng Hao waved his right hand, causing the war chariot to immediately stop in midair. It was irresistibly pulled down, shrinking down to the size of the hand of an infant as it landed on Meng Hao’s palm. He immediately put it into his bag of holding.

He stood up, completely ignoring Xu Pingping. Accompanied by Wei Li, and beneath the burning gazes of the Chosen of the three Sects, he walked in the same manner as the number one moneybags of Yunjie County, Steward Zhou. He clasped his hands behind his back and strolled toward the stairs. 1

It was when he stepped foot onto the first stair that Meng Hao finally looked back at Xu Pingping.

“Give me a voice transmission talisman,” he said.

Xu Pingping instantly went wild with joy. Panting, she took out a voice transmission talisman and respectfully handed it over.

Meng Hao put the talisman away and, escorted by Xu Pingping, walked down the stairs and left the Cloudburst Pavilion.

Outside, the sky was already dark, and the sea breeze blew against his face. Wei Li was sweating, and a bit in a daze as she glanced back and forth between Meng Hao and the Cloudburst Pavilion.

Considering how late it was, Meng Hao chose not to go to any more shops, but instead relied on Wei Li’s assistance to find a place to stay. In the end, he rented a private residence with its own main gate.

The residence was actually an Immortal’s cave, and the most expensive type available in Seahold. It had a defensive spell formation, as well as a passageway connecting it to the seafloor, where there was a special chamber designed for secluded meditation. Despite being on the seafloor, the meditation chamber still fell under the general defensive spell formations of Seahold, which meant that no sea beasts would come near it.

At first, Meng Hao planned to actually purchase the residence, but after further thought, he couldn’t bear to spend so many Spirit Stones, and decided instead to rent it.

The residence had many rooms, which meant that Wei Li had her own private room. As the night wore on, she thought back to everything that had happened during the day, and also about how Meng Hao had saved

her. Subconsciously, she had allowed Meng Hao's visage to be deeply imprinted into her mind. However, she knew that there was a vast gap between them in terms of status and identity, and after considering the matter for a while, she sighed and then closed her eyes to meditate.

As for Meng Hao, he sat cross-legged in his own room, surrounded by quiet. Around the time of the third watch, he suddenly opened his eyes.

"I'm finally rich," he murmured. "It's too bad that Steward Zhou has long since passed away. If I have a chance in the future, I'll find some of his descendants and pay back those three pieces of silver that I owe.

"Or... nah, I'm rich now! I'll pay back a little bit extra." He smiled and patted his bag of holding.

Then he lifted up his hand, upon which appeared the bronze war chariot.

It was impossible to tell how many springs and autumns the bronze chariot had passed through, but it was covered with flecks of rust, and filled with an air of ancientness, as if it had been buried in the darkness for countless years.

Looking at it caused a strange feeling to well up in Meng Hao. It almost seemed as if the bronze war chariot were currently retelling the stories of the bloodbaths it had witnessed, as if it were describing an explosive, bloodthirsty bellicosity of some long forgotten age.

The beasts carved on its surface looked like dead things, but in Meng Hao's eyes, they were alive. It was as if they had been sleeping for tens upon tens of thousands of years, waiting for the day in which they would awaken and then roam carefree in Heaven and Earth.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he sent out some Cultivation base power through his right hand into the bronze war chariot. Immediately, faint ripples emanated out, and the war chariot began to expand in size.

Meng Hao was prepared for this, and quickly stepped out into the courtyard. Then he raised up his right hand. With a rumbling sound, the war chariot flew up into the air, continuing to expand until it was roughly

nine meters large.

Ripples spread out, and the war chariot glowed with light. The ripples, however, seemed to be filled with decay, and the glow was somewhat dim.

Meng Hao's body flickered to reappear inside of the war chariot. His right hand touched its side, and he sent out more Cultivation base power. The war chariot trembled and then began to speed up into the air.

It moved with such incredible speed that Seahold quickly became a tiny dot below him. Although the war chariot screamed through the night air, it didn't vibrate or shake even the least bit.

In exactly this same moment, Saint Sun Soul sat cross-legged meditating in the tall tower in the middle of Seahold. Next to him was the elegant and poised Madam Lin, who gripped a huge feather in both hands, which she was using to perform a conjuring. The feather emanated an aura of rot and decay. At the same time, swirling white lights wafted through the air, to be breathed in by Saint Sun Soul, who currently wore a black robe.

Even in the middle of the cultivation, Saint Sun Soul's eyes suddenly opened, and he looked off into the distance.

"What's wrong?" asked Madam Lin, looking over at him.

"Nothing," he replied. "That troublesome fellow from before is testing out a magical item. Hmph. The both of them are equally mediocre." His face grew dark, and it was hard to tell exactly what he was going on in his mind.

"Didn't he give you a flagon of alcohol as a gift?"

As soon as Saint Sun Soul heard the word 'alcohol,' his face twitched.

"He was actually threatening me," he said.

Madam Lin stared in shock, but didn't respond. As for Saint Sun Soul, he didn't bring up the matter of the alcohol again.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao was up in mid-air, frowning. He stood there in the war chariot, examining it with a puzzled expression.

"This thing is about as fast as a First Severing Cultivator. However, it

expends a lot of Cultivation base power. Too bad I can actually move much faster without it.

“Furthermore....” His eyes flickered as he looked at the rust marks on the chariot, which were actually slowly growing larger. “The more I use it, the more the damage spreads. Soon, the rust will fill the whole thing, and it will be useless.” With that, Meng Hao lifted up his right hand and then slapped it down onto the chariot.

A boom could be heard, and the chariot trembled. Low-pitched roaring sounds emanated out from within, and illusory figures began to surge out.

They were the images of fierce beasts, each one unique. There was a giant ape, a horned lion, even a two-headed giant bear. The various fierce beasts all lifted their heads up and roared.

However... they all were restrained by amorphous chains which connected them to the war chariot. Also... all of their eyes were closed!

Not a single one had opened its eyes.

As soon as they appeared, an intense pressure appeared in the area. Even still, the frown on Meng Hao’s face deepened. He had just noticed that the rust was spreading through the war chariot even faster than before.

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1. Steward Zhou was first mentioned in chapter 1 as well as a few subsequent chapters. Meng Hao owed him three pieces of silver.

Chapter 664: War Chariot!

“At the most, I can use it only ten more times.” Meng Hao examined the rust. It almost looked like rot, that, wherever it went, caused the bronze to turn into scrap metal.

“I almost feel like I’m not using it properly,” he murmured to himself. “If using it damages it, then... huh?” Suddenly, his heart trembled.

“Not using it properly?” His eyes glittered, and the trembling of his heart increased in intensity as he thought back to the scene revealed by Immortal Shows the Way, back in the Cloudburst Pavilion.

After a moment’s thought, Meng Hao once more slapped the war chariot. Instantly, the beasts surrounding the war chariot vanished, and chariot began to shrink down. Soon it was yet again the size of an infant’s hand, resting on his palm.

He floated there in mid-air, and after a moment of detailed inspection, he suddenly began to pick up on some clues.

“Its surface is inscribed with ancient magical symbols that don’t seem to be an actual part of the war chariot....

“And then there are the chain carvings. They don’t seem to merge perfectly with the original chariot, as if they were added later.” His eyes glittered for a moment before he suddenly closed his right eye. He blinked nine times and also unleashed the Immortal Qi of Immortal Shows the Way, pouring it into his eye. Immediately, the bronze war chariot’s appearance changed.

It was no longer a war chariot, but rather, a mass of ferocious beasts. They were intertwined together such that, from a distance, they looked like a black wing!

The black wing was indistinct, but Meng Hao was sure that it was actually the wing of a butterfly!

His heart trembled, and he took a deep breath. He circulated some more Qi of Immortal Shows the Way, then focused closely... on the butterfly

wing.

The instant he looked at it, a roaring filled his mind. The world in front of him shattered, almost like a mirror breaking. Within that breaking, the mirror turned into countless flickering images that Meng Hao couldn't see clearly.

However, there was one image that instantly branded itself into his memories!

He saw a land in which clouds roiled in the sky, filled with crackling lightning. A man wearing black garments stood in the war chariot, looking down coldly at the lands below.

It almost seemed as if the man were the Heavens, the will of the sky itself.

An interminably rotating vortex could be seen on his forehead, and in his right hand was a string of blank, white prayer beads that seemed to be waited to receive sealing marks.

As for the war chariot in which the man stood, it looked very similar to the one Meng Hao had just recently acquired, except that there were no magical symbols on it.

Beneath the war chariot was an endless sea, in the center of which was an enormous tree that towered up into the sky. Sitting at the crown of the tree was a small boy who smiled as he looked out over the world.

Fluttering in the air around the boy were nine butterflies. Off in the distance were countless living things practicing cultivation. 1

Everything was very quiet and peaceful....

Meng Hao's mind roared, and then the vision faded away. He panted, and a strange light gleamed in his eyes as he looked at the war chariot in his palm.

"That vision...." His eyes flickered, and after taking a few breaths, he lifted up his left hand and pushed it down onto the bronze war chariot to slowly wipe away a magical symbol.

In total, there were ninety-nine magical symbols on the war chariot.

A gentle but also ferocious light rose up from Meng Hao's hand. He continued to rub the war chariot until he finally succeeded in wiping away a magical symbol. By this point his face was pale. It didn't seem difficult to wipe away the magical symbol, but actually, he had wasted a significant amount of Cultivation base power to do so.

As soon as the magical symbol was wiped away, the bronze war chariot trembled. Sounds like howls erupted out from within, as if some ancient sleeping giant was suddenly beginning to awake.

When the sound reached his ears, Meng Hao's spirit was shaken.

"These magical symbols and chains were actually added later. If it wasn't done as a seal, then it was a method to try to control the chariot due to a lack of understanding of its proper usage.

"That improper usage is actually the source of the damage!" He took a deep breath, and was just about to wipe away a second magical symbol when suddenly, his hand stopped, and a look of doubt could be seen in his eyes.

"Why is it that only I could see the images on the war chariot? Anyone who saw them would know that something was different about it on the inside." His eyes flickered as he looked down at his own torso.

After a long moment, he slowly murmured, "Immortal Shows the Way.... Choumen Tai!"

The reason he could see the images on the war chariot, and also know the correct way to use it, was all because of the Immortal Qi of Immortal Shows the Way.

"Could it be that this is an Immortal treasure?" He thoughtfully lifted his left hand up again and began to slowly wipe away a second magical symbol.

The bronze war chariot began to glow with even more intensity, and the howling from inside grew clearer.

Next, Meng Hao wiped away a third magical symbol, then a fourth. When he wiped away the tenth magical symbol, the bronze war chariot began to emit a droning sound, and expanded until it was thirty meters large.

The glow emanated out in all directions, as well as a pulsing pressure. Even Meng Hao could feel that he was affected by the intense pressure, which made it impossible to get close to the chariot; he was instantly forced back a bit.

His eyes shining brightly; having erased ten magical symbols, his Cultivation base was virtually exhausted. After closing eyes for a while to recover, he frowned.

“The more magical symbols I wipe away, the more difficult it gets.” His body flickered as he shot toward the war chariot. As he neared, a ring of yellow light suddenly appeared around the chariot.

It quickly began to expand out, filling Meng Hao’s mind with a sense of danger. He shot backward, quickly emerging from within the yellow light. Then he forced out a bit of the Immortal Qi of Immortal Shows the Way to circulate through his body, then shot back in his original direction.

This time, no circle of yellow light appeared. He moved with incredible speed, arriving at the war chariot in the blink of an eye. He didn’t have very much Immortal Qi in his body, and it wouldn’t last long before vanishing.

He placed his hand onto the war chariot. After a moment of thought and rest, he rotated his Cultivation base, pouring power into the war chariot. However, the power seemed to disappear like a rock sinking down into the ocean. There was no reaction whatsoever from the war chariot.

Meng Hao stilled his Cultivation base, and then, without the slightest hesitation, sent out some more Immortal Qi. It was only a sliver, but the instant it flowed out from his hand into the war chariot, the entire world seemed to start rumbling.

A gigantic vortex appeared up in the sky, booming as it spun. Countless bolts of lightning crackled out in all directions. The entire area seemed to

have suddenly gone wild, as if all Heaven and Earth were suddenly collapsing.

Meng Hao suddenly felt as if he were fusing with the war chariot, becoming one with it. Then he saw the image of the black-clothed man with the vortex on his forehead, the one from his vision moments ago.

At the same time, a thrumming sound could be heard from the chariot as the images of countless ferocious beasts appeared up ahead. All of them were fastened with chains, and let out soundless roars. They began to run forward, pulling the war chariot with them through the sky. It transformed into something like a shooting star that flew off into the distance with indescribable speed.

The speed with which it moved caused rumbling booms to fill the sky as it shot forward. Yellow ripples emanated out, sweeping through the night sky, filling it with a yellow glow.

At the moment, black-robed Saint Sun Soul suddenly stood up within the tower in Seahold. A look of astonishment appeared in his eyes as he suddenly vanished and then reappeared outside in mid-air. He looked off into the distance, his expression changing multiple times.

“What magical item is that!?” he gasped. Moments ago, his Cultivation base had twitched with a feeling of terror. The feeling was not something he was completely unfamiliar with; it was something he might experience when facing the Sect’s ancestral legacy treasure.

“Is that a legacy treasure?” he thought to himself.

Meng Hao’s heart was filled with shock. The strand of Immortal Qi that he sent out from Immortal Shows the Way caused the war chariot to leave Seahold behind in the blink of an eye. Although there was still seawater underneath him, he had no way to tell whether or not he was still in the Third Ring.

This stretch of sea looked very strange, and the waters, almost black. Everything was quiet; not even a single ripple could be seen on the surface of the water, much less any waves.

“Where... where did that speed come from!?” said Meng Hao with a gasp. He looked down at the war chariot, a look of shock on his face.

“This is a precious treasure!

“Unfortunately, only the power of an Immortal can make it work. This treasure... will not even recognize my Cultivation base.” He sighed. The only Immortal Qi he had was from Immortal Shows the Way. He could use bits of it to employ the Celestial Vision technique, but to use it in battle was like trying to put out a burning horse cart with a single cup of water.

“Immortal Qi.... So this thing really is an Immortal treasure. It only works when fueled by Immortal Qi...” As he considered these matters, his heart suddenly trembled as a bizarre notion appeared in his mind.

“Is the Qi of Immortal Shows the Way really Immortal Qi? Is it possible... that it really isn’t Immortal Qi, but rather, something else....?” Before he could consider the idea very much, he suddenly looked down at the sea below.

The previously still waters were now suddenly filled with ripples. A crocodile appeared, three hundred meters long... heading in his direction.

Crocodiles were not something that would normally appear in the sea, but there was one here right now. It was completely black, and its eyes were somber and cold. On its back were countless ferocious looking bumps and lumps.

Sitting cross-legged amidst the bumps and lumps was a man wearing a dilapidated set of clothing. His expression was cold as he... looked up at Meng Hao.

In the instant in which he looked at Meng Hao, the man’s eyes filled with a bloodthirsty killing intent.

“Cultivator?” he said, his unpleasant voice hoarse and grating. When he opened his mouth to speak, blackened teeth could be seen. To Meng Hao, his entire person seemed to radiate complete vileness.

An aura of Spirit Severing suddenly exploded out of him. At the same time, the crocodile suddenly lifted its head up and roared, also exploding

with a Spirit Severing aura. The seawater was in chaos, and a pulsating, fishy stench rose up.

“This is the Devil Sea,” said the man. “Now that you’re here, you won’t be leaving.” With that, he made a grasping motion, causing the air in the area to condense. An incredible pressure then weighed down.

Meng Hao gaped. “Devil Sea?”

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1. This is not the first time nine butterflies have been mentioned in the story. If you don’t remember you can check out [chapters 555](#), [587](#), [613](#) and [652](#).

Chapter 665: The Dawn Immortal Once Again

Meng Hao gave a cold snort as he looked at the young man and how he caused the air in the area to seemingly collapse under the pressure of a gesture. Meng Hao was just about to make a move when he stopped. He stood there in the war chariot, motionless.

He allowed the thunderous roaring to descend upon him, but then, even as it neared, the war chariot automatically emitted a yellow ring of light. The ring expanded out and then slammed into the collapsing air.

A boom rattled out, followed by cracking sounds. Everywhere the yellow ring of light passed was left completely calm and tranquil.

A red glow appeared in the eyes of the man on the crocodile. He then leaped into the air and shot toward Meng Hao, followed by the crocodile, who opened its gaping mouth as it ferociously charged out of the water.

The man closed in, and he didn't perform an incantation, but instead reached his hand out in a claw-like gesture. Instantly, his fingers all turned pitch black and began to emanate a black fog. The black fog from his five fingers swirled and twisted, transforming into a vicious flood dragon that then charged toward Meng Hao.

A boom echoed out as the flood dragon slammed into the expanding yellow ring of light, and was deflected away. The snapping crocodile also hit the yellow ring, whereupon it let out a bloodcurdling scream as its teeth were shattered. It then retreated at top speed.

Meng Hao gave a faint smile. As for his opponent, he retreated backward a bit, a look of anxiety and doubt on his face as he stared fixedly at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's smile turned wide and splendid. As of now, he realized that the war chariot truly was a precious treasure. As long as he was inside it, it would activate defense powers even if he didn't imbue it with Immortal Qi.

“There is neither any enmity nor hatred between us,” said Meng Hao. “Why engage in magical combat? I came here by accident, so I’ll take my leave now.” With that, he placed his hand onto the war chariot and then circulated Immortal Shows the Way, and was about to send the war chariot speeding away.

Suddenly, though, the expression of man in the dilapidated clothing grew even more vicious. He lifted his head up and let out an ear-piercing shout. At the same time, his body began to distort and expand. In the blink of an eye, his skin was replaced by black scales. At the same time, his shape began to change, until he didn’t look like a person, but rather... a black flood dragon!

His body flickered again, and he was now over three hundred meters long. His eyes radiated savagery and avarice as he stared at Meng Hao there in the war chariot.

“You will stay,” said the flood dragon. As it spoke the language of humans, black flames accompanied the words. “Consuming you will help improve my Cultivation base. As for that treasure of yours... that also will stay behind.”

The black flames spit out by the flood dragon emanated a green glow along with a rotten stench that seemed to indicate they were imbued with poisons. They shot toward Meng Hao at top speed.

A sea of flames surrounded him, emanating intense heat and power that caused everything to ripple and distort. Waves undulated on the surface of the sea below, as if it couldn’t bear the level of heat. The crocodile had long since retreated off into the distance; it floated there in the water, staring at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s face darkened as he looked coldly at the flood dragon on the other side of the black flames. He lifted up the hand that he had placed onto the war chariot, and ceased to rotate Immortal Shows the Way.

“I thought you were a Cultivator, but it turns out you’re a Sea Demon,” said Meng Hao calmly. “Since you’re looking to die, I guess I’ll help you fulfill your wish.” Meng Hao’s personality was fully on display; the calmer

he was, the greater his desire to kill.

Even as he spoke, Meng Hao started to move forward. He stepped out of the war chariot and entered into the black sea of flames. Seeing that he dared to emerge left the flood dragon astonished, and he immediately began to back up.

“I can be crafty too!” said Meng Hao. He waved his hand, and another sea of flames sprang up. These flames were red, and sprang up high into the sky around Meng Hao. As soon as the red flames touched the black flames, an intense rumbling sound could be heard. At the same time, Meng Hao emerged on the outside.

The flood dragon’s face fell, and he continued to move backward in retreat. However, before he could get very far, Meng Hao turned into a green smoke. As for the flood dragon, his heart was pounding in his ears. The fact that Meng Hao dared to emerge from the war chariot was obviously not a good thing. Even as he retreated, Meng Hao suddenly appeared behind him.

A hand raised up, and a fist descended.

The fist seemingly landed on nothing but air. However, a huge rumbling could be heard, and the flood dragon felt as if a mountain were crushing down onto him. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and a look of astonishment appeared on his face. He let out a miserable shriek.

At the same time, the crocodile opened its mouth wide and charged, ignoring any danger whatsoever as it shot toward Meng Hao.

“Trifling First Severing Cultivation base,” said Meng Hao. “You’re not the first one I’ve killed like that.” Not even deigning to look at the crocodile, he punched backward.

BAM!

A tremor ran through the crocodile and then, starting from its head, it began to shatter. In the blink of an eye, the shattering spread out through its entire body. A final bang could be heard as it exploded into bloody pieces.

A fist-sized black Demon heart transformed into a black beam of light that flew into Meng Hao's hand. He put it into his bag of holding and then looked at the flood dragon. The flood dragon's trembling increased in intensity.

He took a deep breath, and then turned around. Clouds suddenly circulated beneath him, a divine ability which would enable him to shoot down into the waters below.

Meng Hao's right hand flickered in an incarnation gesture, and he pointed out.

"Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!"

Demonic Qi appeared, transforming into numerous invisible, thin strands that wrapped around the flood dragon. It instantly stopped moving, which left the flood dragon scared witless. Even as he struggled, Meng Hao waved his right hand, causing ten Wooden Time Swords to fly out one after another and then pierce through the flood dragon.

A bloodcurdling shriek echoed about as the flood dragon began to rapidly wither. His expression was one of intense fear as he could feel his life force rapidly disappearing.

Feeling death approaching, he suddenly shook and then spit a pearl out of his mouth. The pearl was about the size of a fist, and was not black, but completely and utterly white.

As soon as the pearl appeared, it emanated a soft glow, along with a thick, fragrant aroma. The spiritual energy in the area even grew stronger. A powerful shockwave spread out, causing rumbling booms as the dragon shook free of the binding strands, forced back the wooden swords, and then shot down toward the sea, carrying the pearl with it.

In the blink of an eye, he splashed into the water and then disappeared.

A strange light appeared in Meng Hao's eyes. He looked at the white pearl, and the first thought that ran through his mind was that he was sure he could sell the thing for an exorbitant price.

As soon as the thought entered his mind, the last trace of his hesitation

disappeared as he flashed through the air, circulating Immortal Shows the Way as he stepped foot onto the war chariot. His hand touched the chariot, and it instantly began to vibrate and shoot down toward the sea.

In the blink of an eye, he was underwater. Everything around was pitch black, but it only took a moment for Meng Hao to catch sight of the vicious flood dragon up ahead, feeling quite confident that he had just escaped disaster.

Even as the flood dragon felt as if he had managed to scrape out and extra life, he suddenly heard a rumbling sound. He turned, and his eyes went wide and filled with shock when he saw the thirty meter war chariot!

It wanted to dodge out of the way, but was too slow!

Bang!

The war chariot directly struck the flood dragon, causing it to let out a miserable howl. Then, its body began to break apart into pieces. It exploded, and the white pearl flew out. Shockingly, inside the pearl could be seen a miniature flood dragon, its face covered with terror and astonishment.

The pearl and the miniature flood dragon shot off at high speed, but no matter how fast they could go, it was too slow compared to Meng Hao's war chariot.

Meng Hao instantly shot in pursuit. Inside the white pearl, the flood dragon's face was unyielding and filled with madness. It then let out a miserable cry that it amplified with Divine Will.

"Dawn Immortal, save me!!"

When Meng Hao heard the name 'Dawn Immortal,' his mind instantly trembled. It was a name he would never forget. However, this was not the time and place to think about it in detail. His eyes glittered, and he pushed the war chariot in pursuit. His hand stretched out and he grabbed the white pearl.

The struggling of the flood dragon made no difference. Meng Hao sealed the pearl and then quickly put it into his bag of holding.

However, in that instant... a faint sigh could suddenly echoed about in the darkness of the seafloor.

It was a single sigh, but it instantly caused Meng Hao's scalp to go numb. Cold sweat broke out all over his body, and his face fell. Suddenly, the Resurrection Lily inside of him seemed to go mad.

It seemed as if, regardless of anything, it wanted to reveal itself and let out a cry to be noticed by whomever had just made the sigh.

Meng Hao's mind trembled, and he instantly caused the war chariot to begin moving. He began to build up the Immortal Qi, and was just about to speed away when a tentacle suddenly shot toward him from within the deep sea.

Immediately, an intense feeling of crisis rumbled through Meng Hao. At the same time, the struggling of the Resurrection Lily reached a peak.

BOOM!

Meng Hao released the entirety of his Immortal Qi, causing it to enter the war chariot. It rumbled, and then shot at incredible speed up and out of the water, transforming into a beam of light that quickly disappeared. Almost simultaneously, a gigantic tentacle erupted from the surface of the sea.

As he shot away, Meng Hao had just enough time to glance back at the enormous tentacle before the world turned blurry.

What he saw caused Meng Hao's mind to quiver and tremble with confusion.

"What... what is that...?" His face was pale white, and his expression one of disbelief. Given his Cultivation base, his experiences, his level of focus, in the Milky Way Sea, only the ancient Underworld Ship could cause his expression to change in such a way.

However, there was now something else!

In fact, because of his own condition, what he saw caused him to be even more astonished than the ancient Underworld Ship.

“That’s... the Dawn Immortal?”

Chapter 666: The Mother of the Resurrection Lily!

What he saw was a gigantic black tentacle, smooth and glossy, almost whip-like in appearance.... Furthermore, at the very end of the tentacle were a few black leaves.

This was not the tentacle of some beast! It was the branch of a plant!!

Anyone else probably would not realize it, but because of his own situation, as soon as Meng Hao saw it, he knew that this... was...

A Resurrection Lily branch!!

From this single branch, Meng Hao had no problem reaching the conclusion that deep in the black, dark depths of the sea was... an incomparably enormous Resurrection Lily!!

What he was seeing was simply a branch, but it was able to stretch up from deep within the sea; he could only imagine how large and terrifying its main trunk was. The frightening speed with which it moved caused Meng Hao to pant. It could even match up to his war chariot!

Furthermore, Meng Hao knew that the only reason he could get away was that his original position was actually not very far away from the surface of the water. Although it seemed he and the branch had emerged from the water at the same time, the war chariot would have actually been no match for the Lily's frightful speed.

"How many colors does it have...?" thought Meng Hao, panting. By now, the war chariot had left the black area of the sea. The waters below looked normal, and up ahead, he saw storm winds. Meng Hao knew that he was now near the edge of the Third Ring, and was not far from Seahold.

He took a deep breath and thought for a moment. The sky up above was turning light as he put the war chariot away into his bag of holding. Then his body flashed as he headed toward Seahold at the fastest speed he could muster.

He arrived back at his residence before the sky was completely lit. He sat down cross-legged, his expression dark and unstable. The events of the night had left him quite shaken.

“That flood dragon called itself a Devil. It must have been one of those so-called Sea Devils.

“A black sea. That must be the Second Ring of the Milky Way Sea.... I never imagined that that... a terrifying Resurrection Lily would be hiding at the bottom of the Second Ring!

“Was that... the Dawn Immortal?

“No wonder the Resurrection Lily inside of me was going crazy!

“How exactly are the Third Ring and the Second Ring connected? The Third Ring has Demons with Whitebone Lily seals on them. The Second Ring has Devils that can turn into people, and venerate the Dawn Immortal!

“And then, there’s that Reverend Silverlamp. Where exactly is he...? There are so many mysteries in the Milky Way Sea. First, there was the Underworld Ship and then that ancient battleship. And now, the Dawn Immortal has made an appearance!” He continued to think, and a complex expression appeared on his face. However, soon his eyes began glittering brightly.

“Things just keep getting more complicated and dangerous. I need to be even more careful regarding the matter of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. I wonder who is more powerful, the Dawn Immortal or the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch?” As soon as the question appeared in his mind, he knew the answer.

“Of course it’s the Dawn Immortal!” Although he had no proof, Meng Hao was sure he was right.

He sighed inwardly, then closed his eyes. He ceased focusing on the frustrating matters, and began to meditate.

It was now early morning, and sunlight flickered down onto the sea. The crystalline, shimmering waters surrounded Seahold, which looked like a

giant, slumbering beast that was opening its eyes and awakening. Gradually, the city began to bustle with noise and excitement.

Many people came and went, most of whom were not residents of the city. Some came to recuperate or resupply, some came to sell Demon hearts, others left the city to go hunting. People were everywhere.

When Wei Li came to pay respects, Meng Hao opened his eyes. After tidying up a bit, he had Wei Li take him to a shop that specialized in clothing.

He was finally able to put aside the worrisome events of the previous night. The feeling of being a rich person once again conquered all. He even considered purchasing a set of clothing for Wei Li.

Although the quality of the clothing was good, when he saw how it didn't match her mask, he decided to save some Spirit Stones and not buy it after all.

Wei Li felt a bit wronged, but she didn't dare to say anything directly to Meng Hao. She could only follow along irritated as Meng Hao flaunted his superiority.

Everyone in the shop was in awe of Meng Hao and his domineering attitude. He walked around with a trail of people following. If he saw something he liked he would simply point, and someone would rush to package it up for him.

"It feels really good to be rich," he thought. He left the store looking completely different than before. He wore a long robe that was as blue as the sky and emanated ripples of magical force. When the sun fell on it, it looked even more beautiful and delicate.

The sleeves were embroidered with silver dragons, and the materials of the entire garment were harvested from an impressive Sea Demon. It had a variety of built-in functions, and overall, made Meng Hao quite pleased.

He also purchased a gold belt trimmed with violet decorations, as well as some jade pendants. Each and every item was quite expensive. When he walked down the street, the people he passed couldn't help but look at

him. Meng Hao let out a long, emotional sigh.

Wei Li walked along behind him, pouting and glaring at his back.

“Alright, let’s go buy a bag of holding!” he said, swishing his sleeve. Internally, Wei Li gave a cold harrumph. Now that she was more familiar with Meng Hao, little remained of the awe she had felt for him before. Instead, her deepest impression towards him was that he was a haughty moneybags.

When Meng Hao stepped foot into the shop specializing in holding items, his clothing, coupled with his handsome features, plus the obvious domineering air of a rich person, caused everyone in the shop to immediately look over at him with glowing eyes. They knew that a big spender had arrived, and they immediately greeted him.

Meng Hao looked around and then immediately voiced his desire to buy ten bags of holding.

After they left the shop, a bit of hope flickered in Wei Li’s eyes, and she couldn’t hold back from asking, “Senior, why did you buy so many?”

“For fun!” replied Meng Hao earnestly.

Wei Li gaped. She suddenly had the feeling that the person in front of her was not the person who had saved her. He seemed... a different person completely. If he wasn’t a different person, how could there be such a disparity?

Meng Hao cleared his throat, quite pleased at Wei Li’s shock. He patted his bag of holding, then waved his hand and lifted his chin in much the way that Steward Zhou used to.

“Okay, let’s go buy some magic rings!”

In the magic ring shop, Meng Hao’s domineering air once again shocked everyone present, both customers and employees alike. They gaped in astonishment as, in a single breath, he bought three hundred magic rings.

All of the magic rings had a single function; they could self-detonate.

All you had to do was throw one of the rings out, and it would explode.

Furthermore, the cumulative force of three hundred explosions would be incredibly terrifying. Such rings were expensive, and the shop didn't have very many. However, Meng Hao decided to buy however many they did have.

In the end, he could only sigh and leave, shaking his head the entire time. He glanced around Seahold, thinking about how there was nothing here that he couldn't buy.

It was in such a manner that Meng Hao spent the entire day, with Wei Li leading him around. Soon, word began to spread. Many people were talking about how an incredibly rich fellow had appeared in Seahold.

Soon, evening was falling. Having accompanied Meng Hao all day, Wei Li was a bit tired. However, from Meng Hao's expression, he didn't seem to be any more tired than he had been at the beginning of the day. Wei Li could only smile wryly.

"Senior, NOW where do you want to go?"

"Let's go to the Sun Soul Society's Demon heart exchange shop," he said. The day had passed in a very fulfilling fashion for him, and he had finally fulfilled his desire to live like a rich person.

He hoped that he could continue to live such a life in the coming days, and it was with completely high spirits that he continued to walk along.

"Senior, you're going the wrong way, it's this way," said Wei Li, looking at Meng Hao a bit grudgingly.

Meng Hao stopped in place and then turned around.

It was evening, and the two of them walked through the city under the light of the setting sun. Meng Hao wore his blue robe, and all ten of his fingers were adorned with rings. He stood straight and tall, looking incredibly impressive; obviously he was rich and respectable.

However, it also was also fairly obvious that he had just recently stumbled into his wealth.

The Sun Soul Society's Demon heart exchange shop was located in the

city center of Seahold. The structure itself was very strange. It was pure white and looked like a skull. Quite a crowd was gathered inside.

Despite the late hour, people continued to go in and out of the shop to exchange their Demon hearts for Spirit Stones to be used in cultivation.

When Meng Hao entered, his heavily bejeweled figure immediately attracted a lot of attention.

Instantly, everyone began to talk about it.

“That guy is....”

“I saw him earlier today. He’s the super rich guy I was just telling you about. He went to the Magic Ring Pavilion and purchased more than three hundred magic rings in a single breath!”

“So, that’s him! I heard that a lot of the shops in Seahold were completely sold out today!”

“Who is he? How could he possibly have so many Demon hearts?!”

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as usual. He entered the shop and looked around, eventually catching sight of a Sun Soul Society disciple. When the man saw Meng Hao looking at him, he quickly approached, clasped hands, and bowed.

“Greetings, Senior. How many Demon hearts would you like to exchange? If it’s a small quantity, I would be happy to help you. If it’s a large quantity... well, in that case, I can take you to the second floor, where a Sect Elder will receive you.”

“Second floor, then,” said Meng Hao placidly.

The Sun Soul Society disciple’s eyes began to shine brightly when he heard this. He quickly transmitted a message to the Elder, at the same time leading Meng Hao toward the staircase.

Everyone watched on enviously as Meng Hao and Wei Li walked up to the second floor. As soon as they arrived, a smiling, white-haired old man walked out.

“I am Sun Yunliang. Greetings, Fellow Daoist.” When he saw Meng

Hao's clothing, and the rings on his fingers, he knew exactly what kind of person he was dealing with. His smile grew even more resplendent, and he said. "Come come, please, follow me." He led Meng Hao to a chair, after which two maidservants appeared with teapots to serve him tea.

"This is a local specialty, Skysea Tea," explained Sun Yunliang, smiling. "It grows only in the Second Ring, and there are only seven parent trees that produce it. Please give it a try, Fellow Daoist. What do you think?"

Meng Hao smiled and then lifted the cup up to examine the tea. He took a sip, after which his eyes misted up, and his expression grew radiant. His scholar's aura suddenly became especially prominent. Despite his current state of luxury, it was impossible to completely block. It was almost like he suddenly became a different person. After a long moment, he put the teacup down. The mistiness in his eyes faded away, and they then began to glow with admiration.

"Ah, the cleansing of disquiets both past and present, the livening of the spirit that can only come from... excellent tea!" said Meng Hao.

Sun Yunliang smiled broadly, and a strange gleam flickered in his eyes. At first glance, he could tell that Meng Hao was newly rich. However, when he spoke of the tea, his entire person emanated a light and pleasant air. The air that Meng Hao now emanated caused the old man to suddenly question his previous judgement.

Wei Li stared in shock at Meng Hao. What had occurred just now yet again caused her to think that she was yet again dealing with a completely different person.

At this point, Sun Yunliang directly asked, "Fellow Daoist, how many Demon hearts did you come here to exchange? The exchange rate today is one low-grade Demon heart for six hundred low-grade Spirit Stones."

Meng Hao was just about to reply when suddenly, footsteps and voices could be heard coming up the stairs from the first floor.

"Don't worry, gentlemen. When I, Zhou, make a promise, the results are never disappointing. I can get you seven hundred Spirit stones for one low-grade Demon heart."

When Meng Hao heard this, he had to bite his tongue to hold back from speaking. He lifted the teacup and took a sip.

Sun Yunliang's face twitched, and glared toward the staircase.

Chapter 667: Gamble Royale

A middle-aged man was currently smiling as he led a group of seven older men up to the second floor.

The seven old men wore long brocaded robes, and in a single glance, anyone could tell that they were famous and extraordinary figures. Their eyes were bright and shining, and their Cultivation bases extraordinary. All were at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage. Although they smiled, their smiles were filled with unyielding pride.

“After you, Fellow Daoists!” said the middle-aged man with a sincere smile. His expression was one of excitement as he led the seven old men up to the second floor. He caught sight of Meng Hao and Wei Li, but after a glance, completely ignored them.

Sun Yunliang was originally frowning, but when he saw the seven old men, his eyes immediately grew bright. Laughing loudly, he rose to his feet and hurried over to receive them.

“So, it turns out to be the Seven Tycoons of Seahold!” said Sun Yunliang, continuing to laugh as he clasped hands and bowed. “Your presence brings light to our humble establishment!”

The seven old men all smiled and clasped hands in return.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he continued to sip tea. As for Wei Li, after she saw the seven old men, her pupils instantly constricted. Her voice filled with awe, she turned to Meng Hao and said, “Senior, these seven men are all famous shopkeepers here in Seahold. Their Cultivation bases are extraordinary, and they control vast amounts of Demon hearts....

“The Demon heart exchange shops set up by the three Sects here in Seahold do not just cater to the masses of ordinary Cultivators. There is a strict requirement of the various shops in the city that they exchange Demon hearts on a yearly basis.

“Of course, as for which particular Sect they pick to do business with,

that is up to them. The three Sects have no say in the matter....”

Meng Hao lifted his teacup up and took another sip. His eyes seemed a bit clouded, even empty, as if he weren't present mentally. Wei Li wasn't even sure if he had heard her speaking.

Joy filled the heart of Sun Yunliang as he looked over at the middle-aged man, and his eyes flickered with admiration. The middle-aged man looked quite excited, and treated the seven shopkeepers with incredible courtesy.

The whole group laughed and exchanged pleasantries as they walked over to the area with the seats. Sun Yunliang was just about to have one of the maidservants serve some tea when the middle-aged man frowned and looked over at Meng Hao and Wei Li. Then, he directed his attention to Sun Yunliang and transmitted, “Elder Sun, who are these two?”

“Customers who arrived earlier to exchange some Demon hearts,” he responded via the same method.

When he heard this, the middle-aged man felt a bit more at ease. At first, he had taken the people to be friends of Sun Yunliang. “Elder, the Seven Tycoons are honored guests, shouldn't you have someone from downstairs take care of these other loafers?”

Sun Yunliang hesitated for a moment, then turned to Meng Hao, clasped hands, and smiled.

“Fellow Daoist, I truly beg your pardon. Would you mind going downstairs? I'll arrange for someone to help you exchange your Demon hearts. What do you say?”

When he heard Sun Yunliang speaking, the cloudiness in Meng Hao's eyes vanished, and he put down his teacup. Instantly, one of the maidservants stepped forward from the group led by the middle-aged man, and collected it up.

Meng Hao frowned, rose to his feet, and looked over at Sun Yunliang. “Fine,” he said. “By the way, what is the current exchange rate?”

“Set your mind at ease, Fellow Daoist,” he said with a smile, “the price is set at six hundred Spirit Stones for one Demon heart.” With that, he

clapped his hands together, and a Sun Soul Society disciples immediately came up from the first floor. After giving Meng Hao a respectful bow, he gestured for Meng Hao to follow him downstairs.

Meng Hao smiled, albeit faintly, and his expression was calm. First they had taken away his tea and tried to shoo him away. If the price they gave him was acceptable, he could have accepted the matter, but instead, they offered him a different amount of Spirit Stones than the seven old men.

Continuing to smile, he sat back down.

The action caused Sun Yunliang to instantly frown. In his mind, Meng Hao wasn't acting very sensibly.

The middle-aged man was starting to look a bit impatient. As far as he was concerned, Meng Hao would surely be exchanging no more than a few hundred Demon hearts at most. "Friend," he said, "this shop is owned by the Sun Soul Society. I myself am an honor guard of that very same Sect. This... is not the place for you to cause a disturbance. To go downstairs of your own accord is much better than being assisted to do so."

He had seen many such people, people who couldn't possibly compare to the Seven Tycoons. Each one of the seven had vast amounts of Demon hearts, and he himself had expended quite a bit of effort in order to attract them here.

"Go ahead and try," said Meng Hao coolly.

The words instantly caused Sun Yunliang's expression to turn serious. The middle-aged man frowned, suddenly unsure of who exactly Meng Hao was.

The seven old men didn't look very pleased. They could exchange their Demon hearts at any shop they wished. The main reason they had selected this location was because of the diligent attention paid them by the middle-aged man. Of course, even more important was the fact that the exchange rate here was slightly better than at the other two Sects.

After all, the Saint currently in command of the city was none other than Saint Sun Soul.

The old man who occupied the center position among the seven calmly said, "Elder Sun, Honor Guard Zhou, the seven of us have very limited time. We can't stand around waiting for very long. Why don't we consider doing business another time?"

The words immediately caused the man named Zhou to feel very anxious. He was just about to drive Meng Hao away forcibly when suddenly Elder Sun stepped forward.

"Fellow Daoist," he said, looking at Meng Hao, "the Spirit Stones aren't an issue. I make the decisions here, so how about I give you seven hundred Spirit Stones per Demon heart? What do you say?"

Hearing this, Meng Hao felt a little bit embarrassed. Smiling, he rose to his feet and was about to go downstairs when suddenly, the old man standing in the right-most position among the seven sneered.

"So, it turns out anybody can get seven hundred Spirit Stones," he said. "Well, then, Honor Guard Zhou. How many Spirit Stones will we be getting?"

Immediately, the other six old men began to nod. The shops run by seven of them were backed by their own various Sects and Clans. Furthermore, they were intelligent people who would definitely take advantage of any opportunity they saw come their way.

"If that man can get seven hundred Spirit Stones," said another of the old men, "then we should get at least eight hundred per Demon heart. In any case, it is unacceptable that we be given the same price as a random passerby. Honor Guard Zhou, that was your promise to us, was it not?"

"Correct," said another man. "Honor Guard Zhou, the reason we demand more Spirit Stones is because we will be exchanging a huge amount of Demon hearts. In fact, we have more Demon hearts than you usually exchange in several months down on the first floor. If someone with a trifling few hundred Demon hearts can get the same price as us, how can we maintain any face?"

Sun Yunliang's face flickered as he realized he was in somewhat of a predicament. As for Honor Guard Zhou, his face was also quite unsightly

as he glared over at Meng Hao and Wei Li.

“Elder Sun, this really is a bit inappropriate, don’t you think?” asked another of the men.

Sun Yunliang hesitated for a moment, then sighed inwardly. However, before he could even open his mouth, Meng Hao began to speak.

“So you guys have a lot of Demon hearts?” he asked the seven men.

“More than you, I can assure you,” said the first man who had spoken, his voice cool.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed. He gave a cold harrumph and then flicked his sleeve. “Do the lot of you dare to have a little competition?” he asked. “The loser will forfeit all of the Demon hearts to the winner.”

His words caused the expressions on the faces of the seven old men to flicker. They looked over at Meng Hao, and suddenly, the atmosphere grew very stifling. Sun Yunliang hastened to step forward and clasp hands to both parties.

“Gentlemen, there’s no need to get angry. All of this is my fault, for not providing proper introductions. Fellow Daoist, these are the Seven Tycoons, who run the seven largest businesses in Seahold. Every year, they exchange a huge quantity of Demon hearts.

“Why don’t you give me a bit of face, and just drop the matter? How about it?”

Having heard this, Meng Hao’s face flickered imperceptibly. Yet again, he gave a cold snort. However, this time, his words were a bit softer. “Very well, Elder Sun, for you, I can let the matter drop.” With that, he turned to head downstairs.

The eyes of the seven old men flashed as they stared at Meng Hao. Suddenly, one of them flickered and reappeared directly in front of Meng Hao, blocking his way. “Hold it right there!”

“What are you people trying to pull??” growled Meng Hao. An alarmed and suspicious look flickered in his eyes. From the time he was young, he

had grown accustomed to conning people. Furthermore, after all the hundreds of years, he had also grown quite used to putting on an act. It was an ability that had long since seeped down into his bones.

The seven old men might be shrewd and astute, but if they thought they could figure Meng Hao out by looking at his expression, well, that was simply impossible.

Honor Guard Zhou laughed coldly, his eyes were filled with scorn.

Sun Yunliang frowned as he looked at Meng Hao, and then turned back to the seven old men.

The old man who blocked Meng Hao's way stood there, eyes glittering, unspeaking. As for the six other old men, their expressions were that of excitement. Suddenly, one of them said, "You said you wanted to have a competition, so let's compete. The loser will turn over all Demon hearts to the winner."

Sun Yunliang once again clasped hands and bowed. "Seven Tycoons, this Fellow Daoist came to exchange a few hundred Demon hearts. He may have spoken some sharp words, but I implore the seven of you to give me a bit of face...."

Meng Hao sighed in relief audibly, then walked around the man who blocked his way. Followed by Wei Li, he headed toward the staircase. As for the cold smile which twisted the side of his mouth, nobody could see it.

According to his estimation, the seven old men would definitely fall into his con. As it turned out, he was completely correct. By now, because of their probing for information, the old men were certain that even if Meng Hao did have a good collection of Demon hearts, it couldn't possibly match up to their own.

Sure enough, Meng Hao had only walked down six stairs when two of the seven old men suddenly flickered, appearing in front of him to block his way.

"Careless talk can lead to a lot of trouble," said one of them. "Since you brought up a competition, a competition is what will take place."

Meng Hao's face looked unsightly, and he stood there silently for a moment. His face grim, he turned and headed back up the stairs.

Sun Yunliang smiled bitterly and gave Meng Hao an apologetic look. As for Honor Guard Zhou, the ridicule in his expression was quite obvious.

Meng Hao gritted his teeth, and, looking like he was getting ready to go for broke, said, "How do we compete?"

One of the seven men stepped forward, a lofty expression on his face. "I alone will suffice," he said, lifting up a bag of holding.

"Inside this bag of holding are 13,000 low-grade Demon hearts. Fellow Daoist, how many Demon hearts do you have?" With that, he tossed the bag of holding over to Honor Guard Zhou, who accepted it and then scanned it with Divine Sense. He nodded, and then, in order to ensure impartiality, produced a stone slab.

It was three meters tall and carved with nine dragons. When Honor Guard Zhou placed the bag of holding onto the slab, the first dragon began to glow with light, making it look very lifelike. As for the second dragon, it was thirty percent lit.

"On the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale," said Sun Yunliang, "each dragon represents 10,000 low-grade Demon hearts." With that, he produced an identical stone slab for Meng Hao's use.

The old man competing with Meng Hao loftily said, "I wonder how many Demon hearts you have, Fellow Daoist. Please produce them so that we can widen our knowledge."

The other six old men looked at Meng Hao with enigmatic smiles, seemingly completely confident of the outcome.

Honor Guard Zhou's smile grew even more radiant. He hadn't liked Meng Hao from the beginning, and now, the ridicule in his gaze was even more obvious than before. He couldn't wait to see Meng Hao's expression in reaction to what was happening.

Chapter 668: It Feels Great

Wei Li looked over nervously at Meng Hao. She truly was worried about what would happen if Meng Hao lost. The price he would pay would be incredible....

Meng Hao's face was expressionless as he pulled out a bag of holding and tossed it onto the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale. As soon as the bag of holding touched its surface, one of the dragons carved onto the stone slab started glowing with a bright light.

Everyone watched closely as the scene played out, especially the seven old men. Their expressions flickered, and then quickly began to shine with happiness.

They weren't worried about losing; they were worried that Meng Hao's bag of holding wouldn't have very many Demon hearts in it. Seeing that it had 10,000, they knew that even after splitting it up, the seven of them would make a tidy profit.

As smiles appeared on the faces of the seven, Honor Guard Zhou's eyes went wide and he felt a bit of regret. Before, he had assumed that Meng Hao would have a few hundred Demon hearts, or at the most a few thousand. However, it turned out that he actually had 10,000.

His regret quickly vanished, though, as he realized that there was no way Meng Hao could win. He would lose in the end, and then the Seven Tycoons would have more Demon hearts to exchange.

It was in this moment that the second dragon started to glow, until it was half-lit. That indicated that Meng Hao's bag of holding had 15,000 Demon hearts in it.

"You lose!" he said immediately. Joy and excitement appeared on his face, although he appeared to be struggling to suppress it.

"Said who?" laughed the old man standing in front of him. "The competition is between you and the seven of us. The contest isn't over until it's over, and no one is allowed to interfere. In this competition, one

party must hand over all Demon hearts to the other in the end.” The other six men all started nodding.

The first old man walked back a few steps, and a second old man proudly stepped forward. He produced a bag of holding, then looked contemptuously at Meng Hao as he tossed it onto the stone slab.

A buzzing sound could be heard, and the stone slab began to vibrate. The dragons on its surface almost seemed alive, and were emanating pulsing ripples. The second dragon was now completely glowing, making it look very lifelike. Furthermore, the third dragon was also fully lit.

“A total of 30,000 Demon hearts!” said Honor Guard Zhou excitedly.

“Do you have more?” asked the old man, looking at Meng Hao.

The other six men were doing the same thing. All of them were imagining a situation in which Meng Hao had a few more Demon hearts, but not many, and the competition would end on a relatively anticlimactic note.

Meng Hao’s expression was grim as he slowly placed his right hand into his robe. Then, he pulled out another bag of holding, which he threw over to the stone slab. As soon as it landed, the third dragon completely lit up, as did ten percent of the fourth dragon.

Honor Guard Zhou gasped and looked over at Meng Hao. “31,000...”

Sun Yunliang’s eyes were wide, and he almost couldn’t believe it. Inwardly, he was laughing bitterly. If he had known Meng Hao possessed so many Demon hearts, there would never have been such a commotion.

Even the seven old men were shocked. Each of them possessed over 10,000 Demon hearts, but none had an accumulation that exceeded 20,000. And yet, their opponent unexpectedly produced 30,000. As of now, they couldn’t help but start to form various speculations about him.

It only took a moment, though, for the seven men to exchange glances. All of their eyes were burning with passion, as they realized that they were actually much more interested in this contest than they had been before. Considering that their opponent had around 30,000 Demon hearts, if

they won, it meant each of them would get approximately 5,000. The mere thought of it caused their hearts to begin to thump rapidly.

Then, the seven of them began to chuckle. It was at this point that the second old man stepped back and the third walked forward. He waved his right hand, causing a bag of holding to fly out. Immediately, the fourth and fifth dragons lit up, although the fifth was only ninety percent lit.

“49,000 low-grade Demon hearts!” said Honor Guard Zhou, who then looked over at Meng Hao. It wasn’t just him. Everyone, including Wei Li, were now staring at Meng Hao.

“I refuse to believe that you can continue to compete,” said the third old man, his voice cool.

Meng Hao said nothing. It seemed as if he had an endless supply of bags of holding in his robe. He produced yet another, which he tossed out, causing the fourth, fifth, and sixth dragons to completely light up!

The bag of holding turned out to have 30,000 Demon hearts in it!

Honor Guard Zhou’s mind was spinning, and he was breathing heavily. He stared blankly at the six glowing dragons on the stone slab.

“60,000... Demon hearts!”

The faces of the seven old men flickered, and they stared dead at Meng Hao. Then they exchanged glances, and reached a consensus. In their opinion, this had to be the last bag of holding their opponent would produce.

“60,000 Demon hearts! No wonder he was so domineering!”

“I never imagined that he would have so many Demon hearts. However, compared to the seven of us, he can’t match up!”

“The best would be if he had 70,000, then each of us would get 10,000. That’s quite a hefty profit. Well, even if this guy has someone powerful backing him, does he really think he can fight back against the seven of us altogether?!”

The seven old men chuckled as the fourth and fifth of their number

stepped forward at the same time. The two of them tossed out bags of holding, which, as soon as they landed onto the stone slab, caused a blinding light to shine out. It wasn't the just the sixth dragon which lit up; the seventh did too, and even fifty percent of the eighth.

"75,000 low-grade Demon hearts!" said Honor Guard Zhou, his amazed voice echoing about.

The fifth old man laughed heartily. "Fellow Daoist, however many low-grade Demon hearts you have, bring them out. We'll keep up with you until the end." His expression was proud, and his heart was filled with joy that he could not cover over.

The others also smiled complacently as they pondered what it would be like to split up all of Meng Hao's Demon hearts.

Meng Hao blinked, and then reached yet again into his robe. The eyes of the seven men narrowed as Meng Hao produced another bag of holding, which he tossed over to the stone slab.

A rumbling sound echoed out as the seventh and eighth dragons lit up. Only the ninth dragon remained dark.

Seeing this, the seven old men burst into hearty laughter. Even Honor Guard Zhou let out a sigh of relief. Clearly, Meng Hao only had 80,000 Demon hearts, otherwise, the ninth dragon would already have begun to shine with light.

Sun Yunliang had long since begun to pant, and his heart was pounding. When he saw Honor Guard Zhou's expression, he truly wished he could simply step over and slap the man across the face. "What an idiot! Someone who possesses 80,000 Demon hearts is not someone to provoke lightly. Perhaps he just didn't dare to fight against the power of the seven combined. But now we have this situation here in the Sun Soul Society. He definitely won't give up!"

"This farce is over," said the sixth old man. "Fellow Daoist, it's time for me to teach you a lesson. Never forget, there are always Heavens beyond the Heavens you know, and there are always people out there who are better than you." He didn't even step forward. He simply tossed out a bag

of holding. It landed with a bang onto the stone slab, causing the eight dragon to light up completely, along with seventy percent of the ninth dragon.

“87... 87,000 low-grade Demon hearts!” gasped Honor Guard Zhou.

Meng Hao’s brow furrowed, and he felt around in his robe. However, he did not produce another bag of holding. All of the low-grade Demon hearts that he possessed had been there in his robe.

When she saw the expression on Meng Hao’s face, Wei Li’s heart began to pound. The expressions on the faces of the seven old men were of completely complacency. One of them stepped forward, and reached out toward the bags of holding which Meng Hao had placed onto the stone slab.

“Did I say you could touch those?” said Meng Hao. He waved his right hand, causing a mild attack to fly out that pushed the old man back. The old man’s face flickered, and as he looked over at Meng Hao, the other six old men stepped forward, displeased expressions clouding their faces.

“Being a sore loser, Fellow Daoist?” asked one.

“Even if you are, it doesn’t matter,” said another. “You must admit your defeat. You lost, so those Demon hearts belong to us now.”

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever. Then he smiled, a faint, bashful smile.

“The competition isn’t over yet, so how could I have lost?” His words caused the hearts of the seven old men to suddenly sink, and they exchanged flabbergasted looks.

“You have more low-grade Demon hearts?”

“Low-grade Demon hearts? No, I’m out,” replied Meng Hao. It was at this point that he slapped the bag of holding at his side, from within which unexpectedly appeared another bag of holding. This was one of the special bags of holding that he had purchased in Seahold.

Hefting it, Meng Hao looked at the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale.

“Why don’t we use something else other than this slab? It would be a shame for an incredible treasure like it to be damaged.”

Hearing this, the seven old men could only stare in shock at the bag of holding in Meng Hao’s hand. Then, however, one of the old men sneered. “The stone slab only has nine dragons, but if the number exceeds 100,000, then they will change color. To date, I have never heard of anyone being able to use Demon stones to damage a Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale.”

Meng Hao looked over at Sun Yunliang, who hesitated for a moment before smiling wryly and nodding his head.

“Very well, then,” said Meng Hao, tossing over the bag of holding. When it landed on the stone slab, it caused a boom to ring out that was audible even down on the first floor. At the same time, the ninth dragon completely lit up.

Looks of concentration appeared on the men’s faces.

Next, the first dragon began to change color, turning blue.

The sight of it caused the faces of the seven old men to fall.

After that, the second dragon, the third dragon, in fact, all of the nine dragons turned blue.

Then they changed color again, starting with the first and going all the way to the ninth, until they all glittered with bright violet light.

The seven old men were trembling, and looks of shock and disbelief covered their faces. A few even said, “Impossible!”

However, the changes didn’t stop with the violet light. Once more, the dragons began to change color, this time to orange.

“Orange light... that’s... that’s orange light!” The minds of the seven old men were spinning, as if they were being struck by lightning. They shook, their eyes blank with astonishment.

However, the light was not finished changed. Once again it began to transform, for the fifth time, causing the dragons, one after another, to shine with a glow the color of blood!

The changes in color left the people in the area completely and utterly shocked. They stared with wide open mouths, their minds roaring, as the nine dragons turned completely the color of blood. And then...

The nine dragons flickered brightly, as if... they were about to change to yet another color.

However, the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale had apparently reached its limit, and the color couldn't change. A rumbling sound filled the building, and soon was audible even outside. Shockingly, the sound was coming from the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale itself. Cracking noises could be heard as, in the full vision of everyone present, it suddenly... completely disintegrated!

Meng Hao cleared his throat. As he looked around at the shocked people around him, he thought to himself that being rich... felt great!

Chapter 669: You Cheated!

In the moment in which the stone slab exploded, Saint Sun Soul sat in his tower in Seahold. His eyes suddenly snapped open, and he sent his Divine Sense down into the city. It immediately locked onto the location where Meng Hao was.

After examining the situation, his face twitched again.

“Trying to compete in Demon hearts with him? Those seven are courting death!

“He mustn’t be given any opportunity to flip out. If he seizes the moral high ground, he’s bound to cause a crisis to develop...” Saint Sun Soul looked up at the bottle gourd which was placed off to the side, and felt a bit of a headache coming on. When he thought about the alcohol inside, his face grew unsightly.

He flicked his right sleeve, and immediately, a person approached from outside the tower. Once inside, he immediately dropped to his knees and kowtowed.

“Greetings, Master.”

It was a middle-aged man wearing a long, violet gown. His expression was one of veneration, and his eyes sparkled with energy. His Cultivation base was at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, not far from Spirit Severing.

“Go to the Sect’s Demon heart exchange pavilion,” said Saint Sun Soul coolly. “There’s a man there I want you to invite here. Remember to be extremely courteous. Treat him as politely as you treat me.”

The middle-aged man immediately nodded, but the fact that his Master spoke no more caused him to pause for a moment.

“Master, what is name of this respected member of the senior generation?”

“Just go, you’ll recognize him.” Saint Sun Soul didn’t appear to want to discuss the matter further.

The middle-aged man stood up and, feeling a bit perplexed, left the tower.

Meanwhile, back on the second floor of the Sun Soul Society's Demon heart exchange shop, Meng Hao stood there with hands clasped behind his back. He looked down at the shattered remnants of the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale, and then looked over at the old men, who stood there as dumbstruck as wooden chickens, completely speechless.

They were struck thoroughly and completely senseless. Their heads filled with unprecedentedly large crashing waves, and they felt as if their minds were about to be torn into shreds.

Then, they began to calculate....

"Changing colors once indicates a complete doubling in the number of Demon hearts....

"In total, there were six changes in color, which means that the number of Demon hearts would be six times the amount before.... Before, there were 80,000 demon hearts. Don't tell me that his bag of holding actually has 500,000 Demon hearts!?!?"

"If you changed 500,000 Demon hearts into Spirit Stones, that... that would be....

"Over 300,000,000!!" Their minds roared as they looked over at Meng Hao, terrified.

"No way!!

"The Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale does indeed have a limitation. According to the standard of low-grade Demon hearts, it's supposedly able to accommodate 1,000,000. 500-600,000 wouldn't cause it to shatter. Something's going on here!" The old men gasped and looked over fixedly at Meng Hao.

However, before they could figure out where the problem lay, Honor Guard Zhou and Elder Sun, despite being thoroughly shaken, also suddenly realized that something was off. They too looked over at Meng Hao.

The eyes of nine people all turned red.

As of now, the expressions of the seven old men were that of complete exasperation as they finally considered... the possibility of losing.

“You cheated!!” they roared, their voices hoarse.

If they lost, their Demon hearts would become Meng Hao’s. It was a vast sum that they fundamentally couldn’t accept. After all, these weren’t their Demon hearts, but rather, the property of the various Sects and Clans that they represented.

“You definitely cheated! The Demon Heart Scale can accommodate 1,000,000 low-grade Demon hearts. I don’t believe that your bag of holding has more than 900,000!

“I don’t know how you did it, but it’s definitely not fair! Such actions deserve death!” The killing intent in the old men immediately grew more obvious.

“Do you, or do you not, dare to compete one more time!? Take the Demon hearts out of your bag of holding, and we can compare numbers directly!

“If you don’t dare, then it proves you cheated! To behave so treacherously in front of us means that you won’t step foot alive out the front door of this Demon heart exchange pavilion!”

The seven old men were acting in a very domineering fashion. They strode forward, their Cultivation bases unleashed, transforming into an intangible tempest which spread out in all directions.

Wei Li’s face was pale, and were she not hiding behind Meng Hao, she wouldn’t be able to take it, and would directly explode.

The old man who had reached out to take Meng Hao’s bags of holding just now suddenly produced another bag of holding which he tossed onto the stone slab. The nine dragons flickered, and suddenly, a blue light appeared.

However, it wasn’t completely blue. Only about half of the first dragon

had turned blue.

“98,000 low-grade Demon hearts. This is all the Demon hearts I possess. Do you dare to gamble again?!”

Honor Guard Zhou and Sun Yunliang stood off to the side silently watching. This time, even Honor Guard Zhou didn't react; he didn't want to be involved with the matter any more.

Meng Hao coldly looked over the seven old men, then waved his right hand. Instantly, all of his bags of holding flew out from the rubble of the destroyed stone slab. Seeing this, the several old men roared and closed in on him.

However, before they could get close, Meng Hao opened the last of the bags of holding, and expressionlessly removed a Demon heart. It emanated with bright colors, along with dense spiritual energy. Meng Hao waved his sleeve, causing the Demon heart to fly over to Sun Yunliang.

“Elder Sun, would you mind appraising that for me?” he said coolly.

The seven old men stopped in their tracks and looked at the Demon heart in Sun Yunliang's hand. Their faces fell. They didn't need to look closely at it. Based on the spiritual energy, as well as its color and size, it was easy to determine....

“Mid-grade Demon heart!!” Sun Yunliang gasped. His words instantly crushed any last bit hope the seven old men had to come out on top.

Sun Yunliang took a deep breath and gazed at the Demon heart. His face flickered through various emotions, and then he turned to stare at the bag of holding in Meng Hao's hand. The seven old men were doing exactly the same. All of them were inwardly forming speculations about what was going on, which caused their faces to become more and more unsightly.

“The price of mid-grade Demon hearts doesn't fluctuate very much,” said Sun Yunliang. “A single one is worth 10,000 Spirit Stones, or ten low-grade Demon hearts. Of course, it doesn't work the other way around.” He looked up at Meng Hao and then slowly said, “Fellow Daoist, how many mid-grade Demon hearts do you possess?”

Meng Hao didn't say anything in response. He simply waved his sleeve, causing a glittering, crystalline waterfall to spill out of his bag of holding. The entire area instantly filled with dense spiritual energy. The second floor turned into something like a land of Immortals.

10,000 mid-grade demon hearts piled up all around. Immediately, everyone present began to pant, and their minds shook.

"10... 10,000 mid-grade Demon hearts. That's equal to 100,000 low-grade Demon hearts. They could be traded for... 100,000,000 Spirit Stones!" Sun Yunliang struggled to maintain his composure as he spoke.

Honor Guard Zhou, on the other hand, felt his vision growing dim, and he almost passed out. How could he ever have imagined that the person he scorned so openly would end up having so many mid-grade Demon hearts?

As for the seven old men, they trembled in place and looked almost as if they had just aged ten years.

"There is no need to directly compare," said Sun Yunliang, looking over at Meng Hao. He clasped his hands and bowed courteously. "Fellow Daoist, you are the victor."

Wei Li stood behind Meng Hao, her mind reeling. She knew Meng Hao was rich, but she had never imagined that he would be... THIS rich.

Meng Hao lifted his right hand, collecting up the bags of holding belonging to the seven men. The old men watched on with red eyes. Their killing intent was even more intense now, and seeing Meng Hao dare to take their bags of holding put them in the mood to go all out and attack.

"Hold on a minute!"

"Fellow Daoist, you certainly do possess more Demon hearts than us. However, you still haven't explained the matter of the cheating earlier!"

"Even if you do have 10,000 mid-grade Demon hearts, that's still not enough to destroy the Nine Dragons Demon Heart Scale! You cheated, which means the bet doesn't stand! We refuse to accept this!" Of course, the seven old men were now resorting to sophistry, and they knew it.

However, what else could they do? There was no way they could simply allow Meng Hao to take away their Demon hearts.

“Well then, I’ll just have to make you accept it,” said Meng Hao calmly. He waved his hand, causing the remaining 20,000 mid-grade Demon hearts in his bag of holding to fly out. They piled up everywhere, nearly completely filling the second floor.

The eyes of the seven old men widened as Meng Hao then sent the high-grade Demon hearts flying out from the bag of holding. The splendor of the high-grade Demon hearts caused them to instantly become the focus of all eyes on the second floor.

The spiritual energy they produced transformed into a pillar-like aura that shot up into the air above Seahold. Wild colors flashed in the sky, and the wind and clouds roiled.

Every Cultivator in Seahold instantly looked over in stupefaction. The buzz of conversation instantly rose up from all areas of Seahold.

Back in the Demon heart exchange pavilion, Sun Yunliang stared with slack jaw at the high-grade Demon hearts. He picked one up and looked at it closely, then hoarsely said, “This... this... is a high-grade Demon heart!!”

Such items were considered treasures, and were rarely seen. A single one would normally be sold at auction, and in all the past years, he had only seen less than a hundred.

“The starting auction price for high-grade Demon hearts is 500,000 Spirit Stones. They can be exchanged for 50 mid-grade Demon hearts, or 500 low-grade Demon hearts.... There are 10,000 here... that means they are worth... worth... 5,000,000,000!!”

Honor Guard Zhou’s vision now went completely dark.

As for the seven old men, their faces were deathly pale, and their minds filled with roaring. How could they ever have imagined that they were actually gambling with someone so enigmatic and impossible to predict?

They, who had Demon hearts worth a few dozen million Spirit Stones, were betting about who was richer... with someone who had

5,000,000,000.

Meng Hao cleared his throat, then waved his hand. Immediately, all of the Demon hearts flew back into his bag of holding, including the roughly 100,000 belonging to the seven old men. The seven old men lifted their heads up and roared. Their eyes were red as the complete power of their Cultivation bases exploded out and they charged Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's expression suddenly turned cold.

"Screw off!"

Two words caused minds of the seven men to feel as if they were filled with lightning. Blood sprayed from their mouths. They weren't able to even get close to Meng Hao before they were sent tumbling backward. They looked at him and coughed up blood, their expressions filled with unprecedented looks of astonishment and fear.

"Spirit... Spirit Severing!!" Their faces drained of blood, and they began to tremble violently. This time, Honor Guard Zhou really did pass out, falling flat onto the ground.

Sun Yunliang gasped, stepped forward, and then bowed with clasped hands. "Junior offers greetings, senior!"

Chapter 670: Crisis Approaches

Right in the middle of Seahold, Meng Hao unleashed his aura, causing the seven old men to scatter backward, blood spraying from their mouths. In that same moment, a jagged black cloud filled with crackling lightning flew through the air in the Fourth Ring, right outside of the Flying Immortal Sect.

Then, the cloud dissipated to reveal an old man wearing a long black robe. His features were ancient, and the feeling of time seemed to circulate around him. He hovered in mid-air, looking down at the surface of the sea with an abstruse light glimmering in his eyes.

If Meng Hao were here, he would recognize him immediately. This old man... was none other than the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch!

“No more delays,” he said coolly. “This time... I’ll definitely wrest away his Dao foundation. If this clone gets defeated, then I’ll simply lock down on the location and come here with my true self via greater teleportation. Even if the Immortality Bestowal Dais does notice, I will achieve my aim!” A sharp gleam appeared in his eyes, which contained both determination and a desire to slaughter.

“There are no traces of him whatsoever in the Fourth Ring. Before coming here, none of my auguries could produce any clue to his position. However, I was able to determine that he is still in the Milky Way Sea!

“If he’s neither in the Fourth Ring, nor the Outer Sea, then that means he must be... in the Third Ring!

“The Third Ring... is a forbidden zone for Dao Seeking....” He frowned, then suddenly flew directly down toward the Flying Immortal Sect.

He remained inside for only the amount of time it takes an incense stick to burn. After he flew out, the entire Flying Immortal Sect suddenly burst into activity. Saint Flying Immortal had issued orders. More than half of the Flying Immortal Sect disciples flew toward the Flying Immortal Sect Sea City in the Third Ring.

Tens of thousands of disciples soared through the air, each one of them clutching a jade slip that contained an image of Meng Hao, along with a bit of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's Divine Sense.

Even as the Flying Immortal Sect disciples entered the Flying Immortal Sect Sea City, checks were made of the Third Ring entrance records. However, no traces were found of Meng Hao. After that, the Flying Immortal Sect unleashed all the power it could muster, along with all of its ships, to begin to travel through the Stormwind Divide. They were on their way to the Third Ring to accomplish their task.

Meanwhile, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was paying a visit to the Sea Divinity Sect. Although it was impossible to determine what exactly he promised them, when he left, Saint Sea Divinity issued orders that caused tens of thousands of Sea Divinity Sect disciples to spring into action. They transformed into countless sword auras that shot toward the Sea Divinity Sect Sea City, jade slips in hand. After a thorough check was made of the records of entry into the Third Ring, the tens of thousands of disciples began the process of entering the Third Ring, exactly as the Flying Immortal Sect disciples had.

Even Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity, two Spirit Severing experts, joined the forces who left the Sect and entered the Stormwind Divide.

Two of the three great Sects were driven into action by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. However, because Saint Sun Soul of the Sun Soul Society was stationed in the three Sects' Seahold in the Third Ring, it was impossible for an agreement to be reached. Therefore, although the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was able to check their records, no forces were mobilized.

After thinking about the matter for a moment, a gleam of insight appeared in the eyes of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. "This kid is extremely cunning. However, the more I think about it, the fact that there are no records makes it even more likely that he's in the Third Ring!"

He left the Sun Soul Society's headquarters and then entered the

Stormwind Divide.

“I’ve already flung out an inescapable dragnet into the Third Ring. I can’t believe that Meng Hao... will disappear under the noses of tens of thousands of disciples from two Sects!

“Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity have already promised to go to the Third Ring. Their Cultivation bases are ordinary, but with their Sect’s legacy treasures in hand, they are forces not to be trifled with.

“Nobody understands the Third Ring better than them. Meng Hao, if you can escape them, then I’ll admit your superiority.

“It won’t just be them looking for you either. I’m confident that I can win over the Sun Soul Society. Then, a hundred thousand disciples from three different Sects will be looking for a single you.... And as if that weren’t enough, I’ve also posted a handsome bounty. When the time comes, all the Cultivators in the Third Ring will be my eyes and ears!

If only one person tracks you down, then I will know!” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch strode through the Stormwind Divide. Everywhere he went, the black mists spread away from him, opening a path. It was as if nothing dared to stand in his way.

“This time, I must succeed. Too much time has passed, and the Ji Clan is growing suspicious....” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s face was grim. How could he ever have suspected that a trifling member of the junior generation would turn out to be so troublesome, and even defeat him twice in a row?

It was in the same moment that the tens of thousands of Flying Immortal Sect and Sea Divinity Sect disciples flew into the Stormwind Divide that, back in the Third Ring, in the Sun Soul Society’s Demon heart exchange pavilion in the three Sects’ Seahold, Meng Hao made a grasping motion that caused all of the Demon hearts to fly into his bag of holding.

The seven old men were as mute as cicadas in winter. Their faces were pale, and they didn’t dare to do anything to hinder Meng Hao. The pain that filled their hearts had long since seeped out to completely inundate them.

Panting, and eyes burning with passion, Sun Yunliang suddenly spoke up. "Senior, if you wish to exchange those Demon hearts, please rest at ease, the Sect will definitely give you a satisfactory price!" He knew that if he personally could handle the exchange, it would count as an incredible meritorious service to the Sect.

Such meritorious service might even prompt a personal reaction from Saint Sun Soul, and could potentially affect his Cultivation base. He might even have a chance to enter the Spirit Severing stage!

Even if he couldn't, he would definitely become famous within the Sect.

"Can your Sun Soul Society alone handle this many Demon hearts?" asked Meng Hao, looking at him.

Sun Yunliang gaped for a moment, then made some calculations. His face looked a bit unsightly as he realized that even employing all the resources of the Sun Soul Society, it still might be a difficult task to exchange Spirit Stones for so many Demon hearts.

In his moment of hesitation, a bright beam of light flew urgently toward the pavilion. It was Saint Sun Soul's apprentice, who, with a flash of minor teleportation, appeared on the second floor. As soon as he arrived, he saw the seven ashen-faced old men. Then his gaze fell upon Meng Hao.

All it took was one glance for him to ascertain that this was definitely the member of the senior generation to whom his Master had referred.

The reaction was a type of intuition on his part. After a sharp intake of breath, the middle-aged man instantly clasped hands and bowed.

"I am Han Feng of the junior generation. Greetings, senior. I come on orders from my Master to invite you to have a chat with him."

As soon as the man arrived, Sun Yunliang's face flickered and he clasped hands in greetings. When the seven old men saw him, looks of awe appeared on their faces, and they also bowed.

Meng Hao looked at the middle-aged man, and his eyes narrowed slightly. Then he turned his head to look at the tower that rose up in the middle of Seahold.

“Your Master is Saint Sun Soul?” he asked coolly.

“My Master is indeed Saint Sun Soul,” replied the man, his tone respectful.

Meng Hao looked back at Sun Yunliang. “I’ll be with Saint Sun Soul,” he said. “You get the Spirit Stone situation sorted out and then come looking for me. How many Demon Hearts I give you will depend on how many Spirit Stones you can afford offer.” Saint Sun Soul’s apprentice gaped in response to Meng Hao’s words, and Wei Li stood there nervously.

Sun Yunliang immediately sent a message. He didn’t provide specific details; he just related the information about how many Demon hearts Meng Hao had. The apprentice’s eyes went wide, and he gasped.

Now he understood why his Master had sent him here.

“How could he possibly have so many Demon hearts?” he thought. It was with even more reverence that he escorted Meng Hao as they flew off toward the tower.

Wei Li was with them, and the closer they got to the tower, the more nervous she got. In the short period of time in which she had followed Meng Hao, she had seen more incredible things than she normally would have seen in her entire life.

That was especially true of the scene that had just played out regarding the Demon hearts, which seemed as if it might cause her heart to stop beating entirely. She had known Meng Hao was rich, but could never have imagined... that he was THAT rich.

Perhaps his wealth couldn’t compare to that of an entire country, but it was no exaggeration that it could rival a great Sect.

Soon, the three of them reached the tower. Meng Hao turned to look back at Wei Li.

The apprentice immediately clasped hands and bowed.

“Senior, don’t worry. I, of the junior generation, will arrange accommodations for this Fellow Daoist.”

Meng Hao nodded. Seeing that Wei Li did not object, he turned and flew directly toward the top level of the tower, vanishing in the blink of an eye.

When he reappeared, he was inside the tower.

Black-robed Saint Sun Soul sat cross-legged behind a wide table, his face expressionless. Next to him was the elegant and poised woman, his wife. She was sniffing a flagon of alcohol when Meng Hao appeared. She looked at him and smiled warmly.

“You offered me some alcohol,” said Saint Sun Soul. “Now, I’d like to offer you some in return.” Even as he spoke, his wife brought the alcohol flagon over. She then produced two glasses, into which she distributed the alcohol. After that, she sat down next to Saint Sun Soul and looked over curiously at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao said nothing as he sat down directly across from Saint Sun Soul. He picked up the glass of alcohol, looked it over, then drank it in one mouthful.

When the alcohol entered his mouth, it felt freezing cold, and made his entire body feel as if it were being frozen. It even seemed as if the alcohol were about to extinguish the flame of his life force.

The coldness entered his Qi passageways and spread throughout his entire person. Even his Cultivation base was frozen in the blink of an eye. His Divine Sense slowed down, and he almost began to slip into slumber. It was even hard to think.

He was so cold that frost appeared on his skin; it almost seemed like the alcohol in the cup could turn him into a statue of ice.

This alcohol would most certainly kill any ordinary Spirit Severing Cultivator who drank it. However, Meng Hao’s fleshly body was far too powerful for that. Although his Cultivation base and Divine Sense had been frozen over, his fleshly body only vibrated slightly. In a short moment, thousands of these vibrations occurred. The frequency of the vibrations seemed to accord with some great Dao, and within the space of about ten breaths, white steam began to rise up from the top of his head. It filled the entire top level of the tower, and even caused the walls to

make cracking sounds as they frosted over.

A serious expression appeared in the eyes of the elegant woman, and although Saint Sun Soul's face was expressionless, his eyes were cold as he stared at Meng Hao.

"Your alcohol isn't very strong, at least, not as strong as mine." Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding to produce, not another gourd bottle, but Han Shan's bronze alcohol flagon. He also pulled out a glass which he then filled with alcohol and slid across to Saint Sun Soul.

"Please, be my guest," he said coolly.

Saint Sun Soul's face twitched as he looked down at the glass. He hesitated, which was something he rarely did.

Chapter 671: Cooperation

After a few breaths of time, a look of determination filled the eyes of Saint Sun Soul. He lifted up the glass of alcohol and then tossed it down his throat.

After it went down, his body suddenly started shaking, and veins bulged out on his face. A pained expression appeared but he doggedly endured, raising his hand to rotate the full power of his Cultivation base. His wife's face flickered, and she was about to rise to her feet when Saint Sun Soul stopped her with a look.

He panted for the space of about ten breaths, then suddenly pointed out with his right index finger. A blue aura appeared, filled with an intense sharpness. It shot out through the wall of the tower, after which, a monstrous Sword Qi sped off over the horizon.

Saint Sun Soul breathed deeply, and his face was pale white. He looked over at Meng Hao.

“Does everyone in your hometown drink this type of alcohol?”

His expression the same as ever, Meng Hao lifted up the bronze alcohol flagon and took a long drink, all the while staring Saint Sun Soul in the eye.

Saint Sun Soul's face twitched again. He watched as Meng Hao had no reaction whatsoever to the alcohol, and in fact, even took another drink. He sighed.

“In all the years I've practiced Cultivation, this is the first time someone has ever threatened me with some alcohol.”

“How could treating you to some alcohol be a threat?” asked Meng Hao, sounding a bit hurt. “In my hometown, everyone really does drink this. It's just that when I left, I was in a bit of a hurry, so I didn't bring very much with me. Next time, I'll make sure to bring you a bit more.”

Saint Sun Soul sat there quietly. He wasn't quite sure what to make of Meng Hao's arrival. The Sword Qi in the alcohol was very strong, and

moments ago he had actually been rocked both physically and mentally. Then he saw Meng Hao drink it without any reaction at all. He couldn't help but think that Meng Hao was even more mysterious than he had seemed at first.

"He can attract Sea Demons to the point of driving them crazy," he thought. "He has this strange sword alcohol and a shocking fleshly body, and even canceled out my freezing Qi... On top of that he's also a Time Cultivator. So... why exactly is he here?" He lifted up the glass with the freezing alcohol and took a drink.

"Why don't you exchange your Demon hearts with the Sun Soul Society? The exchange rate won't be incredibly high, but neither will it be very low."

Meng Hao looked back silently at Saint Sun Soul for a moment. Then he asked, "Why do the three Sects value Demon hearts so much?"

"Generally speaking, that is a secret," replied Saint Sun Soul coolly. "However, considering the level of your Cultivation base, you'll figure it eventually on your own."

"The history of the three Sects go back a long way," he continued. "As for how long exactly, even I'm not too sure. I only know that the first generation of Patriarchs of the Sects jointly summoned the Stormwind Divide. After that, this area was sealed off all the way down until this day."

"As to whether those Patriarchs are still alive or dead, nobody knows. However, they left behind a legacy treasure that requires Demon hearts to ensure that it will continue to exist. Furthermore, the cultivation techniques of the Cultivators of the three Sects are different from that of outsiders. To us, Spirit Stones are only moderately effective. Demon hearts, on the other hand, are a different story."

"Furthermore, and most importantly, every rotation of the great spell formation that protects the three Sects requires a shocking amount of Demon hearts. Without the Demon hearts, it can't be operated."

Having heard all of this, Meng Hao chuckled a bit. "I suppose there is another reason, isn't there?"

“Yes, but I can’t tell you,” replied Saint Sun Soul, staring at Meng Hao.

“It has something to do with the yellow springs Underworld Ship in the Stormwind Divide,” said Meng Hao, smiling and eyes glittering.

Saint Sun Soul looked back at him expressionlessly. “There’s no need for you to probe for information. That matter is a secret of the three Sects, which cannot be told to outsiders. However, you know of the yellow springs Underworld Ship.... That’s a bit unexpected.”

Although his tone of voice was the same as ever, inwardly, Saint Sun Soul was shocked to hear Meng Hao mention the yellow springs Underworld Ship. Yet again, he found himself more in awe.

It was at this point that a jade slip suddenly began to glow inside Saint Sun Soul’s bag of holding. He took it out and looked it over, then placed it down onto the table.

“If you don’t want to tell me, then forget about the matter,” said Meng Hao, giving up on his efforts to probe for information. “As for the Demon hearts... as long as you give me a huge enough quantity of Spirit Stones, then of course I’ll exchange them with you!” He pulled out a bag of holding, which he loosened and then placed on the table.

Glancing at the jade slip on the table in front of Saint Sun Soul, Meng Hao smiled and said, “You most likely know exactly how many Demon hearts are inside. Name a price.”

“5,000,000,000 low-grade Spirit Stones,” replied Saint Sun Soul. He waved his hand, causing a ring to fly out which Meng Hao then snatched.

He scanned it with Divine Sense, whereupon he saw that the inside of the ring was densely packed with a vast quantity of Spirit Stones!

They were not low-grade, nor even mid-grade. No, all were high-grade Spirit Stones!

Meng Hao’s pupils constricted. According to his understanding, even great Sects and Clans would have a hard time accumulating so many high-grade Spirit Stones. And yet Saint Sun Soul’s attitude was... relatively cavalier.

Meng Hao muttered to himself inwardly about how this cold-faced man turned out to be the truly rich one. However, he still couldn't wrap his mind about why the trifling Sun Soul Society would have so many Spirit Stones.

His eyes flickered as all of a sudden, he thought about Demon hearts.

"Could it be that there is something about the Demon hearts themselves that cause the Sun Soul Society to be so rich?" he thought.

"Our transaction is complete, you can take your leave now." Saint Sun Soul closed his eyes and paid no more attention to Meng Hao, as if even looking at him caused him to feel somewhat annoyed.

Meng Hao smiled, clasped the ring in hand as he stood up and prepared to leave. However, after taking only two steps, he suddenly stopped and looked back.

"Considering how many Spirit Stones your Sun Soul Society has," he said, "perhaps you would be interested in forming a cooperation."

Saint Sun Soul opened his eyes and looked at Meng Hao.

"What sort of cooperation?"

"The two of us join forces to kill Sea Demons. I'll help you to draw them out."

Saint Sun Soul's eyes glittered, and after a moment of silence, he said, "What's the split?"

"For every ten we acquire, you keep nine and I keep one. Furthermore, when it comes to exchanging the Demon hearts for Spirit Stones, I'll give you a ten percent discount!" 1

"Fifty percent!" retorted Saint Sun Soul.

"No way," said Meng Hao, shaking his head. "It's not easy to attract the Sea Demons, and that's my responsibility. It's just that with your help things will go a bit faster. Also, the Third Ring belongs to your three Sects. If it weren't for that, I could just do it all myself."

"Oh, so you do know what it means to be in the Third Ring after all!"

shot back Saint Sun Soul. The two of them continued to negotiate the terms of their cooperation. Off to the side, Saint Sun Soul's beautiful wife covered her smile with her hand as she watched on. She hadn't heard Saint Sun Soul speak so much in years.

She understood her husband well. He seemed cold on the outside, but he viewed the people he approved of as close friends. As for the people he didn't approve of, even people who were incredibly powerful, they would not hear more than three sentences come out of his mouth.

She could see that although her husband and Meng Hao didn't seem to get along, in truth, they both admired each other.

Meng Hao slapped his hand down onto the table, causing the jade slip to fly up into the air. "You listen to me, swindler, I've been going easy on you so far, don't make me get serious! You've tasted my hometown alcohol, so you know that a fifty percent discount is not going to happen!"

Saint Sun Soul gave a cold snort. "For hundreds of years in the Third Ring, the Saints have controlled everything! Without my permission, will you be killing any Demons at all?"

The two of them faced off angrily. Smiling, Saint Sun Soul's wife rose to her feet to refill their glasses of alcohol. Her voice soft, she said, "There's no need to act like this, you two. Instead of sticking to fifty percent or ten percent, why don't you both back down a bit and settle on thirty percent?"

Meng Hao thought for a moment and then nodded in agreement. "Fine, thirty percent it is!" After all, this was the Third Ring, and when it came to Saint Sun Soul, unless he used some of his trump cards, he wouldn't quite be a match. Although the two of them didn't quite know how to deal with the other, Meng Hao couldn't help but think about how annoying it was to try to earn his Spirit Stones only to be interfered with by other random people.

Saint Sun Soul hesitated for a moment and then nodded.

Meng Hao rose to his feet, "Alright, swindler. Since we're in agreement, then we'll head out in a few days."

“I’m a Saint and my name is Lin Tao!” said Saint Sun Soul through gritted teeth.

“Thanks for telling me, swindler,” replied Meng Hao, flicking his sleeve and preparing to leave.

It was at this point that Saint Sun Soul’s eyes flickered, and he suddenly swept his sleeve across the jade slip sitting on the table, sending it flying toward Meng Hao. Meng Hao turned and grabbed it, then looked at Saint Sun Soul.

“Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity sent me some news. Take a look.” He took another drink of alcohol, then closed his eyes and said nothing further.

A serious expression on his face, Meng Hao sent his Divine Sense into the jade slip. After looking at the information therein, a tremor ran through him. According to the jade slip, Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity were currently on their way to the Third Ring, along with seventy thousand of their disciples.

In addition to that information, there was also a picture of Meng Hao, as well as an message to Saint Sun Soul, inviting him to join in the search.

Finally, there was a message indicating that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was coming personally to meet with Saint Sun Soul to explain the rewards he would receive for participating in the search.

Meng Hao’s face was expressionless as he tossed the jade slip back, where it hovered in the air in front of Saint Sun Soul.

Saint Sun Soul took and put it away, then coolly said, “Han Feng.”

As soon as the words left his mouth, Han Feng teleported into the room to stand in front of Saint Sun Soul. He clasped hands and bowed.

His voice calm, Saint Sun Soul said, “Go out into Seahold and get rid of any information about Master’s friend here. It doesn’t matter how many people saw him or had dealings with him, go take care of everything. Spare no cost.

“That includes people who have left the city in the past few days. Clean it all up.”

Han Feng gaped for a moment, then bowed his head and voiced his assent. He glanced over at Meng Hao and then turned and left.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he watched these things happen, but he didn't speak.

“Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity are passing through the Stormwind Divide. Given the speed they can attain, it will take them two months to get here. As for that 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, even if he does have a Dao Seeking Cultivation base, it will also take him about two months.

“I will agree with the requests of the other Saints, as well as of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. That way, it will be much harder for traces of your passage to be picked up in my territory.”

Meng Hao was silent for a moment before clasping hands and bowing. “Many thanks!”

“I'm not helping you, I'm helping our business,” replied Saint Sun Soul coolly. Then he cleared his throat and looked at Meng Hao. “Eighty percent discount!”

Meng Hao gritted his teeth. Although his expression was the same as usual, he glared at Saint Sun Soul, who was beaming in self-satisfaction. “Forty percent, that's the most you'll get!”

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1. Just to forestall any questions, Meng Hao's offer is translated correctly. He gives Saint Sun Soul nine for every one that he gets.

Chapter 672: Duplicating the Sword Tip!

A short while later, Meng Hao left the tower, his face grim and unsightly. In the end, he had been conned by that swindler; they ended up agreeing to a fifty percent discount.

Meng Hao had always felt as if he lived a life in which he conned others. Rarely did others con him. He especially never imagined that he would be conned by such a solemn-looking, unprincipled swindler like Saint Sun Soul. The whole matter left him feeling extremely exasperated.

“I can’t believe that swindler conned me like he did....” sighed Meng Hao. Saint Sun Soul’s apprentice led him, not to the city area, but to a private villa nearby.

That was the arrangement set up by Saint Sun Soul. By staying in this private district belonging to the Sun Soul Society, contact with outsiders could be kept to a minimum, which would make it much easier to get rid of any traces of his presence.

When Wei Li saw the look on his face, she didn’t dare to speak. Every time she looked over, he seemed to have a different expression. Sometimes he gritted his teeth, sometimes he sighed, sometimes he seemed to be in indescribable pain.

“What’s wrong with him?” she thought in astonishment. What she didn’t know was that to Meng Hao... Spirit Stones had long since become his entire life! For someone to, in one blow, reduce the number of Spirit Stones he could earn, was like a knife stabbing through his heart.

After Meng Hao left the tower, Saint Sun Soul Lin Tao began to chuckle complacently. Feeling quite happy, he raised the alcohol glass to his lips and took a long drink.

His wife sat off to the side, shaking her head. She was also very happy, not because of how much her husband had managed to take advantage of Meng Hao, but rather, the fact that a friendship was slowly developing between the two of them.

Her husband had never had any friends, and she could sense how happy he actually was.

Later that night, Meng Hao sat cross-legged in his room, thinking over his current situation. He still felt a bit of pain in his heart; the feeling of turning from the con-man into the conned left him repeatedly sighing.

“Wang Clan Patriarch, you bastard. Just you wait and see!” Meng Hao had always felt himself to be quite a reasonable person. After thinking the matter over, therefore, he came to the conclusion that the one responsible for these crimes was actually the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Gritting his teeth, Meng Hao probed his Cultivation base. Currently, only three majestic portions of Cultivation base power remained, and they were in the process of fusing.

“The more progress I make, the slower it goes,” he thought, retracting his Divine Sense. This was his path to Spirit Severing. Eventually the three portions would become two, and finally one. When that happened, he would be able to enter Spirit Severing.

“I wonder what I will Sever for the First Severing...?” He was a bit hesitant about this point. Despite having thought about the matter quite a bit recently, he still hadn’t received any sort of enlightenment. The entire matter was still somewhat blurry to him.

Lost in thought, he produced the ring of holding and looked over the Spirit Stones inside. When he saw them glittering and shining, it made him feel a little bit better.

“So, that bastardly Wang Clan Patriarch isn’t dead, and he’s working incredibly hard to track me down. It seems he really thinks he’s going to take my Dao foundation this time.” A cold glint appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes as he took out the Wooden Time Sword and the copper mirror, then began to make copies and refine them with further Time sealing marks.

“Just wait until I get a hundred Wooden Time Swords. They’ll make a huge formation that will give me the power to defend against even the Dao Seeking stage, at least to some extent!”

Now that his Spirit Stones had been completely replenished to the pinnacle, Meng Hao could immerse himself in duplication. Gradually, more and more Wooden Time Swords began to build up.

Several days later, he finally produced the one hundredth copy. All hundred of the swords contained eight sixty-year cycles of Time power.

He wanted to keep working, but there wasn't enough time. His meeting with Saint Sun Soul was set for dawn of the following morning. He glanced over the one hundred Wooden Time Swords with their eight sixty-year cycles of Time power, and his eyes glittered. But then, he gritted his teeth and examined the vast quantities of Spirit Stones in his ring of holding.

"Spirit Stones are very, very, very important. However, if I die, they'll end up belonging to someone else...." His eyes flickered, and he took out the Time Sword tip.

He stared at it for a moment and then began to breathe heavily.

"I don't need many copies of this sword tip, only ten.... then, I can create the first form of the Lotus Sword Formation. The power of such a sword formation would be equivalent to 100,000 years of Time." He looked at the sword tip, and then the ring of holding. Finally, he began to work with the copper mirror.

Before beginning to duplicate the sword tip, he braced himself mentally. He knew that once he started, he couldn't stop until the duplication was complete. Therefore, he prepared to go all out. Spirit Stones began to pour into the copper mirror.

Ten Spirit Stones, one hundred Spirit Stones, one thousand Spirit Stones....

Meng Hao's movements were somewhat wooden. He watched the accumulation of Spirit Stones in the ring of holding getting smaller and smaller. Two hours later, the copper mirror suddenly began to emanate bright light in all directions. Meng Hao's eyes burned with passion as the mirror's pupil-like surface slowly seemed to turn into a watery film, from which two identical sword tips immediately appeared.

Meng Hao was panting as he picked them up. Then, he raised his head and started to laugh.

The power of Time within both sword tips was completely identical!

However, even as he laughed, he started to calculate how many Spirit Stones he had spent and he felt a sharp pain stabbing through his heart.

“I actually spent 1,000,000,000!!

“Dammit, it’s ridiculously expensive!!” Pain filled him.

“Wang Clan Patriarch, you bastard, things aren’t over between us!” His eyes were red and he felt deep pain, all of which transformed into rage toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Then, gritting his teeth, he began to make another duplicate.

With his original accumulation of 5,000,000,000 Spirit Stones, Meng Hao was only able to copy four Time Sword tips. Including the original, he now had five. As for the remaining Spirit Stones, he used them to duplicate medicinal pills, Wooden Time Swords and other miscellaneous objects.

Eventually, he was absolutely and completely equipped for battle. However, his bag of holding was virtually empty. The ring of holding was also empty. To Meng Hao, even though it was early morning and the sun was shining brightly in the sky, everything seemed dark.

The night before, he had been unbelievably wealthy. The next morning, he was back to normal. Other than smiling bitterly, the only thing Meng Hao could do was... well, smile bitterly.

“Perhaps I’m just not destined to be rich.... To me, Spirit Stones are just something I need to copy magical items and other things. Besides, if I chose to cultivate the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal, which absorbs magical items into my body, then the Spirit Stone wastage would be virtually endless.” He sighed. The Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal was the Daoist magic he had acquired in the Demon Immortal Pagoda, the one that could be used to temper his fleshly body!

It was a Daoist magic that, even in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect,

could be considered a famous Dao. In fact, the only reason it was ranked behind the art of Fleshly Sanctification was because the latter was a secret art. The Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal required cultivation year in and year out, and the sealing technique was not difficult. However, the resources that ended up being wasted was something that most Sects could not afford.

The combination of both the Daoist magic and the secret art could be used to temper the body to an ultimate level. It was only by combining them that their true power could explode out.

“Fleshly Sanctification is a secret art, which means that it most assuredly has other functions. My Cultivation base just isn’t sufficient to invoke them.

“Cultivating the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal... is a shortcut to improving my fleshly body. For others, it would be too difficult. However, as long as I have enough Spirit Stones, there is no end to the number of magical items I can duplicate. Therefore, I could continue to cultivate the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal indefinitely.” Meng Hao sighed. The entire reason he hadn’t begun to practice the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal was because of not only matters of enlightenment, but, more importantly, the fact that he was poor....

“Spirit Stones. I need Spirit Stones!!” 1 Meng Hao’s eyes were red as he lifted up his head; his thirst for Spirit Stones had reached a pinnacle. His entire person radiated a somber aura as he flew out.

When Saint Sun Soul Lin Tao arrived and saw Meng Hao, he was instantly astonished.

“Who pissed you off?” he asked.

Meng Hao didn’t say anything, but the somber air grew even more obvious. His body flashed as he flew off into the distance. Saint Sun Soul followed, even more perplexed. The two of them moved at top speed, and within the blink of an eye, were gone from Seahold.

When they were quite some distance away from Seahold, Meng Hao stopped in mid-air and then glanced down at the sea.

“Alright, swindler, are you ready?” he said, looking over at Saint Sun Soul.

“You have no respect for your superiors,” replied Saint Sun Soul, frowning. “How old are you again? Come on, stop wasting time. Let’s get started.”

Meng Hao took a deep breath. Saying nothing further, he began to suppress his Cultivation base. As for the Resurrection Lily, it had become much more active after the encounter with the Dawn Immortal. As soon as it saw an opening, it made its appearance.

When the aura appeared, Saint Sun Soul’s eyes flickered and he backed up. He looked at Meng Hao suspiciously.

“That aura....” he thought. “It’s similar to that of the Sea Devils.... However, he’s clearly a Cultivator.” It was in that moment that the sea suddenly began to churn, and great waves began to roll across the various sea districts of the Third Ring. One Sea Demon after another trembled, then began to head toward Meng Hao, eyes red.

In the time it takes half an incense stick to burn, hundreds of Sea Demons were already in the area, closing in.

“No, it’s not a Sea Devil aura,” he thought. He could sense that something about it was different. “If the aura of a Sea Devil appeared, it would cause most Sea Demons to capitulate. But in this case, they are attacking him as if they are archenemies. It looks like they want to eat him even if they destroy themselves in the process.”

RUMBLE!

Hundreds of Sea Demons burst out of the water to savagely attack Meng Hao.

He gave a cold snort, then raised his right hand. Immediately, 10,000 magical symbols appeared to sweep about the area. Even as the booms rang out, thousands more Sea Demons appeared off in the distance.

“Not very many,” mocked Saint Sun Soul.

Meng Hao didn't reply. He sank down to the bottom of the sea and allowed the aura of the Resurrection Lily to spread out even more. The entire sea trembled as if it were on fire.

Of course, that fire was none other than countless Sea Demons, burning their own life forces in exchange for shocking speed to rush toward the aura of the Resurrection Lily. In the blink of an eye, tens of thousands of Sea Demons appeared off in the distance. Even further off were hundreds of thousands, causing the sea to swell into towering waves.

In addition, there were seven or eight especially shocking roars that echoed out from over the horizon.

Face flickering, Saint Sun Soul sank down into the water, whereupon he saw Meng Hao surrounded by one hundred wooden swords, which were formed into ten shapes like lotuses. As they swirled around Meng Hao, it became clear that each of the flowers was actually a petal, all of which formed together... into an enormous spell formation that looked like a lotus!

The formation swept about for three hundred meters around Meng Hao, and any Sea Demons that got close withered up and disappeared. It was as if in the blink of an eye, they had passed through an entire life's worth of time.

In fact, even the water in the area seemed to show signs of wastage. Apparently there was nothing that could escape the power of Time!

The scene caused Saint Sun Soul's heart to tremble.

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1. I'm not sure if it was intentional or not, but this line is an exact repeat of what he said in chapter 7. In fact, it was the title of the chapter.

Chapter 673: The Call of the Dawn

Immortal

“Ten swords constitute a lotus,” thought Saint Sun Soul. “Ten lotuses constitute a formation!”

“One hundred swords, and an enormous formation, all filled with the power of Time. When the power ripples out, nothing remains unwithered!”

“Most intriguing of all is that every sword flower contains thousands of variations. When the ten lotuses turn into the massive formation, the variations increase exponentially. There must be tens of thousands of variations hidden within!”

“Such a large formation requires a shocking level of Divine Sense to control. All of that, however... is merely secondary. Most importantly, the formation requires both a physical form and an internal spirit. His Lotus Sword Formation has both of those things!” Saint Sun Soul’s mind trembled. He already had a high opinion of Meng Hao, but now, he couldn’t stop his pupils from constructing as he realized that he actually had underestimated him.

“So, it turns out that he was actually only using a portion of his power in our initial fight. If he used this sword formation, then even I... would have a hard time extricating myself from it!”

“Time Cultivators are inherently rare, but he is even more shocking than I expected. And then there’s that flagon of alcohol.... I think there’s an eighty percent likelihood it really is from his hometown. The only problem is that I don’t know where exactly that is!” Having personally witnessed the power of Meng Hao’s sword formation, Saint Sun Soul was inwardly shaken. Currently, hundreds of thousands of Sea Demons were now rushing toward them.

In the blink of an eye, the sea was completely thrown into chaos. Roaring sounds echoed out as Meng Hao’s sword formation rotated at an incredible speed.

Meng Hao was mentally calculating how many Demon hearts were building up with each Sea Demon he killed. Seeing Saint Sun Soul standing there in a daze, he couldn't help but get annoyed. "Hey, swindler! If you don't make a move soon then I won't even give you a thirty percent discount!"

Saint Sun Soul gave a snort and then waved his right hand. Instantly, 100,000 magical symbols flew out from his sleeve, swirling around to form into ten magical symbol beasts. They roared as they charged into the surrounding Sea Demons and began to slaughter them.

Now that Meng Hao and Saint Sun Soul were working together, the speed of the massacre increased rapidly. Without the stimulus provided by the Resurrection Lily, it would be impossible to kill so many Sea Demons in the Third Ring. Right now, the Sea Demons seemed to have lost any ability to reason and were filled with madness.

Blood dyed the sea red as the slaughter continued for approximately an hour, when suddenly four earth-shattering roars echoed out from the surrounding area.

It was at that point when, shockingly, four enormous Sea Demons with Whitebone Lilies on them approached, one from each direction.

One of the four Sea Demons was a huge jellyfish. Of the other three, one was a gigantic violet sea turtle, and the other two were sea dragons that looked completely identical.

As they neared, huge waves rolled out across the sea as the aura of Spirit Severing rippled out.

"Two for each of us, huh?" Meng Hao said as quickly as he could. "You want to have a little competition to see who can kill them faster? If I win, the discount will be ten percent. If you win, I'd be willing to set it at forty percent. What do you say?"

Saint Sun Soul blinked. He had never met someone so shameless. After directly refusing Meng Hao's offer, he waved his sleeve, causing two illusory, glowing swords to appear in front of him. They scraped against each other, causing ghost images to appear. Hundreds of swords turned

into a sword rain that shot toward the two sea dragons.

Seeing that Saint Sun Soul couldn't be easily fooled, Meng Hao said nothing more. He turned back around and then performed an incantation gesture with his right hand. Immediately, five Time Sword tips flew out, shooting with incredible speed toward the gigantic violet sea turtle. At the same time, the Time Sword Formation vanished and then reappeared, surrounding the jellyfish.

Meng Hao was located in the middle of the two formations, surrounded by a tempest of 10,000 magical symbols.

"Attack!" he growled. Instantly... the five Time Sword tips circulating around the gigantic sea turtle began to rotate and emit a shocking power of Time. The gigantic sea turtle howled, and the Whitebone Lily on its back began to sway. It was about to rush forward, but when the aura of Time power entered it, it shuddered, and then a look of astonishment appeared on its face. Without any hesitation, it retracted its head into its shell to defend itself.

Unfortunately, nothing can remain unwithered under the power of Time!

Five sword tips emanated a power of Time exceeding 100,000 years. As the power circulated out, the body of the giant sea turtle rapidly withered. A bloodcurdling shriek could be heard, then a boom. A giant sea turtle which possessed the power of Spirit Severing was instantly turned into nothing but ash and smoke....

The speed and savagery of the kill caused even Meng Hao to suddenly focus in concentration. His eyes gleamed with a brilliant light.

"My Spirit Stones were not spent in vain!" he thought.

At the same time, the jellyfish was trapped in the Lotus Sword Formation. It struggled, but its body was beginning to wither. After the space of about ten breaths, a bang could be heard as the sword formation transformed it into nothing more than ash drifting about in the seawater.

By this point, Saint Sun Soul had only managed to kill one of the sea dragons. He jerked his head to look over his shoulder and saw the

impressive power of Meng Hao's Time treasures. His pupils constricted, and suddenly he found Meng Hao to be even more profoundly enigmatic.

Time passed. Several hours later, they were still surrounded by densely packed groups of Sea Demons, who charged at them one after another. The seawater was stained red. Even Saint Sun Soul was shocked at the level of carnage.

However, as they continued to kill and kill, his excitement only grew greater. He even summoned the three swords of Seahold; wherever they passed, they left nothing but death in their wake.

In the end, Meng Hao actually didn't need to do anything. He just stood there, maintaining the circulation of the sword formation and the magical symbols. Saint Sun Soul was in a frenzy as he slaughtered the Sea Demons. It was almost like he had turned into a different person, flying back and forth and crying out at the top of his lungs.

"DIIIIEEEE!!!!" he shouted, laughing the entire time. Despite being under the water, his Cultivation base caused his muffled laughter to fill the entire area.

Meng Hao looked at blood-soaked Saint Soul Sun and thought. "In the future, I definitely shouldn't provoke this guy...." The man's former somber face was twisted ferociously, and his previous taciturn personality was now deranged with madness as he continued rant and rave.

"He's gone crazy...." thought Meng Hao, blinking. "Could it be that the little swindler has just repressed himself for too long?" The more he watched, the more he got the impression that Saint Sun Soul really was a bit crazy.

At some point the parrot appeared and perched on Meng Hao's shoulder. Its eyes went wide when it saw the slaughter being carried out by Saint Sun Soul. "He really has gone crazy...." it said.

The meat jelly was off to the side, nodding vigorously. "Don't offend that lunatic, Meng Hao. I've seen people like him before, and they're all psychos!"

“Why aren’t you out there collecting the Demon hearts!?” snapped Meng Hao. The parrot and the meat jelly, eyes glittering, immediately flew out and began to make their way back and forth across the seafloor to pick up the Demon hearts.

Saint Sun Soul saw this, but didn’t pay any heed. At the moment, he was happy to be killing things.

More time passed. Saint Sun Soul was thoroughly engrossed in the slaughter. He even employed a multitude of magical items, causing the sounds of explosions to fill the air. As for Meng Hao, he was even more idle than before. He finally just sat down cross-legged inside the spell formation and closed his eyes to meditate, focusing on fusing the three portions of Cultivation base power within him.

Time passed by. The slaughtering continued for four more hours. Saint Sun Soul’s voice was getting hoarse, and yet his desire to kill had not lessened, but rather, had increased.

After a while, Meng Hao opened his eyes. The seawater that surrounded them was now thoroughly red. After glancing at Saint Sun Soul, he closed his eyes again.

After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, a tremor ran through him. He suddenly stood up and turned his head to look at the seafloor off in the distance. A feeling of imminent disaster suddenly washed over him.

At the same time, the Resurrection Lily sprang into action, and a feeling of excitement radiated out from it, as if it desired to burst out from inside. Such an omen filled Meng Hao’s mind with a roaring sound. He suddenly strode forward toward Saint Sun Soul and then waved his hand, causing the war chariot to appear.

“This is fun!” laughed Saint Sun Soul, his eyes completely bloodshot.

“Fun my ass,” Meng Hao immediately growled in exasperation. “Let’s go!” With that, he reached out to grab Saint Sun Soul. Saint Sun Soul’s eyes went wide, but he did nothing to stop Meng Hao, allowing himself to be pulled onto the war chariot.

RUMBLE!

The war chariot shot out, smashing into countless Sea Demons. After it broke through them and charged towards the water's surface, a sinister aura rose up from deep within the sea that caused Saint Sun Soul to feel incredibly cold.

A faint voice could suddenly be heard within the cold and sinister aura. "My son.... come back... come back...."

As the voice echoed out, a huge tentacle shot out from the depths of the sea, like an enormous black shadow. In the blink of an eye, it was upon them.

It moved with such incredible speed that it seemed to be on the verge of wrapping around Meng Hao's war chariot. Meng Hao's eyes instantly went bloodshot. As fast as possible, he circulated the little bit that remained of the Qi of Immortal Shows the Way.

The power of the Qi caused Saint Sun Soul's eyes to go wide. Then he looked back at the enormous tentacle, and his scalp went numb. However, at the same time, an even stronger desire to go to battle welled up within him.

He waved his right hand, causing the three swords that circulated around him to shoot toward the tentacle.

Meng Hao looked up, and his eyes flickered with killing intent. He also waved his right hand, causing five Time Sword tips and the one hundred sword Lotus Sword Formation to appear and follow the three swords.

A huge boom could be heard. Blood sprayed from the mouths of both Saint Sun Soul and Meng Hao. However, the combined power of the two, and their shocking magical items, caused the tentacle to suddenly pause.

Even in the instant in which they called back their magical items, the war chariot started to move. It shot out of the ocean at incredible speed, and then vanished.

The Resurrection Lily branch exploded out from the red seawater, but then slowly descended back down. Red waves spread out for a while, but

then the water grew calm again.

Far away, closer to Seahold, a swishing sound could be heard as the war chariot suddenly appeared. Meng Hao's face was pale, as was Saint Sun Soul. The two of them exchanged a glance.

"Dammit, what the hell was that?!" said Saint Sun Soul through clenched teeth. "And how did you manage to attract its attention? You're simply too adept at causing trouble. First there's the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, and now that damned thing!?"

Meng Hao didn't hesitate at all in responding, "I seem to remember you saying something about you controlling everything in the Third Ring. If you don't know what it is, then how do you expect me to know?!"

The two snorted and then stared at each other angrily. For a moment, neither spoke.

Finally, Saint Sun Soul said, "How many Demon hearts did we get?"

Meng Hao did some calculations, and then his eyes began to shine. "About twice as many as last time," he said.

When Saint Sun Soul heard this, he instantly smiled. "Let's go back to Seahold and rest for a few days, then we'll do it again, alright?"

Chapter 674: The Wang Patriarch Cometh

Saint Sun Soul watched enviously as Meng Hao put away the war chariot. After holding back for a long moment, he finally said, “That treasure of yours is pretty nice, want to sell it?”

“NO,” replied Meng Hao without hesitation.

“Fine, forget about it!” replied Saint Sun Soul with a cold harrumph. “Crappy thing. I wouldn’t take it if you gave it to me for free.”

“If you give me one for free, I’ll take it,” said Meng Hao, blinking.

“Screw off!” replied Saint Sun Soul angrily.

“Look, swindler, the Demon hearts are all in my bag of holding. Say ‘screw off’ one more time and see what happens!” A bright gleam appeared in his eyes, as if he looked forward to finally be on his own again.

Saint Sun Soul opened his mouth, but struggled to control himself and didn’t say anything in response.

A long moment passed, and when he finally did speak again, he changed the subject. “Alright, no screwing around. What was that thing back there?”

“A damnable, accursed Resurrection Lily,” replied Meng Hao frankly. “Assumably, it resides in the Second Ring.”

“Resurrection Lily!” Saint Sun Soul’s eyes narrowed and flickered.

Shortly thereafter, the two arrived back at Seahold, undetected. Back in the tower, they divided their spoils. Although Meng Hao frequently conned people, when he gave his word, he would never go back on it. Therefore, he wouldn’t be secretly stingy. Although he was responsible for collecting the Demon hearts, he didn’t hold even a single one back.

According to their previous agreement, Meng Hao got ten percent of the Demon hearts and the rest he sold to Saint Sun Soul at a fifty percent discount. A vast amount of Spirit Stones poured into his bag of holding.

Meng Hao once again was struck with the realization that Saint Sun Soul... was filthy rich!

As he left the tower with his Spirit Stones, Meng Hao once adopted Steward Zhou's manner of carrying himself. He returned to his own residence, then gritted his teeth for a long moment. Then he considered how incredible the Time Sword tip was, and finally pulled out the copper mirror to make a duplicate.

This time, he made five in one go. Altogether, he now had ten Time Sword tips, which meant that he could utilize the first form of the Lotus Sword Formation!

Now that the form was complete, its power was increased exponentially. Meng Hao sent the formation flying back and forth a bit, his expression one of excitement.

Then he retrieved his Wooden Time Swords and began to imbue them with more Time power.

Several days later, he and Saint Sun Soul once again snuck off to a distant area of the Third Ring and used the same method as before to slaughter Sea Demons. They worked together even better this time. Saint Sun Soul grew more and more excited at the killing, and Meng Hao sat there with eyes closed in meditation, remaining on guard against the Dawn Immortal.

A month passed by, during which time the two of them ran amok in the Third Ring. Other Cultivators in the Third Ring were shocked to suddenly find that there were virtually no Sea Demons around.

Furthermore, the Third Ring was so often filled with enormous waves that it made it impossible to go out.

Of course, the profits made by Meng Hao and Saint Sun Soul Li Tao were incredible. In addition, Meng Hao's Cultivation base had now been reduced from three portions to two.

The day that he could perform his Spirit Severing was just around the corner.

Furthermore, the one hundred Wooden Time Swords in his Time Sword Formation were now filled with ten sixty-year cycles. When the formation was unleashed, its power was incredible. Of course, his most deadly killing move was the ten Time Sword tips.

Even alone, they were enough to shock Saint Sword Soul. However, if he combined them with the Time Sword Formation, making them the nucleus of the lotus, then Sword Qi would fill the surrounding thousand meter area of Seahold.

Meng Hao also purchased a large amount of self-detonating magical items from Saint Sun Soul. Such items were now piled up like a mountain inside his bag of holding.

He was now armed to the teeth, and his overall strength was far more than before.

They didn't encounter the Dawn Immortal again, although Meng Hao's vigilance in keeping guard never lessened.

Currently, Meng Hao sat cross-legged within the spell formation. Countless Sea Demons filled the area around them, and Saint Sun Soul was engaged in slaughter. "Just how many Sea Demons are there in the Third Ring?" asked Meng Hao. "We've killed so many, and yet every time there are still tons of them."

Saint Sun Soul killed eight Sea Demons with a sweep of his sword and then looked back at Meng Hao. "They're endless. Actually, there was once a legend floating around the three Sects that three Star Portals exist underneath the Milky Way Sea!

"Supposedly, the Star Portals connect to the Ninth Sea, and that's where most of the Sea Demons come from. Of course, the Star Portals have limitations preventing any incredibly powerful Sea Demons from entering."

A month before, Saint Sun Soul would never have told Meng Hao about the Star Portals. However, they had been working together for a whole month now, and despite their daily bickering, their bond of friendship had actually grown stronger.

“Three Star Portals?” said Meng Hao, staring in shock.

“One in the Third Ring, another in the Second Ring, and a third in the Inner Ring!” replied Saint Sun Soul.

Meng Hao sat there thoughtfully for a moment, and was just about to ask some more questions when suddenly, he sensed a cold, evil aura. Without hesitation, he rose to his feet and started walking forward, pulling out the war chariot at the same time.

When Saint Sun Soul saw this, his face flickered and he instantly headed toward Meng Hao, who grabbed him and pulled him into the war chariot.

Meng Hao was about to send the war chariot flying off, but then, his eyes flickered. He had just noticed that the reaction of the Resurrection Lily inside of him was strangely different this time.

It did not seem active and excited like before. Rather... it was trembling, as if it were terrified. It was almost like it had run into something it considered deadly; it even began to retract its own aura, not letting a scrap of it emanate out.

Meng Hao made a light “eee?” sound, and then spurred the war chariot into movement. It was in that moment that he suddenly heard an ancient voice in his ear.

“The day the Resurrection Lily blooms in seven colors, the flower blooms, Immortal Ascension, one thousand years....

“Immortal Ascension failed, and a Whitebone Lily appeared....”

When he heard the voice, Meng Hao’s mind trembled. The Resurrection Lily inside of him trembled even more violently. At the same time, the war chariot shot up out of the sea and then flew at top speed through mid-air.

“I was unable to sever the Resurrection Lily,” continued the voice, “so I could only sever myself.... From then on, the Resurrection Lily was no more, and the Whitebone Lilies bloomed from shore to shore”

Meng Hao took a deep breath and then looked down at the sea beneath him. Then the war chariot split the air as it vanished off into the distance.

When it reappeared outside of Seahold, Saint Sun Soul's face was a bit unsightly. He had been in charge of the city for many years, besides which, the three Sects called themselves the Lords of the Milky Way Sea. However, in recent days he had come to the realization that there were secrets lurking in the depths of the water that even he wasn't aware of.

The voice which Meng Hao had heard just now, he had also heard. Furthermore, every time he and Meng Hao came back from their journeys, he had gone to search through the ancient records. Gradually, he had come to an understanding of the Resurrection Lily.

Meng Hao and Saint Sun Soul were silent as they returned to the tower, where they sat down cross-legged on either side of a table.

After a moment of silence, Saint Sun Soul looked at Meng Hao. "That Resurrection Lily has most likely been here for many years, but has never made an appearance. Why would it suddenly emerge after you show up?"

"Because I have a Resurrection Lily inside of me," replied Meng Hao coolly. He tossed a bag of holding filled with Demon hearts over to Saint Sun Soul.

Saint Sun Soul's pupils constricted. Meng Hao's answer to his question was a conclusion he had already speculated about.

A long moment passed, after which Saint Sun Soul took the Demon hearts and then produced Spirit Stones to give to Meng Hao.

He was just about to say something else when a jade slip began to glow inside his bag of holding. He took it out immediately and glanced it over, then frowned. He looked up at Meng Hao.

"Saint Flying Immortal, Saint Sea Divinity, the seventy thousand disciples... even the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch are all emerging from the Stormwind Divide and are on their way here!"

Moments ago, countless ships had begun to emerge from the Stormwind Divide that separated the Third and Fourth Rings. Sitting cross-legged atop the ships were crowds of Cultivators. Rumbling sounds filled the air.

They were densely packed together, and from a distance their numbers

almost seemed endless.

Flying in mid-air were two middle-aged men. One wore a blue robe, the other, a white one. Their auras were bright, and their Cultivation bases were shocking enough to fill the sky with a riot of colors. Next to the two flew an old man.

That old man was none other than the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

As soon as they emerged, they contacted Saint Sun Soul, and then began to speed toward Seahold. Behind them, seventy thousand disciples charged along, blotting out the sky.

Back in Seahold, Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he listened to Saint Sun Soul. However, deep in his eyes, a bright glow appeared. He stood up.

Saint Sun Soul muttered to himself for a moment then waved his right hand, causing a jade slip to fly out, which Meng Hao grabbed.

"I'll do my best to help you," said Saint Sun Soul. "This jade slip describes an area controlled by the Sun Soul Society. You can hide there temporarily with no problems. After everyone heads out to start searching for you, I'll arrange for someone to get you out of the Third Ring.

"That will make it harder for them to track you down."

Meng Hao looked at the jade slip, then turned to leave without saying another word. Saint Sun Soul looked at his retreating figure, a complicated expression on his face.

Just as he was about to step foot out of the tower, Meng Hao stopped.

He had suddenly thought of a question he had been contemplating for over a month. "There's something I've been wondering about for a while. Is it just the Sun Soul Society that has such a shocking amount of Spirit Stones, or is it all of the three Sects?"

Saint Sun Soul gave a faint smile.

"Are you aware of what exists in the Stormwind Divide? A quarry. Inside that quarry are three astonishing veins of Spirit Stone deposits. The Sun

Soul Society... doesn't care at all about Spirit Stones!"

"That make sense," said Meng Hao. "But, would it be possible for you to tell me why you buy so many Demon hearts? What do they do?"

This time, Saint Sun Soul hesitated for a long moment. He didn't really need to answer the question, but after looking at Meng Hao for a long moment, he finally said, "Demon hearts have a far more important function. Actually, it would be best for you not to sell the Demon hearts that remain in your bag of holding. As for what exactly they do, even my understanding is incomplete. However, I can tell you that seventy percent of the Demon hearts collected by the three Sects... end up being sent away from the lands of South Heaven. We use a special method to deliver them to a Sect in the stars who specially collects them.

"The price we purchase them for... is actually far lower than the price we sell them for."

Meng Hao nodded, and then his body flickered as he left the tower. Before departing, he found Wei Li and gave her a large sum of Spirit Stones. Then he he took out the war chariot and disappeared over the horizon.

Not too long after Meng Hao left, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch arrived, along with Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity. They moved with incredible speed; in one breath, they were far off in the distance, in the next breath, they were in Seahold.

Saint Sun Soul strode out from within the tower, his expression cold. He now looked exactly the same as he had when Meng Hao first met him as he glanced over the three approaching Cultivators.

Chapter 675: Reverend Silverlamp!

The next day, something completely shocking rocked the Third Ring. 100,000 disciples from the three Sects left Seahold to spread out throughout the entire Third Ring. Each one held a jade slip within which was the picture a person for whom they searched!

The entire Third Ring was shaken by the event. Even the Three Saints emerged to join the rigorous search. If that were all, it might not be a big deal. However, the next thing that happened was that notices appeared in all the shops of Seahold, offering valuable treasures to any Cultivator who joined the search.

Thus, Cultivators could be found virtually everywhere, searching on the surface of the sea. The Third Ring was in a state of complete lockdown.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch stayed in Seahold. He had divided his Divine Sense up into countless strands which were imbued into the jade slips. If anyone even got near Meng Hao, he would instantly be able to sense it.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was even prepared for the possibility that Meng Hao had changed his appearance and aura. He would rather kill the wrong person by mistake than let Meng Hao escape.

Even as the Third Ring boiled into a frenzy, Meng Hao sat cross-legged on an island, his face grim. In his hand was the jade slip that Saint Sun Soul had given him.

“I don’t want to put someone else’s loyalty to the test,” he murmured softly, “nor do I want to place my hope in the hands of others.” He crushed the jade slip, then stood up and flew down into the sea. Since he couldn’t hide on the surface of the sea, then he would conceal himself in its depths.

In the moment that the jade slip was crushed, Saint Sun Soul was flying along in mid-air. He suddenly stopped in place, then smiled broadly. He understood Meng Hao’s decision, and that was because... he had been waiting to make his own decision.

“This way works, too,” he thought. “I have one more friend and one less enemy.” He sighed inwardly, thinking back to everything that had happened in the past month, and all of their battles with the Sea Demons.

At the same time, Meng Hao sped along at the bottom of the sea. The aura of the Resurrection Lily was completely suppressed, with not a bit emanating out. Occasionally he would look around the area; if anything abnormal appeared, he was ready to take out the war chariot the instant anything abnormal appeared.

“To leave the Third Ring would require passing through the Stormwind Divide. However, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch is no doubt prepared for that. Going to the Stormwind Divide would be casting myself into his net.

“However, I definitely can’t stay in the Third Ring. If I do, then I’ll definitely be found eventually, and then....” His eyes flickered.

“But the Second Ring... is where the Dawn Immortal lurks.” He thought silently for a moment.

“A fiend up ahead, and an army chasing from behind. Ah, who cares!” His eyes shone with a cold gleam.

“In life, one can only hope to have freedom and independence; in life, one can only seek his own happiness! I knew all along that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch would be coming. Therefore, what’s the point in hesitating?

“My only option is the Second Ring. That’s where the Dawn Immortal lurks, and that’s where I’ll lure the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. It is only within ultimate danger that I can go all out to snatch a chance to survive!

“Although, for the Flying Immortal Sect and the Sea Divinity Sect to choose to help the Wang Clan Patriarch so quickly indicates that the compensation they were offered was incredible!” Killing intent flickered in his eyes. He had already had enough of hiding and fleeing.

After returning from the Demon Immortal Sect, all he had done was flee nonstop. The resentment and desire to kill had reached a peak of intensity. It was something that killing no amount of Sea Demons could resolve. He needed to kill... people!

“First sow chaos in the Third Ring, then lure the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch to me. After that... determine victory or defeat in the Second Ring!” Meng Hao was just about to carry out his plan when suddenly, he stopped in mid-stride.

A sinister, vicious aura was once again approaching him. Yet again, the Resurrection Lily was nervous and trembling with terror.

The terror of the Resurrection Lily shook Meng Hao; he took out the war chariot, but didn't immediately spur it into action. Instead, he looked down toward the bottom of the sea.

This place was actually the same location where he had heard the voice last time.

The same ancient voice once again spoke, shattering the stillness. “Immortal Ascension failed, and a Whitebone Lily appeared....

“I was unable to sever the Resurrection Lily, so I could only sever myself.... From then on, the Resurrection Lily was no more, and the Whitebone Lilies bloomed from shore to shore....”

As he listened to the voice for a second time, Meng Hao could sense grief, indignation, and monstrous resentment in it. Others who heard the voice would be so terrified their hair would stand on end. Meng Hao, on the other hand, actually felt twinges of sympathy.

He stood there silently for a moment before determination shone in his eyes. He sent the war chariot forward in the direction of the voice. Not much time passed before Meng Hao caught sight of the nearby region on the seafloor that was the origin of the sinister and vicious voice.

It was an area filled with countless white bones. They were the bones of both Cultivators and Sea Demons, and seemed never-ending. From a distance, all of them seemed to form the shape of a lily.

A Whitebone Lily.

At the very center of the Whitebone Lily was a patch of black seaweed, within which was a skeleton, sitting there cross-legged. Its skin had long since rotted away, and it floated there gently amidst the seaweed, which

curled and wrapped around it.

Meng Hao's mind trembled as he slowly neared. The closer he got, the more the Resurrection Lily trembled. In fact, it had even started to emit terrified shrieks inside of him. When he got within 300 meters of the Whitebone Lily, veins bulged out all over his body. A five-colored Resurrection Lily appeared behind him, and it appeared to be going mad.

In the exact instant in which the five-colored Resurrection Lily appeared, the skeleton swaying within the seaweed suddenly stopped moving. It looked up, staring at Meng Hao with its empty eye sockets.

Meng Hao's mind roared as what seemed to be memories from the corpse poured into him from the corpse's empty eye sockets.

He saw an old man wearing a long golden robe, sitting cross-legged at the bottom of the sea. In front of him was a silver-colored lamp that emanated a gentle glow. Even at the bottom of the sea, the lamp's flame could not be extinguished, and its light enveloped the old man.

The old man's face was twisted ferociously, and occasionally twitched as if he were struggling against something. It seemed that he was experiencing an indescribable pain. Veins bulged out on his face, and he suddenly lifted his head up and roared angrily.

"I am Reverend Silverlamp! I have practiced cultivation for a thousand years, and am at the peak of Dao Seeking! How could I possibly lose to a trifling Resurrection Lily!?!?"

"I clearly succeeded! I clearly expunged it! How could it have come back to life!?!?" As the man howled, an enormous illusory image appeared around him.

It was nearly a thousand meters tall, and shockingly, had six colors.... This was... a six-colored Resurrection Lily!!

When it appeared, the old man began to tremble, and his body started to wither. It was as if all of his life force, all of his Cultivation base, all of his memories, were all being sucked away by the Resurrection Lily.

"Immortal Ascension.... If the Resurrection Lily achieves Immortal

Ascension, it sucks away the life force of the host. If I want to reach Immortal Ascension, then I must make use of the destiny of the Resurrection Lily!

“I will not yield!” As the old man howled, his eyes filled with hatred and determination.

“I shall reach Immortal Ascension!

“It is all for Immortal Ascension!

“I am destined to be Immortal, and I have my path to Immortality. I was an Immortal in my last life, how come... I cannot continue as an Immortal in this life?!?!“

“If I cannot sever the Resurrection Lily, then I must sever myself! Sever my Immortal destiny, sever my path to Immortality! Use the cultivation of my past life to transform my resentment into a sea of white bones!

“Henceforth, my bones will float at the bottom of the Milky Way Sea, and my blood will stain the waters. I will use my bones to disperse the will of the Resurrection Lily, and cause countless Whitebone Lilies to bloom!” With that, the old man lifted his right hand and slapped his own chest. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and his body withered rapidly. However, his blood oozed out into the water, spreading out in the currents and attracting large numbers of Sea Demons.

“From this day on, my soul will become white bones, which will live as parasites in countless other life forms, and will be... the archfoe of the Resurrection Lily!” The old man began to laugh maniacally, and then once again spit out blood. His blood and even his flesh began to balloon outward, and at the same time, countless Sea Demons pounced on him.

The sounds of crunching and tearing could be heard, as if countless fangs and mouths were consuming the old man’s flesh and blood. Meng Hao couldn’t see the old man, but he could hear his voice, filled with enmity and hatred.

“Archfoes!!“

At the same time, the six-colored Resurrection Lily behind him began to

wilt. It was one with the old man, so as the old man was consumed, it too was devoured. It struggled, but to no avail.

After a certain amount of time had passed, a rumbling boom echoed out and the Sea Demons were all driven away to reveal a white skeleton completely devoid of any flesh or blood. It slowly sank down into the seaweed below. The black seaweed encircled it, wrapped it up, and then it began to float there back and forth.

As for the Resurrection Lily, it had completely vanished. Everything in the area grew quiet. As for the Sea Demons that had consumed his flesh and blood, suddenly they began to explode. Their flesh and blood attracted more Sea Demons, which consumed the flesh and blood, and in turn, exploded.

The process repeated for a full sixty-year cycle. By this time, the Third Ring of the Milky Way Sea was filled with the aura of the old man's flesh and blood. Because of that aura, all of the Sea Demons in this part of the sea were branded with the Whitebone Lily.

Meng Hao's mind trembled as the vision faded away and everything returned to normal. He was still surrounded by countless white bones. The skeleton in the seaweed lowered its head and once again began to sway back and forth.

Meng Hao began to pant, and his face was ashen.

"The Resurrection Lily.... It seems I've underestimated it!

"That skeleton is Reverend Silverlamp. He once traveled to the Violet Fate Sect, and Master said that he helped him dispel the Resurrection Lily!

"And yet... in the end, he died here, perishing together along with the Resurrection Lily to become its archfoe, the Whitebone Lily!

"And he... didn't have a seven-colored Resurrection Lily, but rather, a six-colored one!

"Reverend Silverlamp was unable to control a six-colored Resurrection Lily, and the Resurrection Lily inside of me already has five colors!" When he thought about this, Meng Hao's face fell.

He once again realized that he had made a serious misjudgment when it came to understanding the Resurrection Lily.

“If my Resurrection Lily blooms with six colors, then my fate will be exactly the same as Reverend Silverlamp’s!” His face flickered, and his eyes flashed as he looked around.

“The Resurrection Lily inside of me is currently terrified to the extreme.... I might not be able to thoroughly dispel it using my own power, but that doesn’t necessarily mean it would be impossible if I borrowed the power of Reverend Silverlamp!” His eyes narrowed and then began to shine with a bright glow. His body flickered as he headed directly toward Reverend Silverlamp.

Allowing the Resurrection Lily inside of him to struggle madly, it was without hesitation that he crossed his legs and sat down next to the seaweed. In that instant, a faint, sinister voice could suddenly be heard drifting toward him from far off in the distance.

“Leave that place, my child....”

Chapter 676: Spirit Severing – First Severing!

As the voice drifted out, Meng Hao suddenly looked slightly distracted, as if he were suddenly empty inside. He slowly rose up from his cross-legged position.

“Leave that place, my child.... Come to me....

“I’ve been waiting for you for over two hundred years....

“Come. Come....

“Your blood is most suited to reach maturity, and your soul... needs to slumber....

“Come.... I’m waiting here for you....”

Meng Hao’s expression grew more blank, and he began to walk away from the seaweed. When he was about thirty meters away, the Immortal Shows the Way inside of him suddenly began exude a faint stream of Qi that bored into his Nascent Soul. Immediately, his Nascent Soul grew faint, and then suddenly, deep inside, a Flying Rain-Dragon became visible!

It was very small, and seemed to be sleeping. However, the stream of Immortal Qi found it and bored directly into the Flying Rain-Dragon.

In that instant, the Flying Rain-Dragon opened its eyes and roared.

As the roar sounded out, an enormous Flying Rain-Dragon fully 30,000 meters long appeared around Meng Hao. Shocking ripples emanated off of it as it roared.

ROOOAAARRRRR!!

The Dawn Immortal’s aura vanished, and a tremor ran through Meng Hao. His eyes suddenly became clear, and looked up at the astonishing Flying Rain-Dragon.

The Flying Rain-Dragon turned its head to look at him, and in that instant, Meng Hao felt as if he were looking at himself.

Then, the Flying Rain-Dragon vanished. Meng Hao's face was pale white as he thought back to what had just happened. Then he cast his vision inside of himself, to find that the Resurrection Lily had sent countless tendrils throughout the entirety of his body.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed with killing intent, and he returned to his original spot next to the seaweed. The Resurrection Lily trembled and shrank back, and by the time Meng Hao sat down cross-legged, it had completely hidden itself.

"Right here, right now, I'm going to borrow the power of Reverend Silverlamp to thoroughly sever away the Resurrection Lily!

"The method I will use to do so... is the power of Spirit Severing! My path of Spirit Severing... my First Severing, will be of the Resurrection Lily!!

"I wish to be the master of my own life. I will not allow any outsider to control me. What I want is freedom. My path in life is a journey, and my Dao is a direction! I will continue on in that direction and pursue truth. I will exercise control over my own freedom, and live with independence!

"That is my will of Spirit Severing! I will crush all obstacles, and destroy anything that blocks my way. Whatever stumbling blocks I encounter will be trampled underfoot!

"Fearful of nothing! Freedom! Independence!

"The Heavens will not obscure my gaze, and the Earth will not shackle my feet!

"For freedom, I can pay any price!

"For independence, I will sever anything!

"The Resurrection Lily is like a mountain obstructing my way on the path of life! When I pass it, then my path will stretch out into the distance!

"The Resurrection Lily is a fetter, a cage restricting my freedom. I will sever it... and in the instant of that severing, I will have my independence, and can practice cultivation in freedom!

"This is my First Severing!

“This is my Spirit Severing Domain!

“This is my Dao of Spirit Severing!”

Meng Hao’s eyes glowed with enlightenment. He had remained submerged in the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage for too many years. He had undergone the baptism of the Demon Immortal Sect and had been doggedly pursued by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. All of that left him feeling as if he had been reborn, purified by fire. Finally, in this moment, he reached complete understanding.

In the moment that he was enlightened, Meng Hao’s Cultivation base began to rumble. The two Cultivation base portions within him that were struggling to combine, suddenly began to fuse together at high speed.

It seemed that his thinking just now had governed the rotation of his Cultivation base. In that instant of realization....

RUMBLE!!

Meng Hao’s entire body began to tremble, and the two portions of Cultivation base instantly merged together. His Nascent Soul vanished, and at the same time, Meng Hao’s body began to shine with brilliant, multicolored light.

The light circulated around the area, swirling about to slowly form together in front of Meng Hao, transforming into a blade as he opened his eyes.

A multicolored blade that contained a great Dao of Heaven and Earth!

The blade contained the full power of Meng Hao’s Cultivation base, which was the combination of his nine Nascent Souls, including the five elements of Heaven and Earth.

It also contained the memories and experiences of his two hundred years of cultivation. When Meng Hao looked at the blade, it was like looking at himself!

In this moment, Meng Hao’s heart contained neither joy, nor sorrow. It was as if he had forgotten everything except for his thirst for freedom, and

his desire to pursue independence.

The Resurrection Lily inside of him seemed to sense that it was in danger. It could hide from his Divine Sense so that Meng Hao couldn't sense it, but it could not hide even the slightest bit from this blade.

The intense sense of impending death caused the Resurrection Lily to begin to struggle, as if it wished to burst out from inside of Meng Hao. It wanted to once again wrest away the initiative, and yet, as soon as it moved, a dim light began to emanate out from the skeleton floating in the seaweed. Up above, the surface of the sea in the Third Ring began to surge.

Next, imprints of the Whitebone Lily began to shine on all of the Sea Demons in the Third Ring. The marks looked like grotesque faces, and emanated ghastly auras.

Those auras combined to suppress the Resurrection Lily.

Boom!

The Resurrection Lily struggled, and then began to shriek with a voice that no one except Meng Hao could hear.

What was more, the illusory image of a five-colored Resurrection Lily sprang up behind him. It was in a completely frenzy, and struggling madly. Meng Hao's expression was calm, although his body was withering rapidly, as if his life force and Cultivation base were being sucked away by the Resurrection Lily.

Nevertheless, he remained there motionless, staring at the blade in front of him.

The Resurrection Lily screamed and shrieked, and its struggles grew more intense. However, the suppressive power coming from the Reverend Silverlamp's Whitebone Lily rushed in. It seemed to deal a severe blow to the five-colored Resurrection Lily. Its body was on the verge of dissipating, and it had no choice but to once again attempt to absorb Meng Hao.

Some time afterwards, when Meng Hao's body had shriveled and become almost skeletal, the blade in front of him jerked slightly, then

slowly rose up.

As the blade lifted up, an immeasurably powerful, heaven-shaking aura arose with it. Instantly it pierced through the surface of the sea and up into the skies, forming a connection with the vast heavens!

From a distance, the Third Ring seethed and churned as a beam of light shot up into the dark night, making it seem like daytime.

In that moment, as Saint Soul Sun hovered above the Milky Way Sea, his face flickered and he suddenly turned his head to gaze at it.

“Someone is performing Spirit Severing. But how could this Spirit Severing provoke such transformations in Heaven and Earth!?”

At the same time, Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity also got the same feeling. They looked at the beam of light, and how the sky was being illuminated, and their faces filled with astonishment.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch currently sat cross-legged in meditation in Seahold. Suddenly, his eyes snapped open and he looked off into the distance, an expression of joy appearing on his face.

“Those... are the ripples of Spirit Severing. It’s him!! So he is here! He truly is exceptional! His Spirit Severing can connect with the Heavens of Ji, and provoke changes in the sky!

“However, you dare to perform Spirit Severing in front of me? Let’s see how you escape this time!” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch gave a cold snort and stood up. It was at this point that his face suddenly flickered with an expression of disbelief. Even with his level of willpower, what he saw left him speechless.

“Impossible!!”

The beam of light shooting up from the sea did not stop in the sky. It shot out into the starry sky, causing the heavenly bodies themselves to emanate bursts of starlight as they suddenly changed position to form an astral blade!

The blade shined down on the lands of South Heaven, and soon,

everyone therein could look up into the sky and see the image of the massive blade.

It was almost as if it had shattered the sky above the lands of South Heaven and was now descending upon it.

Simultaneously, the aura of a great Dao descended from the sky toward the Milky Way Sea. It penetrated the surface of the waters and fell on the blade floating in front of Meng Hao.

“The blade of the First Severing actually provoked transformations among the stars!” exclaimed the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. “What Dao did he gain enlightenment of?!”

“Daos have rankings, they can be great or small. This Meng Hao’s Dao... just what is it? It can cause the stars to transform into a Heavenly Blade that will assist him in Dao Severing!!

“The Heavenly Blade is a Heavenly Dao. The blade of the First Severing is also the first Dao of Spirit Severing!” [1] The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s face filled with complete astonishment, and he stopped moving. As of this moment, he didn’t dare to get even close to Meng Hao’s location. A great Dao was coming, and with his Cultivation base, if he got near, he would die for sure.

Meanwhile, the State of Zhao floated in the Milky Way Sea on top of Patriarch Reliance. The entire island suddenly rumbled, and an enormous head stretched out from the water to look up into the sky.

“That little bastard is performing Dao Severing.... Dammit. The little bastard is an inhuman among inhumans! The Patriarch needs to get out of here! Fudge! You really piss me off, you little bastard!!”

In the lands of the Southern Domain, Xu Qing was in the midst of cultivation when suddenly a tremor ran through her, as if she had just sensed something. She rushed out of her Immortal’s cave and looked up into the sky. It seemed as if she could actually see Meng Hao.

In the Violet Fate Sect, Pill Demon was concocting pills when he suddenly froze. He looked up into the sky, and his face broke into a smile.

Next to him was Chu Yuyan, who also seemed to sense something. She looked up, and seemed to lose herself staring at the sky.

In the same moment, Fatty, Chen Fan, and all the other people in the Southern Domain who knew Meng Hao, all had different reactions. However, none came close to those of Xu Qing and Pill Demon.

With one exception.

In the Blood Demon Sect, a middle-aged man wearing a red robe was surrounded by a blood-colored glow. He stood on the peak of a mountain, looking up into the sky, a faint smile on his face.

“You and I are connected by destiny. The Blood Demon Sect... is definitely the home you shall return to.” [2]

*

1. Please note that in Chinese, the words for “blade” and “Dao” sound almost exactly the same.
2. If you’re interested in reviewing chapters that may or may not have to do with the Blood Demon Sect and Meng Hao, check out [chapter 34](#), [93](#), [94](#), [95](#), [582-583](#).

Chapter 677: The Great Dao Resonates!

The first blade of Spirit Severing!

The first Dao of Spirit Severing!

Meng Hao sat cross-legged at the bottom of the Milky Way Sea. Around him stretched skeletal remains that formed the outline of a flower. Amongst the swaying seaweed, the skeleton pulsed with a faint light, which gradually turned into a ghastly white color, like that of bones.

It weighed down on the five-colored Resurrection Lily, suppressing it so that its struggling turned into a frenzy.

Meng Hao's body withered, continuing to look weaker and weaker, until he looked like a bag of bones. However, his eyes shined with an unprecedented life force.

It was as if he was embodying the Dao; all of his mind and heart and will were focused in his eyes, which rested on the multicolored blade in front of him.

He completely ignored everything in the outside world. His entire focus was that blade!

The blade moved!

It slowly raised up! As it did, the blade in the Heavens above, which contained innumerable constellations, also rose high, casting its light down onto the lands of South Heaven as it did.

Immediately, gigantic waves swelled up across the entirety of the Milky Way Sea, crashing and thundering far and wide. The movement of the blade even caused the Violet Sea in the Western Desert to begin to roil violently.

All of the Cultivators, and in fact, all living things, in the Outer Sea, the Fourth Ring, and the Third Ring, were all flabbergasted.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's face was unsightly to the extreme as he stared up into the sky. Although his face flickered with various emotions,

he didn't dare to take even a step forward toward the area where Meng Hao was performing his Spirit Severing.

He well knew that a great Dao was nearing. Were he to step foot into that area, that great Dao would exterminate him in body and spirit. The reason was that this Dao... was not his Dao.

"Dammit!" he cursed, killing intent growing with intensity in his eyes. "Well, eventually your Spirit Severing will come to an end. You absolutely must not kill yourself in the process, child, otherwise I'll never acquire your Dao foundation!"

"However... I still want to know, just what Dao did you come to understand?"

Within the Third Ring, the Three Saints' faces also flickered. In contrast to Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity, Saint Sun Soul's eyes glowed with a strange light. He was instantly able to determine that the Spirit Severing was being performed... by Meng Hao!

"So, it turns out you were actually only a half a step into Spirit Severing!" he thought, taking a deep breath.

Meanwhile, as the astral blade slowly rose up, the struggling, illusory image of the Resurrection Lily had reached the point of insanity. It quivered in terror because of the unprecedented feeling of deadly crisis; this was the first time it had ever truly experienced dread.

It could clearly sense that the blade in front of Meng Hao had the power to sever it away. That blade was backed by the power of a great Dao, something it was powerless to resist.

A faint voice could suddenly be heard coming from the skeleton in the seaweed, and the eyes of the long dead Reverend Silverlamp suddenly glowed with lucidity. "The Dao of freedom, of independence...."

He looked at Meng Hao sitting in front of him, and murmured, "Were it not for the fact that he was steeled by the Resurrection Lily, this kid would never have been able to comprehend such a great Dao of Heaven and Earth...."

“Sever the fetters, and achieve true independence.... The interesting thing is that it’s impossible to tell whether he was tempered by the Resurrection Lily, or whether the Resurrection Lily was tempered by him.

“I can just barely sense that both he and the Resurrection Lily each have someone watching over them.... One is the Dawn Immortal of the Second Ring, mother of the Resurrection Lily who exists in the lands of South Heaven. The other... is in the Eastern Lands.”

Even as Reverend Silverlamp was looking at Meng Hao, a sinister gaze shot out from the black depths of the sea in the Second Ring, bearing a boundless evil. Despite the evil, it still exhibited a trace of Immortal Will as it peered towards Meng Hao.

“I bloomed at dawn,” thought the owner of the voice, “and my consciousness emerged.... On the day of vicissitudes, I achieved Immortal Ascension, and met someone I should not have met.

“Shui Mo stole away my heart, a heart... that contained all of the longing from my previous life.... It sank down into the Milky Way Sea and was sealed in a formation of stone, locked away in a copper coffin... restrained by countless chains.

“What was locked away was my goodness. Eventually, it transformed into a roc, which now weeps in the Rebirth Cave.

“The League of Demon Sealers. The Ninth is the pinnacle. Is he your hope...? I knew long ago that if I could not find you, then I would destroy the hope of the League of Demon Sealers.”

The gaze coming from the Second Ring looked at Meng Hao with complex emotions. There was coldness, confusion, hatred, and viciousness.

Meanwhile, in the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands, a woman was looking in the direction of the Milky Way Sea. Her gaze penetrated through the air, through the Milky Way Sea, all the way to Meng Hao.

It was a gaze filled with concern, worry, nervousness, and anxiety. All of that transformed into an endless love that wrapped up her heart.

She stood atop a lofty Tower of Tang, gazing far off into the distance. Next to her stood a man who silently clasped her hand. He could feel her trembling, and could feel the dampness of sweat in her palm. [1]

“This is Hao’er’s tribulation,” he said softly. “I just wanted him to be able to live a normal, mortal life. And yet, he ended up choosing the path of cultivation.... Now there’s no looking back.

“If he fails,” he murmured, “then the both of us can go receive him when he is reincarnated. We can spend a whole life with him, walk a whole sixty-year cycle of springs and autumns....” He seemed to be speaking both to the woman, and himself.

“You know, you’re very cold-hearted,” said the woman. Tears flowed down her cheeks.

A tremor ran through the man, and he closed his eyes. Deep in his heart existed bitter pain, which spread out to fill his entire being. He seemed to be recalling the fragile child running through the fog that year, weeping as he cried out to his father and mother. He remembered how the boy limped about trying to find him. When the boy caught sight of him, he could see the tears in the boy’s eyes, and he realized how much the boy relied on him.

“Li, you don’t understand....” The man did not speak these words, but rather, whispered them in his heart. [2]

RUMBLE!

At the bottom of the Milky Way Sea, Meng Hao’s eyes shined with an intensely bright glow. He slowly looked up at the blade in front of him as it rose ever higher. In the Heavens far above the sea, the astral blade also reared up simultaneously.

As they moved toward an apex, the blades seemed to be building up power. By the time they reached that apex, all living beings in the Milky Way Sea were watching on....

The astral blade then suddenly began to slash down toward the Milky Way Sea.

Rumbling filled the sky, and the sea suddenly started to split apart. The seafloor, which throughout countless ages had never been touched by sunlight... was revealed to the world for the first time.

Exposed therein was Meng Hao, as well as the Resurrection Lily, struggling in all of its madness.

Also visible was the multicolored blade hovering in front of Meng Hao.

The first blade of Spirit Severing!

“Heaven and Earth are just resting places for the myriads of living creatures,” he murmured. “Time represents the passage of hundreds of generations of passing travelers.” A glow of determination appeared in his eyes, and the blade descended. [3]

“My life is just such a resting place. Wherever my footsteps lead, that is my direction!” His voice echoed out, softly at first, then louder and louder.

“Sever the fetters, and achieve true independence, acquire true freedom!” The sound of his voice caused everything in the area to shake and rumble. The parted sea water roared, and the glow of the astral blade increased tenfold!

It almost seemed to have formed a resonance with Meng Hao!

That resonance caused Heaven and Earth to dim. The wind whipped and the clouds churned. The glow of the astral blade spread without end, and the multicolored blade in front of Meng Hao emanated a shocking will.

This was... the resonance of a great Dao!

The glow grew more intense, transforming into ripples and then vibration. The air around Meng Hao twisted and distorted, and countless ghost images sprang up. When the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch felt it, his face fell.

“The resonance of a great Dao!”

In the Second Ring, the eyes of the mother of the Resurrection Lily went wide. As for the couple in the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands, both of them trembled.

Only great determination and incredible enlightenment could form a resonance like this!

Spirit Severing is not difficult when compared to causing a Dao.... But even more difficult is to form a resonance!

Meng Hao's heart, will and mind all fused with the descending great Dao. They became indistinguishable!

I am the great Dao, and the great Dao is me!

In that moment, be it in the Southern Domain, the Northern Reaches, or the Eastern Lands, the Patriarchs and almighty members of all the Sects and Clans could all sense the resonance of the great Dao.

The resonance formed the first blade of Spirit Severing, a blade that would sever, not Meng Hao's life or existence, but rather... any flaws within him that did not conform to his Dao!

Use the Dao to sever the Dao. It was like a baptism that cleansed any disharmonies, that purged the self. Any nonconforming Dao was absolutely unnecessary.

And of course, the Resurrection Lily was just such a flaw, just such a disharmony, just such a nonconforming Dao. It was absolutely unnecessary!

"Free and unconstrained, at liberty to walk about anywhere in Heaven and Earth! No one can restrict me! Heaven cannot impede me and the Earth cannot restrain my heart! This is my Dao!

"Freedom! Independence!" Meng Hao's voice was like that of a god, each word cracking like thunder. The Milky Way Sea rumbled. The Dawn Immortal shook. The couple in the Eastern Lands trembled, as did the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

The words he had spoken just now were filled with Meng Hao's great determination!

Everything trembled as the astral blade arrived. It merged with Meng Hao's multicolored blade, transforming into a Dao blade that slashed

down into the top of his head in the exact moment that he finished speaking.

The blade moved with incredible speed; no sooner had his words finished than it had pierced the top of his head into his neck, and then his heart. It passed through his dantian region, and then all the way through him, completely bisecting him!

However, Meng Hao didn't move a muscle, and his face even showed hints of a smile. In contrast, the five-colored Resurrection Lily behind him let out an unprecedentedly bloodcurdling scream. It trembled violently as any connection it had to Meng Hao... was instantly broken!

Five colorful strands were snapped, and the five-colored Resurrection Lily began to wither up rapidly. It was not willing, and it virtually exploded with resentment and madness. But unfortunately, there was nothing it could do. In that moment, its will completely vanished.

Vanished for all eternity.

Meng Hao's first blade of Spirit Severing severed the fetters, carving out his freedom. He had obtained independence!

In that moment, he erupted with a boundless, endless life force. His previously withered fleshly body was restored. Meng Hao looked up, and even as the image of the Resurrection Lily was about to completely dissipate, he reached out and grabbed it.

"You lived in me for 200 years, parasite. Do you really think the old scores could be settled so easily! From now on, you are my Spirit Severing Treasure. The day I get you to bloom with seven colors... is the day I reach Immortal Ascension!"

*

1. A Tower of Tang was first mentioned in chapter 1. Meng Hao eventually visited it in chapter 59, which culminated in his vision of Choumen Tai, and then Choumen Tai's corpse falling into the

Southern Domain. Later, in chapter 138, when he went to the Black Sieve Sect for the first time, he found out that such towers exist in other places. He also saw a Tower of Tang in the illusory life he lived in the trial by fire to become a Violet Furnace Lord in chapter 289.

2. The “Li” character here is 丽, the same character as in Meng Li’s name 孟丽.
3. Here he is quoting the words originally spoken in chapter 291 in the illusory life, and then repeated in chapter 626 when he was talking to the Demon Mountain in the Demon Immortal Sect.

Chapter 678: Intrepid Meng Hao!

Spirit Severing Treasures were items that every Spirit Severing Cultivator had. They were refined in the actual moment of Spirit Severing, created from an object unique to the enlightenment of each individual.

As for Meng Hao, he chose to use the fading five-colored Resurrection Lily as the basis of his Spirit Severing Treasure, which conformed with his Dao.

The soulless Resurrection Lily was incapable of struggling. As soon as he grabbed it, it merged into his palm, transforming into the mark shaped like a flower.

He took a deep breath as he rose to his feet, his Cultivation base flaring. This was a true Spirit Severing Cultivation base, with a three thousand meter Area that belonged solely to Meng Hao.

Of course, all Spirit Severing Cultivators had their own Area.

Meng Hao was more slender, and having immersed himself in the great Dao, his fleshly body was now stronger and taller. In the blink of an eye, he reached the absolute pinnacle of the Spirit Severing fleshly body. It was actually impossible for it to progress any further. If it did, it wouldn't be a Spirit Severing fleshly body, but that of Dao Seeking!

His Cultivation base rocketed up; all the years of practicing cultivation while restricting himself to the Nascent Soul stage had created a buildup that could now explode out.

In an instant, he was at the limit of the First Severing, a breakthrough which gave him the power of a Second Severing Cultivation base. Now all he lacked was a Second Severing Domain.

Once he received enlightenment, and actually performed the Second Severing, Meng Hao was confident that he would instantly be... at the peak of Spirit Severing.

His longevity also increased under the powerful life force. His hair turned black, his physique matchless. He looked younger than before,

although, his features also radiated a certain ancientness that was clearly visible.

His entire person experienced a tremendous, earthshaking transformation as he was completely and thoroughly reborn!

Some distance off in the Milky Way Sea, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was panting as he stared off into the distance. His eyes shone with a bizarre light and intense avarice.

“With latent talent and good fortune like that, no wonder he has a Perfect Dao Foundation. It’s mine! Definitely mine!” In that instant, he vanished.

At the same time, in the black depths of the Second Ring, the Dawn Immortal’s eyes closed. When they opened again, infinite coldness could be seen therein.

In the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands, the couple stood there. Tears streamed down the face of the woman, tears of joy.

“Without Severing the Spirit, one cannot live past one thousand. My son practiced cultivation for only two hundred years and succeeded in Spirit Severing. He even provoked the descent of a great Dao.” She turned to look at the man. “How does such latent talent compare to the people of your Clan, huh?”

The man stood there silently for a long moment before sighing. “I’m not worried about him having poor latent talent. Even if it was worse, he’s still our son. Is Immortal Ascension that difficult? What I fear... is that his latent talent will be too good. The path of cultivation is not easy to tread. How many people perish upon it? How many people are completely eradicated? How many people are destroyed in body and soul...?”

The woman shivered and didn’t say anything.

“He also has to deal with his Spirit Severing Tribulation,” continued the man softly.

The woman’s face flickered, and she took a step forward. The man grabbed her arm.

“This is his real Tribulation, and there is Karma in everything. If you help him, it will cause the sown Karma to grow greater. When the time comes to reap it... the reckoning will also be greater.

“In cultivation, you cannot build up without first tearing down. If he can transcend the Tribulation, then when his day of Immortal Ascension comes, I will take him to the lands of East Victory!” The man spoke with determination that could chop nails and sever iron. However, what the woman couldn’t see was that concealed in his hand was a medicinal pill.

It was a type of medicinal pill that was rarely seen in the lands of South Heaven, to the extent that it could be considered a precious treasure.

“Hao’er,” thought the man, “if you fail, father will come to look for you in the cycle of reincarnation. Even if you perish, this medicinal pill can bring you back to life.... However, I truly wish that you... can transcend the Tribulation on your own.”

Back in the Milky Way Sea, Meng Hao lifted his head up and roared in laughter as his Cultivation base exploded up. The sensation of the power he now grasped filled him with passion. The feeling of finally acquiring freedom made it so that his thinking was suddenly incredibly clear.

His Divine Sense spread out. It could now reach the 300,000 meter mark. Hosts of magical techniques and divine abilities flashed through his mind, many of which he instantly gained enlightenment of.

Even as he began to fly up into the air, two beams of light appeared from off in the distance. As they sped toward him, two middle-aged men could be seen, Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity.

As soon as they caught sight of Meng Hao, they knew that this was the person they were searching for.

In the success of his First Severing, not only was the Resurrection Lily severed, but also his false appearance, revealing his true features.

“Meng Hao!” cried Saint Flying Immortal, his voice rumbling like thunder. The sea churned in response, as if it were about to explode.

A cold radiance appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes. As soon as he looked at

the two men, he knew who they were.

In the moment that Saint Flying Immortal spoke, a glittering glow covered the body of Saint Sea Divinity. Instantly, a set of armor appeared on him, and he strode forward. Even he couldn't help but be moved by the reward promised by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch; if he could capture Meng Hao, the greatest benefits would go to him.

He shot with incredible speed directly toward Meng Hao, performing an incantation gesture to summon an enormous trident. Shockingly, the sea stirred, and then vast quantities of seawater shot up into the air to circulate around. As he neared, he pointed out with the trident. The seawater roared as it formed together into the shape of an enormous hand that reached out to grab Meng Hao.

"Are you looking to die?!" said Meng Hao. He was already somewhat displeased at the behavior of the Flying Immortal Sect and the Sea Divinity Sect. Now that Saint Sea Divinity was attacking, Meng Hao's killing intent flared. He did nothing to evade, but simply took a step forward.

That step caused him to slam into the incoming seawater hand. A huge boom echoed out, and the hand collapsed. Meng Hao wasn't harmed in the slightest, and when he emerged from the water, he was directly in front of Saint Sea Divinity. He reached out with his right hand, upon which the Mountain Consuming Incantation manifested. The wave of a hand caused a thousand mountains to appear, all of which smashed down toward Saint Sea Divinity.

Saint Sea Divinity's face fell and he retreated, waving his arm to cause 100,000 magical symbol spirits to appear. They formed into ten symbol beasts, all of whom radiated the power of a Spirit Severing Cultivation base as they charged Meng Hao.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort, but didn't dodge. A thousand mountains sent out shocking ripples, and the symbol beasts made from 100,000 magical symbols immediately exploded. It was as if they weren't qualified at all to stand up to the thousand mountains, which then shot toward Saint Sea Divinity.

Everything was happening too quickly. Saint Flying Immortal had no chance to even react, and Saint Sea Divinity's mind filled with an intense feeling of deadly crisis. He suddenly shouted out, causing his trident to begin to flicker and glow. It instantly transformed into an enormous wall of black sea water in front of him.

Boom!

The wall exploded. At the same time, Meng Hao's thousand mountains also disappeared. However, the aftershock of the explosion caused Saint Sea Divinity's face to go pale. As he retreated backward, Meng Hao strode toward him.

He raised his hand, killing intent flickering in his eyes. He did not use any sort of magical technique or divine ability, but instead, punched out directly.

As the fist descended upon Saint Sea Divinity, it seemed to blot out the sky. Energy like that of Heavenly might surged, causing Saint Sea Divinity to feel intense fear. He quickly spit a glowing, blue pearl out of his mouth, which then shot toward Meng Hao. Meng Hao's fist slammed into it, and the pearl shattered; it was completely incapable of standing up to Meng Hao's fist, which continued onward to connect with Saint Sea Divinity.

BAM!

As the sound echoed out in all directions, blood sprayed from the mouth of Saint Sea Divinity. Cracking sounds could be heard as his armor shattered into pieces. His terror had now reached a pinnacle.

"Flying Immortal, help me!!"

Saint Flying Immortal's face flickered, and he took a deep breath. He had never imagined that Meng Hao, having just stepped into Spirit Severing, would be so terrifying.

"Dammit, even if his Spirit Severing caused strange phenomena in Heaven and Earth, and even if he caused a great Dao to descend, there's no explanation for him to be so inhuman!" He was still in the midst of feeling shocked when Saint Sea Divinity called for his help. Gritting his

teeth, he shot forward, raising his right hand toward the sky. Instantly, a sword of light appeared, which he grasped in his hand. At the same time, his speed increased rapidly.

In the blink of an eye, he was upon Meng Hao.

“Area,” said Meng Hao coolly, not even turning back to look at Saint Flying Immortal. In that instant, a three thousand foot Area sprang up, a world that contained Meng Hao’s Dao and will.

The Area world!

Saint Flying Immortal’s speed was suddenly reduced. His mind trembled as Meng Hao once again punched out.

“Nine Heavens Destruction!” The first punch of the Nine Heavens Destruction, the First Heaven, caused a boom to rattle out. Blood poured out of Saint Sea Divinity’s mouth, and his body seemed to be on the verge of exploding. Even as he let out a bloodcurdling scream, Meng Hao stepped forward and punched out with the Second Heaven.

Then the Third Heaven, and the Fourth Heaven. Saint Sea Divinity’s body was blasted apart . His Nascent Divinity flew out, screaming miserably.

“Legacy treasure!!” he howled, instantly causing a statue to fly out from inside the Nascent Divinity. The statue was pitch black, and depicted a faceless figure.

As soon as the statue appeared, it let out a pulsating aura of Dao seeking, which transformed into a wall that expanded out to surround Saint Sea Divinity.

“Legacy treasure?” said Meng Hao. He punched out with the Fifth Heaven and the Sixth Heaven. Booms filled the area, and the statue trembled. Then the Seventh Heaven and the Eighth Heaven. The statue shook, and the wall trembled. Inside, despair filled Saint Sea Divinity’s face.

“Ninth Heaven... Destruction!” said Meng Hao calmly. He lifted his right hand, and this time, it wasn’t a fist, but a palm that softly pushed out.

BANG!

The wall collapsed, and the statue was sent tumbling back. Inside, Saint Sea Divinity's Nascent Divinity let the last scream it ever would. He was now destroyed in body and spirit!

"How can he be so strong!?!?" thought Saint Flying Immortal. Having personally witnessed Saint Sea Divinity perishing, his scalp went numb, and his heart filled with astonishment. He quickly bit down on the tip of his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood. He burned life force, not hesitating to waste longevity to struggle free from Meng Hao's Area world. He transformed into a beam of light that fled at top speed.

Meng Hao turned back to look, and his eyes flickered. He raised his hand to collect up Saint Sea Divinity's bag of holding, then waved his arm to summon the war chariot.

"Anyone who chased me along with that 10th Wang Clan bastard will have to pay the price!"

Chapter 679: Battle!

“How can he be so strong!?!?”

“A great Dao descended, making it a great Dao Spirit Severing, different from mine. But, it still doesn’t make sense for him to be so terrifying!

“He hasn’t even used any magical techniques or items! He’s only relying on his fleshly body!!

“Dammit! Just what level is his fleshly body at? Magical items are completely ineffective, nor could it be shaken by divine abilities! What type of fleshly body is it!?” Saint Flying Immortal’s fear had reached the pinnacle. In his entire life of practicing of cultivation, he had never encountered a Cultivator of the same stage who caused him to be so terrified.

“Damn you, 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, you conned me!! If I’d known this Meng Hao was so inhuman, you couldn’t have said anything to convince me to join you....” He flew forward at top speed, fearful of being pursued. He even spit out some blood and burned more life force to go faster.

But it didn’t matter how fast he went, he couldn’t go faster than the war chariot.

Meng Hao was mounted on the war chariot, fueling it with a sliver of the Qi of Immortal Shows the Way. Thrumming, it caught up with Saint Flying Immortal in only a moment. Then it slammed violently toward him.

Saint Flying Immortal’s face fell. He was incapable of evading; he only had time to wave his sword of light behind him to block. A huge boom could be heard as the sword of light shattered into pieces. Saint Flying Immortal’s body then directly exploded.

His Nascent Divinity flew out, clearly in a sorry state. Meng Hao exited the war chariot and waved his hand, employing the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex. Saint Flying Immortal didn’t even have a chance to move before countless invisible strands of Qi seemed to entwine his quivering Nascent Divinity.

His mind was instantly inundated with a profound sense of imminent death. His eyes bulged and he struggled violently, but he could do nothing as Meng Hao waved his hand, causing a hundred Wooden Time Swords to fly out. They circulated around Saint Flying Immortal to form a swirling Lotus Sword Formation.

A miserable shriek could be heard as Saint Flying Immortal's Nascent Divinity rapidly began to wither up. In the space of about ten breaths, it shrank, much like it would if it was being refined. Then, it withered into nothing; he was dead in body and spirit.

Meng Hao waved his hand to collect up Saint Flying Immortal's bag of holding, and then looked over the Lotus Sword Formation.

"The lotus is also like the act of refining..." he thought. [1]

It was at this point that the crackling of thunder could be heard in the sky off in the distance. The wind whipped about, and in the blink of an eye, the sunny day turned dark. Countless pitch-black clouds surged up, forming a dense mass that looked like a gigantic face. It was none other than... the face of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

The face was surrounded by crisscrossing bolts of lightning and heralded by peals of thunder; on the forehead of the face, an old man could be seen, his eyes glittering brightly.

"Meng Hao!"

The voice drowned out the thunder, like a Heavenly being's majestic roar, blasting an enormous craterous depression into the Milky Way Sea down below, which rapidly transformed into a rumbling, spinning vortex.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and looked coldly at the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

"Another clone," he said. His Divine Sense was much more powerful than before, and he understood a lot more about the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch now that he had fought two of his clones before. How could he not notice that this was indeed just a clone?

Meng Hao raised his right hand into a fist, and the Mountain

Consuming Incantation appeared. One thousand mountains appeared around him, then more, until tens of thousand of mountains could be seen. The mountains were not small, and appeared to contain seawater. These represented all of the underwater mountains that existed in the range of Meng Hao's Divine Sense.

"The Mountain Consuming Incantation is divided into three aspects; the mountain, the soul, and the will!

"Along with my Cultivation base breakthrough, I was enlightened regarding the soul.

"This soul aspect more or less can be controlled by means of my Demon Sealing powers. With the art of Righteous Bestowal, I can extract the souls of mountain and insert them into my mountains. That is the complete second stage of the great art of Mountain Consuming!"

Meng Hao's eyes shone with a strange light. As he faced up against the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, he felt pressure bearing down on him, but at the same time, an intense desire to do battle. He raised his hand and then pushed it down toward the sea.

"Righteous Bestowal!

"Mountains of the Milky Way Sea, you are sunk beneath the waters, living in a world without daylight. Today, I, Meng Hao, will borrow your souls. I will split open the Heavens and Earth and allow you to bathe in the sunlight!

"EMERGE!"

In response to his shout, the sea began to seethe as, one by one, the mountains within the sea began to tremble. At the same time, an invisible aura began to spread up from them toward the surface.

As the sea blustered, the souls of the mountains appeared, merging into the mountains summoned by Meng Hao's divine ability. Thousands upon tens of thousands of mountains, a world-shaking sight, completely incomparable!

As the mountains spun around Meng Hao, he stretched his arms out

wide. Hair flying around him, and eyes blazing with the desire to do battle, he suddenly swept his hands out in front of him. The tens of thousands of mountains all shot through the air with shocking rumbling sounds heading directly toward the gigantic face floating in mid-air.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's face flickered as he performed an incantation gesture. The face that surrounded him immediately sped toward the mountains. They neared each other, and then slammed into each other, giving rise to a rumbling boom that filled the entirety of the Third Ring.

One mountain after another collapsed, and the face was riddled with gaping wounds. A moment later, amidst deafening roars, all of the mountains collapsed, and the face fell apart into pieces.

Meng Hao didn't pause for a moment. He flew up into the air, waving his arm to cause one hundred Wooden Time Swords to appear and form into the Lotus Sword Formation. Instantly, the formation shot toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

At the same time, he began to clench and unclench his fist. Every time he did this, his energy would redouble. It was none other than the Nine Heavens Destruction!

Now that his Cultivation base was truly in the Spirit Severing stage, he had gained complete enlightenment of it.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's pupils constricted. He could clearly sense that Meng Hao was completely different than he remembered, and was far, far more powerful.

"And yet, you are still... an insignificant bug!" he said with a cold snort. He waved his right hand, causing a red glow to appear in the cloud-choked sky.

It was a sun! A red sun!

"Setting Sun!" he said coolly. The red glow spread out to fill Heaven and Earth, instantly causing Meng Hao's one hundred Wooden Time swords to slow down.

“Time Combustion!” growled Meng Hao.

In response to the words, the one hundred Wooden Time Swords and their ten sixty-year cycles of Time power, instantly began to burn. The combustion of Time caused their speed to increase dramatically. They pierced through the layers of redness to appear near the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, where they spun around him slowly.

Merely a single rotation caused the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s face to flicker. He could sense that his clone had, in the blink of an eye, lost several thousand years of longevity.

“A trifling Time treasure? Shatter!” He gave a cold snort, and the red glow grew even more shocking. It now emanated intense heat that spread out and began to shatter the Wooden Time Swords.

Meng Hao was already moving forward. “Detonate!”

BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMM!

Of the one hundred Wooden Time Swords, seventy simultaneously exploded. When the Spring and Autumn trees detonated, they unleashed an insane power of Time that turned into a Time vortex. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s face fell as the rumbling echoed out. His body began to wither, and he was just about to retreat when Meng Hao shot forward as fast as lightning. His right fist had already clenched eight times in a row; now it clenched for the ninth time and then punched toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

“Nine Heavens Destruction!”

“Setting Sun, Falling Clouds!” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s body emanated a monstrous red glow that billowed out.

Meng Hao faced it head on, and his body ignited into flames. However, his fist still struck its target.

A huge boom rattled out, and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch fell back, his face pale. Killing intent radiated from his eyes as he saw that Meng Hao, blood pouring from his mouth and body in flames, was actually pursuing him.

Meng Hao's hoarse voice once again rang out: "Detonate!"

The detonation from before had been that of seventy Wooden Time Swords. There were still thirty left, all of which exploded at the same time. A tempest of Time was created in the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's path of retreat, finally managing to wound him.

Blood sprayed from his mouth, after which he lifted his head up and roared with rage. Of three clones, two had been slain. This third clone was somewhat weak, was not carrying any magical items, and was limited in the divine abilities it could use. However, it had a Dao Seeking Cultivation base! How could it be injured in this way?

To the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, it was a humiliation!

After panting a few times, he stifled his rage and then looked at Meng Hao approaching him. "He's intentionally trying to exasperate me. I must under no circumstances come here with my true self. He may still be able to use that Immortal's sword, and the threat that could pose to me... must not be underestimated!"

Glaring at Meng Hao, he cried, "Call the wind, summon the rain!"

Black clouds containing black dragons whistled around him as a deluge drenched the vicinity, each raindrop contained killing intent. The raindrops seemed to cover Heavens and Earth as they headed straight for Meng Hao.

"Even if I have to sacrifice this clone, I need to draw out that Immortal's sword. After he uses it, then my true self can come!"

Meng Hao, his body in flames, quickly retreated. A violet glow appeared in his eyes, and he burned life force to restore his flesh, which visibly healed at a rapid rate. Even as the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch neared him, Meng Hao stepped into the war chariot.

It was in that moment that the black dragons roared, and the dense rain of killing intent began to close in.

Meng Hao pushed down onto the war chariot with his hand. Even while continuing to heal himself, he sent the Qi of Immortal Shows the Way into

the war chariot. Then, instead of fleeing, he shot toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch with all the power the war chariot could muster.

Outside of the war chariot, one vicious beast after another materialized, roaring. The sounds of their chains echoed about as they charged at top speed toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, whose face immediately flickered. He hadn't sensed earlier that the war chariot was extraordinary, so seeing what was happening now left him shaken inwardly. He instantly moved to evade.

However, his speed was no match for the war chariot!

A boom could be heard as it slammed into him. Any black dragons along the way collapsed and the rainwater was destroyed. A massive energy swelled up, slamming into the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Blood poured from his mouth as he performed a double-handed incantation and then shoved his hands out forward. His face was twisted ferociously as he utilized the entire power of his Cultivation base.

Even still, he was shoved backward by three hundred meters. By the time he came to a stop, blood was gushing out of his mouth, but his body had not been destroyed.

“Before Spirit Severing, he was no weakling. However, I never imagined that after reaching Spirit Severing, he would be so swift and fierce.

“I must have this Perfect Dao foundation!”

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1. In Chinese the word for lotus and the word for “refine” sound very similar.

Chapter 680: The True Self Arrives!

Meng Hao stood in the war chariot watching as the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch fell backwards swiftly. Killing intent flickered in his eyes, and he waved a hand, causing Han Shan's bronze Immortal's sword to suddenly appear.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's pupils constricted, and he did nothing to dodge or evade. In fact, a cold gleam appeared in his eyes, and he fully rotated his Cultivation base, causing his aura to surge with scintillating brightness. Nascent Divinity flames even began to burn his body.

"So, he finally drew the sword," he thought. "From the look of it, he can only use it one more time. I'll use this clone to make him use all of its power. When he slays my clone, then my true self can teleport here!" A strange gleam appeared in his eyes.

Just when it seemed Meng Hao was going to attack with the Immortal's sword, the sword suddenly vanished. Then, ten glowing beams flew out of his bag of holding. The power of Time roiled off of them as they sped toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

They moved with incredible speed, plus, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was mostly focused on the Immortal's sword. Therefore, Meng Hao was once again able to take advantage of a critical moment. Ten Time Sword tips flew forward with shocking speed, as well as over 100,000 years of Time power.

As they neared the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, his face flickered as his body rapidly withered, and he retreated immediately at top speed. Of course, the faster he moved, the faster the war chariot moved.

Meng Hao was racing against the clock, so he didn't hold back any of the Qi of Immortal Shows the Way. He pushed the war chariot until it rumbled, shooting toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

The Wang Patriarch let out a furious roar, and then, all of a sudden, his right arm directly exploded. This was a type of self detonation that pushed him away violently, enabling him to sidestep the attack. As he did, Meng

Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent.

"Detonate!" One Time Sword tip, worth 1,000,000,000 Spirit Stones, exploded. It transformed into a tempest of Time Power that spiraled toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, who was still in the middle of dodging away from the war chariot.

He let out a desolate roar and caused his Cultivation base to explode out with full power within the tempest. When he finally managed to completely dissipate the tempest, his body was incredibly withered, and his face ashen. He looked like nothing more than skin and bones. He let out another furious roar.

Meng Hao had no time to feel any pain in his heart because of the loss of Spirit Stones. His ability to defeat this clone of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch depended, not just on his Cultivation base, but also... his wealth!

He had Spirit Stones, and he had the Heaven-defying Time treasures. Detonating the one hundred Wooden Time Swords was only the beginning. The Time Sword tips were his trump card.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's clone was being defeated by Meng Hao's Spirit Stones!

"Detonate!"

As the words left Meng Hao's mouth, a second Time Sword tip blew up. A massive explosion ripped out, and a Time tempest surged out in all directions. The air aged, the sea dried up, in the blink of an eye, everything seemed to pass through ten thousand years.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's clone exploded, and a Nascent Divinity flew out, screaming shrilly.

"Meng Hao!! You're DEAD!!" The Nascent Divinity suddenly began to spin, transforming into an enormous vortex, within which flickered countless magical symbols. As it rotated, it turned into a spell formation.

At the very center of the spell formation appeared a black hole, a passageway leading to the unknown. A pressure that Meng Hao had never experienced before then emerged from within.

It was an aura that caused cracking sounds to fill the air around the black hole as multiple fissures suddenly appeared.

When he saw the fissures, Meng Hao's pupils constricted as he watched the fissures spread out to fill what looked like an elliptical shape.

From a distance, it actually looked like an eye!

The spell formation vortex was the iris, the black hole was a pupil, and the area around it was the white of the eye. As for the fissures, they were... veins of blood!

Meng Hao's entire body went cold; the intense pressure weighing down on him made it feel like he was about to explode. What was even more shocking was that the eye seemed to be fixed on him.... He could clearly sense something inside his body, something that had long since fused with him, begin to tremble, as if it was being forcefully extracted.

Meng Hao wasn't sure how exactly to describe what it was, but he could vaguely sense it. Finally, he realized that it was his foundation. It was his stable, solid foundation, built up after two hundred years of cultivation!

"Dao foundation...." he thought, panting. He could almost hear his heart pounding; everything around him was now completely silent.

The only thing that moved was the vortex....

Meng Hao wanted to struggle, but at the moment, it felt as if his body wasn't under his own control. He couldn't move a muscle, and it felt as if his internal foundation was about to separate from him. In fact, he could even see what appeared to be white mist seeping out from his nose and mouth. Not just his nose and mouth, but also, his eyes, ears, and in fact, all of the pores that covered his body.

This was not life force, this was his Dao foundation!

"My Dao, is freedom and independence!!" Meng Hao's eyes went red as, in that very moment, his Cultivation base suddenly flared up. It was a forced eruption that caused him to cough up three successive mouthfuls of blood. His body also wasted away. But in exchange, he was now able to move again.

In that moment, though, a sigh could be heard from within the vortex. The sound of it stabbed into Meng Hao's ears, causing him to tremble. He coughed up another mouthful of blood, and his face went deathly white as he saw a coffin slowly emerging from within the vortex.

As soon as the coffin appeared, and ancient aura seeped out to fill the entire Third Ring. All of the Sea Demons underneath the water instantly went motionless. Even the Sea Devils in the Second Ring trembled.

Throughout all of the Milky Way sea, all of the Cultivators, all life forms, suddenly went still and quiet.

The sea did not move. The world was still. There was only the ancientness, roiling out to fill everything.

This was Dao Seeking!

The true peak of Dao Seeking!

Meng Hao did not need to speculate. He immediately knew that this... was the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's true self.

The true self had finally arrived!

Meng Hao's scalp went numb, and his eyes were completely shot with blood. Without the slightest hesitation, he waved his hand, immediately causing seven of the remaining eight Time Sword tips to fly toward the vortex.

"DETONATE!" he roared, his voice hoarse. A huge boom rattled out as the seven Time Sword tips exploded, transforming into a terrifying storm of Time power.

At the same time, Meng Hao didn't hesitate for even a moment to pull out Han Shan's sword. He hefted the bronze alcohol flagon and took a drink, then spit it out. Sword Qi billowed up, and the Immortal's Sword surged with the last bit of Sword Qi that he had kept, just in case.

A tempest of Time ripped into the vortex, and even the coffin began to wither. In the blink of an eye, cracks appeared all over it. However, even as the tempest raged, a withered hand suddenly stretched out from inside the

coffin. It began to clench into a fist, and the violent Time tempest immediately began to shrink down into the fist. When it was completely inside, the fist clenched tightly.

BOOM!

The tempest vanished, and an old man slowly rose up from within the coffin. He wore burial garments, and looked emaciated and frail. His face was a bit flushed, but the flush rapidly disappeared, leaving his face pale white.

His eyes were not large, but the feeling of ancientness that emanated out from him was intense to the extreme. He looked at Meng Hao and grinned. But then he noticed the Immortal's Sword that Meng Hao held, and his pupils constricted.

The grin caused Meng Hao's hair to stand on end. It was a grin that revealed no teeth whatsoever in his mouth; this man was ancient to the extreme.

Even as he smiled, Meng Hao raised up the Immortal's sword. Sword Qi raged up, filled with a song, shocking to the extreme. However, before the sword could slash down, a tremor ran through him, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

"Dammit!" His face was pale white as he sent Immortal Qi out of Immortal Shows the Way. The chariot rumbled and shot off into the distance. A gleam of foresight appeared in Meng Hao's eyes, and he panted. He had intentionally not struck down with the sword, purposefully making it seem like the sword was without power. He could tell from his encounter with the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's clones that the man was wary of the sword.

Since that was the case, Meng Hao refused to believe that he wasn't prepared for it. Everyone knew that the best time to use something was when you could do so along with the element of surprise.

"This guy is a wily old fox. He's definitely prepared for the sword. If I want to use it, I have to catch him off guard. My Cultivation base isn't a match for his; if I want to transcend this Tribulation, I have to use my wits!

“Using the Immortal’s sword at the right time... is the key to victory!” Meng Hao’s face was grim as he thought about how this opponent had crushed the Time tempest with a single fist. That left him trembling in fear.

“This is the peak of Dao Seeking, the power of a False Immortal!” Meng Hao had personally felt the terrifying power of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, and he well understood the vast difference between the two of them. He was also well aware that the white mist that had begun to emanate out of him was the Perfection that was part of him. By now, it had been loosened and was being forced out of him. The thought of it was frightening.

“There’s no need to run,” said a hoarse voice from behind Meng Hao. “Your life has been prepared for me. It’s your destiny....” The ancient voice echoed about in all directions. It seemed as if the wind was rotting, and when Meng Hao heard the voice, his entire body went as cold as ice.

He didn’t turn to look back, but poured all the power of Immortal Shows the Way into the war chariot. In the blink of an eye, he had shot off into the distance with shocking, incredible speed.

“I knew about you way back when you were in Foundation Establishment. I’ve been waiting for many years for the opportunity to reach Immortal Ascension, and you are that opportunity.” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s voice seemed nearer this time. Veins bulged out of Meng Hao’s pale face. He could push no more power out of Immortal Shows the Way. Immortal Qi tore through his Qi passageways as it flowed out into the war chariot.

The speed with which he moved was incredible. The seawater down below was no longer that of the Third Ring. It was black, indicating that he had entered the Second Ring.

“This is the Dao of Karma. It is a decision made by destiny. You can’t refuse.

“Do you think you can refuse the Dao of Karma? Do you think you can you refuse the choices of destiny? Since you can’t refuse, why not just

willingly give me your Dao Foundation? On the day that I reach Immortal Ascension, you will be in the underworld of the Fourth Mountain. Even after you have drunk the tea of old lady Meng, and forgotten everything about your past life, you will still have a feeling of glory and honor.” This time, it sounded like the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was right next to him.

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1. Old Lady Meng, or Meng Po, is a figure from Chinese mythology. She works in the underworld and gives people a tea to drink that makes them forget everything about their past lives. The “Meng” character is the same as Meng Hao’s.

Chapter 681: Foundation Seizing Grand Magic

“What glory and honor, bitch!?” raged Meng Hao from within the war chariot. He was originally a scholar, and was not the type of person to curse at others. However, after the parrot awakened, it had quite a wicked influence on him, and he had inevitably learned to swear.

Unfortunately, after all the years, he had only mastered this one curse.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch laughed hoarsely. The sound of it was filled with ancientness, like a cold wind blown from somewhere amidst countless years of time.

“I’m sorry,” he said, “but all the women in my immediate family are dead. If you’d like, we could make a deal. I’d be happy to deliver their skeletons to you. What do you think?”

Meng Hao’s face was extremely unsightly as he sped along in the war chariot. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch continued to follow, and actually gained on Meng Hao. Meng Hao could clearly sense that his own body was continuously emitting white mist. He was filled with the pain of having something within him forcefully separated, which caused anxiety to fill his eyes.

“It’s still not time to use the Immortal’s sword!” he thought.

“Foundation Seizing Grand Magic!” said the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. His voice echoed out in all directions, but Meng Hao was incapable of looking back. However, he could sense the speed with which the white mist poured out of him suddenly increase by severalfold. An indescribable pain filled him, and he couldn’t hold back from letting out a despondent shout.

Shockingly, something that looked like red veins could be seen pulsing on his face, and in fact, his entire body. It almost appeared as if he was about to be torn to pieces, from the inside out!

Meng Hao began to shake, and blood sprayed from his mouth. He was

now unable to continue to employ the qi of Immortal Shows the Way, so the war chariot came to a stop and shrank down. He put it into his bag of holding and then, enduring the intense pain, lifted his right hand to produce the flag of three streamers. He waved it out in front of him, and instantly, dense fog billowed up.

Down below, the seemingly never-ending black seawater seemed almost to be congealed in place. Not a single ripple could be seen on its surface!

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch floated in the air some distance away, grinning at Meng Hao.

It was a ghastly grin, filled with greed, almost as if to him, Meng Hao was food. His expression caused Meng Hao's scalp to go numb. He waved the flag of three streamers, causing the monstrous black mist to sweep toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

"That magical item... looks a bit familiar," said the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, his eyes glittering. He performed an incantation with his right hand, and then pointed forward.

"Moonrise Over the Sea ," he said in his hoarse voice. Down below, the black seawater immediately turned violet. Then a red-colored moon suddenly rose up from within. The appearance of the red moon caused flames to fill the world. They transformed into a massive fireball that shot toward Meng Hao's flag of three streamers.

When they slammed into each other, the flag wasn't damaged, but the black mist immediately fell apart. The red moon, on the other hand, faded like an extinguished lamp, completely defeated and dispersed.

Next, the flag of three streamers expanded, spreading out to blot out the sky and also push Meng Hao and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch apart.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's face flickered, and he said, "This treasure... is very familiar. I'm sure that I've seen it somewhere before!"

Looking very serious, he performed a double handed incantation, then raised his hands high above his head and touched his ten fingertips together.

“Power of the rising sun, disperse all darkness of night!”

At the moment, everything was pitch black, with no light existing anywhere. The flag of three streamers seemed to have become part of the darkness of night.

But then, a beam of light appeared, shooting out from the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch to swirl around him. It was almost like... he had turned into a rising sun in the middle of the dark night!

The rising sun had appeared, and a bright glow began to spread out in all directions. Its power began to dispel the power of the dark night. The boundless blackness vanished under the light, and was completely cast away!

Meng Hao couldn't take it, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. The flag of three streamers rumbled and began to glow blurry. It spun backward, shrinking down at the same time. The entire world filled with brightness, and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch floated there in mid-air. If you looked at him, it was impossible to tell whether he was a person or a sun!

Meng Hao's mind trembled. This was a divine ability, a Daoist magic that he had never even heard of!

“What divine ability is this!?” A tremor ran through his body, and blood poured from his mouth. When the sunlight had dispelled the darkness of night, it seemed he was considered to be part of the night. His body burst into flames, and he let out a shrill cry. Violet light flickered in his eyes as he frenziedly healed himself. However, it was still amid thunderous rumbling sounds that he fell down toward the black sea below.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's voice was filled with pride as he said, “That was another art personally created by the Wang Clan ancestor. For you to have seen it with your own eyes means that you can wear a smile on your face as you go to the underworld.” His face was a bit paler than before; clearly it was not a simple thing to use the art he just had. Were it not for the fact that he needed to end the battle, he wouldn't have used it.

The bright glow filled a vast area, and the seawater was turning violet. As Meng Hao splashed into the water, the Wang Clan Patriarch's eyes

flickered.

“Even now, he still doesn’t unleash the power of that Immortal’s sword?” he thought. “When I first arrived, he could only use about half of the power. Now, on the verge of death, he still doesn’t utilize it.... I can thus be seventy percent certain that the Immortal’s sword is now useless!” He suddenly flashed through the air, stretching his right hand out to grab at Meng Hao.

“Foundation Seizing Grand Magic!” A black glow spread out from the five fingers of his right hand. The light transformed into something like a black hole that emanated a shocking gravitational force.

Meng Hao’s entire person appeared to be decaying. His flesh split and tore, his hair fell out, and he looked withered to the extreme. His life force faded rapidly. Compared to the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s peak Dao Seeking cultivation base, Meng Hao’s own cultivation base... was too weak.

Even as the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch closed in, madness suddenly burned in Meng Hao’s eyes. Despite the fact that his blood vessels were shattered, and he was gravely injured, he still managed to slap his bag of holding with his right hand. The alcohol flagon appeared, and he took a drink. Then the Immortal’s sword could be seen, and he spit the alcohol out of his mouth.

Immortal qi exploded out, swift and fierce to the extreme. When the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch saw that it was about to slash toward him, his heart trembled, but after only a slight moment, he smiled coldly. He had long since prepared for exactly this situation. He immediately began to perform an incantation that would cause a body double to appear in his exact position. However, it was at this point that a violent tremor ran through Meng Hao. Apparently, he couldn’t keep his grip on the Immortal’s sword. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and his entire right arm instantly exploded into a haze of blood and gore. The Immortal’s sword tumbled down into the sea.

No matter how you looked at it, it seemed clear what had happened. Meng Hao was not capable of handling the power of the sword, and yet

had still tried to forcefully control it. His right arm couldn't sustain the power, and had exploded.

Meng Hao laughed bitterly, and a look of despair appeared on his face.

"I can't accept this!" he howled, his voice filled with extreme grief and indignation.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch watched on smiling. As of this point, he was now eighty percent certain that the Immortal's sword could be of no more threat to him. A ferocious expression appeared on his face.

Of course, having lived for so many years, he was wily and cunning, and even more so, cautious. Despite the current situation, and Meng Hao having lost an arm, he was still not off guard regarding the Immortal's sword.

Instead of trying to lay hands on the Immortal's sword, he headed toward Meng Hao.

When Meng Hao saw this, anger sprang up in his heart. However, it only took a moment for a completely ruthless idea to spring up in his head. The ruthlessness of the idea actually did not target the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, but rather, himself!

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch neared. Hovering in front of Meng Hao, he lifted his right hand up and pushed the shimmering blackness onto Meng Hao's chest. Then he dug his hand into Meng Hao's flesh, his fingernails literally ripping through Meng Hao's flesh.

"Your skin is thick and your body tough," grated the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. "Not bad. If you were able to take your fleshly body to the next stage, then perhaps I wouldn't be able to deal with you. But right now... it's just not quite good enough." His fingernails stabbed deep into Meng Hao's chest.

"Foundation Seizing Grand Magic!" A strange light appeared in the eyes of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, a thirst, a desire, and an excitement. His fingers tightened viciously, and a rotating black hole appeared inside of Meng Hao.

The gravitation force it exerted was shocking, and completely filled Meng Hao.

His body began to tremble as unthinkable pain filled him. Countless blood-colored strands appeared all over his body. These strands had long since fused into him; this was his Perfect Dao foundation!

It was the foundation upon which he would achieve his Dao in the future!

Now, though, the blood-colored strands twisted and distorted as they shrank down, relentlessly sucked toward the black hole in his chest.

They were sucked toward his chest from his legs, his arms, his head, from every position in his body.

“From now on, your Perfect Dao Foundation belongs to me!

“Henceforth, my path to Immortal Ascension will be open!

“I will no longer be a false Immortal, but rather, a true Immortal!

“I will pursue the path of the ancestor and become an almighty expert of Heaven and Earth!” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was so incredibly excited that he lifted his head up and laughed out loud. He slowly pulled his right hand back, and as he did, countless red strands stretched out between it and Meng Hao’s body.

The red strands shone resplendently, and anyone who saw them would think of Perfection. Absolute Perfection without blemish!

Meng Hao’s body withered and grew old. His cultivation base also fell. He could feel his Qi Condensation foundation vanish. His Dao Pillar foundation disappeared. His Perfect Core also faded away.

His expression was hollow, as if he had lost all power to fight back. He lay there blankly, bitterness filling his face. Pain wracked his body, although it couldn’t even come close to matching the pain he felt in his heart.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch looked at the red strands that were building up in his hand, and intense desire built up in his eyes. His heart

filled with excitement and elation. In fact, he was more excited now than he ever had been in his entire life.

In this moment, he completely set aside any preparations he had made to defend against the Immortal's sword. His entire heart and mind was completely focused on extracting the Perfect Dao foundation.

It was then, after he had abandoned his defenses, that grim coldness suddenly appeared in Meng Hao's blank eyes.

"Anybody who wants to take my Dao foundation must first pay the price!

"Immortal's sword!" Meng Hao's eyes were filled with madness that caused the Wang Clan Patriarch's mind to tremble. Suddenly, the Immortal's sword that had sunk down into the sea exploded with an earthshaking Sword Qi. It shot out from within the water, moving at incredible speed.

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Note from Deathblade: Starting with this chapter, I am making some changes to capitalization of various terms. Some things that I did capitalize, I won't from now on. There are also some things that I didn't capitalize that I will. For example Spirit Stones will be spirit stones, yellow springs will be Yellow Springs. If you pay attention to that sort of thing you'll probably notice right away. Eventually, I will go back to adjust previous chapters.

Chapter 682: I Will Become Immortal!

Shocking sword qi billowed out as the Immortal's sword flew up from the bottom of the sea, moving with indescribable speed.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's face fell, and an intense sense of deadly crisis filled him. He was about to dodge to the side when Meng Hao's left hand suddenly stretched out and grabbed down onto the Wang Clan Patriarch's arm.

Meng Hao's eyes were shot with blood, and his expression was one of utmost ferocity, as if he were a devil or a fiend. He glared at the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, his hand filled with the power of his life force, his stubbornness, and his madness.

"You...." said the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, his face flickering as he sent the power of his cultivation base bursting out in all directions. His mind trembled with the sense of impending doom. He knew that he could not make any mistakes, but because the sword aura completely filled the entire area, he could not tell where exactly the Immortal's sword was coming from.

What he could do, though, was completely lock down the entire area.

RUMBLE!!

The Immortal's sword did not fly up out of the sea to attack the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch! That would slow it down a bit, and right now... at this juncture, each moment counted for everything!

In his madness, Meng Hao had been waiting for this very moment. In the end, he used the Immortal qi and the Immortal's sword to...

Stab himself!

The sword pierced into his back to appear directly in front of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch!

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch had locked down all other avenues of approach, but he had forgotten about... Meng Hao's body.

There was no way he could ever have imagined that Meng Hao would possibly be so ruthless. This was not a ruthlessness toward enemies, but a ruthlessness toward himself. The Immortal's sword stabbed through his body with lightning-like speed, then shot out from his chest toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's mind spun. His first mistake was not realizing that Meng Hao would actually wait until the very last possible moment to unleash his desire to kill. The second mistake was not realizing that Meng Hao would use his own body as the vessel with which to deliver the blow of the Immortal's sword.

He wanted to defend himself, but could not! He wanted to ward off the blow, but was unable!

"If I can't live, then we will perish together!" said Meng Hao. "What's to fear in death? Mortals can live for a hundred years at most. I, Meng Hao, have already lived more than two hundred years. What's the harm in dying?!?!"

"From the moment I stepped onto the path of cultivation, I was prepared. I don't care about dying, but what I do care about... is living a life of freedom and independence!

"The Resurrection Lily turned into fetters that held me back. And as for you, 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, you want to do the same? Well then, I'll just have to sever you!"

Meng Hao's level of determination and decisiveness could shake Heaven and Earth!

BAM!

The Immortal's sword and its shocking sword qi stabbed directly into the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. He let out a bloodcurdling scream, then jerked his right arm to shake off Meng Hao's hand. Meng Hao's body lurched up as vast quantities of red, Perfect Dao foundation strands were wrenched out of him. They transformed into a resplendent red cloud that hovered up above.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch immediately pulled the brightly shining red strands of Perfection into his body. It was a moment in which he should have been extremely smug.

Instead, he screamed in miserable and shocking fashion.

The Immortal's sword pierced through his chest, exploding his heart and sending blood spraying about in all directions. He retreated, his mind filled with astonishment and terror. The wound to his body was secondary to the unbridled Immortal qi which tore through his body.

But all of that was actually not even worth mentioning when compared to the trembling of his soul.

That was the most terrifying thing to him; his soul shook to the point where it felt as if it were going to be torn to shreds.

“NOOOOO!!!”

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch howled as he sensed that the three spiritual aspects and seven physical aspects of his soul, which formerly had been fused harmoniously, were now being ripped apart by the stabbing of the Immortal's sword. In fact, all aspects of his soul were rapidly beginning to fade.

“Meng Hao! DIIEEEEE!!” Unprecedented madness filled the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. He lifted his head up and howled as his entire body filled with rumbling sounds. Blood and gore oozed out from his mutilated chest. Suddenly, his withered body expanded as the red strands of the Perfect Dao foundation fused into his arm and the rest of his body. Suddenly, a trace of his own Immortal qi bloomed inside of him.

Unfortunately, it didn't matter that Immortal qi had appeared, he was unable to prevent the collapse of his soul.

“Immortal!! I will become Immortal!!” he raved. Shouting, he flew toward Meng Hao, his expression vicious. He raised his right hand into the air; everything shook, Immortal qi rose up into the sky, and the seawater vibrated.

Meng Hao had lost his Dao foundation, and his cultivation base had

fallen. He no longer looked like a young man. He was old now, withered, with only a single breath of life left.

And yet, he smiled, a smile filled with contentment, freedom, and viciousness.

“If you want to take away my Dao foundation, you have to pay the price.”

As the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s massive palm strike descended, the sky grew dim. Just as the power of the attack was about to envelop him, suddenly, a sigh could be heard coming from within the sea. Black fog roiled out, covering over Meng Hao. In the blink of an eye, the fog ebbed and he vanished from beneath the Wang Clan Patriarch’s palm.

Something else appeared at the same time as the fog. A ship.

Its aura was ancient, and it was filled with the vestiges of the passage of time. The deck was dilapidated, and the entire ship seemed completely ancient. This was none other than... the ancient Underworld Ship!

At the prow of the ship, a man sat cross-legged, wearing a dilapidated suit of armor. Next to him lay Meng Hao; his eyes were closed, and it was impossible to tell whether he was alive or dead.

The Wang Clan Patriarch’s palm strike slammed into the sea, sending water splashing everywhere as a huge depression appeared. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was screaming and going crazy. Although the aura of an Immortal grew more clear on his body, his expression was one of madness. His soul was on the verge of dissipating. He had already lost one physical aspect of his soul, leaving him with only three spiritual and six physical aspects.

“I won’t accept this!!” he roared. His hatred toward Meng Hao had reaching the pinnacle. His mind and thinking were no longer clear, and the only thing on his mind was that before he died, he needed to kill Meng Hao.

He charged forward, but at the same time, the Underworld Ship began to drift away. No matter how the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch pursued it, he couldn’t catch up. He could only watch as the Underworld Ship

disappeared off into the sea.

“DIIIIIIEEEEEEEE!!” roared the Wang Clan Patriarch. Blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. He violently slammed his palm onto the top of his head, causing blood to spray out. However, in that moment, he suddenly regained some of his clarity.

“I will reach Immortal Ascension! My soul must remain complete! I can’t die! I haven’t reached Immortal Ascension yet! I’m just on the verge!!” His eyes bloodshot, he opened up a rift in the air and then vanished.

Shockingly, when he reappeared, he was back in the Southern Domain, in the Wang Clan.

“I will reach Immortal Ascension! I will become Immortal!

“I cannot die! I will not die!

“I have the Perfect Dao foundation, and am destined to be Immortal! Immortal qi has already appeared!

“How could I possibly die!?!?” As he raved, his mind was thrown into complete chaos. Right now the only thing he could think about was reaching Immortal Ascension. His eyes were completely bloodshot as he flew down toward one of the cities of the Wang Clan.

The city was populated completely by members of the Wang Clan. There were mortals and cultivators, elderly people and children. As he shot toward the city, several hundred cultivators flew out. When they saw the appearance of the 10th Patriarch, their faces fell.

“Patriarch!”

“Patriarch, you... AAIIEEEEE!!” Even as the people opened their mouths to greet him, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch grabbed one of the Wang Clan members and then crushed his fingers down. The cultivator’s head exploded, and his soul flew out to be inhaled by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

The other Wang Clan members were shocked, but before they could react, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch turned into a black wind that whistled

toward them. Miserable shrieks began to echo out in all directions as hundreds of people were all eradicated, their souls absorbed by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

“I will reach Immortal Ascension!” he raved. “I will not die!” His eyes red, he shot down toward the city. Everywhere he passed, bloodcurdling screams rang out. Countless souls flew toward him, which he absorbed. In the space of only about ten breaths, the entire city was deathly silent. Everyone in the city... was dead!

Only the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch remained. He flew up into the air, howling.

“Return to me, my soul!” he howled.

There were a total of three such cities within the Wang Clan. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch suddenly vanished, to reappear outside the second city.

The scene that played out was exactly the same as before. Miserable shrieks could be heard as countless lives met heartrending ends. A black cloud covered the entire city as all members of the Wang bloodline had their souls consumed by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. It all happened in the blink of an eye.

And yet, the spiritual and physical aspects of his soul were still dispersing; of the original seven total, one spiritual aspect and two physical aspects had already vanished.

“NOOOO!!!!” he howled, shooting toward the third city. This city was the location of the Wang Clan’s ancestral mansion in South Heaven. As he neared, thousands of cultivators shot out from within, including two Spirit Severing experts. Their faces were filled with shock.

“The Patriarch has gone mad!!”

“He massacred two cities full of clan members! He’s insane!!”

BOOM!

Within the territory of the Wang Clan were the mountains in which

successive generations of Patriarchs were buried. Seven mountain ranges in particular suddenly emanated shocking roars. In the blink of an eye, seven coffins appeared, from out of which exploded seven emaciated old men. Each and every one was in a rage.

“10th Patriarch, what are you doing!?”

“10th Patriarch, stay your hand!!”

Their shocking roars rose up like thunder, causing a bit of lucidity to suddenly appear in the eyes of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. In that moment, he realized everything that he had done, and his body began to tremble. In his heart, he felt pain from having slaughtered countless members of his own clan.

Intense pain filled him, but only for a moment. Then, his eyes shone with determination.

“I’ll kill you and consume your souls too! Then, I will achieve Immortal Ascension! The whole clan can die, as long as I remain alive!”

Chapter 683: Henceforth

He was willing to sink into depravity!

All for Immortal Ascension!

All to avoid death!

Tears streamed down the face of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. He howled, and his eyes were completely bloodshot. He no longer even had a heart, but he still felt a sense of belonging to the clan and the bonds of kinship toward his fellow clan members. But now... it was too late to turn back.

He was not willing to die, especially not after he had acquired the Perfect Dao foundation and his body was filled with Immortal Qi. The only thing he could do was sink to the lowest level.

Regret? He did not know the meaning of the term. He could only consume. Consume the souls of his own bloodline. Only those souls could save his life.

This was... the only thing he could do!

All for Immortal Ascension!

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch howled hoarsely as his consciousness grew murky. He slipped further into madness. KILL! KILL! KILL!

He had no idea how many people he killed, nor how many souls of fellow clan members he consumed. In one night, all the members of the Wang Clan in the clan's third city... died.

The Patriarchs buried in the various mountain ranges were destroyed amidst rumbling booms. The seven Patriarchs had incredible cultivation bases, but the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch now possessed Immortal qi, as well as a Perfect Dao foundation. They simply couldn't compare to him, and were no match at all.

One by one, they all died!

Mountains crumbled, and everything shook. In one night, the Wang

Clan's entire foundation in the lands of South Heaven... was uprooted. This was genocide!

He was the 10th Patriarch, who had existed for ages in the lands of South Heaven. He was the Patriarch with the highest cultivation base in the clan, a person the clan members looked up to like a god.

But on that day, the god became a devil, and carnage reigned. During the massacre, he regained lucidity three times.

The first time was when he killed his younger brother, the 11th Wang Clan Patriarch who had stayed by his side for countless years. He ripped his soul out, then, tears streaming down his face, laughed maniacally and consumed it.

The second time was when he killed his most beloved member of the junior generation. The man cried, begging the Patriarch to spare his life. He crushed the man's skull, then, his hand still covered with blood and brain, grabbed the soul and consumed it.

The third time was when the world had grown completely silent. Beneath his feet was nothing but wreckage and bodies. No living person existed. At that point, he regained clarity.

However, that clarity only lasted for a few breaths of time. Then he slipped back into madness. By this point, his body was no longer injured. He was recovered. However, the souls that he had lost... would remain forever lost. Two spiritual aspects and three physical aspects were gone forever.

He now had only one spiritual aspect and four physical aspects.

This was a result bought by the lives of all the Wang Clan members in the lands of South Heaven. His soul did not dissipate, and he did not die. However... with only one spiritual aspect and four physical aspects to his soul, who knew if and when he would ever become lucid again.

For the most part, he was descended into madness and carnage. Before he completely sank back down into the depravity, he shed some tears, which spattered down onto the ruins of the Wang Clan. Perhaps years

later, a field of blood colored flowers would bloom in that very spot....

He raised his head and let out a mournful, bitter laugh. Then he turned into a bright beam of light that shot off into the distance.

“Immortal Ascension!

“I will become Immortal!”

He left, forever submerged within his insanity.

Henceforth, there was no Wang Clan in the lands of South Heaven. In its place, a lunatic existed who constantly raved about Immortal Ascension. Of course, few people dared to provoke the madman.

That was because... he was halfway into Immortal Ascension. He possessed Immortal qi and only needed to pass through Immortal Tribulation to become a true Immortal!

Unfortunately, his soul was not complete, and he was eternally sunken into depravity. His day of Immortal Tribulation would never come.

...

In the depths of the Second Ring of the Milky Way Sea was an enormous Resurrection Lily, drifting back and forth in the water. It was impossible to see the number of colors, but what could be seen was the figure of a woman sitting on the flower. She almost seemed to be using the petals as a swing as she swayed back and forth.

“No Dao Foundation. He likely perished....

“In the League of Demon Sealers, the Ninth is the pinnacle. It seems the league... is broken.”

Outside the Fourth Ring of the Milky Way Sea, an island sped across the surface of the water. Suddenly, a tremor ran through it, and it stopped moving. After a long, long moment, an enormous head rose up out of the sea and looked off into the distance.

“His aura... is gone....

“The little bastard is full of schemes and wickedness. He’s dead? Good!

Great! Wonderf... wait, he died?!?!" He head quivered slightly. Patriarch Reliance wanted to feel happy, but for some reason, he actually wasn't.

"Dead.... Dammit, who killed him? He's the Patriarch's only Inner Sect disciple! The little bastard is endlessly scheming, how could he have died?!?!"

On the island, Guyiding Tri-rain also seemed to have sensed something, and her face paled. She leaned up against the old Boat Spirit, sorrow filling her eyes.

"Didn't you promise me that you would help me turn into a sea...? You broke your promise...."

In the lands of the Southern Domain, in the Violet Fate Sect, Pill Demon was smiling as he concocted a batch of pills especially for Meng Hao. Recently, he'd gotten the feeling that Master and apprentice would be reunited before too long.

He wanted to finish concocting the special batch of pills before they met in person. However, it was in that moment that the pill furnace suddenly exploded. Pill Demon suddenly seemed to age by hundreds of years. He silently looked off into the distance for a long, long time.

Chu Yuyan was sitting cross-legged in meditation, practicing cultivation in her Immortal's cave. Then, for some unknown reason, her heart suddenly felt troubled. Her eyes opened, and she looked up into the night sky. A shooting star flew by.

"When I was young, my dad always said that when you see a shooting star, it means someone just perished."

In the Black Sieve Sect, Xu Qing sat with eyes closed, seeking enlightenment of a Daoist magic she had acquired in the Demon Immortal Sect. Suddenly, a tremor ran through her body, and her eyes opened. Her face was deathly pale, and she lifted her hand up to her chest.

An intense, uneasy feeling made her suddenly stop cultivating. She walked out of her Immortal's cave, her face growing even more ashen.

"Pain. This is the second time I've felt pain like this.... The first time was

the time by the Rebirth Cave.

“Meng Hao, is it you? What... happened? Why am I suddenly so frightened?” Xu Qing didn’t know why, but she suddenly found herself weeping. She didn’t dare to think too deeply about her sudden premonition. Trembling, she flew up into the sky.

Although she didn’t know the source of the feeling, for some reason she looked toward the Milky Way Sea and then began flying.

On that day, Fatty was very irritable. He violently lost his temper countless times in the Golden Frost Sect, although he wasn’t sure why.

On that day, Chen Fan killed. Although he looked calm, deep in his heart existed a boundless desire to slaughter. He flew out of the sect and killed numerous villainous cultivators.

On that day in the Blood Demon Sect, Wang Youcai made a cultivation base breakthrough into the Nascent Soul stage. However, he felt no joy. He looked in the direction where the State of Zhao used to exist, and thought of his childhood, and of his old friends. [1]

On that day in the Northern Reaches, a Blood cultivator rose to prominence. Acting alone, he slaughtered an entire small-scale sect, then occupied the location. He was young, but unfeeling and coldblooded. In his blood-soaked hands, he held a magical item, a pearl. The young man had a name, too. Dong Hu. [2]

On that day, in the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands, in a tall tower, a husband and wife got into an argument the likes of which was virtually unprecedented. The woman eventually stormed off, her eyes filled with tears. The man looked silently off into the distance. There was no one to see it, but tears streamed down his face.

Time slowly passed by.

Xu Qing arrived in the Milky Way Sea. No matter how she searched, she found nothing. An entire sixty-year cycle passed before she silently picked an area on the border of the Southern Domain where she sat down to meditate. Every day she would look out at the Milky Way Sea. She had the

feeling that out there somewhere, was Meng Hao.

It was only a feeling, but she believed it.

As for the couple who had argued, the woman also reached the Milky Way Sea. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she went to the Third Ring, to the Second Ring, to everywhere. She found nothing. She searched and searched, and even fought a battle with the Dawn Immortal in the Second Ring.

The battle shook Heaven and Earth. All of the Sea Devils in the Second Ring were killed, and black seawater spread out to cover the entire Third Ring. Heaven and Earth grew dark, and as for who won the battle, and who lost, nobody knew.

One hundred years passed....

In the Inner Ring of the Milky Way Sea, the water was red. An ancient battleship floated across the surface of the water, at the prow of which sat an old man in a suit of armor. He sat there cross-legged, apparently looking off into the distance. It was impossible to tell what exactly he was looking at.

Next to the old man rested a body. It was a man with no hair or eyebrows; he was completely shriveled up. Wrinkles covered his skin, and he looked as if he had just climbed up out of a grave. The entire body stank of putrefaction.

He had no right arm, and a gaping hole could be seen in his chest, where there existed... no heart whatsoever.

A flame burned above him, casting out a gentle light that covered over his body. As the light was cast out, it transformed into glittering dots, within each of which could be seen flickering, incomprehensible magical symbols. Oh so slowly, those dots of light bored into the hole in Meng Hao's chest.

Inside of Meng Hao's chest, the flesh and blood writhed, as if it were slowly growing.

The years seemed as if they would flow by in this manner forever, and

because they were in the Inner Ring of the Milky Way Sea, there was no one who could find the ancient ship, or Meng Hao.

On one particular day, the armored old man slowly opened his eyes. Hidden within them were the sun, the moon, and the stars. Endless years of time permeated those eyes, as if the man could see into their boundless depths.

He turned his head, and his abstruse gaze fell onto Meng Hao.

When that happened, Meng Hao's body seemed to experience the passing of thousands of years. The fire burned intensely, emitting more crystalline dots of light that merged into the hole in his chest. The wriggling of the blood and flesh increased, and soon the healing process was visible to the naked eye. A new heart formed, and the wounds were healed. Even the bones and flesh of the right arm slowly began to grow out.

In what seemed like the blink of an eye, Meng Hao was completely restored. Not a wound could be seen on him. However... his hair was pure white, and he looked incredibly old, as if he were an elderly man.

Weakness radiated out from him as he opened his eyes.

His eyes were filled with confusion. He lay there thinking for a long time before memories started to trickle into his brain. He thought of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, and how he had chosen to end in common ruin with him rather than give up his freedom. In the end, he had landed a sword blow on the Wang Patriarch's soul!

"My cultivation base...." He closed his eyes and cast his senses inward. After a while, he slowly rose into a sitting position and looked at the armored old man, who sat with his back to him. The old man seemed as if he would sit on this ship for all eternity as it roamed about.

Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed deeply. "Senior, thank you for your kindness in saving my life!"

1. Wang Youcai was one of the group of four boys who were taken to the Reliance Sect by Xu Qing in the first chapter. Although Meng Hao came to the conclusion that he was killed, he reappeared later as a member of the Blood Demon Sect. He has popped up at various times throughout the story such as the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament and the Song Clan search for a son-in-law.
2. Dong Hu, a.k.a. Little Tiger, was another of the group of four boys who joined the Reliance Sect at the same time. Meng Hao encountered him again in chapter 71, where he had a pearl. During Meng Hao's fight with Shangguan Xiu in chapter 75, Dong Hu loaned him the pearl, which allowed Meng Hao to temporarily break into the tenth level of Qi Condensation. Meng Hao returned the pearl to him in chapter 76. You might also be able to deduce that the pearl was even alluded to vaguely in chapter 19. In chapter 613, Meng Hao saw a similar pearl in the Fourth Plane of the Demon Immortal Sect.

Chapter 684: On Board

The old man didn't say anything in response. It almost seemed like he didn't even know who Meng Hao was; he was simply roaming about, and happened to encounter him. Spurred by some distant memories, he had randomly reached out to save him.

"Heaven and Earth... have their end....

"But what about me? Where is my end?" The old man's murmuring voice was hoarse, and incomparably ancient. He finally sighed and closed his eyes, seemingly slipping into a state of lifelessness. Meng Hao could clearly see the old man sitting there with his back to him, but he couldn't sense his existence at all. In fact, he couldn't even sense the existence of the ship.

"Senior?" he said, gaping. Finally, he realized that the old man was immersed in his own world. Meng Hao crossed his legs reticently and then looked off into the distance and began to think.

"My Dao foundation... is gone." He felt empty inside, and could not sense a cultivation base. It was as if it had vanished like mist or smoke. An intense weakness filled him, and he felt so incredibly old that it seemed that death was just around the corner.

He now had absolutely no cultivation base whatsoever.

Filled with bitterness, Meng Hao tried to begin to practice cultivation, but his entire body was like a sieve. No matter what breathing exercises he did, he couldn't build up even a bit of spiritual energy.

However, he wouldn't give in so easily, so he produced a bag of holding. Although he himself had no spiritual energy, bags of holding from Seahold could be opened once without any spiritual energy.

He had bought quite a few such bags in the past. The parrot and the meat jelly were inside the bag, sleeping. It seemed Meng Hao's weakness had caused them to lose their own vitality.

He took a medicinal pill out from the bag of holding, then consumed it

and started meditating. After attempting Qi Condensation techniques for a moment, he trembled, and his face went pale. Once again, he looked listless and dispirited.

“I can’t practice cultivation,” he murmured. “I have no foundation whatsoever to build on.” As of now, Meng Hao was certain that his Dao foundation was completely and utterly gone.

Still not able to accept it, Meng Hao tried again. Time passed, and soon a month had gone by. Meng Hao tried a variety of methods, but none of them formed even the slightest bit of a cultivation base.

It was a complete failure.

He tried over and over again, but his body only continued to grow weaker. After another month, he finally accepted that he was in a hopeless situation.

Bitter laughter rang out, growing louder and louder, breaking the silence of the Milky Way Sea’s Inner Ring as it echoed out from within the ship.

The laughter also contained intense hatred. “10th Wang Clan Patriarch!”

He wasn’t sure if the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was dead, but as of now, that didn’t matter.

“I have no cultivation base, but I’m still alive.... However, considering my current life force, who knows how many more days I can stay alive....” His bitter laughter gradually grew weaker, and finally, he stared off into the distance, empty and numb.

He wasn’t even sure what he was seeing. His mind was blank. He thought of nothing. He looked at nothing. Eventually, his gaze turned to fall on the armored old man, and hope suddenly flickered in his eyes.

His life had been saved by this old man, and considering how mystical he was, and how bizarre the ancient Underworld Ship was, Meng Hao was confident that if the man did something, his own cultivation base could potentially be restored.

Meng Hao stood, clasped his hands, and bowed deeply.

“Senior.”

The old man didn't speak. He seemed as lifeless as ever.

Meng Hao hesitated for a moment, then walked around to stand in front of the old man. He was just about to bow again, when suddenly his eyes went wide with disbelief.

The old man's face was filled with boundless ancientness and time. However, when Meng Hao looked at it, his heart and mind trembled. The man's body was actually not material, but rather, faint and translucent.

Except, Meng Hao clearly remembered that the old man wasn't like this before.

After a moment of thought, he slowly reached up his right hand and attempted to touch the old man. His hand passed directly through him as if through empty space, and when he tried it a second time, the same thing happened. Finally, he stepped forward, and ended up walking directly through him. He turned his head to look back, and his eyes were filled with a complex expression.

“Was I simply mistaken before? Was he always like this? Is his existence tied into the meaning of the ship's name? Underworld Ship.... Ship of the Underworld Specter?” Meng Hao laughed bitterly as he began to look around. The ship was broken down, dilapidated, filled with an aura of rot.

Several days later, he finished exploring the ship in its entirety, and never found anything out of the ordinary. Everything he saw and touched was ancient and archaic.

He stood at the prow and looked out as the Underworld Ship slid noiselessly across the water. Everything was quiet; the sea rose and fell, although there were no waves. They never encountered any other living things.

It seemed that wherever this ship went, everything became completely quiet.

“Well, this is fine, too....

“I can spend the last years of my life on an empty ship, all alone.

“I bet nobody knows that I’m about to perish,” he murmured. “At least that way, Master won’t be sad, nor will Xu Qing feel too much grief. Fatty, Elder Brother, and all my other friends... none of them will know.” He sat down cross-legged in the place where he had woken up earlier and looked off into the distance.

As he did, his heart slowly became peaceful. He no longer burned with resentment, nor did he ponder any more mysteries. He was left with only a bit of ruefulness. He regretted not being able to visit his Master ever again. He regretted not holding Xu Qing in his embrace just once. He regretted not returning to the Southern Domain and gathering with the friends of long ago.

Even more so, he regretted never being able to visit the Great Tang in the Eastern Lands. He regretted not being able to see his father and mother again.

“Old turtle Reliance, from here on out, you’re free....

“Ancestors of the Demon Sealing Sect, it seems that from now, there will be no more League of Demon Sealers.” Meng Hao sighed. He was now slowly growing calmer and feeling less restrained.

Death was something that could not be avoided, so he would not take it to heart too much.

“It’s too bad I have so many Spirit Stones in my bag of holding.... What a pity that I never got to spend them.

“And then there are all those debts people owe. Those people have gotten really lucky.... After the creditor dies, they won’t have to pay back their debts.

“Hmmm, I guess I really don’t have to pay those three silver pieces back to Steward Zhou after all.

“It’s such a pity I still have so many treasures. Well, some little bastard in the future is sure going to get lucky.” When he thought of this, he could only sigh.

“Perhaps my death will spare the world a bit of calamity. To all of you who would have been conned by me in the future, you don’t know how lucky you are!

“So, so lucky!” Meng Hao thought back through his life, to his youth spent studying and participating in the Imperial examinations. Then he ran into Xu Qing and joined the Reliance Sect. He stole Wang Tengfei’s good fortune and became an Inner Sect disciple. Patriarch Reliance conned him, so he conned back. Eventually, he made it to the Southern Domain, where he joined the Violet Fate Sect and then rose to prominence.

“Poor Xu Qing.... She loves me, and I love her. What a pity we won’t be able to get married now.... I’ve never actually even been with a woman....” When he thought of this, Meng Hao suddenly felt especially sad.

“And then there’s Chu Yuyan. She was definitely interested in me....”

Meng Hao continued to sigh and sigh.

He thought of how he had killed the Chosen from the Ji Clan, then escaped to the Western Desert. He recalled everything that happened with the Crow Divinity Tribes, and then couldn’t help think of Han Shan, Demoness Zhixiang, and everything that happened in the Demon Immortal Sect.

“Senior Han Shan, I won’t be able to keep my promise...

“Demoness Zhixiang, don’t worry about that favor you owe me.”

Then there was Ke Jiusi and Ke Yunhai. Meng Hao thought about many things, and eventually started thinking about his First Severing.

“I didn’t even practice cultivation for three hundred years, and yet completed my First Severing. A great Dao descended, and the Resurrection Lily became my Spirit Severing Treasure. For me, Meng Hao, to live a life like this, well... it’s enough for me!

“In all the lands of South Heaven, few people could even come close to comparing to me!” He suddenly felt very proud of himself. The laughter, the bitterness, the fury, and the memories of his entire life became images

that flashed through his mind.

More time passed. Another half month went by, during which time Meng Hao continued to look off into the distance, thinking about the past. Finally one day, the illusory, armored old man suddenly caught his attention.

For months, the old man hadn't moved at all, and seemed completely empty. Now, his right hand raised up, and a sealing mark appeared. He performed an incantation, and gradually, two colors appeared in his hand, black and white.

However, when Meng Hao went over to try to touch the old man, he was as illusory as ever.

As more time passed, Meng Hao began to pay attention to the way in which the old man meditated. He observed his emptiness, and his incantation gestures, along with the blackness and whiteness that they summoned.

Gradually, he focused more and more on the black and white. It seemed to contain something important, although he wasn't sure what.

The white seemed to contain all of the colors in Heaven and Earth. It seemed to assimilate everything around and transform it into a similar whiteness. As for the black, it was incredibly potent and domineering, as if no colors were qualified to stand in its presence.

Gradually, Meng Hao immersed himself in observing the old man. Without even realizing it, he began to meditate in the same way, including the breathing exercises and the hand gestures.

Eventually, he even decided that he might as well sit in the exact same position as the old man, superimposing with his illusory form. That way, all of his motions would be exactly the same as the old man's.

He closed his eyes and immersed himself in the process. Time passed. In the blink of an eye, three years had gone by.

During the three years, Meng Hao grew weaker, and his life force gradually withered away. He didn't care about that, though. The only thing

he was interested in was copying the movements of the old man, and finding a way to keep on living.

One day, he suddenly experienced an emptiness in which he found that neither life nor death were important. As he performed an incantation with his right hand, whiteness became visible.

Suddenly, an ancient voice filled his mind: “When you reach the end of your path, then you will have lost yourself.”

Next, blackness appeared in Meng Hao’s palm.

The ancient voice once again echoed in his mind. “When you reach the end of your path, then all you will have left is yourself.” Meng Hao had the faint sensation that he was in the process of grasping enlightenment.

It was an enlightenment of an unimaginably vast and mysterious great Dao.

“White and black are like the daytime and nighttime.... [1]” he muttered. He looked at his right hand and then slowly lifted it up toward the sky. He could sense that if he had a cultivation base, then considering his enlightenment of this Dao, he could turn the sky as dark as night or as bright as day. The interlocking of black and white could unleash a supreme power.

“Too bad I don’t have a cultivation base,” he thought, shaking his head. “Even if I completely understood this Dao, I still couldn’t use it.” He was just about to stand up when suddenly, the ship... stopped moving.

Meng Hao looked up, his eyes wide.

*

1. In Chinese, these words for daytime and nighttime also have the characters for white and black in them. Daytime is literally “white day” and night time is literally “black night”.

Chapter 685: Traversing the Path

Up ahead, the Milky Way Sea could no longer be seen. It was as if the ship was passing through a river of time. All that could be seen were endless multicolored shards.

Within those shards existed endless worlds.

Meng Hao watched as the ship entered one of the shard worlds. It was a world of flames, filled with countless cultivators who kowtowed to the ship and offered up tribute.

They cultivated a fire technique that seemed to be linked to their bloodline. It seemed to supersede all of the other flames Meng Hao could see, and he could hear the people saying that their flame was the essence of all flames.

He couldn't interact with the world; it was as if he were simply an observer. The ship passed through the flames for an indeterminable period of time until finally it pierced into another period of time.

Here, the starry sky looked unfamiliar, completely different from the sky of Planet South Heaven. It seemed like a vast and infinite expanse.

Occasionally strange life forms would pass by. Each one would drop to their knees and offer of bizarre and fantastic objects....

Meng Hao felt like he was a sightseer, a tourist hitching a ride on this ship. He saw a fluttering butterfly that was incredibly enormous. It was far off in the distance, and yet still clearly visible. When it neared, it could be seen that its beauty was actually formed by the combination of countless worlds.

"Are these things that have already happened, the recollections of this ship? Or is it something else...? What is happening?" Meng Hao wasn't quite sure exactly what it was that he was seeing. The butterfly flew off into the distance, and the ship once again disappeared into the vastness.

When it reappeared, a boundless sea stretched out in front of Meng Hao. In the middle was an enormous tree stretching up into the Heavens. The

tree had golden leaves, and was incredibly beautiful....

Down below sat a person, looking up silently at the tree. He stared for a long, long time, and it was impossible to tell what he was thinking. Finally, he smiled, and his body began to glow with a boundless light, as if he had just achieved enlightenment.

Meng Hao did not attempt to disturb him, but rather remained seated on the ship, as if this was simply a journey through life. Eventually, the man was left behind.

Meng Hao saw many, many worlds, and countless cultivators. He saw wars, and once, he even saw someone pointing at the ship and raving madly.

Meng Hao was somewhat at a loss. He had lost track of how many years had passed, and he also forgot that he was hovering on the verge of death. As the ship continued onward, he saw a featherless bird, a weeping crane.

A voice suddenly murmured in his ear, seemingly filled with a sense of time: "So many years. I think of you often...."

Meng Hao looked at the featherless, weeping crane, and for some reason, it seemed familiar.

"Don't tell me I've seen it before?" he thought hesitantly.

Time changed again, and the scenery interweaved. He saw an enormous, cultivating tree, as large as the sky. It swept amongst the stars, running amok. However, when it saw the ship, it trembled.

Meng Hao was confused and at a loss.

He saw many types of cultivation, and countless Daos. He saw the cause and effect of Karma, he saw life and death, he saw the Yellow Springs, he saw eternal life and... he saw true and false. He saw a person walked down a path until he became a world. He buried himself to accompany others.

He saw a man who eternally roamed the starry sky, continuing onward, with his destination unknown. That person... appeared to be the armored old man.

A while later he saw another land where a man held the corpse of a woman in his arms. He lifted his head up and wailed, and within his eyes burned an insanity and a stubbornness that Meng Hao found shocking.

“The Heavens allowed you to die, but I WILL bring you back to life!” The man’s echoing voice filled Meng Hao’s heart with unprecedented waves of shock.

That shock was not because of the story of the man and woman, but rather, because the determination in the man’s words seemed indestructible. Even if Heaven and Earth collapsed, the steadfastness of his words could not be destroyed.

“I used to think I had determination,” thought Meng Hao, “but compared to that, I don’t know....

“I’ve lost my cultivation base, and my life is waning away. However... can I really give up, just like that?” Meng Hao sat on ship, thinking about the question.

His eyes slowly began to burn with a spark of life. The flame was weak, as if it might flicker out at any moment. But right now, that flame... was resplendent. It was almost as if there was a will that burned within the fire.

Even as Meng Hao was lost in thought, the ship suddenly trembled again. The world around changed again, and nine mountains appeared out in the starry sky.

The nine mountains were lofty and ancient, filled with endless time. It was as if they had existed even if the primordial, distant past.... It was impossible to describe exactly how large they were, but they were enormously bigger, exponentially bigger than all of the other worlds he had seen up to this point.

Also in the starry sky were nine seas.

Nine mountains and nine seas, and in the middle of them all was a sea of stars formed by all the nine seas.

The first mountain had four planets. The sun and moon... rotated around

the first mountain, sending sunlight and moonlight throughout the starry sky. The light spread out boundlessly, covering each mountain, illuminating all the seas.

It was like a beautiful painting that filled Meng Hao's heart with intense waves of shock.

After seeing the nine mountains, a fantastic notion welled up within Meng Hao. "Don't tell me... that these... are the Nine Mountains and Seas? If I can use the Mountain Consuming Incantation to consume these nine mountains, would it restore my cultivation base?"

It was an audacious idea, but as soon as it appeared in his brain it rooted itself in deeply. Meng Hao began to pant as he thought of the scene of the man swearing his oath to the Heavens as he held the woman in his arms. Then he thought of his own path.

"Am I really going to give up?" The flame in his eyes grew more resplendent. His gaze swept over the Nine Mountains and Seas, and eventually fell onto the Ninth Mountain.

He took a deep breath, and then without hesitation... began to employ the Mountain Consuming Incantation!

The incantation actually did not require a cultivation base, only heart. He studied the Ninth Mountain, branding the image of the mountain into his heart and mind. It was as if every aspect of the mountain remained inside of him, and that he could take it with him.

His gaze remained locked on the Ninth Mountain. He became lifeless, and even forgot about the passage of time, and everything around him. The only thing that existed was the Ninth Mountain.

Losses come with rewards. He had lost his cultivation base, but in return had received the sublimation of his spirit. Right now, amidst the silence, he slowly gained enlightenment about the Ninth Mountain.

Gradually, the image of the mountain grew clearer and clearer in his mind. One year. Two years....

Perhaps it was a hundred years, or a thousand, or ten thousand.... Meng

Hao was in a trance as the Ninth Mountain grew clearer and clearer.

Eventually one day, the image of the Ninth Mountain became completely clear in his mind. A tremor ran through him. The image disappeared, transforming into countless magical symbols, each one of which seemed to contain a multitude of Daos.

He did not understand these Daos. However, from the perspective of the Mountain Consuming Incantation, they could be considered the mountain soul of the Ninth Mountain. Absorbing these Daos could be considered consuming the soul of the Ninth Mountain.

Meng Hao focused on the magical symbols; each one contained infinite profundity and possibility. Meng Hao proceeded onward, losing himself in their midst. As this happened, he didn't notice that during the process of his observation of the mountain, various auras had appeared on his body that were different from before.

It was at this point that suddenly, a vast, archaic will stirred in the Ninth Mountain.

“Who... is gaining enlightenment of my Ninth Mountain?!”

“I am Ji Tian, the Heavens of Ji, the Lord of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!” [1], [433]

When the archaic voice thundered out, the entire Ninth Mountain instantly turned blurry. Massive ripples spread out through the world, and Meng Hao's mind trembled, instantly causing him to regain his senses.

The will swept about, but did not find Meng Hao or the ship.

The ship suddenly began to move forward. It left the Ninth Mountain and proceeded to the Eighth Mountain. Maintaining its speed, it went to the Seventh Mountain, then the Sixth Mountain....

Meng Hao was unable to see each mountain clearly. When the ship arrived at the Fourth Mountain, a gloomy aura suddenly spread out to cover everything.

An ancient voice suddenly could be heard.

“What is life? What is death...?”

“If the lives in the underworld do not transcend, then I will not live!

“In the cycles of reincarnation, if laughter does not sound out from the underworld, then I will not die!

“Returning souls, souls leaving to be reborn, your paths go through here.... Why not return?” A rumbling filled the Fourth Mountain, and suddenly an enormous temple soared out toward Meng Hao.

From within the temple emerged an ox and a horse, completely pitch black. Massive ripples spread out from them, and their energy surged. An aura of death spread out from them to shoot toward Meng Hao. [2]

As soon as he saw the ox and horse, he began to tremble. He felt as if he were about to fall asleep, and his soul were about to fly out....

“What is life? What is death?”

However, before the ox and horse could get close, the ship had already moved off into the distance.

From behind Meng Hao, a sigh could be heard from the Fourth Mountain. “Almighty one, you do not wish to rest.... Reincarnation is the end of the Dao. Although you do not wish to rest, why must you take this person along with you on your journey through your life?” [3]

When Meng Hao heard this, his mind trembled violently. The ship passed the Third Mountain, then the Second Mountain and finally it reached the First Mountain. As for what happened next, Meng Hao couldn't see clearly. Everything turned black and white, becoming two spheres of mist. They swirled around, and it looked as if two pearls were forming inside of them.

Meng Hao looked down at his right hand. There on his palm were two pearls, not corporeal, but formed of mist.

The Black White Pearls floated up from his hand and began to rotate, seemingly containing the secrets of Heaven and Earth.

Meng Hao watched on thoughtfully. He could sense that the

enlightenment he had received from the armored old man regarding the black and white Pearls embodied a great Dao. Perhaps it was not the path of freedom, like his own Dao, but it could definitely extend that path further.

“Within this black and white exists all of the worlds that I saw, and all the Daos....

“What is life? What is death...?” Meng Hao closed his eyes. It was at this point that he suddenly thought about Ke Jiusi’s shocking... Soul Divergence Incantation! [4]

*

1. Ji Tian in Chinese is 季天. Ji is the name of the Ji Clan, and Tian means “Heaven.” Literally, this could be “Heavens of Ji,” but it is in fact someone’s name. In the past, I translated it as “Heavens of Ji,” and if you go back to some instances where it came up before, it suddenly makes much more sense now that you know it’s a name. At the same time, it could still mean simply the Heavens of Ji. Going forward, will alternate between Ji Tian and “Heavens of Ji,” depending on the context. In Chinese, it would be pretty much impossible, or at least very difficult, to guess that it’s someone’s name, so all previous version will remain as “Heavens of Ji.” Some of the places the term appeared before include [chapter 319](#), [321](#), [339](#), [378](#).
2. The ox and horse seem to be a reference to Ox-head and Horse-face, guardians of hell in Chinese mythology.
3. It should be noted that in Chinese, the number 4 sounds very similar to the word for “death.” Many elevators in China skip the fourth floor because it could be considered unlucky.
4. The Soul Divergence Incantation was mentioned several times throughout the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane arc, and was elaborated on most fully in [chapter 577](#).

Chapter 686: Homeland

The Soul Divergence Incantation allowed one to cultivate an undying soul. Once that soul appeared, the cycle of reincarnation in Heaven and Earth could not destroy it. Even if you died, your flesh and blood would be reborn years later.

It was not one of the three thousand great Daos of the ancient Demon Immortal Sect, but rather, something that Ke Yunhai had acquired by chance and taken to be a priceless treasure. Because he could not cultivate it successfully, he passed it on to Ke Jiusi.

However, it was too difficult for Ke Jiusi, despite his incredible latent talent. He could not acquire full enlightenment; in the end it had required the precious treasure that Ke Yunhai had forged before his death, coupled with the vast changes Ke Jiusu experienced, in order to comprehend it and form an undying soul that the cycle of reincarnation could not destroy.

“Life and Death,” murmured Meng Hao. “The Soul Divergence Incantation....” He seemed to have gained partial enlightenment, but the matter was still hazy. It was like he had grasped a vague direction, but when he examined it closely, there was nothing there.

Eventually, Meng Hao opened his eyes and looked down at the black and white pearls in his hand. He gazed at them for a long time, until it seemed that his will itself was fusing into the blackness and whiteness.

The black and white seemed to transform into a vortex that could consume everything. As it rotated slowly, a vision appeared in Meng Hao’s mind. In the vision, he stood there, his cultivation base fully active. His right hand stretched up, and the Black White Pearls rotated in his palm.

Indescribable ripples spread out from the two pearls, filling the entire world. Countless living things all prostrated themselves, and Meng Hao could easily decide whether they lived or died. It was as if the two pearls contained a great Dao which could determine and control life and death.

One day, the ship finally stopped moving. Meng Hao was in a bit of a daze as he opened his eyes and caught sight of a familiar body of water. It

was the Milky Way Sea. He also saw a familiar land mass, the Southern Domain.

The ship had stopped at the border of the Milky Way Sea and the Southern Domain, and it was at this point that Meng Hao fully regained his senses.

Everything he had experienced seemed like a dream. The dream had been a dream of a journey, or perhaps a search for the Dao.

“The truths of life and death are something that cannot be understood by someone who has not died.”

Meng Hao sat there silently for a long time before finally rising to his feet. He turned to look back at the Milky Way Sea. Its surface was calm, and no waves could be seen. He took a deep breath.

“It seems the time has come for me to leave, and so the ship has delivered me here.

“Through the Soul Divergence Incantation, I could gain enlightenment about the difference between life and death. Yet even now I’m standing outside of the door, pacing back and forth in hesitation.

“Well then, am I willing to pass into death so quietly?

“No! I’m not willing!” His eyes filled with intense determination that burned like a fire. It kindled the flame of life inside of him, incinerating his confusion and a bitterness regarding his future.

“I still have hope. My Dao Foundation may be gone, but I still have hope!

“And my hope... lies in the Rebirth Cave!!” His eyes shined with an intense glow. The Rebirth Cave was where his hope lay, and it was his last resort.

Although he didn’t understand much about the Rebirth Cave, there were many, many legends about the place in the Southern Domain. Most spoke of powerful experts who, when their lives were reaching the end, when they were about to die, would enter the Rebirth Cave, hoping that inside, they would somehow be able to find a way to cause their life force to burn

bright once again.

If you likened birth to a starting point and death to a finish line, then life and death form a cycle. As for the Rebirth Cave, according to the legends... it allowed for a second cycle, almost like a second life.

Meng Hao had heard many such legends in the Southern Domain. Actually, he had personally stepped foot into the region of the Rebirth Cave, although only the outer area, not the cave itself.

To experience rebirth, one's body must first die. Only after death could one have life in defiance of the Heavens!

"According to the legends, not just anyone can enter the Rebirth Cave," he thought, "only people who have an overwhelming desire to live, people who are pervaded by an aura of death, who have incredible determination and willpower. Only people like that can enter.

"Otherwise, one will automatically perish along the way." He looked in the direction of the Southern Domain, and the brightness in his eyes grew more and more intense. It was filled with stubbornness, with the unwillingness to accept what the future seemed to hold. He took a deep breath.

"I, Meng Hao, will enter the Rebirth Cave! I will see what exists inside, and will find out whether or not I can acquire that second cycle, and live a second life!" He walked across the deck of the ship, then disembarked. When he stepped onto the sandy shore, he looked back to see the ancient Underworld Ship slowly drifting away. Fog spread out over the sea, covering the ship up.

In the moment before it vanished, the armored old man's eyes suddenly flickered with profundity as he looked at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked back, and their gazes met through the fog. What the old man saw was not Meng Hao's world, and what Meng Hao saw was not the old man's world.

Gradually the ship disappeared into the fog. Eventually, the fog dissipated. The ancient Underworld Ship was nowhere to be seen.

If the ship did not wish to be seen, then no one would ever be able to see it.

On the border between the Southern Domain and the Milky Way Sea there was a barren beach. Occasionally, the remains of various birds or beasts could be seen, but there was no sign of human habitation.

Meng Hao's hair was gray bordering on white, and although he wore the robe of a cultivator, his features were elderly. No matter how you looked at him, he appeared to be nothing more than an ancient, mortal man.

"I wonder how far away I am from the Rebirth Cave...." he thought as he trudged up the beach, his feet sinking into the sand with each step he took. After a time, he reached the end of the beach, where it turned into forested mountains. He glanced around, then continued to walk.

He had not walked on foot through mountainous forests for a very long time. He thought back to the time before he reached Foundation Establishment, when he had often traveled through mountainous forests like this. After Foundation Establishment, however, he had always flown up above in the air.

The mountains were not easy to travel through. There were thorns and thistles everywhere, and the sun was already beginning to set by the time he passed over the top of the first mountain. He gasped for breath the entire time, and his body ached. As evening fell, he sat down cross-legged beneath a tall tree to meditate.

Meditation was something that had become a force of habit. Although he had no cultivation base to rotate, simply meditating left him feeling calm and relaxed.

The sky grew darker, and then black. It was at this point that howling drifted through the trees, along with an acrid odor. Next, a savage three-headed dog appeared in front of him. One of the three heads was withered, another emanated a chilling cold Qi, and the last appeared to be extremely foul-tempered.

Obviously, these mountains were the domain of this creature, and Meng Hao's incursion caused its eyes to be filled with killing intent.

However, it did not near him, but merely circled around him. Its cultivation base was profound; it was already at the ninth level of Qi Condensation. It had the faint sensation that Meng Hao was filled with boundless danger. Yet, within that sense of danger, it could also sense that he was as weak as a mortal.

The contradiction caused it to hesitate.

But it was patient. After waiting for the time it takes half an incense stick to burn, it let out a vicious howl and then transformed into a beam of colorful light that shot toward Meng Hao.

The two non-withered heads opened their vicious mouths, and an acrid odor filled the air as they closed in on Meng Hao. It was at this point that Meng Hao's eyes opened.

His body was weak, but when his eyes opened, they were filled with a cold gleam.

The cold gleam contained all of Meng Hao's killing intent. In his years leading the Crow Divinity Tribes in their migration, he had killed countless numbers of cultivators. The killing intent that existed in him was something usually suppressed by his cultivation base. But now, there was no way to suppress it, and it exploded out fully.

"Screw off!" said Meng Hao with a cold snort. Although he was incredibly weak, some of his energy could still turn into a pressure that bore down onto the three-headed wild dog.

The wild dog trembled, and its fur stood on end. It stopped in mid-air, its expression one of terror. When it heard Meng Hao speak, it instantly turned and sped away.

After scaring the wild dog away, Meng Hao stood up. It might be evening, but he still wanted to hurry on his way.

He was exhausted, but within that exhaustion, he found power, despite the weakness of his body. That was the former power of his fleshly body.

Of course, he couldn't utilize all of that former power. Because his life force was wasting away, he was incapable of supporting the previous level

of power.

Even still, that made him like a strong, young man who caught a disease. Although he could only wield ten percent of his previous incredible power, it was still enough to give him hope. Of course, Meng Hao's situation was far worse than some sort of disease. His life force was wasting away, and he knew that if he allowed the power of his fleshly body to explode out, then he would surely perish.

Traveling took great effort. However, regardless of whether the sun rose or the sun set, he continued onward. The hope he placed in the Rebirth Cave was as strong as ever.

One day, he reached the end of the mountain range. As he stood at the top of one particular mountain peak, he looked out and saw a huge lake. It was at this point that he gaped.

That lake was actually large enough to be called a sea.

It was impossible for Meng Hao to forget that this place... was his former hometown.

This was where the State of Zhao had once existed. When Patriarch Reliance left, it turned into a huge pit. By now, hundreds of years had passed, and it had turned into a lake.

"So, that ship delivered me here...." he murmured. He kept walking until he reached the edge of the lake, where he stood looking out at the water. Finally, he understood.

"I was born here, and this was my starting point...." He sat down cross-legged next to the lake, stared at the water, and thought of home.

There was a boat floating next to the shore, old and dilapidated. There was also a log cabin, ancient in appearance. It didn't look like anyone had lived in it for a long time.

Dark clouds filled the sky; thunder rumbled and lightning flashed. Rain... began to fall.

Meng Hao walked over to the cabin, sat down under the eaves, and

looked out at the rain. His back was stooped, his face ancient. The rain pattered onto the lake and tapped onto the roof of the cabin. Those were the only sounds he could hear.

When evening fell, the sky turned dark. The crescent moon was mostly hidden by the clouds; only a tiny corner was visible. As the sibilant rain continued, a cold wind sprang up, blowing across the lake and causing the old, dilapidated boat to rise up and down. When the wind brushed against Meng Hao, he tightened his robe and looked out over the lake. There, he saw a white-robed woman walking across the water.

The instant he saw her, his eyes went wide. Then, he lowered his head.

Chapter 687: You Live, I Live

The woman walked until she reached the shore. The rain fell around her, but didn't touch her clothing at all. She was beautiful, and had the aura of a cultivator, which gave her an otherworldly grace.

Her face was cold, and she was frowning. A bitter look could be seen in her eyes, and she seemed to be concealing great anxiety and confusion within her heart.

She was Xu Qing.

She had been searching for Meng Hao for many years, but had found nothing.... She was thinner than before, more lean.

She had followed her heart until she found this lake, which was also her former hometown.

When Meng Hao saw her, she also caught sight of aged Meng Hao. There was something strangely familiar about him, so she changed directions and headed over toward the log cabin.

"Are you the boatman here?" she asked, looking him over. Her face was filled with an expression that could cause one's heart to tremble. Meng Hao lowered his head and sighed inwardly.

Xu Qing's voice was calm, and just as cold as it had always been. However, Meng Hao's appearance had changed far too much. Even people very familiar with him would have a hard time recognizing him based on his physical appearance.

After a long moment, Meng Hao nodded.

Xu Qing's frown deepened. "Have you seen anyone else pass through here?" she asked. She had searched for a hundred years, and had failed repeatedly, yet had never given up. If he was alive, she wanted to see him. If he was dead, she wanted to see the corpse. If she couldn't find him... then she would just keep on searching.

Her personality was simple, but it was that very simplicity which gave her such determination.

For some reason, she had the feeling that if she couldn't find Meng Hao, then perhaps...she wouldn't ever be able to find her way in life again.

"I haven't seen anyone," replied Meng Hao levelly, shaking his head. His voice was hoarse, and sounded nothing like it had before. He was happy to be able to see Xu Qing, but he didn't want her to realize who he was, not when he looked like this.

What was the point? It would just lead to her waiting for him outside once of the Rebirth Cave. Then, if he never came back out, she would become a woman sorrowed because of a lifetime of gloom and listlessness.

Wouldn't it be better to forget about each other....?

Xu Qing looked around the area, and then sighed inwardly. After scanning Meng Hao with Divine Sense, all she had seen was a mortal man. And yet, she also felt something familiar that made her give him a second look over.

"Have we met before?" she asked.

"No," he replied with the shake of a head.

She gazed at him for a very long moment, and a complex look appeared in her eyes. The intense complexity turned into sorrow, and a slight tremor ran through her body.

"I'm looking for someone," she said. "My beloved. If you see him, please pass a message along for me. In this life... if he lives, then I live. If he dies, then I die!"

Bitterly, she turned and began to walk off into the downpour. Surrounded by the rainfall, wearing her white robes, she looked like a white lotus, beautiful, unsurpassed, and yet also poignant and sad.

Meng Hao looked at her walking away, and a gentleness appeared in his eyes. He could see her exhaustion and anxiety, and it made him sigh.

"Some people," he thought, "chose not to let anything encumber their cultivation, and are thus able to do so with minds and hearts free of obstruction. Others have hearts filled with obsession, which enables them

to achieve great Daos of Heaven and Earth.

“She... started out incorruptible. It was me showing up that changed everything...”

Finally, he spoke up, his voice soft. “Hold on.”

Xu Qing stopped in her tracks, surrounded by rain. She turned back to look at him sitting there in the shadows of the wooden eaves, ancient, old, decaying.

He continued, “Is the person you’re looking for a twenty-something scholar, wearing a long green robe...?”

Xu Qing trembled, and after a moment of silence, she nodded.

“I saw someone who looked like that many years ago,” he said, his voice hoarse. “He lived here for about a year, after which... he died and was buried. He said this place was his home.

“Before he died, he gave me a bag. He said that if anyone came looking for him, then I should give them the bag.” With that, he pulled a bag of holding out of his robe and placed it off to the side.

As Xu Qing stood there in the rain, the water began to seep past the invisible barrier and soak her clothes. She stared deeply at Meng Hao, then walked back and looked blankly at the bag of holding. As she picked it up, tears filled her eyes.

Of course, it was impossible to tell how much of the water flowing down her face was rain, and how much was tears.

A bitter smile appeared on her face, and she looked back at Meng Hao. Finally, she turned and headed once again out into the rain, taking the bag of holding with her.

As he watched her leaving, his expression was complex, but he said nothing.

Xu Qing walked about seven steps before she stopped. She didn’t look back, but when she spoke, her voice echoed out in all directions.

“I might be not be very smart, but... I’m not an idiot.”

Meng Hao didn't say anything for a moment. He knew that his words couldn't fool Xu Qing. However, sometimes it doesn't matter what is true and what is false. Sometimes... the result is all that matters.

Meng Hao had hoped that instead of tormenting herself by searching for him through all eternity, she could at least cut him off. After that, she could return to her incorruptible self, simple and pure.

It is better to forget....

He closed his eyes, and his heart filled with pain.

Xu Qing was quiet for a while, but finally, she smiled. It was a smile of determination and resolve that contained no regret....

She lifted her hand, and the glow of a sword flew out. It stabbed into the ground, sharp and powerful, rapidly carving out a deep, rectangular pit.

At the same time, mountain crag flew out from the nearby mountainous forest. When it arrived in front of her, she waved her hand, causing it to spin in the air. The sides were then shaved away until the crag turned into a stela.

She then rubbed her hand gently across the surface, causing words to appear.

Grave of Meng Hao and Xu Qing.

A bang rang out as the stone stele sank down into the ground next to the pit. She looked back at Meng Hao, her eyes filled with staunchness and determination.

We met on Mount Daqing.

Because of the Cosmetic Cultivation Pill in the Reliance Sect, and the way you called me Elder Sister, our fate was sealed forever.

That time in the Blessed Land in the Southern Domain, in my moment of despair, even the tears in my eyes could not obscure the image of you and your burning rage.

That time in the Black Sieve Sect, you appeared and helped me when my soul was on the verge of fading away. The way you smiled before we

parted made my heart tremble.

That time by the Rebirth Cave, when you turned back to look at me, your image had already long since been imprinted in my heart.... I will never forget you, never!

I looked for you in the Western Desert Violet Sea. I searched for a long time, until finally my teardrop fell into the water. I don't know if you were able to feel it.

I don't know if you realized how happy I was when we met again in the Demon Immortal Sect. Those were the happiest days I've ever experienced. Life was calm, and we accompanied each other as we practiced cultivation. I was there at your side, you by mine.

Eventually, a day came in which I was incapable of practicing cultivation. My heart was in chaos, and an indescribable unease filled me. That was when... I went to look for you.

"You live, I live. You die, I die!" she said softly.

Meng Hao's mind trembled, and he suddenly opened his eyes. His eyes were murky, but not murky enough to hide the intensity of his gaze.

He looked at Xu Qing, and he looked at the gravestone. He could see her determination, and he could see her sorrow written on the surface of the gravestone.

You live, I live. You die, I die!

These were not words of endearment, they were a promise....

"I'm a simple person," she said softly, "but just because a person is simple doesn't mean they lack determination. When a person has determination... then they will never forget. The path of cultivation is a long one, and I can't keep going on alone.

"Since that's the case, let's go together to the Yellow Springs. What do you say? I can only hope that if there is another life after this one, then we will meet again." Although her voice was not loud, and the gurgle of rain filled the air, Meng Hao could hear her words clearly.

The trembling of his heart increased, and he stood up. He walked out from under the eaves, allowing the rain to drench him as he walked over to stand in front of Xu Qing.

The ground was slippery, and the wind cold. Meng Hao was freezing, and he looked more elderly than ever.

Xu Qing looked at him. To her, it didn't matter how much he had changed. To her, he was still that young man from Mount Daqing, her Junior Brother.

Rain fell onto them, and even between them, but it couldn't stop them from looking into each other's eyes.

"Take me to the Rebirth Cave!" Meng Hao said. The determination in his eyes grew more intense. He wanted to keep living, and he wanted that second life from the Rebirth Cave.

He was doing it for himself, for the obsession in his heart, for Xu Qing, and for all of his friends and family!

Xu Qing smiled and nodded. She stepped forward and took hold of his hand. Despite Meng Hao's weakness, her face still flushed when she found herself up against his chest.

Time seemed to slow down for an eternity.

At some point, it stopped raining. A rainbow appeared in the morning sunlight, and it was beneath that rainbow that Xu Qing and Meng Hao transformed into a beam of light that shot off into the distance.

Meng Hao could not fly, but he did have magical flight items. Under the control of Xu Qing, the loom shuttle transformed into what looked like the eighth color of the rainbow.

Time passed by. The loom shuttle was powerful enough that it only took ten days to fly from the State of Zhao to the Rebirth Cave. When they finally landed outside, Meng Hao's face was even more ashen than before.

The closer they got to the cave itself, the more Meng Hao felt his life force withering away. He was shriveling up, and the death aura that

surrounded him only grew stronger.

Things were different than they had been last time he was here. Perhaps then, Choumen Tai's presence had caused things to change from their normal state, and now that he had entered the Rebirth Cave, everything had returned to normal.

Life was prohibited.

This was the Rebirth Cave.

Living beings were not allowed.

The aura of death in the area made Meng Hao feel even weaker. As it thickened, however, Meng Hao could sense that a trace of opportunity existed within.

To experience rebirth, one's body must first die. Only after death could one have life in defiance of the Heavens!

Meng Hao took a deep breath and walked forward. Even as he took his first steps forward, Xu Qing reached out to support him. He looked back at her, and she returned the look but didn't say anything. The determination in her eyes said what thousands and thousands of words could not.

"Living beings cannot enter this place," he said softly.

She smiled faintly and then led Meng Hao toward the inner region of the Rebirth Cave.

As soon as they entered, Meng Hao became weaker than before. His body withered even faster, as if he were burning with an invisible fire. Every step forward, every step closer to the Rebirth Cave, caused his body, his soul, his everything... to waste away rapidly.

At the same time, more than ten streams of will spread out from within the Rebirth Cave. They looked coldly as Meng Hao and Xu Qing approached.

Chapter 688: Together

The Rebirth Cave was one of three Danger Zones in the Southern Domain. However, it ranked above the Dao Lakes and the Ancient Temple of Doom in terms of how mysterious it was!

That was because the Dao Lakes could be viewed as having been formed by ancient almighty figures who passed away in meditation. After they perished, their Daos dispersed, then experienced the vicissitudes of time, leaving behind countless shadows.

As for the Ancient Temple of Doom, its history was also a matter of record.

The Rebirth Cave was unique. To say that it was the number one Danger Zone in the Southern Domain was no exaggeration. In fact, if you looked at the entire Southern Domain as a whole, nothing was more shrouded in mystery than the Rebirth Cave. Throughout countless years, innumerable people had studied it in an attempt to pierce its secrets.

It was said that inside, one could be reborn to live another life!

For ages, many almighty experts came to the Rebirth Cave as they neared death. Not willing to follow the precepts of fate, they entered the cave to search for that opportunity. Unfortunately, those who actually succeeded were as rare as phoenix feathers and qilin horns.

One thing was certain: cultivators who entered the Rebirth Cave either succeeded, or remained inside forever as nothing more than skeletons.

The Rebirth Cave was surrounded by a forest of stones, which was a bit different than how Meng Hao remembered it from the first time he was there. The stones were scattered haphazardly in all directions, and seemed to be imbued with ancientness and mystery, as if they passed through time in some strange and unique way.

In the very center of the forest of stones was a squat mountain, seventy percent of which was made up by the entrance to the cave. It looked like a ghastly mouth, waiting to swallow up anyone who neared.

The entire area was gloomy and cold, and the ground was covered with bluish, frosty ice. Everything was quiet, a quiet that for countless years had almost never been disturbed by anyone.

With the exception of Choumen Tai....

There were cultivators scattered around the region of the Rebirth Cave. Most were alone, or perhaps in small groups. Such people were here to try to get close to the Rebirth Cave and use its bizarre power to cultivate certain unique techniques.

Most of them were rogue cultivators, and none dared to get too close to the cave. When Meng Hao and Xu Qing entered the area, there was a group of three such people sitting cross-legged not too far off, meditating. Their eyes opened and they looked at Meng Hao.

When they saw how weak he was, and the aura of death that surrounded him, their eyes glittered.

They could immediately discern exactly why he was there.

“His aura of death is thick, and he clearly has no cultivation base... Rebirth... how could it be that simple!?”

“Another person here attempting to be reborn. Although, why does that woman next to him seem so familiar?”

“That’s Goddess Xu Qing from the Black Sieve Sect!”

Meng Hao left the Southern Domain hundreds of years earlier, and during that time, Xu Qing’s name had long since spread near and far. Not only were many people familiar with her personally, she was also the focus of quite a bit of public attention because of her position within the Black Sieve Sect.

For her to appear at the Rebirth Cave was shocking to these three cultivators, and they immediately began to pay close attention. They also produced jade slips that they used to send messages and notify others of what was happening.

It took only moments for large numbers of rogue cultivators to hear the

news, who then rushed over to that area of the Rebirth Cave to watch Meng Hao and Xu Qing.

The sounds of discussions echoed about, and soon, people began to speculate who the man next to Xu Qing was.

Xu Qing completely ignored all the people watching on. In her world, there was only Meng Hao.

It was difficult for Meng Hao to continue walking, but his eyes were filled with determination. His gaze was focused on the path ahead, and on Xu Qing, who held his arm to support him. Together, they proceeded onward.

Occasionally they would look at each other and smile. Meng Hao's expression was gentle; Xu Qing's eyes were filled with tenderness. If this path were the road of life, then the two of them walked it side by side.

It was not an easy path to follow. They were 30,000 meters away from the Rebirth Cave itself when Meng Hao began to shiver. The death aura now covered his entire body, and he looked almost exactly like a corpse.

His face was ancient, and his eyes deeply clouded. Next to him, Xu Qing was also showing signs of aging.

Her eyes were as resolute as ever, though, and every time Meng Hao looked over at her, his heart filled with pulses of tender affection.

30,000 meters. 25,000 meters. 20,000 meters.... When they were only 15,000 meters away, Meng Hao's mind filled with intense exhaustion. He knew that by this point, the aura of death had entered into his soul.

Xu Qing was trembling, and her face was pale. Her life force had once been vigorous and strong, but now, it was rapidly fading, to the extent that random streaks of white could be seen in her long black hair.

She looked at least five years older than she had before, and the further along she proceeded, the more she seemed to wilt.

Meng Hao stopped walking and looked over at her. It was clear that he didn't want her to proceed along any further.

“If you grow old, then I’ll grow old with you,” she said softly, gazing at him with a tender expression.

He closed his eyes for a moment. When they opened, they glowed with a brilliant light. His withered body suddenly seemed to be filled with energy, as if the last sparks of his life force had been unleashed. He lifted his right hand, and power surged within him.

This was the last bit of power that he could unleash from his Spirit Severing fleshly body. He waved his sleeve, and power wrapped around Xu Qing, sending her flying out from within the Rebirth Cave area.

She was powerless to even struggle. Meng Hao’s Spirit Severing strength sent her away in the blink of an eye. When she reappeared, she was outside of the region of the Rebirth Cave. She bit down on her lip.

She couldn’t help but think back to the last time she and Meng Hao were here by the Rebirth Cave. She had only been able to stand there alone off in the distance, struggling inwardly as she watched him depart.

“This time, I won’t sit by idly!” she thought, her eyes filling with determination.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao’s aura had exploded out, filling the rogue cultivators in the area with complete shock. They instantly felt an incredible, indescribable pressure weighing down on them.

Their minds trembled and their faces fell. One by one, they looked in the direction of the Rebirth Cave.

“Is this being caused by that old man?”

“Is it that guy who was walking with Goddess Xu Qing?”

“What cultivation base is that? Don’t tell me... it’s Spirit Severing!!”

At the same time, Meng Hao’s body transformed into a prismatic beam of light that shot toward the Rebirth Cave 15,000 meters away.

In the blink of an eye, he passed the 10,000 meter mark, and was at the border of the forest of stones. It was at this point that Meng Hao’s body trembled as the last bit of his cultivation base power scattered thanks to

the power of the stones in the forest. He dropped to the ground and leaned up against one of the stones. His face was deathly pale, and his eyes blurry.

He felt an indescribable aura of death in the area. It was so strong that it turned into a white mist that covered the ground in all directions. Every inhalation and exhalation was filled with death and decay.

After a long moment, he struggled to lift up his head and then looked at the remaining 5,000 meters that lay between him and the Rebirth Cave. He gritted his teeth and slowly began to walk forward, one step at a time....

Never before in his life had 5,000 meters been such a difficult distance to cross. After walking only about 1,500 meters, he coughed up a mouthful of blood, which was purplish-black and exuded an aura of rot.

His eyes were even more cloudy than before, and his body was ice cold and stiff. His consciousness was fading, and the only thing he could think about was walking forward....

He proceeded on toward the Rebirth Cave, where he would struggle for his chance to be reborn.

He didn't know how much time had passed. He walked on, trembling, his death aura growing stronger with every step. In the end, his consciousness grew even weaker. Behind him, the path he had walked was stained with the purplish-black blood that he had coughed up, although he couldn't see that.

Everything was quiet, as quiet as a world of death....

Inside the Rebirth Cave, the ten streams of will stared at him coldly. From further within the depths of the cave, eight other streams of will emerged to sweep over him. They were filled with the feeling of ancientness and time, as if they were archaic divine beings.

As Meng Hao got closer and closer. He walked on further until he was only 500 meters away. It was at this point that a single stream of will silently appeared deep within the Rebirth Cave. When it did, all the other streams of will scattered, trembling.

The solitary stream of will focused on Meng Hao, 500 meters outside of the cave.

Eventually, Meng Hao reached his limit. A tremor ran through him; his head began to sag, and his knees were so stiff they couldn't bend. He looked almost like a dried up corpse.

There was no life force left in him, only a tiny strand that was his stubborn determination to resist fate!

However, as his consciousness faded, even that strand turned dark. He fell to the ground, 250 meters away from the Rebirth Cave.

"Is it over...?" he murmured as his consciousness disappeared.

In the moment that he fell, a sigh could be heard echoing out from within the cave. All of the wills present slowly retracted, apparently no longer interested in what was happening. Only the solitary will from earlier remained, looking at something behind Meng Hao.

Then, the wills which had retreated just now slowly began to tremble. All of them appeared once again, to look at what was behind Meng Hao.

Within the white mist of death, a woman could be seen trudging along. Each step was taken with difficulty as she entered the forest of stones. Her life force seemed to be filled with determination, dredged up from some unknown place within her.

Her body was slowly withering, her cultivation base dim, and her previously lovely features now elderly as she walked slowly toward Meng Hao.

This was Xu Qing.

She was different than Meng Hao, who had lost his Dao foundation. Her once flourishing life force had been fused with the soul of Matriarch Phoenix. Therefore, she could proceed further in toward the Rebirth Cave than he could. To her, it was just a matter of struggling forward.

When she looked down at fallen Meng Hao, within whom no life force existed, tears began to stream down her face. She gently lifted him up so

that he lay against her, then tenderly kissed him.

A strand of life force emerged from within her, passing through her lips into his mouth. Her face flushed with an unusual redness, within which would be seen weakness, but also life.

“This is a secret art from the Demon Immortal Sect... I give you my life....” As she watched Meng Hao once again filling with a bit of life, she smiled. Then she thought back to the time they had walked through the Reliance Sect in the moonlight, watched by everyone.

She looked up toward the Rebirth Cave 250 meters away, and then began to walk forward, carrying him in her arms.

Her face continued to grow more wrinkled, and her body trembled. Her life force was fading away, and yet with every step she took, she continued to pass some of it to Meng Hao.

Every time she did, she grew weaker and older. Yet no regret existed in her heart whatsoever.

Carrying Meng Hao, she walked the entire 250 meters, all the way to the entrance of the Rebirth Cave. Then, without any hesitation...

She walked in.

You live, I live. You die, I die!

If you grow old, then I'll grow old with you....

Chapter 689: Is There Really Such a Thing as Rebirth?

Xu Qing was smiling, and it was beautiful. Although her hair was white and her face covered with wrinkles, her smile was as beautiful as ever.

She gazed softly at Meng Hao, and a glow filled her face that could almost be described as holy. She appeared to be seeing everything that had happened on Mount Daqing and in the Reliance Sect. Each scene ended with Meng Hao, and when that happened, her eyes seemed to fill with all of the love that existed in her life.

She had a simple personality, and was not the type of person to allow the seeds of love to be planted easily. However, once those seeds were planted... they existed for a lifetime.

She held Meng Hao in her arms as she walked forward step by step, directly into the ghastly cave mouth in the side of the mountain, the Rebirth Cave.

Stepping into the cave was like passing through the barrier that existed between life and death. In that instant, everything turned black, and no more warmth existed. There was not even a scrap of the life that existed in Heaven and Earth. The only thing that remained was stifling death and infinite coldness.

The outside of the Rebirth Cave, and the inside of the cave, were two different worlds.

One was a world of life, the other was a world of death.

When Xu Qing carried Meng Hao inside, all of the wills inside the cave retreated back into the recesses of the cave to watch from afar.

To them, when Meng Hao and Xu Qing were on the outside, they were people from a different world. Not only were they envious and jealous of them, they also scorned and disdained them.

But now that Xu Qing had carried Meng Hao into the Rebirth Cave, they

were all the same, and all existed in the same world.

Here, there was no power of Heaven and Earth. When living things entered the cave, their life force would fade away even more rapidly than before. When it disappeared, when they were inundated with death, then all they could do was wait for the supposed... awakening.

Xu Qing walked onward with Meng Hao, her face pale, her body trembling. Her life force was rapidly fading away, and as for the single strand that existed within Meng Hao, it would soon be completely gone.

In the moment when Meng Hao's strand of life disappeared, Xu Qing kissed his lips again, delivering more of her own life force... into him.

By the time she had walked a few dozen meters into the cave, Xu Qing's face was completely ancient, and her body was extremely withered. She was thin and emaciated, with no trace of youth left in her at all. She had lost everything.

She sat down cross-legged.

"Meng Hao," she murmured, "I can't go any further...." He now lay resting across her legs, his face devoid of blood, his features ancient. She looked down at him. "When I joined the Reliance Sect, I had already promised myself that I would never marry anyone, not for my entire life. I would not become someone's beloved. Instead, I would focus solely on cultivation...." She stroked his face with a hand that had once been as lustrous as jade, but was now dried up and old.

"But then you came along...." she said. Her face flushed a bit as she looked at him for a long moment. Then she leaned down and kissed him again, delivering more of her life force.

As the life force entered him, a bit of color returned to his face. On the other hand, Xu Qing's only became more withered. The amount of life force she had was only growing less and less.

"You had only been in the sect for a short time when you happened to get that medicinal pill," she murmured. "When you ended up giving the pill to me as a gift... my face was calm, but my heart was actually filled

with joy.

“Not because of you, but because of the pill.” She smiled. “I gave you the Immortal’s cave because I figured it would make us even. But then, you crafty little fox, you managed to entangle me even further. You got your hands on a Cosmetic Cultivation Pill...” When she thought back to everything that had happened back then, her smile grew sweeter, and she gently stroked Meng Hao’s cheek.

“Did you know that when you killed Zhao Wugang, I secretly helped to make sure no one found out? Down to this day, I don’t think you ever realized that.

“And then you opened your shop in the sect.... Ai. If I wasn’t there... well, let’s just say that by that time a lot of people had taken an interest in you.” Xu Qing wanted to smile, but suddenly was overtaken by a fit of coughing. Fearful of disturbing Meng Hao, she covered her mouth. When she lowered her hand, it was covered with purplish blood.

“If the Reliance Sect hadn’t been destroyed, I wonder how things would have turned out.... When I was taken to the Black Sieve Sect, I was met with coldness. Everything was strange, and I had to deal with that malicious Elder Brother....

“Back then, I really missed the Reliance Sect, and I missed the State of Zhao. I missed... you.” She looked down, and delivered another strand of life force to Meng Hao.

Her face was pale white, and her body frail and withered. She looked like a lamp that was on the verge of flickering out, and she was well aware that every bit of life force she gave to Meng Hao caused her own death to approach even more quickly.

Right now, she could still abandon Meng Hao. If she left the Rebirth Cave, because of her special soul, she could easily return to the outside world and recover all of her life force.

But she did not do that. Nor did she regret the decision.

“You don’t know it,” she murmured, “but when I saw you in the crowds

of people, at first, I thought I was dreaming.... Then, in my moment of despair in the ancient Blessed Land, you appeared. From that moment on, you were in my heart.

“Not long after, you saved me again, from the discarnate soul of Matriarch Phoenix.

“Later, outside the Rebirth Cave, I could only weep as I watched you disappear into the distance. My heart hurt so bad....

“When I went to the Violet Sea, I couldn’t find you, but I could sense that you were so close....

“Finally, I saw you again in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. Meng Hao... I was so happy then. Thank you.” She looked down at him for a long moment.

She didn’t speak very often about how she felt, but her actions showed how deeply her love went. Anyone in Heaven and Earth who could have a companion like this could die without any regrets.

“Meng Hao, I can’t hold on much longer....” She was not a flickering lamp any more. She had reached the end of the road. If she closed her eyes now, then she would never open them again.

Perhaps if she closed her eyes, then years later, someone would come into the Rebirth Cave to find their bodies. A woman, sitting cross-legged. A man, reclining across her legs.

One sleeping. The other smiling. Through all eternity....

“You live, I live. You die, I die....

“If you grow old, then I’ll grow old with you.

“If you slumber here, then I will accompany you....” Xu Qing lowered her head and began to deliver the last bits of life force she had to Meng Hao through a kiss.

As the life force left her, she shivered, and her hair began to fall out. Everything started to go blurry. However, she gritted her teeth and once again prepared to give some more.

By this point, even all of the observing streams of will were shaken by what they saw. It was then that the stream of will that belonged to the roc suddenly emerged, transforming into a woman.

She stood there in front of Xu Qing, indescribably striking and matchlessly beautiful.

She was the embodiment of the roc. She came from the bones that existed in the coffin in the Milky Way Sea. She was... the goodness of the Resurrection Lily that had reached Immortal Ascension at dawn.

Back then, she had fallen in love with a man. From that moment on, she willingly sank into depravity. Because she faced pain and sorrow, she took her goodness and severed it away. Then she became the Dawn Immortal.

That goodness now appeared in front of Xu Qing, in the form of this woman.

“If you keep that up, your soul will scatter,” said the woman softly.

Despite her muddled consciousness, Xu Qing heard the woman’s words and looked up.

“If you keep it up, you will lose your life for all eternity....” The woman looked down at Xu Qing, and almost seemed to be looking down at herself. “From time immemorial, the League of Demon Sealers have been heartless. Is it really worth it to do what you’re doing?”

“I don’t know if it’s worth it or not,” murmured Xu Qing. “I only know that without him in my life, then I can only live a life of pain. In that case, why not die together? I don’t fear death. What I fear is the pain of being alone.”

The woman seemed to shiver, and she looked down thoughtfully at Xu Qing. Finally, she sighed softly. “You’ll regret it.”

Xu Qing smiled but didn’t say anything. She was confident in her heart.

“Don’t believe me, huh...?” said the woman. “I didn’t believe either. Well, in that case, I’ll help you to see. We will find out who is right, you, or me.” A strange light began to glow in the woman’s eyes.

“You have the vestiges of a discarnate soul on you,” continued the woman, “as well as the Daoist magic of the Black Sieve Sect. Within the Black Sieve Sect is a precious medicinal pill. It’s called the Soul Birth Pill. If you can get that pill, then he will have a chance to live.” With that, the woman waved her sleeve, causing a cold wind to spring up around Xu Qing. It picked her up and carried her far off into the distance, out of the Rebirth Cave and into the world of the living, all the way to the vicinity of the Black Sieve Sect.

When the wind faded away, Xu Qing stood there ashen-faced. Her consciousness was no longer muddled, and she looked like her old self. She turned her head to look back toward the Rebirth Cave, and began to breathe heavily. Then she turned and headed toward the Black Sieve Sect.

Back in the Rebirth Cave, the woman stood next to Meng Hao, looking at him.

“Is there really such a thing as rebirth...?”

“I have been to every corner of this cave. I left no rock unturned. And I can tell you... there is no rebirth in this place.

“The only thing here is a Ninth Mountain and Sea lodestone. It fell here countless years ago, and enables souls around it to exist forever and cultivate Ghost Immortality.

“Rebirth, ah, rebirth.... It’s a beautiful dream, and nothing more. It’s merely a fiction, invented by people who aren’t willing to die.

“The rosy picture such stories paint gradually obscured the truth, from one generation to the next.....” The woman’s voice was strange and filled with bitterness, as well as exhaustion. As she lost herself in memories of the past, her body gradually faded away.

Meng Hao lay there in the silence. He had no more consciousness, and everything around him was still. It was so quiet that it seemed as if no voices had existed in the area since ancient times.

Without the support of Xu Qing’s life force, Meng Hao’s own life force was rapidly diminishing. After enough time passed for half an incense

stick to burn... it had completely vanished.

Within him, Immortal Shows the Way also withered, and gradually lost any usefulness to him. When that happened, a tall man sitting cross-legged deep within the Rebirth Cave looked up and sighed.

“There really is no rebirth in this place,” he said. “There is only a Ninth Mountain and Sea lodestone....

“So, he is not the one who can help me.... Who have I been waiting for, then?”

“Where is the person I’ve been waiting for...?” This man was none other than Choumen Tai.

Chapter 690: The Chapter that Never Was!

Note from Deathblade: Er Gen actually made a mistake when posting his chapters, and skipped from 689 directly to 691. I guess that means ISSTH is technically 1613 chapters long, not 1614!!

Chapter 691: Extend the Broken Bridge of Life Force

Half a month passed by.

Xu Qing did not return.

Meng Hao lay surrounded by coldness and deathly silence. He did not decompose, nor would he for some time. His body lay there, completely lacking any life force whatsoever.

He was dead.

Normally speaking, his soul could enter the cycle of reincarnation. However, because of the Ninth Mountain and Sea lodestone that existed in the Rebirth Cave, the soul was sealed, and could not dissipate. Furthermore, his soul did not leave his body, preventing the soul-devouring entities from doing anything other than look at him.

As time passed, they were able to see that within Meng Hao was a strand of silk wrapped tightly around his soul.

As long as the silk did not break, the larva could not be destroyed. As long as the larva was not destroyed, the silk could not break!

Life or death hung by a thread... the thread of the eyeless larva! It allowed the existence of Meng Hao's soul to be forever preserved, even if his body perished. From these seemingly contradictory circumstances arose a state of undeath which was virtually unheard of in Heaven and Earth!

In some ways, it conformed with the Soul Divergence Incantation. However, it was not rebirth.

Another half month passed, and finally, someone appeared outside of the Rebirth Cave.

It was not Xu Qing. It was a fat, middle-aged man. He had a somewhat bawdy look to him, and his body was almost like a sphere. He had freckles on his face, and the Daoist robe he wore was a bit too tight. The way his

body bulged out of it made his whole image seem disharmonious.

Apparently, however, he thought of himself as burly and muscular. A greatsword could be seen strapped to his back, and it glittered with golden light.

This was the same Fatty from years ago, Li Fugui.

He was alone, shivering as he moved at high speed into the region surrounding the Rebirth Cave. His face quickly turned pale.

“Dangit, I’m gonna be dead meat! Meng Hao, you jerk, your cons are going to be the death of me!

“And Elder Sister Xu, aiiii...” Fatty looked upset, but his steps didn’t pause for even a moment. Even though his life force was dissipating rapidly, he shot forward at top speed.

When he reached the 3,000 meter mark, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. Immediately, multi-colored beams of light shot out from inside of him. Within each beam of light could be seen the image of a meditating old man.

“I’m the only heir of my bloodline in the Golden Frost Sect, fools!” bellowed Fatty. “I might not have many kinds of treasures on me, but there’s one thing I have a lot of, and that is lifesaving treasures!” It was impossible to say how many lifesaving treasures Fatty actually had on his person, but as of this moment, vast amounts appeared as he passed into the 1,500 meter area.

By this time, the glow that surrounded him was starting to fade away. His body no longer looked like a sphere. His flesh withered, and in the blink of an eye, he was suddenly much skinnier.

“Meng Hao is my big bro. For him, all of my precious flesh is disappearing... Uh... well, a bit of gorging will restore it.” With a howl, Fatty shot into the 1,000 meter mark. By now, he was so skinny that he looked like a normal person. At the same time, cracking sounds could be heard coming from his body.

Those would be his numerous lifesaving treasures treasures being

destroyed.

“Dammit, still 1,000 meters to go. The only reason Elder Sister Xu is in such a heartbreaking situation is because of Meng Hao. I don’t even know if she’s still alive.... Everything is up to me now. If I can’t get through, then I’ll regret it for the rest of my life!” Li Fugui’s eyes were completely bloodshot. Roaring, he pulled out more lifesaving treasures and, ignoring the rapid withering of his body, continued on, pushing forward another 250 meters.

By that point, his life force was reaching the limit. His vision was growing blurry and dark. If he went any further, he would die.

Actually, the only reason he was able to make it this far was because of all the magical items, and the fact that earlier, he had consumed vast quantities of medicinal pills designed to invigorate his life force.

“750 meters!!” Tears welled up in his eyes as he looked at the squat mountain up ahead. Although he seemed unaffected on the outside, the truth was, when he learned about Meng Hao’s situation, he had dropped everything to rush to this place where life was prohibited. Clearly, in his heart, Meng Hao really was his big bro!

Meng Hao was the same big bro from back in the Reliance Sect, when they had first started practicing cultivation together.

“Meng Hao, I’ve done my best!!” Tears began to roll down his cheeks as he lifted up his right hand. In his palm rested a black pill bottle, which was surrounded by a rotating black halo. As soon as the pill bottle appeared, the death aura in the area rapidly increased.

At the same time, the wills that lurked in the depths of the Rebirth Cave emerged. They swirled about inside the cave, staring at the pill bottle in Fatty’s hand.

Fatty gritted his teeth and then hurled the pill bottle toward the Rebirth Cave. It transformed into a black beam that shot directly into the mouth of the cave.

Fatty coughed up a mouthful of purplish-black blood. His body

continuing to wither, he turned and transformed into a beam of light that shot off into the distance. Tears continued to stream down his face as he flew away.

“Meng Hao, you have to be reborn.... You must come out of there!”

Back in the Rebirth Cave, the pill bottle landed on the ground. The wills approached and were about to begin fighting over it when the cold snort of a woman could be heard. Although no outsider would be able to detect it, the wills could hear it clearly, and they instantly began to tremble.

At the same time, an overbearing will emerged from the depths of the cave to sweep up the pill bottle. It then transformed into the very same woman who had sent Xu Qing out of the cave.

She looked around, and the other streams of will scattered, returning to their various places of origin within the Rebirth Cave. The woman turned back around and walked up to Meng Hao's corpse. She looked him over and then looked at the pill bottle.

She said nothing for a long moment.

Xu Qing had not returned, which was something the woman assumed would happen when she sent her away. Except, she had assumed that love-smitten Xu Qing, after regaining some clarity and having more options to pick from, would hesitate about the difficult decision.

She had assumed that Xu Qing would choose to protect her own life.

But now that the pill bottle had appeared, this woman, the embodiment of the goodness of the Resurrection Lily, suddenly felt her heart trembling.

“She didn't come,” the woman said softly, “but she sent someone in her stead to deliver the pill. And that person had strange, incredible treasures to prevent his soul from dissipating....” Although she didn't know the details, she could guess what had happened. Poor Xu Qing had paid an indescribable price to get her hands on the medicinal pill.

The woman sighed.

“My life has been one of sorrow....

“There is no rebirth here. Perhaps there is no rebirth at all. But I did give her my promise, after all....

“I have already existed for far, far too long, and no longer desire to live.

“Since that is the case, why not help her achieve her aim?” The woman looked at the pill bottle in her hand. After a long moment, she suddenly clenched her hand into a fist. The pill bottle shattered with a bang, and a medicinal pill flew out, which the woman immediately consumed.

Instantly, her previously illusory body suddenly became material. Shockingly, she now possessed flesh and blood.

“It feels good to have a flesh and blood body again, even if it’s temporary....” she said softly. This time, her voice was real.

“I will help her achieve her aim. Then she will see whether faithful people truly exist. She will see what decision this final successor of the League of Demon Sealers will make when it comes time to sever emotion.

“The reason I am saving you is not for your sake, but for her,” she said softly. “When the time comes, we will see whether or not she will become like me.

“I take my promises very seriously. It is with the same faithfulness that I treated HIM, all those years ago, that I will treat this girl who wishes to follow in my footsteps.

“I did not come to the Rebirth Cave to look for death, but rather, rebirth. I wanted to have a chance at a new self. I wanted to sever the past, and finally be free when I emerged.

“But this place... has no rebirth!

“What does exist here, though, is my long life... which I can use to extend the broken bridge of your life force!” The woman made a grasping gesture toward the depths of the Rebirth Cave, toward a three hundred meter wide black boulder, half of which was buried in the dirt.

The black rock trembled and shook until a piece of it tore off of the top, which then flew toward the woman.

She grabbed it and crushed it, transforming it into a black powder that she sprinkled over Meng Hao's body.

At the same time, she performed an incantation gesture. Her eyes filled with a look of reminiscence as she recalled beautiful memories. After a long moment of silence, she pushed two fingers down onto the forehead of Meng Hao's stiff, withered corpse.

As soon as her fingers touched his forehead, his previously unmoving body suddenly spasmed. In the same moment, the woman began to slowly wither, starting with her feet.

Her life force, her vitality, her everything, poured through her two fingers into Meng Hao.

She looked up into the blackness around them, and images appeared in her mind. She saw herself, and the man who she could never forget.

"You live, I live. You die, I die.... I spoke words like that too," she murmured. Her body continued to wither, whereas Meng Hao's was recovering. He was no longer ancient, and signs of life could be seen within him.

"Back then, I looked at you and you looked at me....

"From that day on, I accompanied you. I followed you through so many deadly situations....

"Every time you were hurt, I felt pain. Every time you smiled, I was happy. I know... that you tried to part with me on more than one occasion, but your reluctance held you back." Her legs were now withered, almost like roots connected to the ground. Her life force poured into Meng Hao, causing his hair to grow long, his face to flush with life. He was not old any more, but rather, middle-aged.

The life force gathered up in Meng Hao, filling up what had once been empty.

"I also know that you had your wife, your Sect, your responsibilities, and your mission. You had everything that was yours.

“But I... really only had you.

“Even my name was given to me by you. I liked it when you called me Da Nu.... [1]

“If you grow old, I’ll grow old with you. I also said the same thing.” The woman’s voice was soft as she spoke, filled with beauty and mystery and pain. By now, her body was almost completely withered. Because of the life force she was giving to Meng Hao, he was now a young man again. Except for the fact that his eyes were not open, he looked exactly as he had so many years ago.

“There is only one thing that I said which she didn’t.

“If you reach Immortal Ascension, then I... will become Immortal with you!

“I never broke your heart. I would never, ever hurt you. But on that particular dawn, on the day of vicissitudes, when I saw you severing your emotions, I wept....

“I took all the goodness that was in me, and left it in a coffin in the Milky Way Sea. I don’t blame you....

“If something is to blame, it is that I am not a real woman, but only... a Resurrection Lily who fell in love with you.”

The image of herself in her eyes suddenly was that of a beautiful Resurrection Lily, planted deep within the body of a man. After being inside of him for countless years, she... fell in love with her own host.

*

1. The name Da Nu was first mentioned in chapter 101.

Chapter 692: A Promise to Keep

Far away in the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands, in a random village, a somewhat sloppily-dressed painter was looking askance at a rich man who fawned over him with endless words.

“Immortal, sir, I beg of you to paint me. I’m willing to pay any price.”

“My paintings are very expensive,” was the response.

The rich man nodded enthusiastically, then waved to his retainers to carry over several large chests.

The old painter glanced at them out of the corner of his eye, then cleared his throat. “Well, it seems that the two of us are connected by destiny. Because of that, I’ll paint something for you.”

He was just about to begin painting when a frown appeared on his face.

“Something just came up,” he said. “I need to take a mental journey. Please wait for a moment.” With that, he sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes.

The rich man didn’t dare to disturb him, and simply stood there off to the side, waiting.

Back in the Southern Domain, in the Rebirth Cave, Da Nu looked off into the nothingness, lost in her memories.

She was a lily that had bloomed with seven colors. On the day of vicissitudes, she had reached Immortal Ascension. However, she mistakenly fell in love with her host. When she reached Immortal Ascension, she severed her goodness and buried it at the bottom of the Milky Way Sea.

On that day, her tears had merged into the Milky Way Sea, and she became... the Dawn Immortal.

As for her goodness, it remained at the bottom of the Milky Way Sea, the same Da Nu as before.

Many years later, she emerged from the coffin and entered into the body

of the fish. When she splashed out from the water, she became a roc that flew toward the Rebirth Cave, emanating an intense aura of death. [1]

That aura of death came from her dead heart.

In the Rebirth Cave, she had hoped to experience a baptism, a rebirth, to become new. But no matter how she searched, there was no rebirth to be found in the Rebirth Cave. It was then that she understood. The Rebirth Cave was nothing more than a fantasy.

She could not achieve rebirth, so she remained there, submerged in her memories. No one in the world could understand her pain. But then she saw Xu Qing, and when she did, she realized that Xu Qing was just like herself all those years ago.

She sighed. The memories flashing in her mind's eye seemed to grow more beautiful. In contrast, her body was already more than half withered up, like a dying flower.

The hand that touched Meng Hao's forehead was visibly draining as her boundless life force poured into his body. He was now completely recovered, and didn't look old at all.

Inside of him, glowing motes of light appeared. They packed together densely, interlocking to form into the shape of an arched bridge.

However... the bridge was incomplete. In the very middle, there was a broken section, making it impossible for the bridge to be whole.

Those motes of light were the life force that Da Nu was sending into Meng Hao, and that bridge was none other than the Bridge of Life!

"I don't blame you...." murmured Da Nu softly. Her eyes were blank, her mind submerged into memories that no one could see.

Her entire arm was now dried up. The withering spread to her neck. It looked almost like tendrils, climbing up to her forehead, and eventually covering her entire head. When the tendrils reached her eyes, she was thinking about the first time she had met her host.

In that moment, he had looked at her, and she him. It was a moment

that seemed as if it would last an eternity.

“I have never blamed you....” When the withering took Da Nu’s eyes, two teardrops fell. They rolled down her withered face and then landed on the ground with a soft patter.

Her eyes grew listless, and she closed them. Then she lifted up the hand that was pushing down onto Meng Hao’s forehead. After a moment, she softly struck his head.

The blow seemed light, but the force hit him like lightning. He trembled violently, and roaring filled his mind.

The countless nodes of light inside of him that formed the Bridge of Life suddenly vibrated and then expanded. In that moment, the two sides of the bridge linked together, and it was whole.

When the Bridge of Life was complete, Meng Hao’s body spasmed in unprecedented fashion. He suddenly breathed again. His previously still heart began to emit a thumping sound.

When his heart started beating, the powder Da Nu had created from the Ninth Mountain and Sea lodestone swept toward his chest and fused into his heart.

Ba-dump. Ba-dump!

His heart continued to beat, and the sound of it echoed throughout the Rebirth Cave. Suddenly, an incredible gravitation force exploded out inside of his heart.

At the same time, his soul, which had been wrapped up by the Eyeless Larva silk, was caught up by the gravitational force. It merged into his heart, and then was superimposed over his body.

In this moment, the Bridge of Life was thoroughly linked and whole. Blinding light shone out to fill the Rebirth Cave, dispelling all of the darkness. The resplendent light was dazzling to the extreme.

Meng Hao’s blood began to flow. His life force was vigorous! His soul was back in place! He had returned to life!

His eyes snapped open.

The first thing he saw was Da Nu. He saw her withered body, and felt his own surging life force. He could immediately sense the connection between it and the woman.

His mind trembled. If by this point he couldn't understand what had happened, then his over two hundred years of life would have been lived in vain. It was obvious that this woman had given him her own life force.

“Senior....”

Da Nu looked at him, and her eyes suddenly flickered open. “I gave you life, not for you, but for her.”

An image suddenly appeared in his mind.

He saw himself fall down outside the Rebirth Cave, and he saw Xu Qing arrive. She picked him up and struggled to carry him forward. She had once been beautiful, but now, her hair was white and she was ancient. Purplish-black blood oozed out of the corners of her mouth.

And yet, no regret could be seen in her eyes. She looked at Meng Hao with gentleness and determination.

He watched as Xu Qing used her own life force to sustain him. Every time she delivered her life force to him, it would keep him alive for a bit longer, and make her weaker.

However, her smile never faded.

When he saw these things, Meng Hao trembled. He watched Xu Qing carry him into the Rebirth Cave and sit down cross-legged. He watched her stroke his face.

Xu Qing was ancient, her hair white, and yet she continued to give him her life force, one bit at a time, no matter the consequences to herself.

“You live, I live. You die, I die!”

Tears streamed down Meng Hao's face. Next, he saw Da Nu appear. She sent Xu Qing away.... And then Fatty came to deliver the medicinal pill.

All of these things struck into his heart and mind like lightning. He trembled violently, and an intense dread suddenly filled him.

“Why... why didn’t Xu Qing bring it herself?” Meng Hao didn’t dare to think about it. He jerked his head up to look at Da Nu.

At the same time, he rose to his feet. Inside, he knew... something bad had happened to Xu Qing!

He had to go find her! He had to find Xu Qing!

However, in the moment that he stood, his face suddenly fell, and he stood there, terror-stricken and motionless. His hands clenched tightly into fists as he realized that he was constrained to the absolute limit.

He shivered ceaselessly as he remembered that he had no cultivation base. He was completely empty....

“There is no such thing as rebirth....” murmured Da Nu to herself. Her body was almost completely withered. She looked at Meng Hao and was just about to deliver the last of her life force to him, and then slip into death, when...

Suddenly, everything began to shake and rumble!

A black mist sprang out from within the depths of the Rebirth Cave. It quickly filled every corner of the cave, as well as the area hundreds of thousands of meters surrounding the cave, turning it all into a world of black mist.

The black mist rose up into the sky, shockingly transforming into an enormous head. The head had black hair, and its facial features were blurry, but it was clearly immeasurably ancient.

“Who said there is no such thing as rebirth!?” growled the voice.

Da Nu looked up, and her eyes filled with a strange light. She had lived inside the Rebirth Cave for many years, and had visited all the areas within, but she had never sensed anything like this black mist.

Even more shocked was Choumen Tai. He could hear the voice from his position deep in the cave, and it filled his mind with roaring. He shot to

his feet, his face covered with astonishment. He had also been concealed in the cave for many years, and was very familiar with every inch of the place. However, he was completely unaware that anything like this existed inside!

“Who is this?” he thought with a gasp. He suddenly realized that the Rebirth Cave... was not at all how he had believed it to be.

There were mysteries here... that even he couldn't detect.

“The Dao of rebirth exists outside of the laws of Heaven and Earth. You can't feel it, that's all....

“On this day, you chose death to help this person. That... is true rebirth!

“Rebirth is a death and a life, a cycle. Henceforth, he will represent you on the path of cultivation. You die for him in the cycle of reincarnation. That... is true rebirth!

“If you understand, then you can free yourself from your worldly concerns. If you don't understand, then... your next life will be one of darkness.”

Da Nu's body quivered in shock and her breathing grew ragged. She listened to the voice's words and her eyes gradually flashed with signs of comprehension.

“Rebirth.... Senior, please instruct me.” She slowly closed her eyes, and in that moment, completely withered up, transforming into a Resurrection Lily, right there in the Rebirth Cave.

“Goodness personified, and in the end you still perform good deeds, imbuing your very breath into his body. You are the embodiment of truth and law.... Because of this, I will help you this one time!” Even as the voice echoed about, the black mist contracted. It began to congeal inside of the Rebirth Cave, next to the Resurrection Lily, where it turned into a brush. The brush moved about, seemingly using the air as its canvas to paint an extremely realistic Resurrection Lily.

The brush swished, and the illusory Resurrection Lily settled onto Da Nu's withered body.

“Sleep for 10,000 years. After that, if you can awaken, then you will be reborn.” As the voice echoed out, the black mist seemed to turn its attention onto Choumen Tai, who was deep in the recesses of the Rebirth Cave.

Choumen Tai’s mind trembled.

“You are a soul who has experienced many years of life, and many reincarnations. You have relied on your persistence to reach this day.... Continue on. I can sense something very familiar about you.”

Choumen Tai began to pant. “Are you....”

Before he could finish speaking, the mist seethed, and Choumen Tai was suddenly swept up. He had no control over his body as he was ejected out of Planet South Heaven and sent out into the starry sky.

“Regardless of whether or not the person you are waiting for is here,” said the voice, “if all you know how to do is use others, then if the time ever comes in which you can bring back to life that person who exists in your heart, well... you will feel only regret. Leave. When the time comes that you understand, you can return here.”

Back in the Rebirth Cave, everything was quiet. The mist spun around and around, and a figure seemed to become visible, looking at Meng Hao.

Trembling, Meng Hao rose to his feet and walked to the mouth of the Rebirth Cave. Although he was merely alive as a mortal now, he still... had a promise to keep.

You live, I live. You die, I die!

In the moment in which Meng Hao was about to step foot out of the Rebirth Cave, the blurry figure behind him coolly said, “Why do you care about the Perfect stratum so much anyway?”

*

1. A fish turning into a bird-like creature is a common part of Chinese mythology. I’ve seen a few comments that I should translate “roc” as

“peng.” Sorry to say, that would only be partly correct. Er Gen consistently uses the full term “鲲鹏,” which combines the fish character “kun” and the bird character “peng.” If I were going to transliterate it, the most accurate term would be “kunpeng,” not simply “peng.” Also, in ISSTH, unlike the “kunpung” mythology, it is never described as a “kun” which transforms into a “peng.” It’s described as a fish “yu” that transforms into a “kunpeng.”

Chapter 693: Eternal Stratum!

A tremor ran through Meng Hao. He turned around and looked at the misty figure behind him. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was on the verge of insanity, albeit a silent insanity.

“Do you remember me?” The misty figure gradually grew clear to reveal an old man. He looked ordinary, and yet, within the ordinariness was an indescribably extraordinary disposition.

“Senior Shui Dongliu?” said Meng Hao, trembling. Of course, he instantly recognized that this man was Shui Dongliu. [1]

Shui Dongliu. Whoever existed in his memory could not be destroyed by the Karmic Annihilation of the Ji Clan.

“The Perfect stratum is great and all, but it’s only a foundation. The ignorant masses think that the Perfect Foundation is the most supreme. It comes from the three classic scriptures, and can qualify you to become a Doyen!

“But! As far as I’m concerned, the Perfect stratum is like a leafy branch. It spreads throughout your body and eventually blooms with flowers that turn into Dao Fruit. That fruit is the key to being a true Paragon!

“You may have lost your foundation, but the Dao Fruit is still there. Why are you acting like what you lost was the important part?!”

Meng Hao was startled, and his mind filled with an intense roaring. “Dao Fruit?!”

“Of course, Dao Fruit,” replied Shui Dongliu coolly. “The whole purpose of the Perfect stratum is to solidify the Dao Fruit of Perfection!

“That Dao Fruit of Perfection is none other than the Paragon stratum. And yet, that stratum also counts for little!” He swished his sleeve.

“Above the Paragon stratum is the Eternal!

“That is the true pinnacle of these strata. Shattered, Fractured, Flawless, Perfect, Dao Fruit, Eternal. These are the six great strata of any stage of

cultivation. You only reached Perfect. [2]

“To achieve the Dao Fruit, you need to sever your Perfection!

“As for the Eternal... you already meet the requirements; someone even severed your Perfection for you already. Why is your heart.... still imprisoned? Why... don't you just go ahead with your Second Severing?” Shui Dongliu's his voice echoed like thunder in Meng Hao's ears, giving rise to enormous waves within his mind.

Meng Hao's brain reeled, his body shook, and an unprecedentedly bright light shone in his eyes. Shui Dongliu's words thoroughly crushed all traces of his muddlement. It was as if in the darkest of nights, a ray of bright light suddenly pierced through the blackness of his world.

“Dao Fruit.... Dao Fruit....” thought Meng Hao, panting. “Sever Perfection, achieve Dao Fruit!

“The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch took away my Perfect Foundation. However, that Perfection... completely preoccupied my heart! Therefore, this time, I will Sever... my heart!

“Sever away the Perfection in my heart!

“When I had my cultivation base, I could sever it. Without a cultivation base... who is to say that... I can't still Sever it!?”

“Spirit Severing. Spirit Severing. What is Severed is the spirit. What is Severed is the heart. This... is my second blade of Spirit Severing!

“Sever away the Perfect stratum. Sever the past. Carve out my Perfect Dao Fruit!” A boom could be heard in Meng Hao's mind as he gained enlightenment. Although he clearly possessed no cultivation base, a billowing aura shot towards the sky.

Within that aura appeared Heavenly transformations, roiling clouds, and seething winds. Shockingly, precursors of the descent of a great Dao's reverberated out, something he had previously experienced in the Milky Way Sea.

In that instant, the sky above all regions of the Southern Domain

exploded into motion. Winds surged, lightning cracked, thunder boomed. Every expert in the Southern Domain was shocked, and countless people looked up into the sky in amazement.

At the same time, in the starry sky outside of Planet South Heaven, from inside the Ninth Mountain, a shocking will suddenly appeared. It swept out over the Ninth Mountain and Sea, after which it zeroed in on the lands of South Heaven.

This was the will of the great Dao of the Ninth Mountain and Sea! It was the natural law of Heaven and Earth, the basis upon which the Ninth Mountain and Sea operated.

This will itself was also a great Dao! Its appearance filled the sky of South Heaven with a boundless light. Even the Ji Clan's Immortality Bestowal Dais outside of Planet South Heaven was shaken, and ceased functioning.

In the lands of South Heaven, the Ji Clan elders, as well as countless powerful experts from other sects and clans, fell to their knees in shock and began to kowtow.

In the sky above South Heaven, the will of the Ninth Mountain and Sea suddenly solidified into a blade that shot down toward Meng Hao in the Rebirth Cave.

This descending will far exceeded the first blade of his First Severing. All of the lands of South Heaven were shaken.

The Heavens opened up, revealing the heavenly bodies. Countless rivers of stars glittered and shined, seemingly prepared to bear witness to what was happening.

In the Rebirth Cave, a blade appeared in front of Meng Hao. This was his Spirit Severing blade, floating there in front of his head, glowing with shocking light.

Hair in disarray, he lifted his head up and roared: "SEVER!"

As his voice echoed out, the great Dao blade descended, slicing into the Rebirth Cave, fusing into the blade above Meng Hao's head, then slashing

into the top of his head.

As soon as the blade touched Meng Hao's head, it sliced through him all the way to the ground. His body looked as if it had been cut in two.

Shattering sounds could be heard, not from his body, but from the fetters inside him, the shackles created by his reluctance to accept the loss of the Perfect stratum!

All such restraints were completely Severed!

Meng Hao instantly began to shake violently. Then, he experienced a sensation of relaxation, an incredible calm that filled his entire body. It felt as if moments before, the weight of an entire mountain was crushing down on him. Then, that mountain disappeared.

At the same time, shockingly, an image of a fruit appeared on his forehead, emanating a glow like that of a magical item.

This was... a Dao Fruit!

It was made up of countless magical symbols, and looked perfect in every aspect.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch could steal away Meng Hao's Dao Foundation, but he could not take away his Dao Fruit. The Dao Fruit belonged solely to Meng Hao, and could not be taken away by anyone.

In the moment that the Dao Fruit appeared, a cultivation base suddenly exploded out in Meng Hao. First it was Qi Condensation, then Foundation Establishment, then Core Formation, and after that, Nascent Soul.

After the peak of Nascent Soul, Meng Hao's desire for freedom and independence caused his First Severing to reappear.

His cultivation base was completely restored!

Tribulation can also be good fortune!

Meng Hao's energy was like multicolored beam of light. His optimism for what would happen after severing the Perfect stratum caused his body to tremble again. An even more powerful cultivation base aura suddenly spread out from his body.

This was a Second Severing cultivation base!

“Dao Fruit Paragon!” A strange light gleamed in Meng Hao’s eyes, and he began to breathe heavily. His fleshly body returned to the Heaven-defying state it had reached because of the art of Fleshly Sanctification. Furthermore, because of the indescribable boundless life force imparted to him by Da Nu, it was even more powerful than before.

“Dao Fruit is good,” said Shui Dongliu levelly, “but since you qualify for the Eternal, why don’t you sit down and try to gain enlightenment!” He flicked his sleeve, causing Meng Hao instantly drop cross-legged to the ground. “Ask yourself, what is the Eternal?!”

“What is the Eternal?” The question echoed out in Meng Hao’s mind.

The Eternal....

The Eyeless Larva was eternal. If the larva was not destroyed, the silk could never be broken. If the silk was never broken, the larva could not be destroyed!

That was an eternal cycle!

The Soul Divergence Incantation was eternal. An undying soul could be created. Once that happened, the cycle of reincarnation of Heaven and Earth could not destroy it. Even if you died, years later, your flesh and blood would be born again.

“The Eternal is something that exists eternally within me. No living thing in Heaven and Earth can do anything to take it away from me. Even the will of Heaven and Earth itself would be incapable of wresting away the Eternal which belongs to me!

“The Eternal is a type of determination, an overbearing attitude!

“What is mine, belongs to me alone!” Meng Hao suddenly looked up at Shui Dongliu.

“Did you figure it out?” said Shui Dongliu, looking at him.

“Yes!” In the instant in which he replied, a rumbling sound filled his body. The Dao Fruit shattered into pieces, causing countless magical

symbols to scatter about. They filled his entire body, then fused into his cultivation base, his flesh, and his soul.

At the same time, the Soul Divergence Incantation began to rotate in Meng Hao's mind. After only a single rotation, Meng Hao suddenly understood the true meaning of the incantation.

It was a supreme Daoist Magic that could lead people to an understanding of the Eternal stratum!

To cultivate the Soul Divergence Incantation, one needed to experience death, to have incredible willpower and unusual good fortune, and most importantly, to experience hanging onto life by a thread, a razor's edge between life and death where a single misstep would lead to either truly perishing or failing to cultivate this magic.

As for Meng Hao, the reason he could gain enlightenment was because of the Eyeless Larva. Its thread of life and death had thoroughly entwined his soul so that it could not depart. His soul had been alive while his fleshly body was dead.

In that space between life and death, Meng Hao's soul... earned the qualifications for the Eternal!

All those years ago, the coffin prepared for Ke Jiusi by Ke Yunhai served just such a function. That was how Ke Jiusi ended up succeeding in cultivating the Soul Divergence Incantation.

Meng Hao trembled as the magical symbols penetrated every part of his body. Because of the fusing of these symbols into him, although his cultivation base was only at the Second Severing level, his level... was that of the Eternal!

He was no longer Perfect, but rather, far above Perfect, in the Eternal stratum!

The Eternal stratum! What's mine is mine, and no one can steal it from me!

Meng Hao rose to his feet. His energy surged with power. Because of the Eternal stratum, his Second Severing cultivation base could far exceed the

gap between the Third Severing. In fact, in combination with his Fleshly Body, he was now... the number one person beneath Dao Seeking!

Meng Hao turned to Shui Dongliu, clasped hands, and bowed deeply.

“Senior, many thanks for your kindness in pointing out the correct path!”

Shui Dongliu looked at him for a moment and then said, “There’s no need to thank me.... I only hope that from now on, you don’t hold any grudges against the Wang Clan. If you wish, you can kill the person who stole your Dao Foundation, but not others. Don’t be a monster who kills those who haven’t provoked you.

“Now, go. You have something bothering you, I won’t keep you any longer.”

Meng Hao stared back at him, then nodded silently. He clasped hands and bowed again, then turned and shot out of the cave like an unsheathed sword, radiating intense killing intent.

Shui Dongliu watched Meng Hao leave, then, after a long moment, turned and walked back into the depths of the Rebirth Cave. To people like Choumen Tai and Da Nu, the Rebirth Cave wasn’t very big. But to Shui Dongliu, it was limitless.

He walked and walked until finally he reached a room carved from stone.

The stone room was empty except for a half-painted canvas.

The painting depicted a countryside village. A white-haired old man stood there with his hands clasped behind his back, looking off into the distance. Next to him was a boy who appeared to be pleading for something. In return, the man shook his head.

Shui Dongliu looked at the painting, and a look of reminiscence appeared in his eyes. Finally, he closed his eyes.

In that instant, the old painter sitting cross-legged in the Eastern Lands suddenly opened his eyes. He smiled at the rich man standing in front of

them, and then cleared his throat.

“My mental journey went well. Now, let me start that painting for you.”

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1. Here is a brief refresher about Shui Dongliu. He was introduced in chapters 194 and 197 during the Song Clan search for a son-in-law. He helped Meng Hao seal the Resurrection Lily into a painting in chapter 208. Er Gen joked about him in the interlude after chapter 222. He made a super brief appearance in chapter 383, when Meng Hao refined the Eyeless Larva. He prevented Ji Nineteen from severing Meng Hao's Karma in chapter 425.
2. I believe “Shattered” is what I translated as “Cracked” in the early chapters. Better late than never to fix it, so I'm calling the lowest stratum “Shattered.” Earlier chapters will be edited at some point.

Chapter 694: He Came!

Meng Hao emerged from the Rebirth Cave.

In that instant, his cultivation base exploded out. He really was like a bared sword emanating monstrous sword qi. His killing intent radiated out, causing the air in the area to freeze.

Frost spread out across the ground, covering stones in the nearby stone forest with sheets of ice. As he walked forward, his divine sense spread out until it encountered a familiar figure, standing outside of the Rebirth Cave Region, looking on anxiously.

“Fatty...” thought Meng Hao. He changed directions and, a moment later, reappeared directly next to Fatty.

“Who’s there!?!?” cried Fatty, clearly scared half to death and on the verge of fleeing. He backed up nervously, and popping sounds could be heard as several dozen magical items suddenly appeared.

When he saw Meng Hao, he stared in shock. Then he started hollering at the top of his lungs. “Meng Hao! Meng Hao!!”

A smile appeared on Meng Hao’s face. It had been many years since he last parted ways with Fatty, but as of now, he could clearly sense the feelings of friendship that existed in Fatty’s heart. Neither of them said anything more. They strode forward and shared a manly embrace.

Fatty’s heart was completely filled with joy. He looked at Meng Hao and then thought back to everything that had happened in the Reliance Sect. All of a sudden, he remembered Xu Qing, and his face fell. “You have to go save Elder Sister Xu!!”

When Meng Hao heard this, his eyes flickered. “What happened?”

Fatty hesitated for a moment and then shook his head. “N-nothing...”

It almost seemed like he wasn’t willing to explain.

Meng Hao was silent for a moment. He didn’t ask any further questions, but instead, flew up into the air. Actually, he didn’t need to ask anything

else. All he had to do was go to the Black Sieve Sect, and he would naturally find the answers he sought.

Fatty understood Meng Hao quite well, so seeing him flying away like that, it wasn't hard to guess what he was thinking. Fatty gritted his teeth and then yelled out, "Meng Hao, go save Elder Sister Xu. Because she got that medicinal pill for you, she's now suppressed at the bottom of the Black Sieve Sect. The entire sect is working to dissolve her alive!!"

Meng Hao jerked to a halt in mid-air, his eyes instantly turning blood-red. "What did you say?"

A preternatural fury and desire to kill roared through him. His body trembled and the air around him rumbled as if it were about to shatter.

Fatty clenched his jaw. Having spoken up, he decided that he might as well explain everything. "Hurry up and go save her! Soon... it's going to be too late!

"News leaked out that she is the first person in countless years to emerge from the Rebirth Cave! She risked everything to steal that medicinal pill, which she entrusted to me. I brought it here for her.

"In the end, the Black Sieve Sect captured her. They say that because she came out alive from the Rebirth Cave, her body is infected with its aura. The Black Sieve Sect Patriarchs want to refine her into treasured medicinal pills, which they hope to consume and thereby acquire the aura of rebirth."

The roaring in Meng Hao's mind was like that of millions of thunderbolts, all striking and exploding at the same time. Heaven and Earth shook, and it felt as if his mind were about to explode into pieces.

Meng Hao's killing intent exploded out with incomparable intensity. He thought back to what he had seen, to Xu Qing delivering her life force to him. He thought about everything that had happened in their homeland, the State of Zhao. He thought about the grave she had dug, and the gravestone.

He thought about the determination in her eyes when she looked at him

and murmured, “You live, I live. You die, I die!”

No other woman had ever treated him in such a way. No other woman cared about his life so much. Never....

Meng Hao lifted his head up and let out mournful roar that caused the colors to fade away from Heaven and Earth. The clouds and wind churned, and the power of his cultivation base exploded out. A tempest kicked up, which swept out in all directions. The air in the area seemed about to collapse.

“BLACK SIEVE SECT!!

“If you dare to harm a hair on her head, I, Meng Hao, will tear your bodies to pieces and crush your bones into powder! I will not rest until you are exterminated!!” He waved his right hand and slapped his bag of holding, causing the war chariot to appear. He stepped inside. Immortal Shows the Way had also been restored to normal; he rotated it and sent some Immortal qi out. The war chariot instantly vanished.

Fatty watched him leave, and then murmured, “Meng Hao, after everything Xu Qing did for you, if you let her down... it will be an intolerable injustice!”

Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a horrific balefulness. His rage and insanity fused into his killing intent, which exploded with monstrous intensity. “Xu Qing, wait for me. I’m coming to save you.

“Xu Qing, just hold on. I’m coming, I’m coming!!”

His cultivation base was at the Second Severing stage, and he was in the Eternal strata. He was the number one figure under Dao Seeking!

He was qualified to do whatever he wished. And he was even more qualified to fight back against an entire sect!

Even if it was the Black Sieve Sect!

Even if it was the countless discarnate souls that existed in the depths of the land!

Even if it was a super sect of the Southern Domain, the Black Sieve Sect!

Meng Hao didn't consider those things. They weren't worth even thinking about. In a situation like this, if a man worried about whether or not he would win or lose, worried about his own life, then he... was not even human!

The war chariot sped along, screaming through the air. The wind itself seemed to be filled with memories. Meng Hao saw the events at Mount Daqing. He saw the Reliance Sect. He saw the things that happened in the Blessed Land. He saw the Black Sieve Sect and the Rebirth Cave.

He saw all of the times he and Xu Qing had been together. The images floated there in the wind in front of him. He saw Xu Qing's gentleness, her simplicity, her determination.

All of those things were now rooted deeply in Meng Hao's heart.

Most moving of all was how she had sacrificed her own life force for him. It caused his heart to fill with stabs of pain. As of this moment, the killing intent he felt was greater than at any point in his entire life.

"Xu Qing, if you can sacrifice your life for me, then I can do the same for you!

"From this day forward, you are my beloved. Heaven and Earth can bear witness to my words. You live, I live. You die, I die!"

**

The Black Sieve Sect was a grand place. The Hundred Thousand Mountains surrounding it served as a foil to the Ninety-Nine Mountains within their center. Above the Ninety-Nine Mountains floated the First Mountain, upturned to create something that was almost a continent. On its underside, willows draped down, some a few dozen meters long, others hundreds. Clouds curled up around this massive land, giving it a truly celestial feeling.

Richly ornamented buildings, pagodas, and temples covered it. Beneath it, the Ninety-Nine Mountains were all connected with colorful arching bridges. It was extraordinarily beautiful.

Gurgling water dripped off of the ragged rocks on the bottom of the

floating mountain, making the sect a place of indescribable beauty. The faint sound of bells filled the air, creating an incredibly serene air.

Currently, the entire Black Sieve Sect was enveloped in a thick, black fog. Outside of the black fog were Black Sieve Sect spell formations, all in full rotation. They let out pulsing ripples, filled with crushing energy that formed the shape of a lotus.

The lotus had ninety-nine petals, each one of which was made up of ninety-nine lotuses. The entire thing formed into a gigantic, shocking lotus.

Inside the formation were the disciples of the Black Sieve Sect, sitting cross-legged in meditation. From up above in the sky, it was possible to tell that of the hundreds of thousands of disciples of the Ninety-Nine Mountains, all disciples were participating in the meditation, regardless of the level of their cultivation bases.

As for the Ninety-Nine Mountains themselves, they formed a central spell formation within the larger spell formation. They too rotated, combining their power with that of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators, all of the Black Sieve Sect's resources, to pour into the First Mountain... into the sect's legacy precious treasure.

It was a gigantic incense burner that existed on top of the First Mountain, which was so high that it seemed connected to the Heavens. The enormous incense burner was the subject of generation after generation of worship and sacrifice. Three huge sticks of incense eternally burned inside of it, and the smoke that rose up into the sky was blown by the wind into wisps that resembled willow branches. It was as if within these strands, one could see visions of fleeting, ever-changing lives that belonged to spirits from the underworld.

Sitting cross-legged around the incense burner were three old men. Each one had ancient features, and rarely stepped even half a foot outside of the Black Sieve Sect. As for their cultivation bases, all were in the Spirit Severing stage.

These were the Dao Reserve of the Black Sieve Sect, its very foundation.

The strongest of the three was the ruddy-faced old man in the center position, Murong Duo. His cultivation base was at the Third Severing level.

Of the other two, one was in the Second Severing level, the other the First.

These were the Patriarchs of the Black Sieve Sect!

They sat cross-legged, using the power of the spell formation, and thus, the power of all the cultivators of the sect, to operate the sect's precious treasure, and refine the person inside of it into medicinal pills!

This was a magical technique known as Heaven and Hearth Reincarnation Refinement, in which the subject was dissolved over a period of forty-nine days. No one could hold out for any longer than that. Eventually, the subject would melt into blood, which would then congeal into the medicinal pill.

An indistinct figure could be seen within the incense burner. It was only possible to tell that it was a woman; her face was not clearly visible, and her body was covered with countless magical symbols. The symbols were deeply imprinted into her flesh and blood, and glittered with bright light as they slowly worked at dissolving her.

The woman was trembling, gritting her teeth as she continued to endure. It seemed that her body might be fully dissolved at any moment.

The aura of the Rebirth Cave pulsed off of her. Every time it did, it would be absorbed by the incense burner, which would then burn hotly and send out a shocking red glow.

The three old men began to discuss the matter.

"So, it turns out that she has been able to endure for thirty-seven days!"

"This Xu Qing sure has unswerving determination. Sadly, her body is infected with the aura of the Rebirth Cave. She's the first person in years to emerge alive from the Rebirth Cave...."

"In that case, she is simply destined to be refined into Rebirth Pills. With such medicinal pills... the slumbering ancestor of the Black Sieve Sect will

have a chance to be reborn!”

“It’s a real pity she has the soul of Matriarch Phoenix within her. Unfortunately, her Dao of Nirvana will be lost, never to be handed down. However, sacrificing her and losing a single legacy to improve the entire sect means that her death will be worth it!”

“This matter is not just something that must be done by the Black Yang Sect, but also your Sieve Yin Sect. After all, our ancestor is your emperor!”

The three old men looked at the incense burner, and their eyes burned with passion.

At the same time, the trembling, indistinct figure inside of the incense burner let out a quavering murmur.

“Meng Hao, are you okay...? If you ever are reborn, by the time you emerge, it will be too late.... Well, I was the one who failed to keep my promise, you’re not to blame....

“If it turns out that you weren’t reborn, well then... I’ll be going to accompany you soon.

“As we said. You live, I live. You die, I die....”

In that exact moment....

An incredible boom could be heard outside of the Black Sieve Sect spell formation. It was far more shocking than thunder; an ancient war chariot appeared, emanating intense killing intent and madness. The air shattered as it appeared!

Meng Hao stood in the war chariot, clothed in a green robe. He gripped the flag of three streamers in his right hand, which he waved out in front of him. It stretched out, creating a black screen that seemed capable of blotting out the entire sky. At the same time, Meng Hao’s eyes flashed with an unprecedented desire to slaughter.

He came!

He came to keep his promise!

Chapter 695: Attack the Black Sieve Sect!

Meng Hao's appearance on the scene shook the Heavens and rocked the Earth. Everything trembled, and enormous, endless ripples spread out.

A massive roaring echoed out as the war chariot appeared, shattering the air. Meng Hao stood in the middle of the war chariot as cracking sounds filled the air; countless fissures sprang into being.

The entire sky was like a mirror that someone had punched their fist into. Although it was not completely shattered, shocking cracks could be seen spreading out in all directions.

That was especially true because of the flag of three streamers that he wielded. This was his first time truly and intentionally unleashing the full, incredible power of the flag. It whipped about, its blackness covering everything, splitting the sky into two worlds, one of light, one of darkness.

Meng Hao's eyes were completely bloodshot as his gaze swept over the scene in the Black Sieve Sect; he saw the black mist, and he saw the domineering lotus flower!

He sent his divine sense out, but the lotus spell formation and the black mist therein formed a great spell formation that completely protected the mountains of the Black Sieve Sect. This was no ordinary spell formation; even Meng Hao's powerful divine sense could not penetrate inside.

His killing intent instantly surged.

"Black Sieve Sect!" he shouted. The sound rumbled about, more intense than lightning. His fleshly body was at the peak of Spirit Severing, and his cultivation base was at the peak of the Second Severing. This was the first time he had ever shouted in such a way after entering the Eternal stratum. He pushed his hand down onto the chariot, and instantly, the flag of three streamers swished. The blackness, which was like nighttime consuming light, swept toward the huge lotus that surrounded the Black Sieve Sect. Booms could be heard echoing out.

Heaven and Earth trembled, and the sound of explosions filled the air.

The lotus instantly collapsed, but then reappeared. Apparently, the aura of the Hundred Thousand Mountains was sustaining what would be an endless succession of enormous spell formations.

Because of Meng Hao's shout, as well as the collision between the flag of three steamers and the great spell formation, the ground quaked violently. The sounds merged together, creating a shocking barrage that rattled out in all directions, even into the black mist within the Black Sieve Sect.

The disciples of the Black Sieve Sect suddenly could all hear Meng Hao's enraged voice.

"Hand over Xu Qing!" he said. This was his second sentence. The power of his words far exceeded that of his first sentence. An even more shocking rumbling shook everything; the lotus dimmed and the mist seethed. All of the Black Sieve Sect disciples felt their minds trembling violently.

The beautiful palace buildings began to shake, and some even collapsed under the power of Meng Hao's voice. The eyes of the Black Sieve Sect disciples in the Ninety-Nine Mountains went wide with shock.

The three old men who sat cross-legged around the incense burner on the First Mountain opened their eyes. Bright glows could be seen.

"Spirit Severing!"

"Second Severing!"

"A powerful expert!"

When they exchanged glances, they could all see the serious look in each others' eyes.

"We only activated the spell formation to be prepared for all contingencies and to prevent other sects from detecting what was happening. Who is this stranger?"

"It doesn't matter who he is. Even if he's a Spirit Severing expert, now that he's come to the Black Sieve Sect, he'll be forced to drop to his knees in front of us!"

The three men muttered to themselves for a moment before the Third Severing old man gave a cold snort. "He can't even get inside! Continue with the dissolving!"

Surrounded by rumbling sounds, the hundreds of thousands of Black Sieve Sect disciples once again continued with their refinement, causing the incense burner glowed bright red. As for the figure inside, when she heard Meng Hao's voice, she suddenly trembled.

"He... came...."

Outside of the Black Sieve Sect's spell formation, Meng Hao's eyes were completely shot with blood. He raised his hand and caused the flag of three streamers to swish through the air. Blackness roiled out to slam into the Black Sieve Sect's spell formation.

The incredible booms continued to rattle out. The great lotus spell formation suddenly rotated, causing the power of Heaven and Earth to emanate out. The power was indestructible, seemingly eternal. No matter what Meng Hao did to cause the formation to collapse, it would instantly restore itself.

A short period of time passed in which it seemed nothing would work.

The disciples of the Black Sieve Sect were now starting to calm down and focus on their orders from the sect. The dissolving continued. As for the old men surrounding the incense burner, cold smiles twisted their lips as they proceeded with the refinement.

They were not worried. The protective spell formation was so powerful that nothing could compare to it, except perhaps a Dao Seeking cultivation base. Any Spirit Severing expert who tried to break through the formation wouldn't be able to do so unless they spent months trying.

As for the refinement process, they only needed a few more days to finish.... Then they would be able to go against this opponent with the full strength of the sect. Even if he was a Second Severing cultivator, he would be dead for sure.

"How rash and ridiculous," said the Third Severing old man, his voice

cool.

Meng Hao stood in the war chariot glaring at the enormous lotus. He had already destroyed the damnable thing at least a hundred times with the flag of three streamers.

However, no matter how many times he shattered it into pieces, it would completely recover, seemingly completely undamaged.

“They mustered all the power of Heaven and Earth from all Hundred Thousand Mountains of the Black Sieve Sect to back this spell formation.... What I’m fighting against is not the formation, but the power of Heaven and Earth from these Hundred Thousand Mountains!

“If the power of Heaven and Earth doesn’t break up, then the formation cannot be pierced!

“If only... I could use just a bit of Dao Seeking power to force the spell formation to reach its limit. Break it at least ten times in a row, to the point where the spiritual energy from the Hundred Thousand Mountains can’t keep up. Then I can see its weak points!

“One point of weakness is all I need to completely shatter it.” Meng Hao lifted his right hand and made a grasping motion, causing the flag of three streamers to return to him. It swirled through the air around him, almost like a black cloak that covered his green robe.

He placed his hand onto the war chariot and rotated Immortal Shows the Way, sending pulses of Immortal qi into the chariot.

“Unfortunately, I don’t have the power of Dao Seeking!

“Even the flag of three streamers can’t smash through this succession of spell formations. Well then... I’ll just have to bash it head on!” A light of madness shone in Meng Hao’s eyes.

He would not attempt to pierce it; he would smash head on into the formation!

The war chariot began to thrum, and countless magical symbols appeared, along with numerous roaring wild beasts that began to pull it

forward into a charge.

The incredible speed was difficult to describe. In the blink of an eye, the war chariot had left its original position and... was shooting like a meteor directly into the lotus, bashing into it.

The lotus instantly fell apart, but almost at exactly the same time, began to reform.

However, the war chariot continued onward, charging forward without stop. It was like a sharp sword, stabbing madly, allowing no time for the spiritual energy of the Hundred Thousand Mountains to rush forward.

“Ninth Anima!” roared Meng Hao. His body was powerful to the extreme, and his Cultivation base exploding with full power. Although this was not the power of Dao Seeking, he was eminently qualified to be called the number one figure under Dao Seeking.

BOOM!

The war chariot shot forward another three hundred meters. Meng Hao’s body trembled, and vast pressure bore down on him. However, nothing could prevent him from advancing. Nothing could stand in the way of the war chariot; it was like caged animal that roared as it charged forward.

The further they got, the greater was the pressure that weighed down on them. The interior of the lotus collapsed, but as before, began to heal. The Hundred Thousand Mountains rotated, and the spiritual energy poured out boundlessly. Meng Hao raised his hand up and then pointed out.

“Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!

“Seal the spiritual energy of these hundred thousand mountains!”

An incredible roar filled the air as the Hundred Thousand Mountains shuddered. Meng Hao shouted out as the war chariot charged forward madly, another three hundred meters. It was now only about six hundred meters from the position where the black mist began.

It was at this point that violent shaking overtook the Hundred Thousand

Mountains. Some of the outermost mountains, perhaps a thousand in total, began to split and crack and then directly exploded.

They simply couldn't endure the way Meng Hao fought back against them. After having their spiritual energy sealed, a backlash occurred that instantly shattered them!

As thousands of huge mountains collapsed in the Black Sieve Sect's Hundred Thousand Mountains, the faces of the disciples of the Black Sieve Sect fell. As for the three old men who sat next to the incense burner, their pupils constricted.

One of them gave a cold snort, then lifted his hand up and pointed out.

"Send 10,000 disciples to form a spell formation. Use deadly force. If they're capable of killing him, kill him. If they can't kill him, delay him for three days."

In response to his words, a group of 10,000 disciples flew up into the air. They shot through the black mist and then entered the lotus spell formation to sit down cross-legged on the lotuses inside. They unleashed their cultivation bases as they took control of the lotus spell formation.

In unison with their actions, the lotus spell formation began to rotate, sending out pulses of killing will. In the blink of an eye, innumerable lotus petals flew out, sweeping toward Meng Hao like sharp swords.

The lotus petals almost looked like rain, filled with a desire to kill. However, before they could even get near to Meng Hao, his eyes radiated murder and madness. He pushed the war chariot onward, then waved his wide sleeve. The flag of three streamers shot out, sweeping out with echoing booms. The 10,000 disciples who had just emerged from the black mist trembled and began to cough up blood.

As for Meng Hao and the war chariot, they shot forward with urgency, fighting back against the pressure which weighed down. They moved another three hundred meters. By this point, Meng Hao felt as if a hundred thousand mountains really were pressing down onto his body.

They would soon crush him into a pulp.

As for the Immortal qi inside of him, he couldn't control it any more. It would be difficult to push the war chariot through the final three hundred meters. A bright glow appeared in Meng Hao's eyes as, without hesitation, he put the war chariot away and then relied on the strength of his fleshly body to continue on through the last three hundred meters.

As soon as he proceeded forward, the pressure from the Hundred Thousand Mountains bore down. Meng Hao trembled, and cracking sounds could be heard. He stopped in place. Seeing him stop moving caused the 10,000 disciples to feel a bit more confident. They all began to perform incantations, causing the lotuses they were sitting on to teleport forward toward Meng Hao. Shockingly, the lotuses started forming together into a huge statue of a three headed, six-armed god.

The statue was incredibly formidable. Not only did it have three heads and six arms, but lotuses swirled around it, and it was formed from 10,000 people! The three heads all looked at Meng Hao, and the six arms all pointed directly at him.

"Screw off from this place!" roared the statue with the combined voices of 10,000 people. Meng Hao looked up with a vicious smile. The killing intent in his eyes was thick, and his desire to slaughter suddenly surged even higher.

Ninth Anima. Second Spirit Severing cultivation base. Eternal stratum. All of this thrummed inside of Meng Hao. He strode forward, clenching his right hand into a fist.

One man versus a great spell formation, and 10,000 enemies.

"Time to break you!" he cried.

Chapter 696: Breaking the Formation

Meng Hao's fist connected. It was powered by the rage and frustration of having his Perfect Foundation stolen, as well as all the regret that he had severed away.

One fist connected, and everything exploded!

A huge boom filled the air as the statue's six arms burst into pieces, and its three heads crumbled. The entire statue exploded like a bomb!

It was impossible to describe exactly how much power was unleashed. Blood sprayed from the mouths of the 10,000 Black Sieve Sect disciples as they were sent spinning backward into the spell formation. The gale-force wind generated by Meng Hao's blow then smashed into them, shredding their bodies to pieces, killing them instantly.

Meng Hao's eyes shined with determination as he strode forward and punched a second time.

Then a third time, a fourth time and a fifth time!

Every time a blow landed, more of the surrounding lotus spell formation crumbled. With each strike, Meng Hao proceeded forward another thirty meters. By the time the ninth blow landed, he was already at the very edge of the spell formation. The final blow... was the Nine Heavens Destruction!

The lotus collapsed into fragments, and a massive boom rocked Heaven and Earth.

The sound of it filled the Hundred Thousand Mountains, roughly 10,000 of which directly collapsed into pieces. Finally, the Black Sieve Sect's mountain-protecting spell formation was broken.

In that moment, Meng Hao emerged from the spell formation and entered the black mist.

"Give me Xu Qing!" he said. His tone of voice made him sound like he was the ruler of the entire world. It was filled with an indescribable potency and madness that filled the entire Black Sieve Sect.

As his voice resonated out, the surrounding mist seethed, and narrow gaps formed. Through one such gap, Meng Hao caught a glimpse of the Ninety-Nine Mountains on the other side of the mist, and the incense burner on the First Mountain.

Sitting cross-legged inside the incense burner was a trembling figure, indistinct, but with a very familiar aura....

Xu Qing!

It was Xu Qing, who would live and die with him!

Hundreds of thousands of Black Sieve Sect disciples were refining Xu Qing!

Meng Hao's mind felt as if lightning bolts were striking it. An indescribable fury rose up inside of him, transforming into an inexhaustible desire to slaughter.

KILL! KILL! KILL!

In that moment, Meng Hao's hatred for the Black Sieve Sect reached the degree where it could never possibly be reconciled. Every single last disciple of the Black Sieve Sect HAD to die!

"Kill him!" cried the centermost of the three old men by the incense burner. The faces of all three were currently filled with shock; how could they possibly have imagined that Meng Hao would be able to break through their great lotus spell formation?

The First Severing cultivator immediately rose to his feet. He had a violent temper, and his face was grim as he flew up into the air.

"Disciples of the rear twenty peaks of the Hundred Mountains," said the old man, "follow me into the Sieve Yin Formation. We will kill this drudge!" With that, he entered the black mist. Simultaneously, 30,000 disciples flew to follow him. The weakest among them were Foundation Establishment cultivators, the strongest were Nascent Soul.

Even as they entered the mist, Meng Hao's voice, filled with unprecedented bereavement and anger, suddenly sounded out.

“Black Sieve Sect! I hereby vow that... I will eradicate your entire sect! The lands of South Heaven will have either you or me, not the both of us!”

Meng Hao’s desire to kill had reached a heinous level. He lifted his right hand and produced the flag of three streamers. It swept out in all directions, causing the mist around him to roil, and rumbling sounds to fill the air. As for the Black Sieve Sect First Severing Patriarch, as soon as he stepped into the mist, it seemed to come alive, as if it were sentient.

“Will of the Black Sieve, understanding of all creation! I shall go to battle, and pluck the stars from Heaven! First formation!” The voice of the First Severing Patriarch echoed about as the 30,000 Black Sieve Sect disciples entered the mist one after another. Shockingly, the mist condensed into eight formations that resembled black dragons.

The black dragons looked incredibly ferocious. Roaring with rage, they circulated around each other and then shot toward Meng Hao, attempting to devour him.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with a cold glow as he looked at the eight dragons. His desire to kill had reached a level it never had before. From the day he had begun practicing cultivation until now, he had never felt a stronger desire to slaughter.

As the eight dragons neared, Meng Hao strode forward and waved the flag of three streamers. Blackness spread out, sweeping over three of the black dragons. The flag began to glow with a bizarre light, and on its surface appeared countless faces, their features twisted as if with greed and the thirst for blood.

At the same time, Meng Hao’s body flickered and then reappeared in front of one of the other dragons. Without the slightest hesitation, he punched. A boom echoed out and a huge spasm ran through the black dragon. It began to break apart in layers, accompanied by miserable shrieks. Behind Meng Hao, three more black dragons roared and charged. They moved with such incredible speed that even in the moment in which he turned to look at them, they were directly in front of him.

“Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!” he said, pointing out his right hand.

Instantly, the three black dragons trembled, as if countless invisible bonds were tying them up.

“Demon magic, art of Righteous Bestowal, soul extraction!” Meng Hao performed an incantation, and a vicious gleam appeared in his eyes as he pointed forward.

The gesture instantly caused the indescribably shrill cries to echo out from within the dragons. Inside the dragons were over 10,000 cultivators, their faces twisting and distorting as they screamed. Ghost images appeared, which were their souls being extracted from within!

The three dragons instantly collapsed; over 10,000 corpses suddenly fell to the ground.

The art of Righteous Bestowal was a magical technique of the Demon Sealers. Righteousness came with a thought, bestowal came with a thought. Life came with a thought, death came with a thought!

In the same moment, the three dragons caught up by the flag of three streamers trembled violently and collapsed into pieces. As for the final dragon, it froze in mid-air. The image of the First Severing Patriarch magically appeared in the head position of the dragon, and his face was filled with shock.

“Second Formation!” he cried. Immediately, what remained of all the dragons fell apart and turned into black mist that shot toward the First Severing Patriarch. Within the mist were the rest of the disciples who had not been killed, about 10,000 of them.

In the blink of an eye, the black mist transformed into a three hundred meter tall giant. It wore black armor, and looked like a god. As soon as it appeared, it charged toward Meng Hao.

“DIIEEE!!” roared the giant, the combined voice of 10,000 people echoing out to shocking effect. At the same time, the Hundred Thousand Mountains suddenly released a boundless aura that enveloped the giant, causing its body to grow. All of a sudden, it was 1,500 meters tall!

Compared in size to the giant, Meng Hao was nothing more than a bug.

Meng Hao looked up at the approaching giant, and the coldness in his eyes grew stronger. Then he suddenly realized that he wasn't sure whether or not Xu Qing was alive or dead inside of the incense burner, and his heart grew even more anxious. At the same time, he understood that if he didn't destroy this spell formation, then he would be unable to enter into the Black Sieve Sect.

"DIE!" the giant roared, stretching its arms out to either side and then smashing them together toward Meng Hao, as if to crush him between its palms. They moved with incredible speed; in the blink of an eye, the hands were almost upon Meng Hao.

He did nothing to evade, allowing the hands to smash into each other around him.

To anyone observer, it would appear as if Meng Hao was completely enveloped by the hands of the giant. However, if you looked closely, you would see that... the giant was trembling.

Not only was it trembling, its expression was one of disbelief and shock.

"What... what fleshly body is this?!" said the Second Severing old man next to the incense burner. He rose to his feet, his face filled with astonishment.

"Calm down. There's no need to get agitated," said the Third Severing Patriarch, his voice cool. "That's only the second transformation out of three total."

Even as they exchanged words, the giant's hands suddenly exploded. Black mist spread in all directions as Meng Hao walked out, not harmed even in the least bit. He stepped up to the giant and then instantly punched out.

A huge boom could be heard as the giant opened its mouth and expelled a mouthful of mist to block Meng Hao. At the same time, it retreated at full speed. On the giant's forehead, the image of the First Severing Patriarch appeared, his expression one of terror and astonishment.

Instantly, he shouted, "Third formation!"

In response, the body of the giant fell apart into boundless black mist that shot toward Meng Hao and surrounded him. It seethed and spun as it then formed into an enormous globe. Rumbling sounds filled the air as black fire erupted out. Then the globe began to shrink, as if it intended to refine Meng Hao inside of it.

It shrank relentlessly. 300 meters. 150 meters. 100 meters. 30 meters....

Next to the incense burner, the Third Severing Patriarch coolly commented, "The third transformation, in combination with the power of Mo Li's cultivation base, can easily kill an expert of the Second Severing level. It doesn't matter how powerful his fleshly body is, the soft can defeat the hard. He will not escape."

The other Spirit Severing Patriarch next to him smiled in agreement. "The Sieve Yin Formation can refine all living things. The only sad thing is that... it can't produce medicinal pills. Otherwise, that person could be refined into a pill that would definitely be considered a precious treasure."

As the two of them chatted, a huge rumbling sound suddenly rang out. Their faces flickered as they looked up. Down below, hundreds of thousands of Black Sieve Sect Disciples all had similar reactions.

What they saw was an enormous black globe of mist, shrunken down to only 10 meters in size. Then, a matchlessly vicious aura was released from within the mist globe.

The viciousness of the aura was difficult to describe, as was its incredible coldness. Everyone watched on as, in the blink of an eye, a ferocious figure appeared inside the 10 meter mist globe.

I was not a person, but rather, a flower!

A multi-colored flower!

Its branches and leaves swayed, its petals fluttered. When its aura spread out, the mist globe was incapable of enduring. It exploded with a boom. As it did, blood and gore splattered everywhere, from the corpses of the Black Sieve Sect disciples. In addition, an old man emerged, his face covered with fear, shock, and disbelief as he retreated at top speed.

That old man was none other than the First Severing Patriarch.

“Save me!!” he howled as he fled.

However, before he could get very far, and before anyone could even do anything in response, a black branch snaked out at high speed. It wrapped around the old man and violently dragged him back. The old man screamed miserably as the branch hauled him down toward Meng Hao, who then grabbed him by the neck.

Meng Hao strode forward. Behind him was a five-colored Resurrection Lily, fully sixty meters tall, swaying about with unbridled fury as it floated along.

This was Meng Hao’s Spirit Severing Treasure, his Resurrection Lily!

Chapter 697: Hundred Thousand Mountains!

The black mist spell formation was broken!

Meng Hao was enveloped by killing intent as he emerged. He violently twisted his right hand, instantly crushing the life out of the Black Sieve Sect First Severing Patriarch. Bones shattered, and then Meng Hao loosened his grip, sending the old man's body tumbling down to the ground.

Meng Hao didn't even think about the man's bag of holding.

Behind him, the Resurrection Lily swayed about, emanating its vicious aura, making it seem as if Meng Hao were silhouetted against a terrifying, pitch-black backdrop. The Resurrection Lily had actually been ready for use as soon as he completed his Second Severing.

Furthermore, the life force inside of him came from Da Nu, a seven-colored Resurrection Lily. Because of that, although he had long been long locked in a life-or-death entanglement with the Resurrection Lily, after erasing its will, it was now fundamentally amiable.

Such amiability made it so that there was an unbreakable connection between the two of them.

Such a connection superseded that of the Spirit Severing Treasures created by most cultivators.

As of this moment, there was no one else in Meng Hao's world except for the figure inside the incense burner. The instant he emerged from the spell formation, he transformed into a green smoke that shot directly up toward the First Mountain.

Looks of shock could be seen on the faces of the two Spirit Severing cultivators next to the incense burner. The Second Severing Patriarch flew up into the air and shouted, "Stop him!"

At the same time, all of the Black Sieve Sect disciples down below flew

up to form a huge spell formation. The power of Heaven and Earth descended, and the Hundred Thousand Mountains emitted spiritual energy. The spell formation surged with power.

The Third Severing Patriarch didn't fly up, but rose to his feet and put his hand onto the incense burner. His eyes flickered as his cultivation base rotated. He was using only the intense power of his cultivation base to perform the refining!

"This man is not weak," he thought. "The fact that he made it this far leaves me uncertain of whether or not I can defeat him. Therefore, I will disturb his emotions. Considering Zhou Tie's cultivation base, and the spell formation formed by the other disciples, if his heart is in chaos, then there is a high likelihood that he can be defeated."

As soon as Meng Hao emerged, he met the resistance of the Second Severing Patriarch. Dense killing intent filled Meng Hao's eyes, especially when he saw the Third Severing Patriarch next to the incense burner attempting to hasten the refining process. Meng Hao's eyes turned completely red.

"SCREW OFF!" he roared, waving his sleeve. Instantly, the Second Severing Patriarch was sent tumbling back, blood pouring from his mouth. Astonished as he was, his attempt to block Meng Hao's path had actually slowed him down a bit.

Simultaneously, the hundreds of thousands of cultivators down below were rapidly unleashing the power of the spell formation. Bright light shot up into the air and then completely enveloped the area. Shockingly, glowing figures shot up into the air, one after another. They resembled shining souls, and represented all of the countless Black Sieve Sect disciples down below.

They quickly shot in tight formation toward Meng Hao in an attempt to block his path.

"Let's see how you break through that!" said the Second Severing Patriarch malevolently. As his voice echoed out, the spell formation rotated, causing the colors in the sky and on land to fade. Wind spun, and

spiritual energy from the Hundred Thousand Mountains surged out.

“Are you people looking to die?” said Meng Hao, his killing intent surging. He shot forward and lifted up the flag of three streamers. In addition, Blood Immortal divine abilities appeared, instantly wreaking death and destruction.

Miserable screams echoed out constantly. The incredible power of Meng Hao’s cultivation base made these enemies like nothing more than bugs. However, the sheer number of Black Sieve Sect disciples was such that it was impossible to kill all of them in a short period of time.

The Second Severing Patriarch ambled over to cautiously make sneak attacks when possible. Whenever he and Meng Hao exchanged blows, incredible booming sounds echoed out. Each time, the Second Severing Patriarch would cough up blood, and his heart would fill with astonishment.

Outside of the spell formation, the Black Sieve Sect’s Third Severing Patriarch pushed the refining process even faster. Then Xu Qing’s plaintive cry rang out from within the incense burner, filled with resigned weakness, and Meng Hao went crazy.

“All of you, DIE!” He suddenly jerked his hands up, then pushed them down toward the ground. When that happened, the land below began to quake. Meng Hao’s hair flew about wildly, and blue veins bulged out on his forehead. He seemed to be slipping into a hitherto unseen type of insanity.

“Mountain Consuming Incantation! Hundred Thousand Mountains, RISE UP!” Meng Hao tilted his head back and let out a violent roar. Down below, the ground churned like liquid, and the Black Sieve Sect’s Hundred Thousand Mountains began to shake.

They seemed on the verge of breaking away from their foundations, as if some indescribably powerful force had transformed into a hundred thousand hands that were now trying to rip the mountains up from the earth.

This... was the Mountain Consuming Incantation!

The Mountain Consuming Incantation, powered by Meng Hao's Second Spirit Severing Eternal stratum!

When the incantation was unleashed, it was shocking to the Heavens and could cause the Earth to tremble!

"RISE UP!!" roared Meng Hao. The Hundred Thousand Mountains trembled again, and this time 10,000 mountains were violently torn away from their bases. Rocks and stone showered down as the mountains rose up into the air.

At their jagged bottoms, plants and roots were snapped and hung down, some only a few meters long, some dozens.

This sight left everyone in the Black Sieve Sect completely and utterly flabbergasted. That included ordinary disciples, Nascent Soul Elders, and even the two Spirit Severing Patriarchs. Their astonishment had reached the complete, ultimate pinnacle.

"Who is this?! How come he looks so familiar...?"

"He looks familiar to me too! What exactly is he doing!?"

"Dammit! What divine ability is that?!"

Rumbling sounds filled the air, and everyone was dumbstruck. The Hundred Thousand Mountains of the Black Sieve Sect were being uprooted. By now, quite a few people realized that Meng Hao looked familiar, as if they had seen him somewhere before. However, considering how quickly everything was happening, they couldn't recall exactly when they had seen such a fearsome expert.

"Stop him!!" bellowed the Third Severing Patriarch. The Hundred Thousand Mountains were the foundation of the entire Black Sieve Sect, what it relied on to ensure long-term growth. In addition, the protective spell formations in the sect required their spiritual energy to operate.

As such... if the Hundred Thousand Mountains really were ripped out of the ground... even though the sect couldn't be considered completely destroyed... essentially, it would be!

By this point, the matter of refining Xu Qing was relatively insignificant. The Third Severing Patriarch immediately strode forward and shot toward Meng Hao. Any other Black Sieve Sect disciples who hadn't done so already also disregarded all danger to charge at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao was now surrounded by the flag of three streamers, the vicious Resurrection Lily, as well as 10,000 magical symbols which had just flown out from inside his bag of holding. The spirits of the magical symbols formed together into a tempest that swept out in all directions.

RUMBLE!!

Thousands of mountains among the Hundred Thousand Mountains were severed from their bases. They floated up to hover in mid-air, their auras shocking, leaking spiritual energy chaotically in all directions.

"Tell me, you people, do you know fear now?" He lifted his head up and laughed maniacally. His eyes were red, and his killing intent monstrous. Gritting his teeth, he once again roared: "Mountain Consuming Incantation! RISE UP!!"

RUMBLE!!

Another 10,000 mountains were ripped up to and began to float in mid-air. By now, more than 20,000 mountains were floating there. The remaining 80,000 mountains trembled violently and let out ceaseless, deafening rumbles. Occasionally, the very peaks of some of the mountains would break off and fly up.

Meng Hao was surrounded by divine abilities as the Black Sieve Sect disciples, including the Second and Third Severing Patriarchs, nearly went mad in their attempts to get to him. Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth, but then, the power of his Eternal stratum erupted, leaving everyone else in shocked disbelief.

Meng Hao's wounds all healed up immediately!

He possessed the Eternal stratum, and a virtually undying soul!

With an undying soul, as long as a sliver of the soul remains, then death can be overcome, and one can come back to life!

With the Eternal stratum, as long as only a drop of blood remains undestroyed, one can live again!

“Still haven’t risen up yet?!” Meng Hao roared. Rumbling filled the air as the bases of another 30,000 mountains crumbled, and they rose up into the air. Currently, more than 50,000 now floated in mid-air.

More than half of the mountain range was now afloat. Without their pressure to suppress the veins of spiritual energy that ran through the earth, the spiritual energy in the area was now in complete chaos. Spiritual energy pulsed out, smashing vegetation and trees, causing the entire land to look as if it had been scraped clean!

By now, the violent developments had attracted the attention of the whole Southern Domain.

In the Violet Fate Sect, Pill Demon was in the midst of meditation when suddenly his face flickered. He rose to his feet and jerked his head up. What he saw was a drop of blood hovering in the air above the Violet Fate Sect.

The drop of blood was bright red, and as soon as it appeared, it spread out to form a blood shield that covered over the entire Violet Fate Sect.

“Patriarch Blood Demon, what are you doing?!” cried Pill Demon, flying up into the air. Simultaneously, countless other cultivators flew up from inside the Violet Fate Sect.

Pill Demon waved his sleeve, and the world shook. A massive power shot toward the blood shield, causing an enormous boom. The blood shield trembled, but remained in place.

An ancient man wearing a red robe appeared outside of the shield. He looked down at the Violet Fate Sect. “Fellow Daoist Pill Demon, this blood is from the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. Do you really think you can break through the blood of a Demon King?”

This old man was none other than the Patriarch of the Southern Domain’s Blood Demon Sect! [1]

According to legends, deep within the Blood Demon Sect lurked a

greater Demon of Heaven and Earth. It had been asleep for many years, and only occasionally awoke. That greater Demon was the Dao Reserve of the Blood Demon Sect!

Normally speaking, what people saw outside of the sect was this Patriarch Blood Demon.

“I bear you no ill will,” continued the old man. “I have utilized this blood, a special treasure, for the purpose of restraining you for seven days.

“After the seven days are up, the shield will fade away. As for the drop of blood... you can keep it as a form of apology.”

“You!” said Pill Demon, his face turning grim. Outside the blood shield, the red-robed old man turned and disappeared off into the distance.

Similar scenes played out at the same time in the Golden Frost Sect, the Solitary Sword Sect, the Li Clan, and the Song Clan. In total, five drops of blood appeared across the Southern Domain to cover over the headquarters of all the superpowers.

The drops of blood became seals, preventing anyone from emerging from the sects, and even preventing their Dao Reserves from awakening!

“Just what is the Blood Demon Sect up to?!”

That was what everyone was wondering. However, what shocked them even more was that the sky... suddenly turned completely red!

Moments ago, 100,000 Blood Demon Sect disciples had appeared in the air above the Southern Domain. Each and every one of the disciples cut open their arms, causing blood to spurt out. Li Shiqi, who floated in their exact center, lifted up an austere magical bottle up into the air. Within this bottle was a drop of golden blood that flew out and soaked up all the fresh red blood. The golden blood then turned bright red, after which all of the drops began to spread out, forming a huge glowing red shield that covered the entire Southern Domain.

The Southern Domain was sealed!

Such a huge seal could not be preserved for very long. At the most...

seven days!

In the moment that the sealing occurred, Meng Hao was in the Black Sieve Sect, having just ripped up 50,000 enormous mountains. The spiritual energy was now in chaos, and spreading out through all of the Southern Domain.

The blood-colored shield prevented the ripples from escaping out. None of the super sects or clans of the Southern Domain would find out... nor any of the powerful experts.

Meanwhile, in the depths of the Blood Demon Sect, there existed a blood-colored pond.

Within the pond, a man sat cross-legged in meditation. He was extremely withered, and looked almost like a corpse. Suddenly, his eyes opened, and they were filled with boundless ancientness.

“I’ve been waiting for such a long time. Finally... the day has come!”

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1. If you’re interested in reviewing chapters linking the Blood Demon Sect and Meng Hao, check out [chapter 34](#), [93](#), [94](#), [95](#), [582-583](#), [676](#).

Chapter 698: Deranged

In the Southern Domain's Black Sieve Sect, Meng Hao was surrounded by a bright red glow. The crowds of Cultivators from the Black Sieve Sect were sending all sorts of divine abilities and magical techniques against him, as well as magical items. Even with his incredible fleshly body, it was something he couldn't stand up against for long.

The flag of three streamers was in full retreat, and even the Resurrection Lily was falling back. The Black Sieve Sect disciples had gone mad. There was not a single one who could watch the Hundred Thousand Mountains, the very foundation of their sect, being pulled up by the roots, and not go mad.

"No time to wait for all 100,000," thought Meng Hao. "50,000 will do!" With that, he suddenly stretched his right arm out and pointed up to the sky. The 50,000 mountains began to rumble, and then descended with shocking speed.

They shot directly toward the spell formation made up of the hundreds of thousands of Black Sieve Sect cultivators, then began to slam into it. Miserable shrieks filled the air one after another. Meng Hao's eyes suddenly flickered with burning madness.

"Explode!" he said. It was only a single word.

That one word caused everything to shake. One by one, 50,000 mountains exploded. The sky ripped and the land quaked. Even the Ninety-Nine Mountains were severely affected, and began to crumble.

Blood sprayed from the mouths of hundreds of thousands of cultivators as the spell formation collapsed into pieces. At least half of the people who made up the formation let out bloodcurdling screams as they were destroyed in body and spirit.

"NOOO!!" roared the Second Severing Patriarch. He unleashed a divine ability, causing a gigantic Xuanwu turtle with a viciously spiked shell to appear. As it shot toward forward, Meng Hao waved a finger, causing portions from five enormous, crumbling mountains to crush down toward

the old man. Blood sprayed from his mouth as he was sent tumbling backward. At the same time, Meng Hao pushed his hands down toward the ground another time, causing the ground within the Black Sieve Sect to split open.

Spiritual energy surged out, mountain peaks crumbled, the sky dimmed. Meng Hao strode forward toward the First Mountain.

However, even as he stepped foot onto it, the air in front of him rippled, and the Black Sieve Sect's Third Severing Patriarch stepped out.

A ferocious expression could be seen on his face, as well as surging hatred. The moment he appeared, he waved his sleeve. Shockingly, nine white tigers appeared, each of them fully thirty meters long.

Behind the white tigers, the Third Severing Patriarch let out a roar and then raised his hand up. A seal mark appeared from within, which rapidly increased in size as it shot toward Meng Hao.

Off in the distance, the Second Severing Patriarch gritted his teeth because of the injuries he had sustained, but approached nonetheless. His hand flashed in an incantation gesture, causing black mist to swirl around him and then turn into a statue of a Xuanwu turtle. It emitted a mysterious glow, and also emanated the sounds of wailing, which shook everything in the area.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and he slapped his bag of holding. Immediately, the only Time Sword tip he still possessed appeared. He grabbed it with his fingers and then suddenly vanished. When he reappeared he was directly in front of the Second Severing Patriarch. He waved his hand, and the sword tip flew out.

When it slammed into the Xuanwu turtle, the beast instantly began to wither. It let out a miserable shriek and then began to collapse and dissipate. The Second Severing Patriarch's face fell as the sword tip neared him. He was just about to attempt to dodge to the side when Meng Hao stretched out his finger.

"Hex!"

It was a single word, but it instantly caused the Second Severing Patriarch to tremble to a stop. The sword tip stabbed through him, causing not only blood to spurt out, but also 10,000 years of longevity!

“AAHHH!!”

Physical pain didn't count for much, but the pain caused by the destruction of longevity cause the old man to let out a miserable shriek. By this point, Meng Hao had already turned around. He flicked his sleeve, and a gale-force wind sprang up to send the nine white tigers sprawling backward. Then he looked up at the sealing mark that was bearing down on him. By now, it was already three hundred meters tall, and causing everything to rumble as it neared.

“Suppress!!” roared the Third Severing Patriarch, gesturing with both hands, sending the seal mark smashing down toward Meng Hao.

“Anywhere that mountains exist, that is my Area world!” said Meng Hao. He performed an incantation with his right hand and then pointed out. Shockingly 50,000 illusory mountain suddenly appeared around him. These were the 50,000 mountains that he had just destroyed!

As the mountains made their appearance, they turned into Meng Hao's Area world. It spread out toward the incoming seal, causing rumbling to fill the air. It also shot toward the Second Severing Patriarch, who was already injured. This new attack caused him to let out a scream of defiance as his body trembled and then exploded. He was dead in body and soul.

At the same time, Meng Hao borrowed the momentum of the blast to shoot at high speed past the Third Severing Patriarch. In the blink of an eye, he was on the First Mountain, next to the incense burner.

Without the slightest hesitation, he anxiously approached and reached out his right hand. Just as he was about to lay hands on the trembling figure inside, an enraged roar echoed out behind him.

The roar spread out, and it contained something that caused Meng Hao's scalp to go numb with a sense of crisis.

“You want to save that girl? I’d rather let the Rebirth Pill refinement fail than let you succeed! Heaven and Earth furnace, shatter the pill and destroy the body!”

The instant the voice rang out, the incense burner trembled and began to emit intense heat.

“If you fall back, your beloved in the furnace will be killed. If you don’t fall back, then you will die together!”

Meng Hao’s face flickered as he eyed the leaping flames in the incense burner. Critical danger was also approaching him from behind. His eyes flickered with determination. Without hesitation, he stopped in place. He did not fall back.

His two hands flickered in incantation pattern and, ignoring both the danger from behind and the blistering heat from incense burner, he shot forward. He entered the incense burner and wrapped his arms around the stiff figure inside.

His body was instantly attacked by the intense heat. His hair burned, and the flesh of his face was charred black. His fingers dried and withered, revealing bones. Even his chest was eaten away until his heart was visible.

However, he still entered the incense burner to wrap his arms around Xu Qing. In that instant, a tremor ran through him as the danger from behind finally arrived.

Whhhzzzzzzzzzzzz....

Meng Hao trembled as the eight white tigers, which had transformed into eight white spikes, stabbed into his back.

Actually, as far as physical pain went, he didn’t even notice it. Currently, he was staring blankly at Xu Qing as he held her in his arms. She was not beautiful like he remembered. Her body was emaciated and withered, her features ancient. She had no life force in her, no soul.

She had... nothing.

Meng Hao quivered, and his eyes filled with tears.

“Elder Sister Xu....” Stabs of pain filled his heart, as if it were being ripped directly out of his body. He instantly fell completely into his madness. At this same time, the voice of the Third Severing Patriarch rang out behind him.

“Eight Tigers Immortal Extinguishing Tribulation!!”

In coordination with the words, the eight spikes that had stabbed into Meng Hao began to emanate an indescribably terrifying power. It instantly filled every corner and recess of his body.

Meng Hao’s eyes were crimson as he looked at Xu Qing. He laughed bitterly, doing nothing to prevent the Third Severing Patriarch from approaching and attacking with a divine ability.

Blood sprayed from his mouth, only to be instantly incinerated.

“First Tribulation!” said the Third Severing Patriarch. Booming filled Meng Hao’s body.

“Second Tribulation!

“Third Tribulation!”

Booming rang out constantly as, one by one, the eight spikes inside of Meng Hao shattered. They battered his soul and shredded his body, but he didn’t care. The only thing he cared about was the corpse of the woman he held in his embrace.

He felt hatred, madness, insanity, and regret.

He had arrived too late....

“You live, I live. You die, I die....

“If you grow old, then I’ll grow old together with you....” Meng Hao heard the words from the past echoing in his ears. He laughed bitterly as the explosions wracked his body.

“Fifth Tribulation!

“Sixth Tribulation!

“Seventh Tribulation!

Suddenly, an intense hope filled Meng Hao's face. He began to breathe raggedly, and even as the words 'Eighth Tribulation' rang out behind him, he realized that there was a problem.

"Xu Qing's soul.... Her soul is not in her body any more. Her soul...."

"Bodies can be restored. As long as her soul has not dispersed, she isn't dead. However, there are no traces at all of a soul within her. It's almost like... someone extracted it!" Meng Hao's entire body trembled, and roaring sounds filled his whole body. He slowly put Xu Qing's corpse into his bag of holding. As he did, his Eternal stratum, seemingly in unison with his sudden lucidity, exploded out along with the Eighth Tribulation.

It was at that point that roaring flames suddenly burst out all over Meng Hao's body. The more than 100,000 remaining Black Sieve Sect disciples saw this, as did the Third Severing Patriarch.

They saw flames, and inside of the flames, a person. Everything else above and below faded, and the Black Sieve Sect disciples' faces filled with excitement.

The Third Severing Patriarch finally breathed a sigh of relief. The menace of Meng Hao was something he couldn't quite handle, and he had even been worried that, because of Xu Qing, he wouldn't be able to kill him.

"Finally, the matter is ended...." murmured the Third Severing Patriarch. And yet, even as the words left his mouth, his face suddenly flickered and filled with shock. Without hesitation, he shot backward.

Even as he fell into retreat, Meng Hao strode out from within the raging flames, which were then immediately extinguished. Meng Hao was eternal, and what is eternal cannot be exterminated!

The only way to kill him was to simultaneously exterminate him in both body and soul. Using any other method would be very difficult.

As for the Third Severing Patriarch, he was obviously not qualified to do something like that!

Even as the man began to retreat, Meng Hao's killing intent exploded

out in shocking fashion.

“Where is Xu Qing’s soul!?” he said, glaring directly at the Third Severing Patriarch. He spoke slowly, and his eyes were thoroughly bloodshot. His voice was filled with the thirst for blood and slaughter, and anyone who heard it would feel an incredible sense of danger.

The more than 100,000 surrounding Black Sieve Sect disciples were trembling. By this point, there were a few who finally realized why Meng Hao looked so familiar. Before, they had sensed the familiarity, but didn’t have time to think deeply about the matter. Now, though, they suddenly thought of a name from the past.

“Meng Hao!!”

Chapter 699: Sieve Yin Sect

“That’s Meng Hao!!”

“Violet Furnace Lord Meng Hao of the Violet Fate Sect! He even came to the Black Sieve Sect once to give a lecture about the Dao of alchemy!!”

It had been silent before, but suddenly, the sound of gasping filled the air as everyone suddenly thought the same thing.

“Two hundred years ago he was in Core Formation.... But now, he can slaughter Spirit Severing Patriarchs!!”

Meng Hao completely ignored the astonished buzz of conversation. He stared straight at the Third Severing Patriarch and slowly walked forward.

As he neared, an enormous, energy rose up from Meng Hao’s body, which transformed into an incredible pressure that covered over everything. The hubbub instantly died down, and even the wind ceased to blow. The only thing left behind was the indescribable pressure.

At the moment, it was evening, and the sky was just starting to turn dark.

“The Sieve Yin Sect! Her soul is in the Sieve Yin Sect!!”

When the Third Severing Patriarch felt the pressure, and saw Meng Hao’s gaze fixed upon him, his heart grew numb, and a sense of despair filled him. He was certain that if he didn’t tell Meng Hao what he wanted to know, he would die this day. It was then that he remembered that the Sieve Yin Sect was actually the true Dao Reserve of the Black Sieve Sect, so he quickly blurted out the name.

The Black Sieve Sect was divided like Yin and Yang.

In accord with that division, it was split into two factions. On the surface was the Black Yang Sect. However, beneath the Hundred Thousand Mountains was the Sieve Yin Sect!

The two factions were inextricably linked, which was how the name of the Black Sieve Sect came to exist in the Southern Domain.

Of course, Meng Hao was not aware of this, but he did know a bit about the Black Sieve Sect. He knew about the countless discarnate souls that existed underground. It was years ago that he had first sensed the discarnate soul of Matriarch Phoenix in Xu Qing.

He also knew that some Chosen of the Black Sieve Sect had Sieve Yin Sect souls hidden within them.

As for which of the two factions occupied the position of leadership, and which was subservient, well... no outsider knew the answer to that question.

Meng Hao said nothing in response. He simply lifted his right hand up, performed an incantation and then pushed his hand down toward the ground.

As he did, his Demon Sealer's aura exploded out. As a result, the Demonic Qi of Heaven and Earth in the area surged toward him in a constant flow. It swept about, causing his view of the entire world to change instantly.

Shockingly, he could see that the land was covered with boundless auras of sinister death. The auras swirled together to form a vortex that actually existed in the ground deep beneath the Black Sieve Sect.

Gradually, he could also make out what appeared to be a turbid river flowing underneath the surface of the ground. It was surrounded by countless discarnate souls. Surrounding the river were ten enormous, illusory palaces that floated in the air, which seemed to be guarding the river.

In the center of the ten palaces was an altar formed from bleached bones. It was filled with a bizarre, awe-inspiring aura, and above it floated a black, crystal ball. Within that crystal ball was a soul, apparently sleeping.

As soon as he saw the soul, Meng Hao's entire body began to shake.

It was... Xu Qing.

Beneath the crystal ball were four blurry figures sitting there cross-

legged. A sinister aura of death radiated off of them, which made it clear that these four figures were corpses that had been there for countless years.

The moment in which Meng Hao saw the four corpses, they all lifted their heads. Bizarre, underworldly light shone in their eyes as they looked at Meng Hao.

There were four corpses, but it was three wills that suddenly exploded out in Meng Hao's mind.

"Screw off!"

"Get the hell out of here!"

"This is not a place you can enter. If you don't screw off within three breaths of time, you'll end up remaining here forever!"

In response, Meng Hao lifted his foot up and then stamped it down onto the ground. The surface of the land rumbled, and a huge fissure opened up. Determination filled his eyes as he shot down into the fissure.

As soon as he entered, a sinister, cold aura rose up. Furthermore, countless discarnate souls emerged from within the river. Their eyes glowed with strange lights, as well as greed, as they shot toward Meng Hao.

An archaic voice echoed out from the turbid waters below: "In the Yellow Springs, the discarnate souls of Heaven and Earth see not the sun. They wish only to remain buried in the depths!"

The countless discarnate souls shot forward, causing an evil wind to spring up.

A strange light gleamed in Meng Hao's eyes as he proceeded onward three hundred meters. He slowly extended his right hand toward the tens of thousands of incoming discarnate souls. Then, he chopped his hand down, creating an illusory blade imbued with his Dao.

The slash of this blade was like the slash of the Dao! [1]

This blade contained Meng Hao's Dao of freedom and independence.

His life was a journey, and he would be free and unfettered! This Dao was a severing of fetters!

Rumbling filled the air as, in the blink of an eye, the blade grew to 3,000 meters in length. It slashed down, sending out monstrous ripples that swept about in all directions. As the blade swept out, countless discarnate souls let out miserable shrieks, and burst into flames.

Meng Hao proceeded forward another measure, advancing six hundred meters. He was now only 1,500 meters from the altar. At the same time, ten streams of divine will appeared from within the ten palaces that surrounded the altar. They shot forward, carrying with them auras of death. Shockingly, they transformed into 100,000 discarnate souls, all of them with eyes full of avarice. As they flew through the air, they merged together to form what appeared to be a waning moon that sped toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao lifted his hand again, and when it descended, a second blade appeared!

This was his second Dao, the severing of Perfection and the acquisition of a new life. It contained his determination, his will, and his enlightenment. As the blade descended, Heaven and Earth shook, as if a great Dao were arriving. In front of Meng Hao, it transformed into a blade that exceeded the 3,000 meter length of the previous blade.

The blade slashed toward the moon!

Booming sounds rattled out in all directions!

Wherever the ripples of the blade passed, the discarnate souls screamed miserably. The waning moon emitted a bright glow as it attempted to fight back.

When the two slammed into each other, the waning moon trembled. Meng Hao's blade slashed directly into its center, completely slicing it in two. It instantly shattered into pieces.

When the waning moon exploded, the ten temples trembled. All of the discarnate souls in the area looked completely astonished. Even as the

waning moon began to reform, Meng Hao waved his hand and pointed.

“Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!”

RUMBLE!

Demon Sealing magic was incredibly potent when used against the discarnate souls; the waning moon shuddered, and instantly began to disperse. At the same time, countless disconsolate wails could be heard echoing about.

“It’s him!”

“It’s the Demon Sealer from that year!!”

“He’s a Demon Sealer!!”

Even as the voices rang out, Meng Hao advanced a third time, crossing a span of 1,500 meters to directly near the altar. At the same time, three of the four figures opened their eyes and lifted their hands to point toward Meng Hao.

“Discarnate Soul Dao! Dao of Soul Destruction!”

Shockingly, these three corpses had cultivation bases at the Third Spirit Severing level. When they attacked simultaneously, the power was shocking, causing the surroundings to suddenly sink into an illusory world where it seemed Heaven and Earth were transposed. In front of Meng Hao, a vortex appeared.

The vortex, which seemed capable of consuming anything living or dead, sped directly toward Meng Hao.

If that were all there were to it, it wouldn’t be a big deal. However, before Meng Hao could employ any divine abilities, the fourth figure on the altar opened his eyes, rose to his feet, and began to walk toward Meng Hao.

“I am the Yin Divinity. I neither descend to the underworld nor ascend to the shining Heavens. I control my own reincarnation. I possess the Yellow Springs of the Ninth Mountain....” As he spoke, he passed through the vortex to appear in front of Meng Hao. He lifted his hand and pointed out.

The gesture caused what appeared to be an illusory, yellow-colored river

to appear above his hand. Something appeared to exist inside the illusory image, and it struggled to emerge, releasing an incredible will of death.

The finger attack caused Meng Hao's entire body to fill with rumbling, along with an intense sense of deadly crisis. In his estimation, this person... was even stronger than the three people from moments ago!

"Back on that ancient ship, I came to understand two types of Daoist magic...." Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he took a deep breath, and then began to perform an incantation. In the blink of an eye, the Mountain Consuming Incantation appeared.

This incantation was something he had acquired in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. It was not the most powerful magic, however, as far as Meng Hao could tell, the limits of its power likely depended on which mountain was being replicated!

Ordinary mountains, such as the Black Sieve Sects' Hundred Thousand Mountains, or perhaps other mountains in the Southern Domain, would be incapable of fighting back against this vortex.

"The most powerful mountain that I have had a chance to study... is the Ninth Mountain!" Meng Hao's eyes went blank. One breath of time later, shockingly, the image of a mountain appeared in his pupils.

It was a mountain that towered among the stars, a boundless, enormous mountain that defied description.

The Ninth Mountain!

As soon as the Ninth Mountain appeared in his eyes, it also manifested in his palm. He lifted his hand up, and the Ninth Mountain grew in size. Along with it, indescribable ripples began to flow out from within it.

The self-proclaimed Yin Divinity discarnate soul in front of Meng Hao suddenly looked shocked, and it began to tremble involuntarily.

"That's... the Ninth Mountain!"

"To produce a copy of the Ninth Mountain requires incredible destiny and good fortune!"

“Not only have you summoned an image of the Ninth Mountain, but you’ve summoned it into your palm! Such an action requires incredible luck, as well as... vast audacity!

“How are you capable of all of this! How could you possibly have had a chance to lay eyes on the entirety of the Ninth Mountain?!?!”

He was shocked, as were the three discarnate souls on the altar behind him. Their faces filled with complete disbelief as they looked at the Ninth Mountain.

It must be said that South Heaven is only one of the four planets that orbited the Ninth Mountain. That made the Ninth Mountain... something of supreme importance, above all living things!

To summon an image of the Ninth Mountain, was like summoning Heaven and Earth!

“If he can summon the image of the Ninth Mountain, that means that if he can achieve Immortal Ascension he will have a Mountain Consuming qi! This man cannot be allowed to develop any further!

“He only has the image of the mountain, not the will! Destroy him, seize his blood, wrest away his fortune! Transform this into a great success for the Sieve Yin Sect!”

Instantly, the three discarnate souls on the altar shot out.

It seemed that they were just about to slam into Meng Hao, when suddenly a vast power from the Heavens above suddenly descended to the lands of the South Heaven. As it neared, South Heaven shook and trembled.

This was a great Dao. This was the arrival of the will of the real Ninth Mountain!

The will arrived because Meng Hao replicated its image. It descended because of the mountain in his hand!

1. Don't forget that "blade" and "Dao" have almost the same pronunciation.

Chapter 700: True Patriarch Six-Daos

In almost the exact moment in which Meng Hao used the Mountain Consuming Incantation to summon the image of the Ninth Mountain, far out in the starry sky outside of Planet South Heaven, the indescribably majestic Ninth Mountain suddenly trembled.

Along with the trembling, the will of the mountain, as if in response to some mysterious call, neared South Heaven and descended into Meng Hao's palm, onto the rapidly expanding image of the Ninth Mountain.

It was only a sliver of will, but to Meng Hao and the surrounding discarnate souls, it was shocking to the extreme.

The astonishment of the discarnate souls was at a pinnacle.

“Resonance!!”

“He... actually formed a resonance with the Ninth Mountain!!”

The discarnate souls trembled, and Meng Hao's eyes were now anything but blank. He suddenly waved his right hand, and the Ninth Mountain in his hand shot forward.

As it bore down on the self-proclaimed Moon Divinity, the discarnate soul defended with every bit of power it could muster. Countless heavenly bodies appeared around its and shot forward to block the mountain.

BAM!

The heavenly bodies collapsed, and the Moon Divinity discarnate soul let out a disconsolate shriek as the Ninth Mountain slammed into it, completely destroying it in all aspects....

Then the Ninth Mountain smashed into the enormous vortex, shattering it into pieces. It seemed as if the mountain was completely unstoppable. The other three discarnate souls on the altar retreated in complete terror, but they were too slow for the Ninth Mountain.

Amidst the rumbling, one managed to dodge to the side. The other two, however, howled miserably. They unleashed all of their divine abilities and

magical items, but in the end... they were completely destroyed.

At this point, Meng Hao, his face pale, coughed up some blood. The Ninth Mountain slowly faded away.

As it disappeared, weakness surged through Meng Hao's body. He had never imagined that the image of the Ninth Mountain would be so shockingly powerful; just now, he had used it to resist Dao Seeking!

Unfortunately, the price paid was something his cultivation base couldn't handle. Although his soul contained an undying will, the backlash had still injured him. He now knew that if he used this particular divine ability for too long, it would wither his soul!

As for the discarnate soul who had escaped, it was now fleeing in horror. It had completely lost all its nerve, and was panic-stricken because of Meng Hao.

Meng Hao completely ignored it as he strode forward onto the altar. He raised his right hand and was just about to grab the crystal ball when suddenly, a desiccated hand appeared out of nowhere in front of his face.

It pointed at him, and as it did, Meng Hao could see an incredible ancientness emanating off of the finger and its blackish-yellow fingernail.

The finger did not send out any ripples, nor did it emit any of the power of Heaven and Earth. However, it gave Meng Hao the sense of a great Dao, almost like natural laws of Heaven and Earth.

He was incapable of evading or dodging. He could only watch as the finger tapped him gently on the chest.

In response, he heard an incredible roaring, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. He spun up violently into the air, as if he had been delivered a huge blow. He slammed into one of the huge temples, which then shattered into pieces, incapable of sustaining the force of Meng Hao smashing into it.

He shot through the wreckage of the temple and then slammed into the roof of the cave up above. The ground trembled, and roaring echoed out in all directions. The earth split and Meng Hao shot up into the air above the

Black Sieve Sect. It was almost like he was passing from the dark of Yin into the light of Yang. When he reached the end of his trajectory, his chest finally exploded into a cloud of blood.

Immediately, his undying soul and Eternal stratum surged into action, causing the wound to begin to heal. And yet, even after it healed, it exploded once again, a vicious cycle. Meng Hao coughed up blood continuously until his green robe had turned violet.

Down below, the disciples of the Black Sieve Sect watched on with expressions of shock on their faces.

At the same time, coughing sounds could be heard from deep within the ground.

A black mist began to rise up from down below, which then flooded out to cover the entire Black Sieve Sect.

The coughing sound grew louder, as if someone were lurching out from within the depths of the ground.

All of a sudden, an ancient voice could be heard. "I was just sleeping for a bit and you had to go stir up such a ruckus!"

A skinny, shriveled old man appeared. He wore a black robe, as well as a hat. His features were wizened and ancient, pale in a way that was frightening to look at. His eyes were vacant, and his entire body radiated an aura of death, almost like a vampiric zombie.

As he walked out, everything around him became freezing cold, and black snowflakes began to drift about.

When the Third Severing Cultivator saw the zombie-like man appear, he immediately began to tremble and sweat. Without even thinking about it, he dropped to his knees and kowtowed. "Greetings from the junior generation, true Patriarch Six-Daos!"

Simultaneously, the discarnate soul expert who had survived Meng Hao's attack earlier immediately flew out trembling. He, too, dropped to his knees and kowtowed.

“Greetings from the junior generation, true Patriarch Six-Daos!”

Back underground, countless discarnate souls all dropped to their knees to kowtow, their faces filled with awe and terror. At the same time, their voices echoed out in greeting. As for the Black Sieve Sect disciples standing on the ground, they shook uncontrollably, and although they actually didn't know who this old man was, they kowtowed nonetheless.

Meng Hao's face was unsightly, and he could feel the wound in his chest continuing to fight against his Eternal stratum. He stared fixedly at the old man for a moment before realizing that the man's cultivation base...

Was at the peak of Dao Seeking!

Meng Hao could also tell that this man seemed to be slightly stronger than the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

This was the true Dao Reserve of a great sect. Any of the five great sects or three great clans in the Southern Domain would have a similar Dao Reserve. Were it not for that, how could they possibly pass their legacies down for ten thousand years or beyond?

The old man coughed a bit, then stretched a stiff hand out and made a claw-like gesture toward the ground. The turbid, underground river suddenly surged and then flew up out of the ground. As it did, it shrank down until it could circulate in the air around the old man.

At the same time, the old man pointed toward the incense burner on the First Mountain, causing it to shudder and then fly through the air toward him. It shrank down until it was the size of a fist, and then opened up, after which the turbid river flowed inside. Finally, the incense burner came to rest on the old man's palm.

By now it didn't look like an incense burner, but rather, a flagon of alcohol.

The old man raised it up to his lips and took a sip. Then, his eyes glowing with a strange light, he looked over at Meng Hao.

“You have a pretty good cultivation base,” he said. “If it weren't for me, the Black Sieve Sect's foundation of ten thousand years would actually

have been destroyed.” The old man then pointed toward the ground, causing the crystal ball with Xu Qing’s soul in it to fly out. He clasped it between two fingers. “Do you want her?”

Wisps of black mist circulated out from the old man’s hand to encircle the crystal ball. They transformed into vicious, wicked spirits who peered into the crystal ball with greed and avarice as if they wanted to rush inside.

Xu Qing’s soul immediately began to tremble, as if it was experiencing intense fear.

Meng Hao’s heart also began to quiver.

“I can sense the aroma of rebirth,” the old man said hoarsely. “My disciples and apprentices must have been refining her for my use. What is she to you? Your beloved?”

Meng Hao glared at the old man, but didn’t respond. Pain stabbed through his heart, and his entire body was trembling.

“Not going to say anything?” The old man gently squeezed his fingers down. Cracking sounds could be heard as fissures appeared on the surface of the crystal ball.

“She’s my beloved!” Meng Hao took a deep breath and continued to stare at the old man.

“Then it’s proper for you to have come,” the old man said calmly, the aura of death around him growing thicker. “If you didn’t show up, her soul would have become nourishment for me, and her body would have been refined into a medicinal pill to add to my collection.”

By now, the sky was completely dark, and the moon was out. As its rays shone down, the old man looked up for a moment, then caused the black mist to cover it up.

“Unfortunately, you coming here was useless. Although, I might as well give you a chance.” His murky eyes began to glow with a strange light. “Go ahead and use your best divine abilities and magical techniques. If you can handle one blow from me, then I’ll let you leave with her soul. What do

you say?”

Meng Hao stared at this true Patriarch of the Black Sieve Sect, the most powerful person in the entire sect. Inside, he smiled bitterly. In actuality, he knew before coming here that things would probably not go smoothly. However, he had come anyway.

Not coming would have violated his own Dao!

Furthermore, he came without the intention of leaving!

“You live, I live. You die, I die.... That is a promise.” Meng Hao took a deep breath and then lifted his hand up. In his left eye, a bright glow like day gradually appeared. In his right eye could be seen a darkness like night.

This was his most powerful divine ability, which he had acquired after gaining enlightenment about darkness and light from the armored man on the Underworld Ship.

In his right hand, a black mist appeared, along with a white mist.

As soon as the two streams of mist appeared, the Black Sieve Sect’s true Patriarch, Six-Daos, stared in shock.

“So, it’s this....” he said.

The reason he hadn’t killed Meng Hao immediately was because he had sensed some type of good fortune on him. Considering the level of true Patriarch Six-Daos’ cultivation base, he could feel premonitions for both crisis and good fortune.

He was now eying Meng Hao in much the same way that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch had eyed Meng Hao for his Perfect Foundation. He could faintly sense that Meng Hao had something that could be considered incredibly useful good fortune.

A stiff smile appeared on the face of true Patriarch Six-Daos. His eyes flickered as he watched the black and white mists grow rapidly thicker until they finally formed into two pearls.

Black Pearl!

White Pearl!

The instant the two pearls appeared, true Patriarch Six-Daos' pupils constricted. Despite his cultivation base and level of power, his face still filled with disbelief.

"This is... a Dao!

"It's not an ordinary Dao, either. These black and white pearls give me a sense of limitlessness, as if they contain...."

Meng Hao's eyes flashed and he suddenly stretched out his right hand. He actually didn't know how to use the two pearls, but they were definitely his most powerful magical technique.

As he waved his hand, the two pearls transformed into two beams, one black, one white, that shot toward true Patriarch Six-Daos.

In that instant, the sky suddenly changed colors. The entire world became one of black and white. There was no third color that existed!

"Heavenly Dao!

"This is a Heavenly Dao, not of the Ninth Mountain, but from outside the great Nine Mountains!!"

Chapter 701: Junior Leader of the Blood Demon Sect

“The black pearl represents death and the white pearl represents life!

“No, wait. The white pearl represents death and the black pearl represents life!

“Hmm, that’s not right either. How many Daos are represented here? The cause and effect of Karma. Truth and falsehood. Life and death. The cycle of reincarnation. Heaven and Earth....” True Patriarch Six-Daos’ face flickered. As the pearls neared him, he waved his right hand out in front of him. Immediately, the incense burner flew out and began to expand. Turbid water suddenly exploded out from within.

“Yellow Springs!” growled true Patriarch Six-Daos, causing the turbid water to emanate a monstrous aura of death. It expanded, transforming into a river that swept toward the two pearls.

However, even as it neared the pearls, the Yellow Springs began to tremble and then fall apart.... Countless souls appeared and began to dissipate out in all directions, looking blank and confused.

Next, the incense burner trembled, and images of burning incense sticks from inside began to float up. True Patriarch Six-Daos’ face flickered, and he quickly flashed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then pointed out.

“Joss Fire!” The incense burner began to shake, and illusory worlds suddenly sprang into being. All of them contained countless living beings who were kowtowing on bended knees.

Along with their obeisance, their auras pulsed up into the air and then merged together. Next, the worlds themselves transformed into statues, each one of which bore the semblance of true Patriarch Six-Daos. They then shot at top speed toward the Black White Pearls.

The two pearls closed in, and a shocking boom rattled out. All of the worlds and statues instantly turned black and white, then began to

collapse. The incense burner trembled and then shrank down rapidly. True Patriarch Six-Daos' face once again flickered. He stretched his right hand out and pushed down toward the ground.

“Yin-Yang Rotation; Heaven and Earth Transformations!” He held his right hand aloft, causing an enormous flag to appear.

As the flag swept out, shockingly, countless souls could be seen inside, howling.

“One Billion Joss Souls.”

Astonishingly, one billion souls were inside the unfurling flag, which flew directly toward the Black White Pearls, emanating the shocking howls of the billion souls.

It only took a moment for the billion souls to be dispersed. However, the Black White Pearls were incapable of maintaining their form, and once more transformed into black and white mist that shot toward Six-Daos.

Six-Daos' eyes filled with a strange light, and he did nothing to evade. In fact, he strode forward as the black and white mists neared, and then opened his mouth to swallow them. At the same time, a three-headed six-armed figure appeared behind him, which also opened its gaping mouth.

Six-Daos directly swallowed the black and white mists, whereupon his body began to tremble. His face paled as he tried to endure the force, but it was clearly too great. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and then cracking sounds could be heard coming from inside his body. Suddenly, the black and white streams of mist burst out from his chest and then faded away into the air.

The surrounding Black Sieve Sect disciples were completely shocked. Meng Hao stood there silently, looking at true Patriarch Six-Daos. This was in fact his most powerful technique he could employ.

“Interesting. Very interesting!” said Six-Daos, lifting his head up and laughing loudly. “Great! What an excellent divine ability. Well, you accomplished the task I arranged for you, therefore, it's time to fulfill my end of the bargain!” With that, he tightened his left hand, causing cracking

sounds to fill the air as nearly half of the crystal ball Xu Qing's soul was shattered. Her soul did not emerge, however, and the discarnate souls in the area all shot forward with expressions of insatiable greed.

"You!!" roared Meng Hao, his eyes bright red. Right now, he didn't care about life or death. He didn't care about anything in the world except for the soul in that crystal ball!

The soul's eyes suddenly opened and looked at Meng Hao. It was a gaze filled with gentleness and longing....

"In my years of practicing cultivation," said Six-Daos, his voice hoarse, "I've never kept my promises. And since you've managed to piss me off, do you really think I would spare you a painful death?" With a ghastly smile, he waved his hand, causing an altar to appear next to him that resembled a pagoda, with nine steps leading to its top.

On top of the altar were countless discarnate souls with bulging eyes, who emitted soundless screams.

Next, Six-Daos sent the crystal ball shooting toward the altar, where it floated in the air, emitting cracking sounds.

BANG!

The crystal ball completely shattered, and Xu Qing's soul emerged. The discarnate souls around her let out excited howls as they pounced.

"If you can save her," said Six-Daos, looking at Meng Hao, "then I'll keep my promise this one time."

Meng Hao, in a frenzy, shot directly toward the altar. Before he could even get near it, though, the discarnate souls' mouths bit into Xu Qing's soul. Trembling, she looked over at Meng Hao, and it seemed as if there were tears in her eyes.

He felt like his heart were being ripped to shreds. His voice filled with misery, he howled, "Eat MY blood and flesh!"

With that he slashed at his chest with his hand, causing blood and gore to splash out in all directions. The aura of a Demon Sealer spread out

explosively.

The discarnate souls froze, then turned their heads. The insatiable greed in their eyes surged to an apex, and they charged toward Meng Hao. In the blink of an eye they bored into Meng Hao's chest and began to feed.

PAIN!

Indescribable PAIN!

However, Meng Hao didn't care. He forced himself to continue onward. One by one, he proceeded toward the stairs that led to the top of the altar. More and more discarnate souls latched onto him, and they didn't even bothering to bore into him before beginning to consume his flesh and blood.

However, none of that could prevent Meng Hao from walking onward.

The Black Sieve Sect disciples in the area were completely astonished, even the ones who harbored intense hatred for Meng Hao.

Six-Daos' eyes narrowed.

Black mist billowed around Meng Hao, and his flesh and blood were rapidly disappearing. However, he still had his Eternal stratum, which caused his body to rapidly heal itself. Of course, that only led to more pain.

Step after step led him to the staircase, and finally, Xu Qing. He reached out with trembling hands to take ahold of her.

However, it was in this moment that Six-Daos' eyes glittered with evil. He gave a cold snort and then stretched out a finger causally. Immediately, black mist shot toward Xu Qing's soul.

"This is over," he said.

The black mist shot toward Xu Qing. Meng Hao then let out the most desolate roar he ever had in his life. "NOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Disregarding anything and everything, he stretched his hands out grab Xu Qing. However, the black beam didn't stop. It slammed into Xu Qing's soul, enveloping her, transforming into what appeared to be black flames.

It was at this point that Meng Hao's hands landed on Xu Qing's soul. They passed through the black flames to take hold of her.

The instant he touched her, the tears in his eyes finally spilled out. He had descended thoroughly into madness now. All he could do was watch as Xu Qing slowly faded away within the black flames.

Xu Qing began to murmur, although no sound came out. Only her lips moved. "You live, I die.... Promise me, that you will keep on living...."

Meng Hao was desolate, helpless. His cultivation base was useless, and the world was useless. "I just want to practice cultivation in happiness! I just want to be with Xu Qing! Cultivation? Just... just what kind of life is cultivation?!"

It was in this moment that suddenly, a voice rang out in Meng Hao's mind.

"Promise me something, and I can help you!" The voice was completely unexpected, but as of this moment, Meng Hao didn't care. As soon as he heard it, he responded, without hesitation, without taking time to think about how strange it was.

"I promise. Anything you want. I promise!"

As soon as he spoke the words, Xu Qing, who seemed just on the verge of fading away completely, was suddenly enveloped by a blood-colored beam of light that shot down from the sky.

Instantly, the black flames were extinguished!

Six-Daos' face fell as suddenly, a seething red cloud appeared up above. The sky turned red, and an enormous face appeared in mid-air.

It was the face of an old man, his eyes crimson, with a blood-red horn protruding from his forehead. As soon as the face appeared, the disciples of the Black Sieve Sect felt the blood in their bodies starting to boil, as if it might burst out from within them.

The entire world, the sky, the land, was now the color of blood.

Everything visible was completely blood-colored!

Six-Daos' pupils constricted, and his energy surged. He waved his right hand, causing the incense burner to circle around his head.

"Blood Demon! Do you really dare to interfere with the matters of the Black Sieve Sect?!?!"

"Why wouldn't I dare?" replied the face in the sky. Six-Daos entire body filled with a roaring sound, as the scant amount of blood that actually existed inside of him suddenly exploded out, showering in all directions.

His face flickered, and he flew up into the air, transforming into a beam of light that shot toward the face. "Everybody says Blood Demon is Top Expert of the Southern Domain! Well I don't believe it!"

"Southern Domain?" The face shook its head. "An uncivilized land at best." Shockingly, a wrinkled, blood-colored hand appeared that emanated a shocking blood will. It shot toward Six-Daos, grabbed him, and squeezed lightly.

A boom echoed out as the incense burner shattered. The Yellow Springs vanished, and more blood sprayed from his mouth. Six-Daos was astonished to the extreme.

"You... you...."

"I'm not going to kill you," the face said coolly. "That task will be accomplished in the future, by the Junior Leader of the Blood Demon Sect." The hand loosened its grip, allowing Six-Daos to drop to the ground, his body oozing blood.

The surrounding Black Sieve Sect disciples watched on with pale, astonished faces.

The face in the sky slowly turned to look at Meng Hao, as if he were the only existence in the world it would deign to look upon.

"You made a promise."

Meng Hao's face was devoid of blood, but his expression was calm as he looked down at Xu Qing's soul, enveloped as she was in the red glow. She was no longer in pain, and was now slowly recovering. He looked back up

at the face in the sky.

“Even if it’s Demonic Transmigration, Junior is willing.”

“There is no need for Demonic Transmigration. What I want you to do... is experience bedevilment!

“Join the Blood Demon Sect. Turn into a one-of-a-kind Devil. Become the Junior Leader of the Blood Demon Sect!

“The League of Demon Sealers will finally become Devilish. How amusing. This is not the desire of the Heavenly Dao. This is my desire!

“Experience bedevilment. From now on, you are a Devil, a position above Demons. Continue on your path. What I want you do... is no longer seal Demons. No, I want to see if you can use your Demon Sealing powers to seal the Heaven of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!”

Chapter 702: Violet East's Dao Seeking!

The voice belonging to the face up in mid-air was ancient, and as it echoed about in all directions, an enormous red hand descended. The hand snatched up Meng Hao and Xu Qing's soul, then shot up into the sky.

In the blink of an eye, they vanished....

The only thing left behind was the wreckage of the Black Sieve Sect, and tens of thousand of ashen-faced disciples. True Patriarch Six-Dao's stood there, an unsightly expression on his face.

He glared with clenched jaw at the redness in the sky as it faded away.

"Blood Demon Sect!" His heart dripping with blood. He had been defeated, thoroughly and utterly defeated, leaving him with unmitigated terror that raced through his heart.

"The Southern Domain's Top Expert!" he thought. Previously, he had despised the thought, but after this day's battle, he had no choice but to admit that Patriarch Blood Demon absolutely was the Top Expert in the Southern Domain.

"I don't think even Jian Chenzi from the Solitary Sword Sect is a match for Blood Demon." His face sank further. Finally, he flicked his sleeve, transforming into a black smoke that shot down into the ground.

The Black Sieve Sect had not been completely destroyed. However, the majority of the Hundred Thousand Mountains had been crushed. Only about 20,000 remained. Whether it be in terms of the Black Yang or the Sieve Yin factions, the Sect had been severely damaged.

Four Spirit Severing experts had died!

Innumerable Nascent Soul and Core Formation cultivators had also lost their lives. Thanks to the Black Sieve Sect's Dao Reserve, they could still technically be considered a great sect. However, the sect was so badly mangled that it would be difficult to match their previous pinnacle even after ten thousand years passed.

Meanwhile, the blood-colored shield covering the Southern Domain vanished. The blood-colored shields that had been erected over the Violet Fate Sect, Solitary Sword Sect, Golden Frost Sect, and the Li and Song Clans also disappeared.

The sects and clans were no longer sealed. Their powerful experts immediately sent divine sense out into the Southern Domain to settle accounts with the Blood Demon Sect. However, when they saw the wreckage of the Black Sieve Sect, they gasped.

Instantly, they concealed any desire they had to settle accounts.

Gradually, word of the ancient title of 'Top Expert' once again began to spread throughout the Southern Domain.

A few hours after Meng Hao's departure, Pill Demon appeared in the air above the Black Sieve Sect. His face looked more ancient than ever as he looked down silently at the wreckage below.

After a long moment passed, he sighed and began to murmur to himself. "I'm the Master, and I couldn't even save my apprentice. Do I even qualify... to be his Master...?"

"He kowtowed three times, and called me Master...." Finally, Pill Demon raised his head up, determination glowing in his eyes.

"I've been living an easy life for far too long now.... I've long since reached the point where I'm not willing to search for the Dao of Immortality.... Is it because I'm afraid? Perhaps.

"The time has come for Severing...." Shaking his head, he left and returned to the Violet Fate Sect.

Three days after returning, a great Dao descended. In that moment, the eyes of all the powerful experts in the Southern Domain turned toward the Violet Fate Sect.

In truth, it was not a single great Dao which descended, but rather, a succession of three!

In the Solitary Sword Sect was an old man wearing a white robe, in front

of whom floated a sword of moonbeams. "Violet East... is finally performing his Severing!" he said softly.

In the Golden Frost Sect, deep in a restricted area, within a field of blackness, a mysterious glow suddenly appeared that looked like eyes. "He's been simmering for all these years, did he finally reach a conclusion?"

Li and Song Clan experts, as well as many others, all gazed toward the Violet Fate Sect to bear witness to the goings on.

"In his previous life, Reverend Violet East refused to become a false Immortal of the Ji Clan. He longed to be a true Immortal. Unfortunately, he passed away in meditation before his Immortal Tribulation arrived. He transmigrated his next life from the cycle of reincarnation into a medical pill, and when the spirit of that pill awakened, it became Grandmaster Pill Demon...." 1

"Three great Daos, and three Severings in a row. Based on the knowledge he has from his last life, it seems he's going from Spirit Severing... directly into Dao Seeking!"

"Considering the latent talent of Reverend Violet East, and the nature of this Severing, it won't be long before he's at the peak of Dao Seeking. The only question is... will he be able to reach true Immortal Ascension this time?!"

"True Immortal... true Immortal.... Either reach Immortal Ascension, or experience the soul scattering in death. After that there is no reincarnation, only a complete blotting out of one's existence."

In addition, there was one other powerful expert who appeared, someone who sat in a blood-colored mountain, wearing a blood-colored robe. "The path to true Immortality that opens every 10,000 years, has once again opened. The opportunity to become a true Immortal has once again appeared. I wonder... how many will experience the downfall of their Dao, dispersing their bodies and souls? Meng Hao, destiny links both you and me to the League of Demon Sealers.

"Although it was for selfish reasons that I forced you to join the Blood

Demon Sect, I have absolutely no ill intentions toward you whatsoever. I'm just not too pleased with the inflexible, pedantic eight generations of your league!

"The League of Demon Sealers. Wardens of the great Nine Mountains and Seas. Is your heart... with the Nine Mountains and Seas, or outside!?"

"If it is outside, then you are not worthy of the Mountain and Sea Realm. If your heart is here, then why haven't you sealed the Heavens, Demon Sealer!?"

"Starting in ancient times, the League of Demon Sealers has always been heartless. Could it be that the Ninth Generation... is the same...? I refuse to believe it!

"I won't harm you, and in fact, I will give you great good fortune. I will help you to grow up, and I will be your Dao Protector. When you wish to leave this place, I won't stop you. I just hope that your experiences and time here in the blood Demon Sect will make you pause for thought when it comes time to make those critical decisions in the future." The man sighed as he muttered to himself, and it echoed throughout the Southern Domain.

The name of the mountain the man stood on was Mount Blood Demon.

The Blood Demon Sect was one of the five great sects of the Southern Domain. In the past, it was a place of incredible mystery that struck fear into the hearts of anyone who heard its name. In fact, few people knew exactly where it was. They only knew that Blood Demon Sect disciples were all decisive killers.

For example... Li Shiqi!

Another well-known figure among the rising stars of the sect was Wang Youcai, who was surrounded by the glow of blood wherever he went.

Actually, the Blood Demon Sect was not a very large place. It consisted of only five mountains.

The centermost mountain was Mount Blood Demon, which was surrounded by four other mountains that had no true names, but rather,

were called by the names of whoever occupied them.

Currently, Meng Hao sat cross-legged on Mount Blood Demon. Behind him was a cave mouth that emanated a glow of blood, and pulsed with a cold, imposing aura.

In front of him was Xu Qing's soul, surrounded by a glowing sphere of red light.

He looked at her, and she at him.

They were as separated as Yin and Yang, but their gazes seemed capable of lasting an eternity.

Also standing there on Mount Blood Demon was a figure surrounded by an aura of blood. It was impossible to see his face, but he was currently staring off into the sky. "Have you thought it through?" he said slowly.

Meng Hao didn't reply. He had been in the Blood Demon Sect for several days now. When he first arrived, the blood-colored figure had spoken a few words to him.

"Do you wish to accompany your beloved for your whole life, or for a single lifetime? A whole life includes a single lifetime, but a single lifetime does not include whole life. A single lifetime is a simple matter, and I can help you with that. As for a whole life... I can't help you."

That was the choice which had been set before him.

Meng Hao didn't respond. He only looked at Xu Qing. She didn't say anything either. She only looked back at him.

That lasted all the way to the moment in which the blood-colored figure spoke again. Finally, Meng Hao responded, his voice soft. "Xu Qing and I have an agreement. She lives, I live. She dies, I die."

The blood-colored figure was silent for a long moment before his ancient voice once again echoed out in Mount Blood Demon.

"If you choose a single lifetime, then I will fuse her soul into her fleshly body. By nourishing it with a miraculous object of Heaven and Earth, she can be completely recovered in a hundred years.

“However, her soul has been damaged, and her body weakened. The fusion is difficult and if it fails, she won’t last even a hundred years. Even if it does succeed, she will be incapable of Spirit Severing. You will be able to spend a thousand years with each other, until her longevity reaches an end.

“If you choose a whole life, then... she must enter the cycle of reincarnation. Her soul will travel to the underworld of the Fourth Mountain, and she will be born anew. As to which Mountain she is born in, it is impossible to say. Before reaching Immortal Ascension, she will remember nothing from her previous life. However, in the moment she does reach Immortal Ascension, she will remember everything.

“Then, she will be able to accompany you for your whole life.

“You have a choice to make. Take her to the underworld to be reincarnated. Or, live with her here for a thousand years.

“If you take her to the underworld, then I can make you a promise. I’m on good terms with Kshitigarbha, the Earth Store Bodhisattva. Your beloved will be able to avoid any suffering in the underworld, and upon reincarnation, she will be accompanied by incredible good luck. Afterward, there will be a high likelihood that she can achieve true Immortal Ascension.

“You have a month to decide. I’ll be waiting for you in the Blood Pond.” Gradually, the blood-colored figure transformed into a glow of blood that faded away into the surroundings.

The sun rose and set. Meng Hao looked at Xu Qing, and she gazed tenderly back.

They didn’t speak, they just looked into each other’s eyes. Day, after day, after day....

Half a month went by, although it seemed like an eternity. Finally, she smiled. “Send me into the cycle of reincarnation. I don’t want a thousand wonderful years. I want to spend my whole life with you.”

Meng Hao didn’t respond.

She looked at him for a moment. “We agreed, didn’t we? I want to grow old with you....”

Meng Hao shook his head. He was about to open his mouth to speak when Xu Qing smiled and interrupted him. “You’re scared that you won’t be able to find me, aren’t you?”

“Senior Blood Demon said that if we pick reincarnation, then it’s impossible to tell which Mountain I will end up on.... However, let’s make an agreement. You come looking for me, and I’ll wait for you....”

“There’s no need to fear, Junior Brother. Our agreement in this lifetime, is an agreement for a whole life....”

“In my next lifetime, I’ll definitely dream of you treading through the Heavens to come find me. You’ll hold out your hand to take mine, and then we will live the rest of our lives together.”

“There’s no need to talk any more about what decision to make. We can live together for ninety-nine years. In the final year... I’ll enter the cycle of reincarnation.” Xu Qing looked at Meng Hao earnestly.

Meng Hao looked at her and then nodded, pain stabbing through his heart.

She smiled, a beautiful smile. He reached up toward the glowing red pearl that contained her soul, and it floated down onto his palm. He closed his eyes and clutched it as if he was embracing her.

He would never forget how her beauty had turned into old age.

He would never forget how some of his life force contained hers.

Finally, he opened his eyes and stood up. “It doesn’t matter which Mountain you are reincarnated to, I will find you.”

With that, he carefully took Xu Qing’s soul into the mouth of the cave behind him, which glowed brightly like blood.

Meng Hao walked into the shallow cave, quickly reaching its end. Up ahead was a blood-colored pond, within which was a withered corpse. It emanated invisible ripples that made it look incredibly ferocious, and

growing out of its forehead was a blood-colored horn.

He wore a tattered blood-colored robe, and the skin visible through the tears was dark-red flesh covered with blue veins. The entire image was quite terrifying. His lips were shriveled, his eyes sunken in, his entire body dried up. Visible within his mouth, were razor-sharp fangs.

His body was the shape of a human, but this was clearly no cultivator.

This was a Demon! Patriarch Blood Demon! 2

*

I pointed this out a long time ago, but would like to reiterate that the characters in Pill Demon's name literally mean "Pill Ghost." I came up with the translation very early on in ISSTH, before I started reading ahead in the story. By the time I learned of his full story, the name had already stuck, and I didn't want to change it. So just to be clear, the name does not contain the same character that is usually translated as "Demon" in the story.

In contrast, Blood Demon's name does use the character I usually translate as "Demon." And yes, the characters are exactly the same as the Blood Demon from the Demon Immortal Sect.

Chapter 703: Heart of the Blood Demon

This was his true self. Whenever he appeared outside the sect, he used clones. Be it that year in the Reliance Sect, or earlier in the Black Sieve Sect, everything were clone incarnations.

His true self slumbered here eternally. From the beginning until now, he had never stepped even half a foot out of the cave, nor moved out from the pond.

As Meng Hao laid eyes on him, his head slowly raised up and he looked back.

His gaze was archaic, seemingly filled with countless years of time. Anyone who saw him would think that they were watching time move in reverse. It was as if they were looking far into the past, into ancient times, and the stars.

“I’m already aware of your choice,” he said, his hoarse voice echoing about in the cave.

A withered, emaciated hand lifted up and waved through the air gently. Blood rose up from within the pond, moving in accord with the gesture of his finger to congeal into a magical symbol.

As soon as the magical symbol finished forming, its color changed. It was no longer blood-colored, but rather, glowed with a golden light.

An incredibly powerful life force emanated out from it, as if the symbol itself were alive. As soon as the life force appeared, Patriarch Blood Demon visibly became even more ancient and withered. He didn’t offer an explanation to Meng Hao, but this gold magical symbol was created from some of the essence of his life force. The power of such life force was developed through ages of cultivation, and was something that could not be restored.

The golden symbol flickered a few times and then flew toward Meng Hao.

“Place this magical symbol on her old fleshly body,” he said, his voice

hoarse and his tone casual. “After nine nine-day-cycles of nourishment, a total of eighty-one days, your beloved’s soul can re-enter her body, and she can once again walk about in the lands of South Heaven. If she does not enter the cycle of reincarnation within a hundred years, then her longevity of a thousand years will be cut short.

“Once she enters the cycle of reincarnation, this magical symbol will guide her through the void. When she is in the underworld, it will protect her. It will also help her when she reaches Immortal Ascension.”

Meng Hao looked at the symbol. Considering the level of his cultivation base, how could he not see the terrifying life force that existed inside of it, and how Patriarch Blood Demon had grown weaker after it appeared?

Complex emotions suddenly rose up inside of him. It didn’t matter that Patriarch Blood Demon had coerced him into accepting the title of Blood Prince, he still felt incredible gratitude in his heart.

Meng Hao carefully accepted the magical symbol and put it away, then clasped hands and bowed deeply to Blood Demon.

“My respects, Patriarch!”

Blood Demon’s eyes shone with a strange light, and his hoarse laughter echoed out throughout the Blood Demon Sect.

Meng Hao didn’t say anything more. He knew that originally, there was little reason for his life to have much of anything to do with the Blood Demon Sect. And yet, Patriarch Blood Demon had already showed him incredible kindness.

It wasn’t limited to the events which occurred outside the Reliance Sect that year. If you traced matters back further, Patriarch Blood Demon had actually made an appearance INSIDE the Reliance Sect as well. Obviously, Meng Hao had long standing connections to the Blood Demon Sect.

Of course, Meng Hao was aware that his hand was forced back in the Black Sieve Sect. Despite that, he still chose to walk down this path in front of him.

“I make no requirements of you,” said Patriarch Blood Demon. “Even if

you want to lead the Blood Demon Sect out into the Southern Domain to wage war on the Black Sieve Sect, to destroy them... I won't stop you.

"You can do anything you want here. My only wish is that you cultivate the Blood Demon Grand Magic. Cultivate it all the way to the sixth level, and then you can leave without any hindrance from me."

Meng Hao's head jerked up to look at Patriarch Blood Demon, a shocked expression on his face. He would never have been able to guess that there would only be one requirement laid on him, and that it would be something like this.

"When you cultivate it to the third level," said Patriarch Blood Demon, his gaze fixed upon Meng Hao, "I will bestow upon you some good fortune. After that, each additional level will come with further good fortune!"

"I didn't kill Six-Daos of the Black Sieve Sect, I only crippled his foundation. His cultivation base will quickly fall to the early Dao Seeking stage. When your Blood Demon Grand Magic reaches the fourth level, you will easily be able to slaughter that very stage. At that time, you can personally wipe out the entire Black Sieve Sect."

Meng Hao didn't say anything in response, but his eyes gleamed with a strange light.

"All I am giving to you is a title in the sect. As to whether or not you can stand on your own, can convince everyone to follow you... and to acknowledge your position, well..."

"That depends on your capabilities." Blood Demon gave Meng Hao a profound look, then waved his right hand. A drop of blood flew out to hover in front of Meng Hao. He took hold of it, and when it touched his palm, it turned into a blood-red crystal, within which flickered magical symbols that seemed to contain a mysterious, great Dao.

After delivering the drop of blood, Patriarch Blood Demon once again grew visibly weaker. The drop was obviously made of lifeblood, which contained some of his will, and was indestructible. It also contained good fortune.

This was a legacy! The legacy of Patriarch Blood Demon!

After watching Meng Hao accept the blood drop, Patriarch Blood Demon looked at him with warmth.

“I’ve lived far too many years,” he murmured in his heart, “and my condition worsens on a daily basis. Eventually, my soul will disperse, and I will die. When that happens, I will finally be able to accompany my long-dead friends in the underworld.... They died, and I live on alone.... Wait for me, my sister. Wait for me, friends. We can reunite soon....

“When I die, my death will have the greatest value of them all. My death will change the League of Demon Sealers!

“In fact, that is the reason I chose to descend here into the lands of the Southern Domain.... This is the homeland of the Demon Sealers. Wait for me, all of you. The day is coming soon....”

Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed deeply, then turned to leave the cave.

Just as he was about to step out of the cave mouth, he suddenly stopped in place.

“Patriarch,” he said, “as the Blood Prince, I have a license to kill, right? How many disciples’ lives are covered by it?”

As soon as Patriarch Blood Demon heard the words, his eyes flickered, and he lifted his head up once again from within the Blood Pond.

“One hundred per year.”

“Regardless of status?”

“Regardless of status,” was the calm reply. To him, none of the other disciples in the Blood Demon Sect were as important as Meng Hao.

Meng Hao didn’t say anything further. He left the Immortal’s cave, and as he did, Patriarch Blood Demon’s voice echoed out to fill the entire sect.

“From this day forward, Meng Hao... is the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect!”

The words rumbled like thunder throughout the five mountain peaks of the Blood Demon Sect. Instantly, streams of divine sense appeared from within the four outer mountain peaks, all of which focused on Meng Hao as he stood there on Mount Blood Demon.

His expression was the same as ever as he strode down the steps. His calm face seemed reticent and taciturn; after dying, his personality had changed dramatically. That was especially so after the massacre at the Black Sieve Sect. After that, he was more ruthless and vicious, and it showed.

Even more influential was everything that had occurred with Xu Qing. As far as Meng Hao was concerned, his entire life was different now.

He walked silently, doing nothing to stop the countless streams of divine sense that began focusing on him. Each and every stream was filled with hostility. After all, to the Blood Demon Sect, Meng Hao... was a stranger!

For a stranger to suddenly come to the Blood Demon Sect and then immediately be promoted to Blood Prince was something that affected the interests of more than a few people. Clearly, many people were resentful.

Their resentment could not be displayed in Patriarch Blood Demon's presence, but when it came to Meng Hao, they didn't care about him one bit. Even if he had been appointed the Blood Prince, in the Blood Demon Sect... words need to be backed up by strength.

As for what had occurred in the Black Sieve Sect, only Meng Hao knew about it. The other experts in the Blood Demon Sect only knew that their Patriarch had set up a spell formation and then returned from the Black Sieve Sect with Meng Hao.

Regarding the particulars of what had occurred, the Black Sieve Sect obviously wouldn't be spreading the news. For the rest of the Blood Demon Sect to learn the details wouldn't likely happen in a short period of time.

There were powerful experts who occupied all four of the outer mountain peaks of the Blood Demon Sect. They built their own organizations within the sect that eventually caused the Blood Demon

Sect to be divided into four major powers or sections.

Generally speaking, the four sections did not get along, and it was difficult to determine who was in the superior position. On the surface, things were harmonious, but in reality, there were ceaseless secret struggles that occurred.

Whether it be outside of the sect or inside, it had always been that way.

As for the position of Blood Prince, that was something that each of the powers wished for their own. If they could acquire the position of Blood Prince, it would change everything and would give them the qualifications to take control of all of the mountain peaks.

The first mountain peak was referred to as Mount Ironblood. 50,000 cultivators called it home, and all of them were Demonic cultivators and cold-blooded killers. Currently, all of their cold gazes were fixed on Mount Blood Demon.

They didn't care a whit about the new Blood Prince nor his extraordinary cultivation base. Even were it more extraordinary, he was still nothing more than a stranger. How could he possibly stand up to all of Mount Ironblood?!

In an Immortal's cave at the highest point on the mountain were the two Ironblood Patriarchs. They were not cultivators, but rather, Demonic Incarnations; as for their true selves, few people knew what they looked like.

Normally, they didn't venture out very often, and currently, they sat there cross-legged, eyes open as they looked at Meng Hao.

"Nothing more than some member of the junior generation," said one of them.

There was also a middle-aged man who stood outside of the two Patriarchs' Immortal's cave. His eyes flashed with killing intent as he stared toward Mount Blood Demon.

"The title of Blood Prince was intended for me, Chang Yi! This Meng Hao dares to snatch food out of the tiger's mouth? He's looking to die!" His

body began to glow with a bloody light, and seas of blood surged inside his eyes. The man was clearly in a rage, and countless bloody souls appeared around him, all of them emitting miserable shrieks.

Gritting his teeth, he dropped to his knees and kowtowed toward the Immortal's cave. "Masters, please allow disciple to take action!"

"He might be the Blood Prince," said one of the two Ironblood Patriarchs, "but the only difference between his position and yours is that he has unique access to the Blood Demon Grand Magic. If you're skilled enough to make him bow his head, then he can become your puppet!"

"That's right," said the other, his voice cold. "If you're skilled enough to make him capitulate, then as the operators of the torture chamber, your Masters will be within their rights to crush him. Of course, he was appointed by the Patriarch, so you can't be the first one to make a move!"

The middle-aged man looked up, and his eyes flickered with viciousness. Without hesitation, he left the peak of the mountain.

At the same time, on the second mountain peak of the Blood Demon Sect, which was known as Mount Darkheaven, a cultivator rose up from meditation to look at Mount Blood Demon. This was respected Patriarch Darkheaven, who was referred to as a Demon, but was in fact a cultivator.

Behind him were his seven apprentices, none of whom seemed to be people of goodwill. Their eyes flickered with red light and killing intent.

The tens of thousands of disciples on Mount Darkheaven, all of whom were commanded by Patriarch Darkheaven, silently stared with cold eyes toward Mount Blood Demon.

Chapter 704: Blood Demon Grand Magic

“Interesting,” murmured Patriarch Darkheaven. “The Patriarch did not assign him a mountain peak, nor any followers, huh...? What does that mean?” He appeared in the form of a boy wearing scholar’s garment, and he stood there with his arms clasped behind his back.

“Master,” said one of the apprentices standing behind him, “why the hell does a stranger get to be the Blood Prince? I can’t accept this!” 1

“Yeah, allow us to go fight this Meng Hao guy, Master! Let’s see whether or not he has the skill to act as the Blood Prince!”

“What’s your rush?” the boy said with a ghastly chuckle. “There will most certainly be others who are in much more of a hurry than you.” Without another word, he turned to head back into his Immortal’s cave.

The seven apprentices’ killing intent filled the air. They exchanged glances and then stared back at Meng Hao as he descended the stone steps of Mount Blood Demon.

A similar scene played out on the fourth mountain peak of the Blood Demon Sect, albeit with much more intensity. The three Demonfire Patriarchs 2 did nothing to restrain themselves, and their fury and arrogance exploded up.

Only the fifth mountain peak was silent. At the very peak of the mountain was a white-haired, hunchbacked old man who supported himself with a walking stick as he looked off toward Mount Blood Demon.

Next to him stood a girl who was quite pretty, yet also radiated killing intent.

“Master,” said the girl, “why prevent the disciples of Mount Ghostcrutch from expressing their discontent with the Patriarch’s arrangement? It’s inherently unfair! I could accept it if Chang Yi from Mount Ironblood became the Blood Prince. But I’ve never even heard of this Meng Hao before.”

The old man smiled. His voice hoarse, he said, “Your Master has lived for

a long time. Although I used to be a bit of a fool, I've become much more sensible over the years.

"You know, I was there on Mount Blood Demon the year the Patriarch descended.

"Throughout the years, the position of Blood Prince has been filled seven times. I was there every single time.

"I've lived a long time and seen many things. These eyes of mine can pierce through the ancient and archaic.... I can tell that this Meng Hao carries something very unusual."

The girl beside him frowned.

"Don't provoke him," continued the old man. "Don't even get near him. Master needs to observe him a bit more before making a decision." His eyes glittering, the old man returned to his Immortal's cave.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he walked down the steps. When he was about halfway down the mountain, he suddenly paused as he caught sight of a white-robed woman up ahead. She stood on a boulder off to the side, in front of which was a cliff that stretched down into swirling fog.

The woman's robes swayed in the wind, making her look quite otherworldly. She was beautiful, and in this moment, looked like a graceful Immortal.

Meng Hao glanced at her for a moment and then looked away as he continued down the mountain.

The woman turned and stared at Meng Hao. "Elder Brother Meng," she said, "we last ran into each other in the Demon Immortal Sect. Could it be that you've forgotten about humble little me?"

This woman was none other than Blood Demon Sect Dao Child Li Shiqi, who had been dressed like a man the first time Meng Hao met her. 3

Meng Hao didn't say anything in response. He merely looked at her and nodded, then continued on his way down the stairs.

"Elder Brother Meng," she continued, "the only people who live on

Mount Blood Demon are myself and the Patriarch. I've been waiting in this spot because I need to give you a warning. The other four mountains won't approve of you being appointed as the Blood Prince." She waved her graceful hand, sending a jade slip flying out.

"This is a bit of information about the other four mountain peaks," she went on. "Take a look, it should be helpful."

Meng Hao accepted it and was silent for a moment. Finally, he said, "Thank you," and proceeded on his way.

"How... how is Fellow Daoist Xu Qing?"

"Thank you," he repeated, his voice drifting up from further down the mountain.

After leaving Mount Blood Demon, Meng Hao found himself in a bleak and desolate forest. The Blood Demon Sect was not like other Sects, where grand temples existed at the bottoms of the mountains, filled with Outer Sect disciples.

Although there were Outer Sect disciples, they also resided on the mountains. As for the region beneath the mountains, there existed only forests.

They weren't completely uninhabited, though. Log cabins could be seen throughout them, belonging to disciples who had descended from the mountains to practice cultivation in isolation. There were quite a few visible, although some were in states of disrepair.

Occasionally, disciples could be seen and, without exception, they looked at him coldly and without an ounce of respect.

Meng Hao's expression remained calm in the face of the coldness. He had sensed that he was the subject of many, many such gazes when he made his way down the mountain. Therefore, he proceeded until he found remote corner of the sect where he then sat down cross-legged. He closed his eyes and retrieved the soul orb of the exhausted and slumbering Xu Qing, who he examined for a long moment before stowing away.

At the same time, quite a few streams of divine sense from the

surrounding mountain peaks were retracted by their owners, not a few of which were filled with disdain.

“What kind of Blood Prince is this Meng Hao? I thought he was supposed to be super skilled! He can’t even fight with somebody for a log cabin at the bottom of the mountains!”

“He’s not even willing to provoke anyone over a log cabin? In the Blood Demon Sect, everything depends on your strength and viciousness! Immortal’s caves, mountain peaks, one’s beloved, techniques, cultivation resources, everything goes to the strongest! And that includes the position he holds!”

“Hmph. He wants peace and quiet, huh? Well, considering he acquired a position that wasn’t his to begin with, he better give up that idea!”

“Although, there’s no reason to act too quickly. We only know a little bit about him, so let’s just observe for a bit longer....”

Meng Hao closed his eyes and ignored all of the gazes and streams of divine sense, which he couldn’t care less about. Instead, he sent his own divine sense into his bag of holding. There, he found the Blood Mastiff, who had been seriously injured defending him against the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. It had now regrown a physical body, although it was still weak and small.

And then there was the matter of the parrot and the meat jelly.... When Meng thought of them, he frowned. He hadn’t seen any traces of them since he awoke on the Underworld Ship.

However, he had the strange sense that the two ninnies were definitely in the Southern Domain.

Silently, he rotated his cultivation base until night fell. Finally, he opened his eyes and produced Xu Qing’s desiccated corpse. He slowly fused the golden magical symbol into it, whereupon she instantly began to show signs of life. Gradually, she began to recover.

Her skin slowly changed, and her entire body began to look more limber and charming as she showed signs of awakening. It was a process that

would take nine nine-day-cycles, a total of eighty-one days, to complete.

Meng Hao suppressed the excitement he felt, looked her over for a long moment, then carefully put her body away.

“Elder Sister Xu, your eyes will open in eighty-one days,” he murmured. After a long moment, he finally took out the blood crystal given to him by Blood Demon.

He looked at it for only a moment before unhesitatingly pinching it between his fingers. Immediately, all the blood in his body began to seethe as if it were boiling, and emanate an indescribable, bloody aura.

Simultaneously, magical symbols appeared in his head. They emanated a crude, ancient aura that transformed into a legacy.

At the same time, the blood-colored mask inside of his bag of holding suddenly began to emit intense ripples. The Blood Mastiff inside trembled, seemingly instinctively responding to the aura coming out of Meng Hao, which it in turn absorbed.

“Blood Demon Grand Magic!” murmured Meng Hao.

The Blood Demon Grand Magic was actually a taboo art in the Blood Demon Sect. Only Patriarch Blood Demon himself possessed it. Even previous Blood Princes of the sect had only been introduced to the art orally. Meng Hao was the only one to acquire the true lifeblood legacy.

The magic was organized into six levels, which were organized two to a stratum, meaning there were three strata in total.

“Qi and Blood, Spirit Vessels, Blood Soul...” he murmured, and a red glow appeared in his eyes. He suddenly discovered that he was possessed of incredible latent talent in regards to the cultivation of the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

After only a moment, he reached the first level, and was halfway through the Qi and Blood stratum.

The Qi and Blood stratum was terrifying; it was capable of absorbing the power of someone else’s Qi and Blood.

Immediately, Meng Hao's eyes turned as red as fire. He slowly lifted up his hand, which had now turned bright red.

It was almost like his hand was covered with innumerable black holes, all of which were ready... to consume Qi and Blood.

"I can't believe I was able to cultivate this art so quickly...." thought Meng Hao. "It must have something to do with my cultivating the Blood Immortal divines abilities.... Blood Immortal. Blood Demon.... There must be some relationship between the two." After a moment of thought, he realized there might be another explanation. He reached inside of him and realized that his Demon Sealing magics were now slightly different than before.

It was as if some intangible change had occurred, although he was unsure of the exact details.

"Patriarch Blood Demon cares about my status as a Demon Sealer. In that case, perhaps that is why the Blood Demon Grand Magic was so easy for me to cultivate."

He contemplated the matter a bit further, and after a moment, decided that he might as well make another attempt at cultivating the Blood Demon Grand Magic. Following the prescribed method, he continued on. Two hours later, his eyes snapped open, and the bloody glow in his eyes seemed to have completely filled the pupils; he looked terrifying to an astonishing degree.

"The great circle of the Qi and Blood stratum!" Meng Hao took a deep breath. By now, he could see just how tyrannically frightful the Blood Demon Grand Magic was. By consuming the Qi and Blood of others, it could strengthen the fleshly body!

As for how strong, there seemed to be no limits!

"Unfortunately, it's not permanent and is only a borrowed power." His eyes glittered as he suddenly was filled with the strong desire to enter halfway into the Spirit Vessels stratum of the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

"All Cultivators build up vast quantities of spiritual energy in their

bodies. Because of that, spirit vessels exist. The Spirit Vessels level allows me to consume the spirit vessels of others, which I can use to add to my cultivation base.”

He closed his eyes and sank into cultivation. The sun was high in the sky before he finally opened his eyes and frowned.

“I can’t cultivate it. I’m missing something.” He was in the middle of considering the matter when suddenly the archaic voice of Patriarch Blood Demon echoed in his ears.

“Very good. You reached the second level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic. When you reach the third level, I will give you something that is sure to leave you astonished.

“It has something to do with your League of Demon Sealers. With that item, you will be able to acquire... a Demon Sealing magic!”

Meng Hao looked up toward Mound Blood Demon. He didn’t speak, but his heart trembled. As of this moment, he was now absolutely certain that Patriarch Blood Demon... placed importance upon his identity as a Demon Sealer.

“Just what secrets have I yet to uncover about the Demon Sealers?” he thought. Despite being a Demon Sealer for many years, he still could use only the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex and Righteous Bestowal.

*

Please note, I changed the title from “Junior Leader” to “Blood Prince”.

This is a slight change from when the chapter was originally released. In later chapters, Er Gen changed the name and number of the Patriarchs from the fourth mountain peak. I’m adjusting this instance to maintain continuity.

“No rod” Li Shiqi was formally introduced in [chapter 175](#). During the faceoff at the Song Clan search for a son-in-law in [chapter 189](#), she stood by Meng Hao’s side. She muttered something relatively important in the Demon Immortal Sect in [chapters 582-583](#). In [chapter 596](#), she recalled how she came to view her Master as her own father. In addition to these

references, she appeared on multiple other occasions. As Dao Child of the Blood Demon Sect, she was there for almost all of the most important public events in the Southern Domain.

Chapter 705: A Test!

The sky was clear, and cultivators bustled about the Blood Demon Sect. It actually did have the air of a sect, although many of the people were actually engaged in deadly combat. The sound of mutual slaughter was intense, and the glow of blood glittered up radiantly.

If disciples from other great sects in the Southern Domain came here, they would be quite out of sorts. However, as far as Meng Hao was concerned, it was just like the Reliance Sect, so it actually felt quite familiar.

He stuck to his remote corner of the sect, ignoring everyone else. No one else cared to come to him, either. It was as if they didn't even notice his existence. Because of Meng Hao's experiences, a single glance was all it took for him to perceive the deep-seated feelings behind the cold expressions on their faces and the scorn in their eyes.

"That's fine," he thought, his face calm. He wasn't the type of person who enjoyed rowdiness. He didn't care about mountain peaks and fighting over resources. He was happy to be left alone to practice cultivation in peace and quiet.

At noon, Meng Hao rose to his feet. He casually felled some of the trees in the area and built a log cabin. Naturally, people noticed this, and everyone stared in shock, especially the people who harbored strong hostility toward him.

"He's actually building a log cabin?"

"It looks like he's really made up his mind to immerse himself in cultivation. But, does he really think that this will allow him to remain separate from sect affairs?!"

Up on Mount Ironblood, middle-aged Chang Yi saw what was going on, and frowned.

It was at this point that Meng Hao opened his eyes and looked out of his log cabin. Approaching slowly on foot was a somewhat emaciated looking

middle-aged man. His body emanated the ancientness of time, and he was very thin. There was a ruthlessness to him, which presently seemed to have been replaced by complex emotions.

The ripples of a Nascent Soul cultivation base spread out from him, and when Meng Hao saw him, many different feelings filled him, along with a sense of reminiscence.

As he walked up slowly, his appearance caused many of the surrounding disciples to be shocked.

“That’s Elder Brother Wang Youcai!”

“What is Elder Brother Wang doing here?”

“Wait, look at his expression. Something strange is going on.”

People watched as Wang Youcai walked up to Meng Hao and looked at him silently. Clearly, he was recalling past times.

He didn’t say anything, and neither did Meng Hao. As they looked at each other, both of them seemed to be recalling Mount Daqing.

That was the place where they both began to walk their path of cultivation, and also the place... where Meng Hao and Xu Qing met.

After a long moment passed, Wang Youcai clenched his jaw as if to some inner pain.

“Do you drink?” he asked. With that, he sat down cross-legged and tossed a flagon of alcohol over to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao caught it, and immediately took a long drink. The alcohol burned as it slid down his throat. It felt almost like a knife stabbing into his guts.

“Li Fugui told me about what happened with Elder Sister Xu,” Wang Youcai said, keeping his voice low.

Meng Hao nodded and took another drink. His earliest memories of the cultivation world contained the group from Mount Daqing: Wang Youcai, Fatty, and Dong Hu.

The four of them, including Meng Hao, were taken by Xu Qing to the Reliance Sect. Later, Dong Hu and Wang Youcai apparently had a falling out, and Wang Youcai disappeared. Regarding Dong Hu, his disposition changed completely, and as for Fatty.... Well, out of all four of them, he seemed to have ended up far, far happier than the rest.

Wang Youcai and Meng Hao sat together drinking silently, each one wrapped up in various memories. Of course, there was one thing that existed in both of their memories, and that was Mount Daqing.

“Did you ever run into Dong Hu again?” Wang Youcai suddenly asked.

“Not after I left the State of Zhao,” replied Meng Hao. He looked at Wang Youcai, hesitated for a moment, and then asked, “Back then, the two of you...?”

“His body was physically weak, so I ended up caring for him like a younger brother,” replied Wang Youcai, his voice cool. “I would help him when it came time to haul water, and if people picked on him, I would handle it. In the end... he shoved me off a cliff because of a pearl.”

Meng Hao didn't respond. He picked up the alcohol flagon and took a big mouthful.

“Be careful of Chang Yi,” continued Wang Youcai. “In fact, be careful of everyone in the Blood Demon Sect.... There is no such thing as camaraderie here. The only thing that matters is who is more vicious!” With a sigh, he rose to his feet and prepared to leave.

“You shouldn't have come,” said Meng Hao, looking up at him.

Wang Youcai didn't reply. He knew that what Meng Hao said was true; he shouldn't have come. The entire sect currently viewed Meng Hao with hostility, which meant that after leaving, he would most certainly face some difficulties. And yet, he came anyway.

In fact, in almost the same instant that Wang Youcai rose to leave, Chang Yi stood there on the first mountain peak, a cruel smile on his lips.

“So, they know each other!” He flicked his sleeve and flew up into the air. “Follow me, Junior Brothers!” Immediately, nineteen beams of light rose

into the air from Mount Ironblood and teleported down toward the bottom of the mountain. “You don’t have to make a move, Meng Hao,” he thought. “You can sit there and refuse to provoke anyone. But now, the time has come to see exactly what amazing abilities you have, and why the hell you deserve to be the Blood Prince.

“I’ll test you out and see exactly how profound you are. If you don’t fight back hard, then I’ll just keep pushing until you reach the boiling point. After all, I have plenty of methods to deal with you. If you fight back hard... well, that’s what I’m waiting for.

“Hopefully, you’ll end up killing someone, and then my Masters will have every right to throw you into the torture chamber!”

As Wang Youcai emerged from Meng Hao’s log cabin, twenty beams of light, including Chang Yi, shot down toward the very same area.

Their appearance on the scene instantly caught the attention of the Blood Demon Sect disciples in the surrounding forest. Their expressions turned lively; they knew that an entertaining drama was about to unfold.

Meanwhile, back on the second mountain peak, the seven apprentices of the Spirit Severing Patriarch were all paying very close attention. Merciless gleams glittered brightly in their eyes.

“Now we’ll see exactly how profound this Meng Hao actually is!”

“That Chang Yi has an irascible personality. A whole day hasn’t even passed and he already reached the limits of his patience!”

“No wonder he’s behaving like that, this is a good opportunity to test out Meng Hao. We’ll be able to learn a bit about him by observing how things turn out.”

On the fourth mountain peak, three figures wreathed in flames watched on coldly from outside their Immortal’s caves. The disciples of the fourth mountain peak were also watching on, expressions of derision clear on their faces.

One among their number was a young man, who held a magical fan in his hand. He exuded an air of coldness as his lips twisted into a smile.

“Chang Yi really couldn’t hold on very long,” he said. “That’s good, though. This is only a test; presumably, there won’t be too much of a ruckus. It does have to be said, though, that Chang Yi is quite the fool.”

“It’s only been a single day, and Meng Hao was appointed directly by the Patriarch. If someone really tries to subdue him, the Patriarch will intervene. It’s too bad a good opportunity will have been lost.”

On the fifth mountain peak, the pretty young woman’s eyes were fixed on the scene that was playing out, and she was starting to get excited. As for the hunchbacked old man, he casually looked over to watch.

“Master, do you think this Meng Hao will really be subdued if the matter turns serious?” Her eyes flickered with viciousness.

“Serious?” said the old man, his tone one of pride in his own wisdom. “Oh no, it won’t get serious. It’s a small matter. At worst, the harmony will be broken temporarily. You have only practiced cultivation for a short time, but Master has lived for far too long, and has seen many things. I’ve watched things like this play out too many times.

“You just watch, the dispute regarding Meng Hao being the Blood Prince is just starting. It will take quite some time before it gets resolved...”

On Mount Blood Demon, Patriarch Blood Demon rested in the Blood Pond. His eyes opened, and he looked over at what was happening.

“So... what will he do?”

Li Shiqi was also paying close attention, and a profound glint could be seen in her eyes.

Everyone in the whole Blood Demon Sect was looking in Meng Hao’s direction. They all knew that this was his first time making a true public appearance in the sect. They all wanted to see exactly how he would respond to the test.

Of course, it was only a test....

Meng Hao’s face was calm as he looked at the twenty beams of light approaching from Mount Ironblood. It didn’t matter if it was Chang Yi up

in front, or the other nineteen of his followers. They were all the same to Meng Hao.

Of the nineteen, eight were Nascent Soul cultivators, and eleven were at the great circle of Core Formation. As for Chang Yi, he had the highest cultivation base, the peak of the Nascent Soul stage.

“Wang Youcai!” cried out someone from the group. The sound of the voice was like springtime thunder echoing out in all directions.

They didn’t even bother with any pretenses; as soon as the voice rang out, its speaker turned into a red beam of light that shot out from the group toward Wang Youcai, filled with killing intent. Blood-colored magical items also flew out, whistling through the air. Three of the Nascent Soul Cultivators directly shot toward Wang Youcai.

As for everyone else, they surrounded the air, their eyes filled with coldness and derision as they eyed Meng Hao.

That was especially true of Chang Yi, whose eyes were sinister and cold as he hovered in mid air, his hands clasped behind his back. He looked at Meng Hao, waiting to see what he would decide to do. If Meng Hao didn’t make a move, then it meant allowing Wang Youcai to be seriously injured. If Meng Hao did make a move, well... that was exactly what Chang Yi was waiting for!

He firmly believed that in that moment, his Masters would appear and subdue Meng Hao.

Rumbling sounds echoed out, causing Wang Youcai’s face to turn grim. He immediately teleported forward to escape, and at the same time transmitted an urgent message to Meng Hao.

“Don’t do anything! This is Chang Yi. His Masters control the torture chamber, and you can’t give them any reason to subdue you down. Don’t worry about me.” Even as Wang Youcai teleported forward, Chang Yi laugh coldly and waved his right hand. Seven tiny flags flew out, which rapidly expanded in mid-air to form seals that forced Wang Youcai back to the ground. Wang Youcai’s face flickered as the three Nascent Soul Cultivators closed in, their faces filled with vicious killing intent.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye. Booms echoed out, and blood poured out of the corners of Wang Youcai's mouth. He retreated, performing an incantation gesture that caused a divine ability to appear. At the same time, he shouted, "Elder Brother Chang Yi, I'm a disciple of the second mountain peak, do you really dare to attack me?!"

"The second mountain peak?" replied Chang Yi, laughing. An arrogant expression appeared on his face as he glanced in the direction of that very mountain.

Immediately, a voice echoed out from the second mountain peak. "As is customary, we won't interfere with the matters of the torture chamber. Elder Brother Chang, if Wang Youcai violated any rules, then you can do anything you wish. However, if he didn't violate any rules, then you'll be held responsible."

Wang Youcai's face grew grimmer as he looked at the incoming vicious Nascent Soul cultivators. He gritted his teeth, and was just about to employ one of the sect's restricted techniques to stimulate his Qi and Blood, when suddenly Meng Hao stood up. His expression was calm as he arrived next to Wang Youcai with a single step and gripped his shoulder.

In the moment that he appeared, all eyes instantly fixated on him. Everyone from all of the five mountain peaks were watching.

That was especially true of Chang Yi, who was inwardly going wild with joy.

"Blood Prince," he said coolly. "What is the meaning of this? Don't tell me you're really going to interfere with torture chamber matters?" He suddenly glared angrily at the other Mount Ironblood cultivators, who looked a bit hesitant. "Why haven't you apprehended him yet?!"

The cultivators gritted their teeth. Ignored Meng Hao, they advanced on Wang Youcai, their killing intent radiating about intensely.

It was at this point that a shocking coldness suddenly appeared in Meng Hao's placid eyes.

Chapter 706: Kill!

A whistling sound filled the air as the three Mount Ironblood Nascent Soul cultivators gritted their teeth, ignored Meng Hao, and shot past him toward Wang Youcai, radiating killing intent.

They wouldn't kill him, of course. However, they would seriously wound him, especially considering that they represented the torture chamber, and their Elder Brother Chang Yi had personally given the orders. In their opinion, they clearly occupied the superior position, especially considering that they were essentially backed by the two Ironblood Patriarchs. A trifling Blood Prince, even if he did have a cultivation base exceeding their own, couldn't possibly fight back against the two Ironblood Patriarchs.

Because of this line of reasoning, their killing intent grew even more intense than before. Magical items appeared as they shot forward, and the blood-colored glow rose to the Heavens. Under the eyes of everyone in all of the mountain peaks of the sect, they shot forward.

A cold smile could be seen on the face of Chang Yi as he glared icily at Meng Hao, waiting to see how he would respond to this test.

"There is ruthlessness in my heart," murmured Meng Hao. "It's been there since I perished in the Milky Way Sea...." He lifted his right hand and casually waved a finger.

Although it appeared that the finger didn't actually point down onto anything but air, in the blink of an eye, the fastest of the three Mount Ironblood cultivators immediately began to tremble. An expression of confusion flashed across his face, and then he coughed up blood. A moment later, he literally exploded.

It was as if an enormous, invisible pair of hands had crushed him into a pulp!

The speed with which it happened was incomparable. It was so sudden that everyone who was observing was flabbergasted.

Behind Meng Hao, Wang Youcai's face fell, and his heart began to

pound. “Not good,” he thought. “Meng Hao is far too impulsive! What should I do?”

Anxiety welled up in his heart. He could tell that Chang Yi was just testing Meng Hao, and could never have imagined that Meng Hao would act so rashly.

Chang Yi’s eyes went wide. Previously, he had never thought that the Blood Prince would attack... with lethal force. However, this twist caused joy to surge up inside of him. He couldn’t help but muse that the Blood Prince was clearly far too inexperienced. Coldness gleamed in Chang Yi’s eyes as he strode forward.

“Blood Prince!” he bellowed. “How dare you violate sect rules!!”

At the same time, the seven shady-looking apprentices on the second mountain peak watched on with glittering eyes, clearly interested in what was happening.

On the fourth mountain peak, the young man with the fan smiled faintly, and a strange light gleamed in his eyes.

As for the hunchbacked old man on the fifth mountain peak, his eyes flickered. Next to him, the pretty young woman stared in shock. She could never have guessed that Meng Hao would actually kill anyone.

“So, this Blood Prince turns out to be quite a vicious person,” said the hunchbacked old man, sighing emotionally. “However, he is a bit reckless, and also a tad young. He’s not like me, a person who has lived far, far too long.”

Meng Hao completely ignored the reactions of everyone around him. He seemed to be immersed within a world of regrets.

“The ruthlessness grew stronger in the Rebirth Cave....” he sighed. He waved his finger again, and the second incoming Nascent Soul Cultivator’s face fell. He suddenly stopped in place. Rumbling sounds echoed out, and then he exploded, completely dead in body and soul.

Another person slain!

The sight of it caused Chang Yi's face to flicker, not with happiness, but with shock. Moments ago, he had assumed Meng Hao would stop after killing one person, but unexpectedly, he killed again.

Simultaneously, the surrounding cultivators' eyes began to shine with a strange light. The disciples on the mountains felt their hearts filling with shock.

"In the Black Sieve Sect... the ruthlessness exploded out," murmured Meng Hao. "And yet, it was not sated. Instead, it festered at the bottom of my heart and became even more intense, transforming into... what Patriarch Blood Demon mentioned. Devilishness."

The third Nascent Soul cultivator, seeing his two companions killed right in front of him, was completely dumbstruck. His eyes went wide, and he began to retreat, but it was in that moment that Meng Hao raised his hand and gestured a third time with his finger.

"Eldest Brother, save me..." the man screamed. But then, his body exploded with a bang that echoed out in all directions. Everyone trembled violently, as they were shaken out of their reveries from the events of moments ago.

"He... actually killed three people in a row!"

"How moronic! This guy is a real idiot! He just arrived in the Blood Demon Sect, but won't bow his head in submission, and even dares to act with unbridled aggression!"

"He's in big trouble now. Not only did he dare to kill fellow sect members IN the sect, but he chose to kill torture chamber disciples!"

As the buzz of conversation echoed out, Chang Yi flew up into the air, glaring at Meng Hao the entire time. At first, he had been shocked, but that shock was been replaced with boundless elation. Inwardly, he was roaring with laughter.

"My Masters said not to take the initiative in provoking him," he thought, "but as it turns out, the dolt decided to start killing. Considering his position, killing one could be tolerated, but he killed three.... In that

case, if I could get him to kill some more, he would definitely be flirting with death!”

Having reached this point in his train of thought, Chang Yi smiled.

“I offered respect to you as the Blood Prince,” he called out, “and in response you dared to make deadly attacks in the sect, and even offended the torture chamber! It doesn’t matter how high your cultivation base is, you will be put down! Men... take him into custody!”

The faces of all the Mount Ironblood disciples flickered in hesitation. However, it was at this moment that two shocking pulses of Spirit Severing energy erupted from Mount Ironblood.

“When the Blood Prince commits a crime, he will be treated as anyone else!” rumbled an ancient, somber voice. “Take him into custody and bring him to Mount Ironblood. If he resists, subdue him immediately!” As the words echoed out throughout the entire sect, Chang Yi’s expression flickered, and he almost started to laugh out loud with self-righteous laughter.

“He’s dead!” he thought.

At the same time, the other disciples with Chang Yi started to look excited. Now that they knew they had the support of the two Ironblood Patriarchs, they were completely confident. They instantly surged forward toward Meng Hao, completely sure that the Blood Prince would never dare to attack them. If he did, then the two Ironblood Patriarchs would instantly reveal themselves.

Meanwhile on the second mountain peak, Mount Darkheaven, in a temple on the peak, Patriarch Darkheaven sat cross-legged in the form of a young boy. He wore a scholar’s garment, and his expression was grim as he cast his gaze down the mountain.

Outside of the temple were the seven apprentices, all of whom sneered coldly as they watched the scene play out. Their contempt for Meng Hao was even greater than before; they believed his ability to think and plan was clearly lacking.

In response to a simple test, he instantly revealed his weaknesses.

On the fourth mountain peak, the young man with the fan laughed to himself. “This Blood Prince is far too inexperienced,” he thought. “His cultivation base is incredible, but he doesn’t know how to conduct himself. Well, let this be a lesson to him. In the end, he isn’t worthy of his title. He will bow his head in submission soon enough.”

The hunchbacked old man on the fifth mountain peak sighed. “Too young.”

Meng Hao looked up, and his eyes were frigid. In fact, his entire person was like a block of ice, and the ruthless aura within him radiated out explosively.

“My ruthlessness turned into Devilishness,” he murmured, “and I can’t suppress it. It does not conform with my Dao, but... it is what it is.... I might as well let it out!”

He stepped forward, and in the blink of an eye, his killing intent erupted out. At the same time, he swished his sleeve.

It was a simple wave of an arm, but it caused an astonishing gale-force wind to rage up. It was like a wind of Heavenly destruction that swept out in all directions, slamming into more than a dozen incoming cultivators.

As soon as it touched them, their faces fell, and blood sprayed out of their mouths. Regardless of the various levels of their cultivation bases, they were incapable of standing up to the mightiness of the wind, and their bodies were ripped into shreds. Blood and gore sprayed out in all directions.

As for Chang Yi, his face instantly went as pale as death, and his pupils constricted. His cultivation base was at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, so it was with great astonishment that he was barely able to stand up to the wind. However, the wind then wrapped around him, transforming into an enormous hand that grabbed him violently.

It squeezed down, and cracking sounds could be heard. Chang Yi screamed miserably. “Masters! Save me!!”

When the onlookers saw this, their faces flickered with astonishment. Up on the second mountain peak, Patriarch Darkheaven shot to his feet. The hearts of the seven apprentices outside of the temple filled with shock.

On the fourth mountain peak and the fifth mountain peak, similar scenes played out.

“What is he doing!?”

“I can’t believe he actually killed so many people!!”

“Is he challenging the torture chamber to battle?”

“This... this was just a test, but he responded in this way!?”

At this point, a cold snort echoed out from Mount Ironblood, and two streams of divine sense shot down toward the land below to rescue Chang Yi.

Meng Hao’s expression was calm as the huge hand in mid-air suddenly began to squeeze shut.

“Stay your hand!” roared the two streams of divine sense.

Even as the sound rang out, Chang Yi’s screaming reached a fever pitch.

“No...” he cried. “This... was just... a test....” Before he could finish speaking, a boom echoed out as his body was crushed into a pulp of mutilated flesh. His Nascent Soul was also completely destroyed. He was dead in flesh and soul.

To him, it was just a test, but to Meng Hao... when it came to attacking, there was no such thing as any so-called testing.

Deathly silence filled the air. No one could ever have predicted that a simple test would unexpectedly end this way. Moments later, the two streams of divine sense descended toward Meng Hao.

“Are you looking to die?!” roared one.

“How dare you kill my Mount Ironblood disciples! I’m going to crush you!” The two Ironblood Patriarchs were furious. At the moment, it didn’t

matter that Meng Hao was the Blood Prince, or that they could sense something strange about his cultivation base. Those things didn't matter.

Truth be told, there was something strange about Meng Hao's cultivation base. The life force of a Resurrection Lily obscured the traces of his Second Severing, making it seem that he was only in the First Severing level.

He looked up, and not a trace of hesitation could be seen in his eyes as he sent his divine sense shooting out with intense ferocity.

BAM!

His divine sense was simply too powerful. The fact that the two Ironblood Patriarchs were Spirit Severing cultivators didn't matter. Their streams of divine sense were completely incapable of standing up to to Meng Hao's, and were immediately shattered.

Massive ripples raged through the Blood Demon Sect, whipping the trees and vegetation into a fury. All of the surrounding cultivators gasped in astonishment.

"There's no need to come down here to try to subdue me," said Meng Hao coldly. "I'll head up there to subdue the two of you!" With that, he flew directly toward the first mountain peak.

As of this moment, the entire Blood Demon Sect was in a complete uproar!

Chapter 707: Subduing!

It took Meng Hao only a single step forward to reach the first mountain peak. The instant he stepped foot onto it, all of Mount Ironblood shook. Inside their temple at the peak of the mountain, the faces of the two Ironblood Patriarchs flickered, and they erupted with shocking First Severing energy.

Rumbling filled Heaven and Earth, and the clouds and mist in all directions seethed. At the same time, an enormous face appeared in mid-air up above Mount Ironblood. It was completely the color of blood, and two horns protruded from its forehead.

It looked matchlessly vicious. As for the two Ironblood Patriarchs, their robes whipped madly in the wind, and in their hands they held enormous battle-axes.

The battle-axes were Demon Weapons; the two Patriarchs were facing a mortal enemy, and their hearts were trembling with great waves of shock.

“I can’t believe... he’s so powerful!!”

“What level is his cultivation base?! I can’t see any traces of a Second Severing, but even at the great circle of the First Severing, he shouldn’t have such powerful divine sense!”

“Could it be that he cultivates some technique to specifically enhance his divine sense!?”

The moment the two Patriarchs appeared was the same moment that Meng Hao stepped foot onto the stairs leading up to the peak of the first mountain. Slowly, he began to make his way toward the top.

All eyes were fixed on him, and everyone was thinking that as of this moment, Meng Hao really was worthy of his title after all.

On the second mountain peak, the scholarly looking child, Patriarch Darkheaven, could sense the result of the confrontation between the divine sense of Meng Hao and the two Ironblood Patriarchs. His face was covered with shock as he hastily stood, then instantly teleported out of his

temple.

Outside, his seven apprentices gasped, and their faces filled with disbelief.

“He resisted the divine sense of the two Ironblood Patriarchs all by himself!!”

“Just... just what type of cultivation base does he have!?”

“What is he doing? Wasn’t this just a test?”

“QUIET!” barked Patriarch Darkheaven. Shocked, his seven apprentices instantly went as silent as cicadas during winter.

On the fourth mountain peak, the three old men wreathed in flames also rushed out of their temple. Their expression were that of astonishment as they looked toward the first mountain peak.

Off to the side, the young man with the fan who had previously been observing the events with a look of disdain on his face, now stood there slack-jawed, seemingly incapable of even breathing.

He suddenly realized that this was not a situation in which the Blood Prince was being immature. Quite the opposite, his cultivation base was so high that he didn’t need to bother with any sort of strategy or planning. He took out all of his opponents in one blow!

As soon as Meng Hao started up the staircase, the first, second, and fourth mountain peaks were sent into complete, reeling shock. In that same moment, the wind and clouds surged. A black fog appeared, within which could also be seen a white fog.

In the blink of an eye, black and white began to swirl around each other and form into the shape of two enormous pearls. Furthermore, beneath the two pearls was a mountain wreathed in mist and clouds!

The Ninth Mountain!

The Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain!

Together!

This was something that Meng Hao had come up with after his battle with Patriarch Six-Daos of the Black Sieve Sect. Although it was not complete, he was still able to use them to shocking effect.

Rumbling echoed out as the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain crushed down onto the two Patriarchs of Mount Ironblood.

RUMBLE!

The ground trembled, and rumbling filled the air. The two Ironblood Patriarchs' faces quivered.

Meanwhile, back on the fifth mountain peak, the hunchbacked old man's eyes widened, and he took a deep breath.

The pretty young woman who stood next to him was utterly shocked.

"What... what is he doing? Could he really be trying to fight back against Mount Ironblood? Master, didn't you say things wouldn't get serious?"

The hunchbacked old man blinked and cleared his throat. "Calm down, alright? Based on my experience, I can tell you that the matter definitely won't get extremely serious. At the most, the first mountain peak will be involved. Hahaha! It seems this Blood Prince is going to take it as a show of force!"

In the central mountain peak, Mount Blood Demon, Patriarch Blood Demon's face was tranquil, but a smile of contentment could be seen on his face.

"The ruthlessness in your heart is too intense, and can't be dispelled. You might as well let it condense into Devilishness. This has been a long time coming. It wasn't that I wanted to coerce you; rather, this was the only method that would count as being helpful to you.

"You don't understand now, but when you reach your Third Severing, you will be enlightened."

Li Shiqi was also on Mount Blood Demon, and her eyes shone with a strange light as she watched the scene play out. After all, she knew Meng Hao much, much better than anyone else in the Blood Demon Sect.

The events in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect were imprinted indelibly in her heart, and she hadn't forgotten about anything that happened there. Furthermore, after returning, she told no one in the sect about what had happened, with the exception of Patriarch Blood Demon.

Most shocked of all was Wang Youcai. He stared blankly as everything happened, then began to breathe deeply. Determination began to glow in his eyes. "Meng Hao... is so strong! I... can't let myself fall behind!"

RUMBLE!!

A massive clamor filled the air as Meng Hao took his third step up the stairs. Up in mid-air, the pearls in the black and white mist, as well as the Ninth Mountain they orbited, shot toward the peak of the mountain. Under the force of the incredible pressure, the two Ironblood Patriarch's gigantic, ferocious face suddenly revealed an expression of pain.

Meng Hao's face was cold as he took his fourth step.

Shocking rumbling caused everything to shake. The face formed by the energy of the two Ironblood Patriarchs struggled and howled. However, it did no good. Under the crushing pressure, it shattered into countless fragments.

To the observers, it almost looked like half of the sky had been ripped apart, superseded by the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain. Having seen their vicious face destroyed, the two Ironblood Patriarchs trembled and coughed up blood. In the blink of an eye, they seemed to age, and their faces filled with astonishment.

"Just how powerful is he?!" they thought, their minds reeling. In their wildest imaginations, they could never have guessed that Meng Hao, using only his own aura, could suppress them to this extent.

On the second mountain peak, Patriarch Darkheaven's face flickered as he stared at the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain. "What divine ability is that?!"

The apprentices next to him were trembling, and so were rest of the 50,000 cultivators of the first mountain peak. They looked up at the sky,

and at Meng Hao, and were terrified.

The three flame-cloaked figures on the fourth mountain peak watched on in shock.

“Crushing! Now, that is crushing!”

“He didn’t even attack them directly, he just used energy to pound the two Ironblood Patriarchs into such a tattered state!”

“Blood Prince! He really is the Blood Prince!”

Everyone was panting. In the Blood Demon Sect, respect was shown to the strong. Other than some of the Elite Apprentices who earned their place because of their bloodline, everyone else was now completely astonished by Meng Hao’s show of force.

He took a fifth step.

Everything shook as the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain continued to emit crushing pressure. The two Ironblood Patriarch’s faces flickered, and with growling roars, they shot up into the air. However, even as they flew up, rumbling echoed out and they were swatted back down. They slammed into the top of the mountain, causing it to tremble violently as it sank down into the ground by a full three meters!

All observers were dumbfounded.

The two Ironblood Patriarchs coughed up blood. Their bodies were covered with wounds, and their astonishment regarding the Ninth Mountain and the Black White Pearls could not grow any further.

“If we can’t fight the divine ability, then we’ll battle with his true self!”

“His magical techniques are monstrous. We can’t fight from a distance, we need to get closer to attack!”

The two Patriarchs roared, and their bodies emitted thumping sounds as they began to grow. They rapidly turned into thirty-meter tall, four-armed giants that looked like devilish fiends.

Their foreheads sported double horns, and they looked nothing at all like humans, but rather, Demons. Their energy exploded out violently as they

hefted their battle-axes and then transforming into streaks of light that shot down toward Meng Hao with monstrous killing intent.

“DIE!”

“KILL!”

Meng Hao was taking his sixth step as they bore down on him. He glanced at the two Demons coldly, then lifted his right hand and slapped out violently.

His fleshly body had experienced sanctification and was essentially at the great circle of Spirit Severing. It was second only to Dao Seeking!

His cultivation base was at the Second Severing, but his true power... placed him as the number one person under Dao Seeking in all the lands of South Heaven.

His palm roared through the air to land directly onto the two Demons.

A huge boom echoed out as the battle-axes shattered into pieces. The faces of the two Demons filled with astonishment, and blood sprayed out of their mouths. Miserable shrieks could be heard, and they appeared to be on the verge of exploding. Blood spurted out everywhere as they were sent tumbling backward.

Meng Hao's palm slammed them back up toward the peak of the mountain. At the same time, the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain began to descend.

“NOOO!!”

“Patriarch, save us!!”

“Darkheaven! Demonfire! Help us!”

When the two Ironblood Patriarchs called out, bloody glows rose up from the second and fourth mountains. As they shot forward, a voice echoed out.

“Enough!”

“Your power has been established! Why haven't you stayed your hand!?”

The ruthlessness in Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he took his eighth step.

"SCREW OFF!" he said, sending his divine sense exploding out. It transformed into a monstrous blood-colored beam that shot toward the incoming bloody glows. Its explosive intensity instantly shattered the two opposing beams, and they vanished.

"Still want test me? Well then, take a good long look. I've taken a liking to this Mount Ironblood." As his voice rumbled out, the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain slammed down onto the peak of Mount Ironblood.

CRUSH!

Everything quaked, and a riot of colors flashed across the sky. The 50,000 disciples of the first mountain peak trembled as the two Ironblood Patriarchs screamed miserably. Their bodies were instantly smashed by the Ninth Mountain.

As their bodies were destroyed, their Nascent Divinities flew out, but were unable to escape. The Black White Pearls immediately absorbed them, and they were sealed inside.

In that moment, Meng Hao finished taking his eighth step, and reached the peak of the mountain. As he stood there alone, all of the disciples of the first mountain peak dropped trembling to their knees and began to kowtow.

"We offer our respects, Blood Prince!"

"We offer our respects, Blood Prince!"

The voices echoed out from the first mountain peak, rising into the air and spreading out like massive waves.

The entire Blood Demon Sect was filled with the sound of it.

However, even as the sound rolled out, a grim, penetrating voice could be heard.

"Meng Hao, you might have a high cultivation base, but this is the Blood Demon Sect! Killing the torture chamber Patriarchs to usurp their position

is against sect rules! You WILL provide compensation!”

“Crushing the two Ironblood Fellow Daoists requires that you provide compensation!”

The voices came from the second and fourth mountain peaks. Patriarch Darkheaven and the three Demonfire Patriarchs refused to give in, and in their minds, Meng Hao had already established his power. In their opinion, Patriarch Blood Demon would certainly appear soon. Since that was the case, they spoke up to maintain their own face, and make sure everyone knew that they did not fear the Blood Prince.

Chapter 708: Sever the Devilish, Seek the Dao!

In their opinions, there was no way that Meng Hao would be willing to make enemies of the entire Blood Demon Sect. The price had already been paid for the test, so they would naturally speak up to preserve their dignity.

Therefore, they made up their minds to worry later about how to deal with Meng Hao. In their reckoning, the next that would happen was that Patriarch Blood Demon would appear and smooth things over.

On the fifth mountain peak, the pretty young woman raised her hand to her chest. Everything that had occurred so far had left a deep impression upon her. As for the hunchbacked old man, he took a deep breath, cleared his throat, and then coolly said, "Patriarch Blood Demon will appear now, and the matter will be concluded. Ah, this Blood Prince.... Too young. Too impulsive. I've lived for too long and...."

However, before he could finish speaking....

Meng Hao completely ignored the mangled corpses at his feet and turned his head to look at the second mountain peak. The icy ruthlessness in his eyes grew even stronger.

"How about I give you your compensation right now!" he said. To the disbelief of all onlookers, he began to move straight toward the second mountain peak!

The Blood Demon Sect instantly went as quiet as a graveyard.

On the second mountain peak, Patriarch Darkheaven's face fell.

"Lunatic!" he thought. "This damned bastard is a lunatic!"

Face flickering, he backed up. "I... I was just babbling," he thought. "But he's actually... dammit!"

The three Demonfire Patriarchs on the fourth mountain peak were also shocked. Gritting their teeth, they flew in succession toward the second

mountain peak.

Meng Hao moved with incredible speed, so it only took a moment for him to close in. He raised his right hand, and the Black White Pearls appeared, circulating around the Ninth Mountain. As they hovered above the second mountain peak, the sky shook and the land quaked.

The disciples of the Blood Demon Sect were flabbergasted to the extreme. Gasps could be heard as they looked up at their matchlessly domineering Blood Prince!

“There’s no need to come down here to try to crush me, I’ll head up there to crush all of you!”

“How about I give you your compensation right now!”

“That’s what the Blood Prince said! Domineering to the max! He’s definitely the Blood Prince of our Blood Demon Sect!”

The bloodline disciples of various other Patriarchs in the sect were now all panting as they realized that their Blood Prince was completely domineering. Their eyes were filled with fanaticism as they stared at Meng Hao.

To have a Blood Prince like this was something incredibly impressive.

In contrast, Patriarch Darkheaven of the second mountain, as well as his seven apprentices, were all pale-faced and trembling. Previously, they had sneered at Meng Hao and looked down with scorn at his youth. By now, they had come to their senses, and could do nothing but stare at him in astonishment.

As for the young man with the fan on the fourth mountain peak, his face was pale white with shock. He suddenly realized that the Blood Prince... might look harmless, but was in fact completely overbearing when provoked.

He did not give second chances, and when he decided to establish his might, he did so completely and thoroughly.

Meng Hao sped toward the second mountain peak, and when he stepped

foot onto it, the entire mountain rocked back and forth. Meng Hao raised his hand toward the retreating Patriarch Darkheaven and extended his finger.

“You want compensation? Here’s my compensation. Compensation to the second mountain peak, delivered by me for Wang Youcai.” The reason Meng Hao chose to make a move against the second mountain peak really was Wang Youcai.

Meng Hao had noticed how they treated him earlier, and was not pleased. As he extended his finger, wind blasted out that seemed to split the Heavens. The Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain transformed into a blur that shot toward the boy in the scholar’s garments, who was none other than Patriarch Darkheaven.

Patriarch Darkheaven’s face fell, and he immediately performed an incantation. A bloody glow erupted around him, transforming into a blood-colored blade that slashed toward the blast of wind from Meng Hao’s finger.

The slashing blade was filled with the energy of the great circle of the First Severing, an explosive power that appeared to be almost on the verge of Second Severing.

Meng Hao snorted and waved his finger again.

“How dare you!!” howled one of the three Demonfire Patriarchs, an old man who emanated the aura of Second Severing. “Meng Hao, you’ve gone too far! You think you’re tough because you’re in the Second Severing? So what if you are!?”

Meng Hao didn’t even turn to look at them. He simply waved his sleeve.

An enormous boom echoed out as the finger attack slammed into the blood-colored blade. The blade immediately fell to pieces, and blood sprayed out of the mouth of Patriarch Darkheaven. Even as he tumbled back like a kite with its string cut, Meng Hao’s second finger attack slammed into him.

Another boom rattled out, and Patriarch Darkheaven let out a

bloodcurdling scream as over half of his body directly exploded. His Nascent Divinity flew out, which was the exact moment in which the three Demonfire Patriarchs from the fourth mountain peak arrived.

“Well,” said Meng Hao calmly, “since you’re here, I guess I might as well provide some compensation to you as well.” He stepped toward them.

The three were shocked. However, the Second Severing Patriarch, who was the eldest of the three Demonfire Patriarchs, waved his hand, causing a sea of blood to appear.

“Why do you keep attacking us?! What are you, a spy from another sect? Did you trick Patriarch Blood Demon!?”

“My license to kill will cover seventy-eight more deaths this year,” replied Meng Hao calmly.

As soon as the words left his mouth, the entire Blood Demon Sect uttered a collective gasp, even the three Demonfire Patriarchs, whose eyes went wide. As for the Nascent Divinity of Patriarch Darkheaven, his face was a picture of shock.

The surrounding disciples immediately broke into an uproar in response to Meng Hao’s shocking words.

“License to kill?!?!?”

“The Blood Prince has... don’t tell me he has a license to kill!?”

“Heavens, does the license to kill cover all cultivation bases?”

“He has so much power! The lives of all disciples are in his hands!”

On the fifth mountain peak, the hunchbacked old man stood there blankly. Next to him, the pretty young woman’s eyes were wide and she was panting.

“Master, what’s this license to kill all about?”

Without even thinking about it, the old man started to talk. “Ahem, there’s no need to worry. I’ve lived for too long, and this is just a test, it won’t....”

He was only about half way through his speech when he noticed his apprentice staring at him with a strange look in her eye. He cleared his throat again.

“Master, you said the same thing in the very beginning, except that Chang Yi got killed. You repeated yourself, and afterward the first mountain peak was crushed.... You said the same thing, after which, the second mountain peak and the fourth mountain peak took action.

“Now, you’re saying the same thing yet again....” The young woman trailed off and didn’t continue speaking.

In the same moment that her voice trailed off, Meng Hao waved his arm, causing the Ninth Mountain to appear and shoot toward the three Demonfire Patriarchs.

As it bore down on them, the three Demonfire Patriarchs’ expressions were extremely serious. They immediately unleashed divine abilities. As for the Second Severing cultivator, he spit out a fireball that set the sea of blood aflame. Bloody fire roared up around him, rapidly transforming into the shape of a gigantic deer’s head.

The deer’s head was formed completely of fire, and it had two enormous antlers. It shot toward the incoming Ninth Mountain. As it flew through the air, the other two Demonfire Patriarchs combined their power to cause the body of a deer to form around them, which then connected to the deer head.

The massive, fully formed deer then hurdled toward the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain, emanating incredible ripples of Second Spirit Severing power that were only a hair away from the power of Third Severing!

Meng Hao’s eyes glinted with coldness. Without hesitation, he waved his right hand, causing the power of his cultivation base to explode out. Fissures appeared in the air all around him, the wind surged and the clouds seethed. Rumbling sounds echoed about in all directions as the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain suddenly expanded, doubling in size and might.

The increase caused an incredible pressure to radiate out. Inside the deer, the three Demonfire Patriarchs' faces filled with disbelief.

BOOM!

The Ninth Mountain slammed into the giant deer, sending a huge explosion blasting out in all directions. The deer was torn into pieces, and the three old men inside coughed up blood as they were sent spinning backward through the air. Their cultivation bases were in chaos, their faces pale, and their hearts surged with waves of shock.

"This is impossible!"

"He's so strong!! He wasn't even fazed by the combined power of all three of us!"

They weren't the only incredulous ones. All of the disciples in the Blood Demon Sect had similar reactions. Even Li Shiqi, who knew a bit about Meng Hao's cultivation base, was shocked.

She never expected Meng Hao to be powerful to such a terrifying level. After all, she only knew a bit about what had happened in the Black Sieve Sect.

Nobody knew the true level of Meng Hao's strength. Were it not for Patriarch Six-Daos, the Black Sieve Sect would have been completely annihilated.

The hunchbacked old man on the fifth mountain peak had an incredibly serious look on his face, and his eyes shone with a strange light.

"I'm old," he muttered. "Really and truly old. I finally ran into one of those legendary inhumans, and yet didn't recognize it.... He's clearly a Dao Severing inhuman!"

"There is a rare type of cultivator whose lives are filled with such twists and turns that they either perish, or shock the Heavens! When they mature, they can slay the Dao Seeking stage, even when in the Spirit Severing stage!"

"People like that, are called... Dao Severing!"

“His ruthlessness has already turned into a Devilish will.... However, the Devilish and the Dao are linked. Both contain a will of persistence. Both are ultimate achievements!

“The path of Dao Severing is a difficult one. Sever the Dao, become a Devil!

“Of course, Devil Severing is another path, an even more difficult one. Sever the Devil, achieve the Dao!! Patriarch, is that why you made him the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect?

“Dao Severing requires a Dao heart. Devil Severing requires a Devilish will!

“I suddenly have a very strong desire... to be there the day he performs Devil Severing!

“Sever the Devilish. Seek the Dao!” Even as the old man muttered to himself on the Fifth Mountain, his eyes grew bright, and he turned to look at Mount Blood Demon.

In Mount Blood Demon, Patriarch Blood Demon sat cross-legged in the Blood Pond. His eyes gleamed with abstruseness, within which infinite ancientness seemed to flow.

“Sever the Devilish,” he murmured. “Seek the Dao!

“Meng Hao, you can’t blame me. I planted the devilish seed within you, but the reason is that the path of the League of Demon Sealers is incorrect.... I will use my remaining years to help you mould your Devilish will, and then wait for you... to Sever the Devil....

“That is Dao Seeking!

“Sever the Devilish. Seek the Dao, then Sever the Immortal. What’s so difficult about that?!”

“When that time comes, you will have sown great Karma with the Demonic. When the day arrives in which you reach the true pinnacle... don’t forget your Demonic destiny.

“Wait for me, my sister, my friends. We will be meeting again soon....

Soon, I will be able to accompany you once more....” The aura of death which surrounded him continued to grow stronger.

Chapter 709: Blood Demon Grand Magic!

[1]

The enormous deer collapsed, and the three Demonfire Patriarchs were sent tumbling backward. Trembling, Patriarch Darkheaven's Nascent Divinity attempted to flee with all the speed he could muster. His heart was currently filled with infinite regret, regret at the words he had spoken earlier.

He also felt incredible hatred toward the two Ironblood Patriarchs, and especially the now-dead Chang Yi. Were it not for them, he and the others wouldn't be in such a tough situation now.

"Dammit, if I had known earlier that it would end up like this, I would never have provoked that jinx!"

"Why hasn't the Patriarch appeared? Don't tell me this Meng Hao is really going to kill all of us?!"

As they rushed to escape, Meng Hao's eyes flashed with coldness. He sped forward with unspeakable speed that caused the four cultivators' scalps to go numb. As he neared, he began to unleash the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

As soon as the magic began to stir, a blood qi exploded up around him, and his right hand turned completely crimson, as if it were made of blood.

"The first stratum of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!"

"The Qi and Blood stratum!"

Meng Hao stretched his hand out toward the three Demonfire Patriarchs and Patriarch Darkheaven's Nascent Divinity. Although they were separated by dozens of meters, as soon as he reached his hand out, their bodies were surrounded by an enormous blood-colored vortex.

The shocking vortex began to rumble, and from a distance it actually didn't look like a vortex at all, but rather, a gigantic hand!

The four cultivators were now stuck in the middle of the palm, and were

unable to extricate themselves.

The faces of the four filled with even more intense shock than they had been. They could sense that because of the vortex, the qi and blood in their bodies was boiling. Furthermore, they couldn't even control their cultivation bases; the more they tried, the more they found themselves unable to suppress the boiling.

Immediately, countless cries rang out through the Blood Demon Sect.

“Blood Demon Grand Magic!!”

“This is the Blood Demon Grand Magic!!”

Countless disciples' eyes gleamed with covetousness as they looked at Meng Hao.

“Only the Blood Prince is qualified to cultivate... the Blood Demon Grand magic!!”

“I can't believe that the Blood Prince actually acquired the first stratum in only a single day!”

The disciples looked up at Meng Hao and the blood-colored vortex spinning in mid-air, and were filled with both shock as well as unprecedented levels of fanaticism.

There was no other magical technique that could inspire such a craze among the Blood Demon Sect's disciples like the Blood Demon Grand Magic did. After all, the Blood Demon Grand Magic was the number one magic in the entire Blood Demon Sect!

Once the Blood Demon Grand Magic was unleashed, the three Patriarchs began to struggle violently. Rumbling sounds could be heard as the power of their cultivation bases exploded out. However, it doesn't matter what they did; they were completely incapable of freeing themselves.

Their fleshly bodies began to wither as blood and Qi pulsed out from inside of them to be absorbed by the vortex and then fused into Meng Hao. His mind trembled as he sensed the power of his fleshly body

shooting up at high speed!

As the qi fused into him, an intense sensation of strength rose up from deep within.

“So this is the Blood Demon Grand Magic!” he thought, his eyes shining with a strange light.

The three Demonfire Patriarchs howled.

“Nooo!! The power of my qi and blood! Dammit!”

“Stop! Meng Hao, if you slaughter members of your own sect, you’ll meet a horrific end!”

“Patriarch Blood Demon, save me!!”

They were unable to prevent the qi and blood from flowing out of them, only to be replaced by a sensation of incredible weakness. The only one who wasn’t affected was Patriarch Darkheaven, who had already been reduced to his Nascent Divinity; nevertheless, he was still frightened and astonished.

The entire scene was incredibly shocking to all the onlookers. Hovering in mid-air, Meng Hao lifted up his right arm and made a grasping motion toward the blood-colored hand, causing more pulses of qi and blood to emerge from the men in front of him, which he then absorbed.

“Do you submit, or not!?” he asked coolly.

“Never!!” cried one of the three Demonfire Patriarchs.

“We three Demonfire Patriarchs serve Patriarch Blood Demon! Do you really think we would submit to a trifling brat like you!?” In their rage, the three Demonfire Patriarchs continued to struggle to free themselves from the vortex, and yet were completely incapable.

Their bodies were visibly withering, their skin was smeared with blood. And yet, that did not leave them in despair. What truly left them without hope was... Patriarch Blood Demon still had not appeared.

That cleared up any doubts about one matter. The license to kill that Meng Hao mentioned truly did exist!

And even the lives of Spirit Severing Patriarchs were covered by it. That also made it obvious that... to Patriarch Blood Demon, no one in the entire Blood Demon Sect could compare to Meng Hao!

Because of that, the heart of the Demonfire Patriarch with the weakest cultivation base began to quiver. Blood was oozing out of him, and he could feel the shadow of death looming over him.

"I submit!!" he cried through gritted teeth. "I submit!! Blood Prince, I give you my allegiance!"

The other two Demonfire Patriarchs were furious.

"Third Brother, what are you doing!"

"How could you possibly give your allegiance to a brat like that!?!?"

His voice cool, Meng Hao said, "Swear a Dao oath."

"You...." The Third Demonfire smiled bitterly, then looked over apologetically at the other two Demonfire Patriarchs. He had no choice but to submit to Meng Hao. The terror he felt because of Meng Hao caused coldness to rise up from within the depths of his heart. That was especially true after he realized that Meng Hao... really could kill him.

It didn't matter that he was a Spirit Severing Patriarch of the Blood Demon Sect!

He really had no other option. He dared not rebel against the sect, and was already terrified of Patriarch Blood Demon. Adding one more terrifying person into the mix, especially since it was the Blood Prince, was something he could accept.

He quickly swore a Dao oath, after which the gravitational power of the vortex surrounding him ceased to affect him.

Because the Qi and Blood stratum of the Blood Demon Grand Magic now had one less person to split its power amongst, the other two Demonfire Patriarchs felt even more pressure than before. qi and blood flowed madly into Meng Hao. At the same time, he suddenly seemed to slip into a strange, indescribable state.

He suddenly sensed... a sort of boundless awareness that existed outside of the lands of South Heaven. It seemed to be faintly connected to the universe in myriad, uncountable ways.

“Is that Dao Seeking...?” thought Meng Hao, his eyes glittering.

“I submit! I’ll swear allegiance!!” roared the Second Demonfire Patriarch. He gritted his teeth and swore a Dao oath. His body was already extremely withered, and his energy almost completely depleted. If he tried to hold on any longer, his fleshly body would be crushed into dust.

Now that he swore allegiance, the most powerful of the three Demonfire Patriarchs, the Second Severing cultivator, was alone. His body was stained red from blood, and rips could even be seen in his skin. Clearly, he was on the verge of collapsing.

“I submit!!” he said, letting out a long sigh. Under the Blood Demon Grand Magic, he had no other choice but to submit. He too was incredibly intimidated by Meng Hao, whom he was simply unable to contend against whether it was in terms of cultivation or combat skills.

As soon as the Demonfire Patriarch submitted and offered up his Dao oath, Meng Hao’s eyes flashed over to Patriarch Darkheaven, who had been sucked into the vortex. Though the vortex had no effect on him due to his lack of a physical body, his whole body shuddered when Meng Hao’s gaze landed on his body and he hastily squeaked, “I submit too!!”

When the leadership of the second and fourth mountain peaks submitted, the hunchbacked old man on the fifth peak raised his voice and called out, “I am Yuan Daozi! I offer my respects, Blood Prince!”

Behind him, the pretty young woman was looking at Meng Hao with ardor burning in her eyes. She immediately dropped to her knees and kowtowed, as did all of the disciples on the fifth mountain peak.

“Respects, Blood Prince!”

Up in mid-air, the three Demonfire Patriarchs as well as Patriarch Darkheaven unhesitatingly clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“Respects, Blood Prince!”

The fourth mountain peak, the second, the first, all of the 200,000 disciples of the Blood Demon Sect joined their voices together. It far exceeded the sound of the combined voices of the 50,000 disciples of the first mountain peak. The massive sound waves exploded out, shaking everything.

As he hovered in mid-air, Meng Hao waved a hand, causing the blood-colored vortex to vanish. At the same time, the absorption of any qi and blood ceased.

“I can’t waste any of it,” he thought. “I need to see exactly how powerful this Blood Demon Grand Magic is.” A strange light appeared in his eyes, and he clenched his fist. Then, he focused all of the power of the qi and blood he had absorbed into a single blow aimed at the sky.

Bright colors flashed, and a huge roaring sound filled the air as Meng Hao’s fist shot out. The sky shook, and the air was rent by rifts. An enormous black hole appeared in mid-air, which then transformed into a twisting beam of light that shot off into the void.

From a distance, it almost looked like a black dragon, incomparably vicious, with a desire to cause the fall of the Heavens.

The rip in the Heavens emanated an aura that left even the Spirit Severing cultivators trembling. These were the vibrations of Dao Seeking!

Everyone was shocked to the core, even the Spirit Severing Patriarchs.

“That attack... contained the will of Dao Seeking!”

“That was comparable to the early Dao Seeking stage!” As of this moment, everyone was completely convinced of Meng Hao’s qualifications, and no one dared to show him even the slightest scrap of disrespect.

As for the ordinary disciples, they were in awe to the point of fanaticism, and cries to the Blood Prince echoed out with increasing intensity.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. He had viewed the Blood Demon Grand Magic as incredible before, but as of now, he realized that it was actually far more powerful than he had ever imagined!

“This art far exceeds the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal. It’s probably on the same level as the mysterious Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. 2

“And this is only the first stratum of the Blood Demon Grand Magic! If I can cultivate it all the way through the third level and the fourth, thus unleashing the great circle of the second stratum, then I can summon ten vortexes!

“The hand formed by those ten vortexes would have the power to absorb cultivation bases!

“If I can complete the fifth and sixth levels, which is the third stratum, the Blood Soul stratum... according to the description of the technique, the sky will turn the color of blood, and the Heavens will transform into an enormous hand that can wrest away souls!

“No wonder Patriarch Blood Demon said that if I can reach the fourth level, I can slay Patriarch Six-Daos of the Black Sieve Sect!

“When I reach the fourth level, the great circle of the Spirit Meridians second stratum, then I can definitely strike down the early Dao Seeking stage!

“This art, is a Demon magic!” He looked up in the direction of the Black Sieve Sect, and the killing intent in his eyes grew stronger. Deep in his heart, even more ruthlessness took hold, and his devilish will grew stronger.

“Of the magic that I cultivate, the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal can strengthen my fleshly body, and the Blood Demon Grand Magic along with the Blood Immortal divine abilities can act as my trump cards.

“Furthermore, by fusing the Black White Pearls with the Ninth Mountain, I have created my own divine ability!

“Now... all I have to do is cultivate the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao, and I can form a true self clone!

“When all of them have reached the great circle, then I will definitely be able to find enlightenment regarding my Third Severing!”

1. No, this chapter title IS NOT the same title as chapter 704. If you have eyes, you should be able to see the difference.
2. Meng Hao got the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao in the Demon Immortal Sect in chapter 584. Very little information was given about it.

Chapter 710: Xu Qing Awakens

Meng Hao hovered in mid-air. Up above was the massive rift ripped in the sky, the sight of which was incredibly shocking.

The surrounding Blood Demon Sect disciples, regardless of who they were, looked at Meng Hao with trembling minds and hearts. As of this moment, he had everyone's complete attention.

Even the sect's Spirit Severing cultivators felt awe in their hearts, an awe that was now permanently branded there.

The complete and utter silence that filled the Blood Demon Sect was suddenly broken by an archaic voice that echoed out from the centrally-located Mount Blood Demon.

The voice, hoarse and filled with the feeling of countless ages of time, filled the entire Blood Demon Sect, and was heard by all disciples.

"Meng Hao was originally a scholar, born three hundred years ago in the State of Zhao in the Southern Domain...

"By chance, he began to walk the path of cultivation. He had a Perfect Foundation with ten Dao Pillars, and slew Core Formation cultivators!"

The voice, of course, belonged to Patriarch Blood Demon. As it echoed about, all of the cultivators of the Blood Demon Sect listened intently. When the State of Zhao was mentioned, Wang Youcai's expression was one of reminiscence. After all, the State of Zhao was his hometown, too.

"Later, he made his way to the Southern Domain. In the Song Clan's search for a son-in-law, he clinched victory in the competition, but then abandoned his status as a son-in-law of the Song Clan to join the Violet Fate Sect!

"In the Violet Fate Sect, his skill in pill concocting reached the highest of levels. He was promoted to Violet Furnace Lord, and became known as... Grandmaster Pill Cauldron!"

By the time these words rang out in the Blood Demon Sect, the silence was impossible to maintain. Gasps could be heard, and a massive

commotion erupted. Once again, all eyes came to focus on Meng Hao, who hovered there calmly in mid-air.

“Meng Hao... I remember now! Meng Hao was Grandmaster Pill Cauldron back in the Violet Fate Sect!”

“Heavens! Last year I went to an auction where a pill marked with Grandmaster Pill Cauldron’s emblem was sold at an astronomical price!”

“It’s him!! Grandmaster Pill Cauldron!!”

“I remember! Meng Hao caused a huge disaster that year, and then just disappeared!”

People were now staring at him with even more fervor than before. Earlier, they had submitted to Meng Hao’s cultivation base, but now, his experiences were shaking them, filling them with incredible admiration.

Li Shiqi gazed silently at Meng Hao as images of all the past events flitted through her mind.

“In Foundation Establishment, he could vanquish Core Formation. In Core Formation, he could slay Nascent Soul. All of you have heard stories about Meng Hao over the years. He left the Southern Domain and went to the Black Lands, where he quickly rose to prominence. He entered the Western Desert, where he single-handedly led his tribe out of the Violet Rain Apocalypse. He slaughtered countless enemies and his name rocked the Western Desert!

“Later, he sank to the bottom of the Violet Sea, the waters of which have the power to decay all living things. It was on the seafloor that he gained enlightenment of a great Dao and entered the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage!”

Patriarch Blood Demon’s voice was as ancient as ever. When all the disciples heard his words, it gave rise to massive waves of shock. They stared in disbelief at Meng Hao; to them, his experiences were the stuff of legend.

Even the previously hostile Legacy Apprentices of the Spirit Severing Patriarchs were now staring at Meng Hao with awe and fanaticism.

“He’s done so many things!”

“Compared to him, our lives are soft and easy! Sure, we might kill a few people here and there, but compared to him... our experiences aren’t even worth mentioning!”

Meng Hao said nothing. Hearing Patriarch Blood Demon recount his experiences was almost like listening to the stories of a stranger. However, he wasn’t surprised that Patriarch Blood Demon knew so much about him.

“When Meng Hao was in the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, he battled with a First Severing cultivator. In a war that rocked the Black Lands and shocked the Western Desert, he exterminated the man’s entire tribe.

“The war didn’t last long, nor did word of it spread very far, before he left for the ancient Demon Immortal Sect!

“As for the details of what happened there, I’m not entirely clear. One thing I do know... the events that occurred there because of him were nothing short of incredible!

“After leaving the ancient Demon Immortal Sect, Meng Hao encountered the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, a peak Dao Seeking expert. Meng Hao slew his clone, and was then forced to go to the Milky Way Sea. After multiple encounters, his cultivation base was stolen away, and he became mortal!!”

At this point in the tale, gasps rang out. The listening disciples could scarcely believe what they were hearing. What they had heard before already left them with the sensation that Meng Hao’s experiences were a legend, but then the story encountered an even more shocking twist.

“He... became mortal?!”

“He lost his cultivation base? He made an enemy of a Dao Seeking expert? The Blood Prince... he’s incredible!”

“He lost his cultivation base? But look at him now! He’s obviously incredibly fierce and valiant. What happened in the meantime?”

The buzz of conversation filled the air. The three Demonfire Patriarchs

were gobsmacked, and Patriarch Darkheaven was staring at Meng Hao with an expression of intense astonishment. As for the hunchbacked old man from the fifth mountain peak, his eyes radiated a strange glow.

The pretty young woman next to him, as well as the other Legacy Apprentices, were hearing the story of Meng Hao for the first time. All of them were panting as they looked up at him floating there calmly in mid-air. Gradually, they began to realize that there was something about him that seemed... lonesome.

Wang Youcai was staring at Meng Hao in a daze. He was aware of the rest of the story, although he wasn't sure of all the details.

Meng Hao continued his silence. He wasn't surprised that Patriarch Blood Demon even knew about his encounters with the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch in the Milky Way Sea. What happened in the Black Sieve Sect showed that.

Clearly, Patriarch Blood Demon was not holding back anything about Meng Hao. He revealed everything he knew.

"After becoming mortal, Meng Hao chose to go to the Rebirth Cave!

"There, his beloved chose to give up everything for him. In the end, he was reborn. He performed his Second Severing, becoming the number one figure under Dao Seeking. As for his beloved, she was captured by the Black Sieve Sect!

"Meng Hao, acting alone, slaughtered his way into the sect. He killed tens of thousands of Black Sieve Sect disciples, including several Spirit Severing Cultivators. In the end, he fought with the Black Sieve Sect's number one Patriarch, Six-Daos!

"I intervened in that battle, which is how the Blood Demon Sect came to have a new Blood Prince, Meng Hao!

"This is his story. Who among you... choose not to submit?" As the echoes of Patriarch Blood Demon's archaic voice faded away, the heart of each and every disciple surged with waves of shock.

They were completely shaken by hearing of Meng Hao's experiences.

The shocking path which he had walked, as well as his cultivation base, filled them with intense zealotry.

In their astonishment, the three Demonfire Patriarchs and Patriarch Darkheaven now understood everything.

As for the seven Legacy Apprentices of Patriarch Darkheaven on the second mountain peak, the fan-wielding young man on the fourth mountain peak, and the pretty girl on the fifth mountain peak, they gazed at Meng Hao with minds and hearts reeling.

They now clearly understood how powerful Meng Hao was, and it filled them with a terror that far exceeded that which any other Chosen could impart.

To them, this was not just a matter of Meng Hao being worthy of becoming Blood Prince. In fact, few sects could ever have a Sect Prince like this.

A person like him could actually found his own Sect!

One by one, everyone began to clasp hands and bow to Meng Hao.

“Blood Prince, we offer our respects!”

Meng Hao’s cultivation base had crushed anyone who refused to bow their head in submission. The recounting of his experiences had shocked the hearts of anyone who inwardly refused to acknowledge him. Patriarch Blood Demon’s words ensured that Meng Hao was now truly worthy to be... Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect!

Meng Hao said nothing. He waved his right hand, causing the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain to vanish. At the same time, the Nascent Divinities of the two Ironblood Patriarchs were released. Meng Hao had not truly wiped them out of existence.

Their Nascent Divinities trembled; from their position within the Black White Pearls, they had seen everything that had happened, and had also heard Patriarch Blood Demon’s words. Currently, they didn’t even have the tiniest intention of provoking Meng Hao. Quite the opposite. They were filled with deep awe, and went along with everyone else to bow to

Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's gaze swept across the crowds. Then, he turned silently and made his way off into the distance. He did not choose to occupy one of the mountains within the area of the five mountain peaks. Instead, he chose to occupy a beautiful valley on the outside.

The valley had no name, but after Meng Hao occupied it, the blood Demon Sect disciples came to view it as a Holy Land second only to Patriarch Blood Demon's mountain peak.

There were plenty of disciples who were more than happy to stand guard outside, transforming the valley into one of the most important locations in the Blood Demon Sect.

Because of Meng Hao, Wang Youcai became even more famous in the Blood Demon Sect. In fact, the hunchbacked old man from the fifth mountain peak personally appeared to take him as an apprentice.

As a result, Wang Youcai became a Legacy Apprentice of the fifth mountain peak, a position far higher than what he had occupied before.

As for the valley Meng Hao occupied, the Blood Demon Sect disciples secretly began to refer to it as... Blood Prince Gorge.

The Blood Prince liked peace and quiet, and therefore no one dared to enter Blood Prince Gorge unless they were summoned.

Time passed. Nine nine-day-cycles later, on the eighty-first day, Meng Hao sat in his log cabin in the valley. The fragrance of flowers drifted through the air, and green grass carpeted the entire area. It was like a utopia hidden away from the turmoil of the world.

A woman lay in front of Meng Hao, her eyes closed. She was beautiful, and she radiated the aura of an Immortal spirit. Her skin was as pure as flawless white jade.

Meng Hao looked down at her and continued to wait patiently.

Around dusk, the woman's eyelashes trembled, as if she were gathering the strength to awaken. A moment later, she slowly... opened her eyes.

At first, her eyes were filled with a confused look, as if countless memories were streaming into her mind. The process continued for a long moment before finally, the blankness vanished and transformed into lucidity. It was then that she realized that someone was sitting next to her, looking at her with warmth in his eyes.... Meng Hao.

Xu Qing looked at Meng Hao, and smiled a warm, beautiful smile.

She slowly sat up, and then reached out to stroke the side of Meng Hao's face.

"It feels wonderful to wake up...."

Meng Hao looked back at her and also smiled. However, it was a smile that, deep down, contained sadness. He knew that what he was experiencing now could last no more than ninety-nine years.

"I won't leave this valley for the next ninety-nine years," Xu Qing said. "I'll accompany you... until the time for reincarnation comes."

Chapter 711: Ancient Dao Lakes

One year.

An entire year had passed since Meng Hao had arrived in the Blood Demon Sect. During that time, he didn't even step half a pace outside of his valley, nor did anyone disturb him. In the utopia of his valley, he and Xu Qing watched the sun rise and set. Everything was calm and peaceful, and they spent their time enjoying the warmth and sweetness of each other's company.

During that year, Xu Qing did not practice cultivation. She lived like a mortal woman, accompanying Meng Hao. Occasionally, her laughter would drift out from within the valley, and the Blood Demon Sect disciples standing guard on the outside would smile and look back toward the valley.

This was their Blood Prince and their Blood Prince's beloved.

During that year, Meng Hao's reputation inside the Blood Demon Sect did not lessen. Furthermore, stories of what had occurred in the Black Sieve Sect began to spread out from the Blood Demon Sect into the rest of the Southern Domain. Soon, Meng Hao's name became even more illustrious.

He was a Spirit Severing expert, Grandmaster Pill Cauldron, Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect, and had waged war against the Black Sieve Sect. The stories spread, and soon the name 'Meng Hao' was on the minds of everyone in the Southern Domain.

As for Meng Hao, he learned of the tragic fate of the Wang Clan, and heard about the broken-souled lunatic who raved of Immortal Ascension and wandered around, having lost everything...

During that year, Meng Hao did not give up on cultivating the Blood Demon Grand Magic. However, on repeated occasions he sensed that he was incapable of reaching the third level. He was missing something.

He had reached a bottleneck, that much was obvious. Patriarch Blood

Demon did not provide him with any tips or reminders. Actually, during the entire year, he didn't even speak to Meng Hao at all. It seemed he had delivered the entire Blood Demon Sect into Meng Hao's hands. Meng Hao now had authority over the life and death of everyone in the sect.

Although he experienced no breakthrough in the Blood Demon Grand Magic, he did gain enlightenment regarding the cultivation of the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal.

The art was crude and simple, but it could temper the fleshly body to an incredible degree. Unfortunately, it required a vast number of magical items to fuse into the flesh. Essentially... it was a divine ability that could refine one's body into a treasured magical item.

Most people, even if they could gain enlightenment, would find it difficult to cultivate. After all, it required incredible amounts of magical items. Just to cultivate the first level required 10,000 Spirit Severing level magical items.

Thankfully, the requirement wasn't Spirit Severing life-essence treasures; were that the case, Meng Hao would have given up immediately. He simply could not cultivate something like that.

However, if he could successfully cultivate the first level, then his fleshly body would exceed Spirit Severing, and would reach the Dao Seeking stage. When the fleshly body reached Dao Seeking, the qi and blood contained a natural law of Heaven and Earth.

Such a body was like a precious treasure.

If the second level was cultivated successfully, the fleshly body could break through Dao Seeking and then experience Fleshly Body Immortal Tribulation. If transcended... the qi and blood could reach Immortal Ascension.

"There are a total of four levels to this art. If I can cultivate the highest level..." His eyes gleamed with a brilliant light for a moment. It quickly faded. The items required to cultivate the fourth level were things the like of which he had never even heard of.

“And then there’s the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!” he thought, his eyes shining with a strange light. During the year, his greatest achievement was not related to the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal, but rather, the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!

After much pondering, Meng Hao had finally gained a bit of understanding. It was actually an art that could be used to create a clone. Granted, clone magic was not common in the Southern Domain, but neither was it rare, and most Spirit Severing Cultivators had found a way to create clones.

After all, if a clone died, the true self could continue on living. Likewise, if the true self died, the clone could also continue on living. Creating an additional clone was like creating an additional life.

There were many magics that could be used to cultivate clones, and they all had their various unique aspects. As for the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao, it was one of the highest ranked Daoist magics in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. Furthermore, it was the life-essence Daoist magic of the Withering Flame Demon, one of the three Demon Paragons ranked directly beneath Lord Li.

In terms of how powerful it was, it would be hard to find something more illustrious in all the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

“Other clone magics require extracting a strand from one’s own soul, then inserting it into a flesh and blood body, or perhaps a spirit body. Another option is to use some sort of magical item to create a body, then link it to the true self.

“Those are the safest methods, and avoid any problems that can arise from the clone revolting.

“However, the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao can create a homologous clone body. The clone body also requires a strand of soul, except not from one’s own soul, but rather, the soul of an outsider.

“The stronger the soul, the stronger the clone! In fact, more than one soul can be fused into it, which would make the clone even more powerful!

“It is not a matter of controlling the body with the soul, but rather, controlling the soul with the body. The soul withers, transforming into a flame that nourishes the clone. This is not a Daoist art, but rather, Demon magic. Once the clone is created, the physical body’s will transforms it into a true self, suppressing the clone’s soul and becoming the True Self Dao.

“The body is like a sheath and the soul is like a blade. The key to it all is controlling that razor-sharp blade!

“This art is incredibly overbearing!

“Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!

“What this magic cultivates is not actually a clone, but a second true self! An incredibly powerful true self!”

**

Many things happened in the outside world during the year that passed. One of the most shocking events was not the reappearance of Meng Hao, but rather, the fact that one of the three Danger Zones of the Southern Domain, the Ancient Dao Lakes, had begun erupting.

Furthermore, the eruptions were occurring with increasing frequency. At first, they were limited to Dao Geysers on the periphery of the Dao Lakes, but eventually, even the Dao Lakes themselves began to erupt. 1

“The Ancient Dao Lakes are erupting again!”

“I heard that last month, one of the smaller Dao Lakes erupted, and a Spirit Severing magical item appeared!”

“You don’t even need to mention the Dao Lakes. The Dao Geysers are also erupting. Cultivators are gathering, and I heard that many people are gaining enlightenment.”

Such cries could be heard frequently in the Blood Demon Sect in recent days. More than a few disciples left the Sect and traveled to the Dao Lakes to seek good luck and fortune.

As time passed, more and more of the disciples became interested in the

Dao Lakes. Of course, at first, it was only Core Formation up to mid Nascent Soul cultivators who were most interested.

However, a month later, a great circle Nascent Soul cultivator from the Solitary Sword Sect received enlightenment and entered the Spirit Severing stage. This shook the entire Southern Domain, and caused virtually all the great circle Nascent Soul stage cultivators who were stuck beneath the Spirit Severing stage to immediately rush to the Ancient Dao Lakes to seek good fortune.

Soon, witnesses began to spread reports of an eruption which had occurred within the Ancient Dao Lakes. Apparently, it gave rise to incredible ripples that could allow Spirit Severing cultivators to experience enlightenment regarding a great Dao.

The news gave rise to a virtual storm that swept across the Southern Domain. Spirit Severing Patriarchs from all sects and clans went wild with eagerness.

The Blood Demon Sect was no exception.

After obtaining permission from Meng Hao, the two Ironblood Patriarchs, Patriarch Darkheaven, and the three Demonfire Patriarchs entered the valley and approached Meng Hao, who sat cross-legged outside of his log cabin, a flagon of alcohol placed in front of him.

“Blood Prince, the Dao Lakes are erupting. The Patriarch is in secluded meditation and has not inquired about any sect affairs. Will the Blood Demon Sect be allowed to participate in this opportunity for good fortune?”

“It’s true, Blood Prince. The other sects and clans are beginning to stir. As a matter of fact, a few days ago the Solitary Sword Sect sent a large group of cultivators to the Ancient Dao Lakes, led by a Spirit Severing Patriarch.”

“The Dao Geysers in the border region of the Ancient Dao Lakes don’t erupt according to any sort of pattern. However, the small lakes in the inner region erupt once every two thousand years. As for the Prime Lake, it erupts once every ten thousand years.

“According to the calculations, now is the time when virtually all of the Ancient Dao Lakes will be erupting!”

Xu Qing stood quietly off to the side. The Spirit Severing Patriarchs treated her very courteously. After all, the fact that Meng Hao had single-handedly fought the entire Black Sieve Sect because of her showed the place she held in his heart.

Meng Hao opened his eyes, and a profound light could be seen therein, as well as a ruthlessness that was difficult to conceal, so intense that it could not be dispelled. The instant his eyes opened, the six Spirit Severing Patriarchs' hearts shuddered, and they respectfully bowed their heads.

“The Ancient Dao Lakes....” murmured Meng Hao. His cultivation base was now stuck at a bottleneck. Although he had some ideas, he was still not clear regarding his Third Severing. Furthermore, even further secluded meditation would not help him to progress with the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

He turned his head to look at Xu Qing.

“I’ll be fine,” she said with a smile. “I’ll be waiting here for you.... Wouldn’t the best thing be for you to acquire some good fortune?” Her gaze was filled with warmth as she looked at him. During the past year, she had been very happy. She didn’t worry about cultivation, or about the complications of life. She was with Meng Hao, and it almost felt like the simple life back in the Reliance Sect.

The Spirit Severing Patriarchs all looked expectantly at Meng Hao, waiting for his answer.

It was at this point that Yao Ming, the Second Severing expert of the three Demonfire Patriarchs, suddenly seemed to notice something. He looked down toward his bag of holding and then produced a glowing jade slip. He looked at it deeply for a moment, his expression flickering.

“Blood Prince, we can’t hesitate for too long. Now that the Solitary Sword Sect has taken action, the Golden Frost Sect, Violet Fate Sect, Black Sieve Sect, Song Clan, and Li Clan have followed suit. All have sent forces led by Spirit Severing experts to the Ancient Dao Lakes.” With that, he handed

the jade slip over to Meng Hao.

When Meng Hao heard the words 'Black Sieve Sect,' he saw Xu Qing's expression darken. Killing intent flickered in his eyes as he accepted the jade slip. After examining it, he looked up, and his eyes shone with determination.

"Let's go!" he said, rising to his feet and striding forward. The six Blood Demon Sect Spirit Severing Patriarchs' expressions brightened. Considering the level of Meng Hao's cultivation base, with him as their leader, the Blood Demon Sect would definitely reap an abundant harvest.

Meng Hao walked out of the valley followed by the six. There were already tens of thousands of disciples gathered outside, looks of anticipation on their faces.

Meng Hao glanced over them.

"Each mountain peak shall select 10,000 disciples to come with me to the Ancient Dao Lakes!"

"Yes, Blood Prince!"

"Yes, Blood Prince!" The excited cries instantly rang out through the Blood Demon Sect. Under the direction of the six Spirit Severing Patriarchs, arrangements were made, and soon a crowd of tens of thousands of beams of light shot up into the air to follow Meng Hao.

Li Shiqi was among them, but as for Wang Youcai, he remained behind to maintain guard cross-legged outside of Meng Hao's valley.

In the same moment that Meng Hao led the disciples flying away, Patriarch Blood Demon sat in the Blood Pond in Mount Blood Demon. Slowly, he opened his eyes.

"To Sever the Devil, one must first accept bedevilment. His Devilishness is not profound enough yet...."

1. You may remember the events which transpired around one particular Dao Geyser, which began in chapter 266. Meng Hao/Fang Mu was disguised as the Faceless Azure Hero. He eventually gained enlightenment and defeated Black Lands Dao Child Luo Chong.

Chapter 712: Gathering at the Dao Lakes!

The three Danger Zones of the Southern Domain!

The Rebirth Cave, the Ancient Dao Lakes, and the Ancient Temple of Doom.

The most mysterious of them all was the Rebirth Cave. The most ferocious was the Ancient Temple of Doom. However, to cultivators, the site that offered the most benefits in terms of cultivation... were the Ancient Dao Lakes!

However, it was still considered a Danger Zone. After entering, it would be difficult to predict whether you could come out alive or not. Only when the Dao Lakes region was in a state of eruption would the danger be slightly reduced, and the opportunities for good fortune increased.

Within the Dao Lakes region, invisible rifts often appeared that could cut through anything except perhaps certain precious treasures. In addition, there were many restrictive spells which had existed for countless years. If you stumbled into one there was a ninety percent chance that you would end up dead.

In addition, there were many teleportation traps. They would appear without any warning whatsoever, and would randomly teleport you to certain areas in the region of the Dao Lakes. If you got lucky, then you might walk away completely unharmed. If you were unlucky, however, you might get teleported into one of the rifts or even into one of the Dao Lakes. Even Dao seeking experts would either be killed or wounded in such a situation; no one could escape unscathed.

There was an even more terrifying possibility... it was possible to enter into a cycle of teleportation in which you entered a teleportation trap that constantly teleported you in and out to various locations, without letting you leave.

It was an endless cycle, and cultivators who entered one would be tormented by continuous teleportation until they died in body and spirit.

Such a tragic outcome was something not unheard of in the Ancient Dao Lakes. In fact, sometimes it was even possible to see corpses passing in and out of various teleportation traps.

Few people were aware of exactly how the Ancient Dao Lakes were formed. In the very center of the entire region was the largest Dao Lake, which was surrounded by numerous smaller lakes. These lakes had mirror-like surfaces, which to onlookers seemed to reflect the entirety of the Heavens.

Further out were the Dao Geysers. Normally they were dry and empty, but when they erupted it was possible to see Dao Projections.

In addition to the Dao Projections that would become visible in the Dao Geysers and Lakes, they would sometimes spit out precious treasures, ancient records, or even bizarre and terrifying beasts. Occasionally, Heavenly materials and Earthly treasures would appear, or jade slips with special techniques. Some were worthless, whereas others were priceless. In summary, it was possible for just about any type of item to erupt out.

Over time, some people came to suspect that beneath the Ancient Dao Lakes were the ruins of some ancient structure or city that had fallen ages ago.

Many people wished to make their way into those ruins, but even peak Dao Seeking cultivators were incapable of doing so. Even the cultivators of the Ji Clan of South Heaven were incapable, much to their chagrin.

Currently, hundreds of thousands of cultivators were gathered outside of the Ancient Dao Lakes. The vast majority were rogue cultivators who didn't dare to enter into the inner region of the Dao Lakes. They couldn't do anything more than squabble with each other over control of the Dao Geysers.

Those who had enough strength could occupy a Dao Geyser, which would allow them to establish a foundation for their future. However, there were less than three thousand Dao Geysers, which led to bitter fighting on virtually a daily basis.

Of course, even with all the violence, one cultivator after another would

gain enlightenment and rise to prominence in the area. That in turn led to even further excitement among the crowds of cultivators, who would go mad at the chance to acquire good fortune.

As time passed, more and more cultivators arrived. Of course, some attempted to venture into the inner region where there weren't just Dao Geysers, but 30-meter Dao Lakes!

As far as the Dao Geysers were concerned, ninety-nine percent of the time, they spit out Dao Projections. Only occasionally would they erupt with other items.

When it came to Dao Lakes, it was an entirely different matter, which tended to depend on the size of the lake. For example, the 30-meter Dao Lakes had a ten percent chance of spitting out items other than Dao Projections. The 300-meter Dao Lakes further in had a thirty-percent chance.

Then there were the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes that had a sixty-percent chance.

Finally, there was the 30,000-meter Dao Lake, which had a ninety-percent chance of erupting with precious treasures!

As for the Dao Geysers, once they erupted, a Dao Projection would appear. Afterwards, that particular Dao Geyser would be locked with that one single Dao Projection, which would appear in every subsequent eruption. The Dao Lakes were different. Even if a Dao Projection did appear, it would eventually vanish. Then, you could wait at the edge of a lake for a certain period of time for another eruption.

Within the region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, there were roughly a thousand 30-meter lakes, each one of which was occupied by small-scale sects, making it difficult for any outsider to get near. There were a few hundred of the 300-meter lakes, the majority of which were occupied by mid-scale sects or clans.

As for the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes, there were ten in total, which great sects or clans like the Solitary Sword Sect were qualified to occupy.

By this point, the number of Southern Domain cultivators that had gathered did not exceed 1,000,000, but rather, was more in the range of 700,000 to 800,000. As more arrived, there was more fighting and killing.

Boom!

A group of cultivators suddenly appeared up in the sky. Each and every one shone with a golden light, the reason being that they were all wearing golden suits of armor. Altogether, they looked completely wild and rough.

As they shot through the air, the sky and land grew dim, and ripples spread out in all directions. They didn't didn't look down, but instead, fixed their gazes on the inner region of the Ancient Dao Lakes. When they entered, they didn't fly, but rather, proceeded carefully under the leadership of sect experts.

"The Golden Frost Sect has arrived!"

"Those are cultivators from the Golden Frost Sect! The one in the front is Golden Frost Sect Patriarch Ling Dong! Don't tell me that the guy behind him is Grandmaster Eternal Mountain!?!?" 1

"See that fat guy off to the side? That's the guy who swore to take a hundred beloved, the shameless Li Fugui, right?"

Cries of alarm began to ring out from the interior region of the Dao Lakes as the small-scale and even mid-scale sects began to grow anxious. That was especially true of the female disciples, whose countenances flushed with trepidation at the mention of the name Li Fugui.

Soon, more voices rose up from the region outside.

"The Li Clan is here!!"

"That's... the 19th Li Clan Patriarch! They say he's a Second Severing expert! Look at the people behind him! They seem to have an equal status, don't tell me they're also Spirit Severing Patriarchs?!"

"The Song Clan's here too! I can see the Song Clan's Inkstone Puppets!!"

"The Black Sieve Sect! The Black Sieve Sect people are here!"

“Just about all the sects and clans in the whole Southern Domain have arrived!”

Voices echoed about in all directions throughout the Ancient Dao Lakes. The person in the lead position of the Black Sieve Sect was none other than the Third Severing Patriarch who had survived Meng Hao’s attack. Clearly, his cultivation base had recovered quite a bit, but his face was grim as he glanced around and led his people into the Dao Lakes.

Within the group from the Song Clan was Song Jia. Her expression was placid, and she was followed closely by a middle-aged man. Somehow, he looked threatening despite the lack of any sort of anger on his face. Also in the group was Eccentric Song, whose cultivation base was slightly higher than before. He was now in the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, just half a step from Spirit Severing. 2

Behind them were over ten thousand junior members of the Song Clan, as well as more than ten thousand puppets. The puppets were black, emanated an intense coldness, and were completely shocking in appearance.

Almost in the same instant in which the Song Clan entered the inner region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, a violet-colored auspicious cloud appeared in the sky off in the distance. As it neared, a sallow-faced old man became visible within. He was surrounded by several other old men who all bore similar auras. Their faces were grim and they did not speak. Behind them within the cloud were tens of thousands of disciples, as well as an enormous pill furnace, around which circulated a sword.

Their energy was bright and colorful, and as they neared, the cultivators outside the Dao Lakes immediately realized who they were.

“The Violet Fate Sect!”

“That’s Reverend Withered-Dao of the Violet Fate Sect! He’s a Spirit Severing Expert!”

“Look behind him! It’s the two beauties of the Violet Fate Sect... Chu Yuyan and Hanxue Shan!”

Within the crowd of Violet Fate Sect disciples, Chu Yuyan's gaze swept over the scene down below. Her delicate brow was furrowed, as if she was looking for someone in particular, only to find that person not present. Next to her was a charming young woman with skin like snow, incredibly attractive. She was none other than the Holy Daughter of Holy Snow City in the Black Lands, Hanxue Shan.

She also seemed to search through the crowds, after which her expression grew somewhat gloomy. Next to her was a taciturn, middle-aged man with handsome features. Occasionally, he would look over at Hanxue Shan with a tender look in his eye that he kept well-hidden. 3

He was none other than Ye Feimu, the same person who vied with Meng Hao that year for the title of Violet Furnace Lord.... He was a Chosen of the Dao of alchemy, and after the hundreds of years that had passed he was now in the late Nascent Soul stage. 4

There was another person within the group who seemed somewhat nondescript, and yet had an early Nascent Soul cultivation base. He also looked down below as if he were searching for a figure that existed somewhere in his memories.

"He didn't come...?" the old man sighed. "Oh well, I bet he wouldn't even remember who I am...." Within the old man's mind flickered countless memories of past times in the Violet Fate Sect.

"Elder Brother Fang Mu, do you still remember Bai Yunlai...?" 5

Surprisingly, among the forces of the Violet Fate Sect could also be seen An Zaihai and Lin Hailong, the two Violet Furnace Lords. Their gazes swept about, and complex expressions could be seen on their faces. 6

The auspicious cloud carried the group from the Violet Fate Sect into the region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, and then vanished. Finally, the region outside the lakes returned to its previous state.

Three days later, far off on the horizon, a blood-colored light shone out. The bloody glow spread out in all directions as something that bore the semblance of a blood-colored Demonic beast appeared. It shot forward at incredible speed, whereupon a gigantic face could be seen.

The vicious, blood-red sported a spiraling horn, which emanated an astonishing energy!

If you looked closely, you would be able to tell that, shockingly, the face was actually made up of tens of thousands of cultivators. As for the horn, at its tip was a young man wearing a blood-colored robe. His long hair whipped about his dispassionate face. Within his eyes could be seen a streak of ruthlessness.

He was handsome, but there was nothing scholarly about him. Instead, he seemed cruel and cold. This was... Meng Hao, who after experiencing death, had the ruthlessness of a Devil.

Behind him were six Spirit Severing Patriarchs of the Blood Demon Sect, as well as 40,000 disciples.

“The Blood Demon Sect!”

“That young man... could he be Meng Hao? He used to be called Fang Mu, Grandmaster Pill Cauldron. Now... he’s the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect!!”

“To save his beloved, Xu Qing, he single-handedly battled the entire Black Sieve Sect! It’s Meng Hao!” Instantly, the region outside the Dao Lakes was thrown into a huge commotion. By now, more than a year had passed since the incident at the Black Sieve Sect, and the news had long since spread out through the masses.

Within the crowds, more than a few female cultivators gazed at Meng Hao with shining eyes and thought, “I want a beloved just like Meng Hao!”

As the buzz of conversation rose up from all the Cultivators, Meng Hao and the group from the Blood Demon Sect entered the region of the Ancient Dao Lakes.

In that moment, the entire region suddenly began to tremble. Along with the quaking, one Dao Geyser after another, along with a succession of Dao Lakes, all began to erupt. Innumerable Dao Projections appeared, and a riot of colors flashed in Heaven and Earth.

The Blood Demon Sect had arrived just in time for a Dao Lake eruption!

1. Grandmaster Eternal Mountain is a former apprentice of Grandmaster Pill Demon. In chapter 236 he came to the Violet Fate Sect on the pretense of paying respects to his Master, but in fact was trying to determine the identity of Grandmaster Pill Cauldron, which he did, as explained in chapter 241. It was disciples from his 'World Pill Division' who engaged in the alchemy debate with Meng Hao that started in chapter 246.
2. Song Jia was the fiancée who Meng Hao "won," but then abandoned. She last appeared in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect in chapter 594. Eccentric Song was introduced in chapter 48, and was the one involved in the incident with the silver spear. Meng Hao ended up stealing most of the treasures from his "treasure mountain." He was present later in the Song Clan search for a son-in-law, in which he bet that Meng Hao would win the competition in chapter 194.
3. Chu Yuyan and Hanxue Shan last appeared together in chapter 388.
4. The last time Ye Feimu actually appeared in the story was in chapter 309, when Meng Hao saved his life and the lives of Chu Yuyan and other Violet Fate Sect cultivators, and then chapter 314, when he vowed to supersede Meng Hao in the Dao of alchemy.
5. Bai Yunlai was Meng Hao/Fang Mu's assistant/partner in the Violet Fate Sect.
6. An Zaihai and Lin Hailong were recurring characters who appeared multiple times throughout the alchemy arc. Both were on good terms with Fang Mu/Meng Hao.

Chapter 713: Dao Lake Eruption

The rumbling of the sky echoed out in all directions, and the land quaked violently. It seemed almost like a giant was buried under the ground, roaring, the power of its voice exploding out through the Dao Geysers and Lakes.

From a distance, it almost looked like volcanos erupting, except what was exploding out was not lava, but numerous colorful Dao Projections. These Dao Projections were images of cultivators wearing ancient attire. Some were engaged in magical combat, others were practicing cultivation or gaining enlightenment regarding Heaven and Earth.

A variety of cultivation bases could be seen, the lowest being Foundation Establishment and the highest being Nascent Soul.

Looking at the scene as a whole, there were quite a few Dao Projections.

It was in this moment of eruption that Meng Hao and the force from the Blood Demon Sect entered the region of the Dao Lakes. At the same time, cries of shock spread out.

“That’s....”

“A Spirit Severing Dao Projection!”

“It’s actually a Spirit Severing Dao Proj... wait, no! That’s a Dao Projection of a great circle Nascent Soul Cultivator in the moment of his First Severing!”

Great numbers of cultivators swarmed at top speed toward the Spirit Severing Dao Projection.

Meng Hao stopped for a moment and looked back. Off in the distance, he saw a Dao Geyser erupting with shocking blue light. Inside the light was a Dao Projection of a tall, slender cultivator performing Spirit Severing.

Hundreds of thousands of cultivators in the area were spurred into action. Many among the tens of thousands who were with Meng Hao were also visibly moved.

Meng Hao did nothing to stop them. “Why don’t you try to gain enlightenment here?” he said. Immediately, 20,000 cultivators clasped hands and bowed to him, then flew off. Not all were of the Nascent Soul stage; there were other items in the area that were of interest to other stages as well.

Rumbling, as well as intense ripples, echoed out from the area up ahead of Meng Hao. Numerous 30-meter Dao Lakes, as well as countless Dao Geysers, were erupting with intense booms.

“Dao Treasure! It’s a Dao Treasure!”

“Look at that sword! It’s fragmented, but the sword aura is still incredibly sharp!!”

A black sword flew up out of one of the 30-meter Dao Lakes at incredible speed, and the sword qi it emanated was monstrous. Further off, other Dao Treasures erupted up into the air.

All of the 30-meter Dao Lakes were being defended by various small sects. When the eruption began, everyone became incredibly excited and began to fight. In the blink of an eye, the entire area dissolved into chaos.

The remaining 20,000 disciples of the Blood Demon Sect wore expressions of hope on their face as they looked at Meng Hao.

“Do as you wish among these Dao Lakes,” he said. “If you run into danger, remember to call for help from fellow sect members.” In response to his words, the majority of the 20,000 or so cultivators sped off, some rushing towards the inner regions, and others toward the various 30-meter Dao Lakes to join the fighting.

Still following Meng Hao were the six Spirit Severing Patriarchs as well as several thousand disciples. These were people who couldn’t care less about the 30-meter Dao Lakes, and they joined Meng Hao as he sped onward. All of them transformed into streaks of colorful light that shot forward.

Although they appeared to be moving quickly, Meng Hao had plenty of time to send his divine sense up ahead. What he saw was cultivators flying

back and forth, some of them letting out bloodcurdling screams as their bodies were slashed by the rifts. The lucky ones lost arms or legs, and unlucky ones were completely ripped apart.

Everything was in chaos, and without exception, deadly battles were taking place next to the Dao Lakes and Geysers.

RUMBLE!

Up ahead, the air started to rumble. Seven or eight cultivators neared the area, and suddenly seemed to be swallowed up into nothing. They vanished, leaving behind only the echoes of miserable shrieks.

Rivers of blood flowed down below, especially in the areas where Dao Treasures appeared. Massacres were being carried out in all directions.

“Kill them!” Cries such as this echoed out constantly.

Meng Hao ignored all of that and proceeded forward. After advancing about 3,000 meters, he suddenly stopped in place and raised his right hand to signal those behind him to do the same.

As they ground to a halt, they saw a 30-meter Dao Lake up ahead, above which floated a Dao Treasure that looked like a bottle-gourd. Several hundred cultivators could be seen near it, locked in heavy combat. However, it was at this point that the ground in the area suddenly began to glitter with light. Magical symbols appeared, which flickered for a moment and then caused a shocking power of teleportation to surge out.

At the same time, a dozen or so corpses suddenly appeared out of thin air.

There was no time for anyone to react. The moment in which the corpses appeared, the power of teleportation rumbled out. The several hundred cultivators who were fighting next to the Dao Lake, as well as the corpses that had just appeared, all vanished in the blink of an eye.

Even Meng Hao couldn't prevent his eyes from going wide. The six Spirit Severing Patriarchs behind him had serious expressions on their faces, and the other disciples gasped.

“Was that a teleportation trap?”

“That sort of thing happens all the time in the Ancient Dao Lakes. The fearsome teleportation traps can appear randomly, without any warning....”

“When the teleportation trap appeared just now, I could swear I saw more than ten desiccated corpses inside!”

After the teleportation trap disappeared along with the cultivators that it snagged, the bottle gourd floating above the Dao Lake glittered as resplendently as ever, attracting even more attention. More cultivators surged toward it. However, Meng Hao was already on the move. In the blink of an eye, he was above the 30-meter Dao Lake, where he flicked his right sleeve to collect up the bottle gourd.

His actions immediately caused all of the cultivators who had been rushing over to stop and turn to fly off towards other areas.

“Let’s go!” he said. He and his followers transformed into beams of light that shot onward.

As they proceeded onward, they saw more than ten teleportation traps and more than a hundred instances in which the rifts appeared. On one occasion, a single rift slashed through over one hundred people at once.

At one point, Meng Hao noticed that the teleportation traps contained living people inside of them, and he grew even more cautious. The people stuck inside were madly trying to break free, but as they only materialized for a split second, they were powerless to escape and were helpless to do anything but be continuously teleported around.

For the lucky ones, the power of the teleportation traps might dissipate after three or four activations. The unlucky ones... ended up being stuck in the cycle until they died.

As they proceeded deeper into the Dao Lakes region, there were fewer people, but the fighting was far more intense. Soon, 300-meter Dao Lakes appeared, all of which were forcibly occupied by mid-scale sects and clans.

For the most part, it was great circle Nascent Soul cultivators who stood

guard.

Such cultivators were locked in combat as Meng Hao and the Blood Demon Sect forces approached. These cultivators were instantly shaken, and at the same time, there were thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples whose eyes began to shine with a strange light. After asking for permission from Meng Hao, they shot forward to join the fray.

The sounds of intense fighting caused everything to shake, and as Meng Hao looked over the chaotic scene, the ruthlessness in his eyes grew even stronger. He continued onward, refraining from joining the fighting. After all, the Dao Projections and Treasures here were of no interest to him.

They proceeded onward, and soon, only 300-meter Dao Lakes were visible. Suddenly, Meng Hao turned his head to look at one such lake not too far off, above which was a Dao Projection of a cross-legged figure in meditation.

It appeared to be a Nascent Soul cultivator in the midst of gaining enlightenment regarding Heaven and Earth. A Dao Projection like that was actually a common sight both outside, and in this area.

Surrounding the Dao Projection were seven or eight early Nascent Soul stage cultivators, all fighting over the chance to gain enlightenment. Any time one of them got close to the Dao Projection, the others would join forces to prevent that person from seizing the opportunity.

The methods being used were ruthless, the attacks deadly. Furthermore, the surrounding area was littered with corpses.

Meng Hao looked the scene over, and his eyes glittered slightly. He moved forward toward the Dao Projection, which caused the six Spirit Severing Patriarchs and the other Blood Demon Sect disciples to stare in shock.

Seeing Meng Hao nearing at high speed caused the seven or eight early Nascent Soul stage cultivators' faces to fall.

"The Blood Demon Sect!"

"He's... don't tell me that's the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect!"

It appeared as if their hearts were trembling in fear, and they were just about to approach as if to cover something up, when Meng Hao stretched his hand out and made a grasping motion. He then jerked his hand up.

RIIIPPP!

It was like the surface of a painting had just been peeled away. Ripples spread out, revealing another world. There was still a Dao Lake, but instead of a Dao Projection, floating above it was a 30-meter tall mountain peak. Also visible were three old cultivators fighting each other.

The air around the mountains twisted and distorted, as pulsating ripples were sent out. The mountain seemed to contain some sort of magnetic force that caused the magical items of the three old men to be gradually sucked toward it.

As soon as Meng Hao appeared, the faces of the three old men flickered.

“Who’s there?!” said one of them. All three looked toward Meng Hao, and when they saw his clothing, as well as the six experts behind him, they gasped.

Earlier, they had used a deception spell to prevent outsiders from seeing what was really happening in the area. That way the three of them could focus on their own fight. Of course, they had never imagined that someone like Meng Hao would appear.

“Hmm,” thought Meng Hao, looking over the mountain peak with glittering eyes. It was obvious that the mountains were not ordinary items, and he could even sense a bit of Spirit Severing aura on them.

“Spirit Severing level magical item!” he murmured. With that, he stretched his arm out toward the mountain and made a grasping motion. The three old cultivators were simply too slow to react and were incapable of doing anything to block him. The mountain peak rumbled, then transformed into a huge hand that flew down into Meng Hao’s palm.

After putting it away, his entire person flickered as he proceeded onward.

The forces of the Blood Demon Sect followed. As for the three old men,

they stamped their feet, but were not truly angry. After all, the items that appeared in the Ancient Dao Lakes had no owner; they belonged to anyone who had the power to take them.

“Dammit, what a waste of time! Fine, let’s stick with the old plan and go rob some things from somebody else!”

“Hurry up! If we wait any longer this eruption is going to end!”

Just as the three old men were about to head to another Dao Lake, an unprecedentedly loud rumbling sound could be heard coming from deeper within the region. At the same time, a 3,000 meter pillar of light shot up into the air off in the distance. Shockingly, a black hammer could be seen floating inside of it, surrounded by crackling lightning. The incredible sound echoing out caught the attention of quite a few onlookers.

“3,000.... Is that a 3,000-meter Dao Lake erupting!?!?”

“A 3,000-meter Dao Lake! They don’t erupt very often, usually it’s only the 300-meter Dao Lakes. But look, it’s erupting now!”

“This is the first time a 3,000-meter Dao Lake has erupted during this flare-up of the Ancient Dao Lakes!”

“It’s too bad only the great sects and clans can survive over there. We can’t win against them!”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he looked in the direction of the 3,000 meter beam of light. The six Spirit Severing Patriarchs behind him also had looks of fervor in their eyes. Along with the few thousand disciples who remained in the group, they sped forward at top speed.

Chapter 714: Teleportation Cycle

From their current position, the 3,000-meter Dao Lake didn't seem to be very far away from Meng Hao and his group. However, considering the dangers that lurked in the Ancient Dao Lakes, it was not a distance that they could traverse rapidly.

Furthermore, the other sects and clans had arrived earlier than the Blood Demon Sect, and had already reached the innermost ring of the Ancient Dao Lakes. There, the ten 3,000-meter Dao Lakes had already been divided up, as had the 300-meter Dao Lakes in that area.

One might think that the fighting in the area would be intense, but in reality this was not the case.

Once a great sect or clan occupied a Dao Lake, others would not take the initiative to try to fight with them over it – unless, of course, the item spit out by the lake was incredibly valuable.

Otherwise, all parties would abide by customs and rules; a Dao Lake belonged to... whoever occupied it!

In reality, the battles over the treasured items were really battles for the Dao Lakes themselves.

In fact, what the sects and clans really came to this area to fight over was... something located in the central-most position of the recesses of the Ancient Dao Lakes. That was... the 30,000-meter Dao Lake!

The eruption of the Dao Lakes was shocking in the extreme. As Meng Hao and the others sped onward, the air in front of them suddenly began to distort. Meng Hao's eyes flashed, and he waved his right hand behind him. The group immediately dodged to the side as a huge rift suddenly slashed through the air.

It was in such a fashion that they slowly made their way forward. More and more rifts appeared, and many of the Blood Demon Disciples eventually gave up on going onward, deciding instead to stay behind and search for good fortune on their own.

Eventually, only the six Spirit Severing Patriarchs and less than a hundred of the most powerful Blood Demon Sect disciples were able to keep up with Meng Hao as he continued further into the inner ring of the Ancient Dao Lakes.

Soon, it was possible to see that there were less than 3,000 meters between them and the Dao Lakes. By this point, the other sects and clans had caught sight of their group.

There were many familiar faces there. However, as soon as their gazes fell upon Meng Hao... all of a sudden, countless magical teleportation symbols appeared all around him.

The moment the magical symbols appeared, the faces of Meng Hao and the other Blood Demon Sect disciples flickered. As for Meng Hao, although he was at the edge of the teleportation trap, he was still fully inside its borders. As for the other Blood Demon Sect disciples, there were only a few that were trapped inside with him, including Patriarch Darkheaven, the two Ironblood Patriarchs, as well as the most senior member of the three Demonfire Patriarchs.

Off in the distance, there were quite a few members of the Violet Fate Sect who suddenly shot to their feet. The faces of Fatty of the Golden Frost Sect and Chen Fan of the Solitary Sword Sect fell as the power of teleportation rose up around Meng Hao.

The teleportation happened too quickly. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao and the other Patriarchs began to vanish.

Before disappearing, Meng Hao had only enough time to bark out: "Go to the central zone and wait for me there!"

When he vanished, a look of wild joy appeared on the face of the Black Sieve Sect Third Severing Patriarch, who was occupying one of the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes. "Die!! I hope that jinx dies in there!"

For the most part, the members of the Solitary Sword Sect and the Golden Frost Sect, as well as the Li Clan, were all gloating at Meng Hao's misfortune. Only Chen Fan, Fatty, and many of the Violet Fate Sect cultivators looked worried. That was especially true of Chu Yuyan, whose

face was deathly pale.

The members of the Song Clan were silent and pensive, and as for Song Jia, a complex expression could be seen on her face. The middle-aged man next to her watched as Meng Hao vanished, then closed his eyes mutely.

When the teleportation trap vanished, it took only a few moments for the remaining two Demonfire Patriarchs to conceal their anxiety and lead the rest of the disciples to the central zone of the Ancient Dao Lakes.

Without Meng Hao there to protect them, the journey was even more fraught with danger, and they ended up losing several dozen disciples in the process. By this point, there were only about thirty survivors.

Even as they hurried along, the two Demonfire Patriarchs noticed that all of the ten 3,000-meter Dao Lakes were occupied. Many of the people among those forces glared at them as they passed, which caused the Demonfire Patriarchs to frown.

Furthermore, the surrounding sects and clans suddenly erupted with Spirit Severing auras. There were multiple Spirit Severing auras near each and every lake. The sect with the fewest Spirit Severing cultivators was the Black Sieve Sect, although their Patriarch was in the Third Severing.

“Blood Demon Sect, you came late! There’s no place for you here now!”

“Your luck is bad, you only have two Spirit Severing experts! Do you really think we’re going to share with you!?”

“Why don’t you just scram!”

“There aren’t any extra Dao Lakes here! However, considering your strength, you could always go occupy some of the 300-meter lakes. There are more than enough to spare.”

“Your fellow Blood Demon Sect disciples who fell into the teleportation trap just got unlucky. About half of the Spirit Severing cultivators who fall into them never make it out alive.”

Of the ten 3,000-meter lakes, the Solitary Sword Sect had occupied three, the Golden Frost Sect two, the Black Sieve Sect one, and the Violet

Fate Sect two. As for the Li and Song Clans, they each had one.

Surrounding each of the 3,000-meter lakes were ten 300-meter lakes, all of which were also occupied by the sects and clans.

The two Demonfire Patriarchs' eyes filled with anger. The words of ridicule from the other sects and clans caused their pupils to glow with the color of blood. They exchanged a frustrated glance. If Meng Hao were here, they wouldn't be afraid at all. But he wasn't. If the other four Spirit Severing Patriarchs were there, they would be a force that could contend with anyone. But they weren't.

Unfortunately... they simply weren't capable of contending for any of the 3,000 meter Dao Lakes.

"Why don't you hurry up and beat it?" said an old man from the Solitary Sword Sect. He wore a gray Daoist robe, and sat cross-legged with a wooden sword resting on his legs. His words echoed out like thunder.

The sound rumbled in all directions, causing the two Demonfire Patriarchs' faces to flicker.

"Sir Jian!" 1

There had always been serious grievances between Blood Demon Sect and the Solitary Sword Sect, and it seemed that now, they were on the verge of exploding out. 2

It was at this point that the emaciated old man from the Violet Fate Sect suddenly rose up from his cross-legged position.

"Fellow Daoists from the Blood Demon Sect," he said coolly, "this Dao Lake is yours!" Instantly, the Violet Fate Sect disciples backed away from the 3,000-meter Dao Lake that he pointed to.

The eyes of the cultivators from the other sects flickered. As for Sir Jian from the Solitary Sword Sect, he turned his head to look coldly in the direction of the Violet Fate Sect. "Reverend Withered-Dao!"

Reverend Withered-Dao of the Violet Fate Sect calmly looked back at him.

Their gazes met, and then Sir Jian looked away and gave a cold snort. He did nothing to interfere with what was happening.

The two Demonfire Patriarchs were shocked, but then seemed to remember something. Clasp hands, they bowed politely and then led their group over to the Dao Lake.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples thanked the Violet Fate Sect, but their inward frustration didn't lessen. They had arrived late, losing any advantage, and then their most powerful experts had been teleported away. The once domineering Blood Demon Sect was suddenly in an incredibly weak position in the Ancient Dao Lakes.

They were in such a bad position that they couldn't even compare to the severely weakened Black Sieve Sect.

Furthermore, the Solitary Sword Sect was clearly in the position of greatest power; they had three 3,000-meter Dao Lakes, and would obviously be difficult to contend with.

The two Demonfire Patriarchs exchanged a glance. Enduring the frustration, and ignoring the words of ridicule from the other sects, they closed their eyes and began to meditate.

As for the other Blood Demon Sect disciples, they couldn't hold back from commenting.

"Blood Prince, when are you going to return?!"

"Wait until the Blood Prince returns, he'll take care of them!"

"That teleportation trap might be strong, but considering the Blood Prince's cultivation base, he'll definitely get out of it soon!"

Meanwhile, in another location in the Ancient Dao Lakes, Meng Hao was frowning. Next to him were Patriarch Darkheaven, the two Ironblood Patriarchs, and the First Demonfire Patriarch, their faces flickering with various emotions. There were also seven or eight other Blood Demon Sect disciples, all of whom were sitting cross-legged in meditation, although it seemed like they wouldn't be able to hold out for much longer.

The teleportation continued on without stop. Just now, it had paused, but before anyone could do anything, another teleportation commenced.

Plop!

One of the disciples coughed up blood, and then his entire body withered up into a desiccated corpse. More sounds rang out as others suffered the same fate.

In a relatively short period of time, they had already teleported thirteen times.

The world in front of Meng Hao changed over and over. Every time they teleported, an intense force would slam into their bodies, causing their souls to shudder. Apparently there was some sort of power inside the teleportation trap that was consuming their energy.

“Blood Prince, we can’t keep going on like this!!” said the First Demonfire Patriarch, his voice gloomy. “Blood Prince, what do we do?!”

RUMBLE!

The teleportation ceased, and they found themselves in a grassy area. Then they vanished again.

Meng Hao stood there the entire time. Finally, he raised his hand, and the Black White Pearls appeared, swirling around the Ninth Mountain. His eyes were fixed ahead of him, and he waited for a few more teleportation cycles, until they reached the thirtieth teleportation. Up ahead, he saw some Dao Lakes. It was at this point that his eyes glittered.

Without hesitation, he sent the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain out ahead. Rumbling filled the air, and the teleportation trap once again began the teleportation process.

“Expand!” said Meng Hao, his voice echoing out. Inside the teleportation trap, the Ninth Mountain suddenly began to grow. It expanded to a thousand meters in height, ten thousand, until it appeared as if an enormous mountain peak were growing up out of the land.

As soon as the mountain appeared within the Ancient Dao Lakes, it was

noticed by quite a few other cultivators. As for the Blood Demon Sect disciples by the 3,000-meter Dao Lake, as soon as they saw it, their expressions brightened.

There were even cultivators in the region with the 30-meter Dao Lakes who saw it and stared with gaping mouths.

“It’s... it’s someone trying to break out of a teleportation trap!”

“Once you get into one of the teleportation traps, it’s impossible to get out!”

RUMBLE!

In order to attempt to move the enormous mountain, the teleportation trap had to condense huge amounts of power, and it began to shudder.

In that instant of pause, Meng Hao shouted, “Go!”

Immediately, Patriarch Darkheaven flew out, taking advantage of the pause to break out of the teleportation trap.

Meng Hao was right behind him.

However, even as they neared the border, the teleportation trap surged with more power in its attempt to block their way.

“Suppress!” said Meng Hao, his brow furrowed.

Intense rumbling filled the air as the Ninth Mountain began to expand once again. The teleportation trap was forced to a standstill. In that moment, Patriarch Darkheaven and the other Spirit Severing Patriarchs burst out. However, at the same time, the teleportation trap began a shocking teleportation, the likes of which were rarely seen in the Ancient Dao Lakes. A pillar of light rose up into the air that closely resembled the eruption of a 3,000-meter Dao Lake. Amidst the rumbling, Meng Hao and the Ninth Mountain vanished.

“Blood Prince!”

“Considering the Blood Prince’s strength, he should be able to free himself within a few teleportation cycles. We should head to the central zone and seize a Dao Lake as soon as possible!”

“That’s right, let’s go!”

The four Patriarchs had the utmost faith in Meng Hao. After exchanging glances, their eyes filled with determination, and they transformed into colorful beams that shot toward the central zone.

*

1. Jian is a surname, but also same character as ‘sword’.
2. The problems between the Blood Demon Sect and the Solitary Sword Sect were first mentioned in chapter 167 and again in 176.

Chapter 715: Crushing Spirit Severing!

In a valley in a particular area of the Ancient Dao Lakes, the glow of teleportation rose up into the sky. Rumbling sounds echoed out as a figure emerged at high speed from within the valley.

As soon as the figure emerged, the light of teleportation faded away.

Flying through the air was none other than Meng Hao.

His face was pale white, and as soon as he flew out from the valley, he landed on the ground and looked behind him, a trace of fear on his face.

“After getting Darkheaven and the others out, I was teleported seventy more times! The cycle of teleportation is astonishing. Toward the end, it started going faster and faster, and my qi and blood was being sucked out, weakening me.”

He took a deep breath and then produced some medicinal pills, which he quickly consumed. Then he flew up into the air and looked around to gain his bearings. The eruption of the Dao Lakes had ceased, as had most of the fighting.

“The disciples from the Blood Demon Sect most likely followed my instructions and went to the central zone.”

Having determined the general direction of the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes, Meng Hao started flying.

The entire way, he sent out his divine sense out to avoid the rifts, and also employed teleportation techniques.

Meanwhile, near the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes in the central region, the Solitary Sword Sect and the Blood Demon Sect were faced off with proverbial daggers drawn.

“The Blood Demon Sect are cultivators of a Demonic Dao! If they only occupied one lake that’s one thing, but they even dare to covet more!”

“Are you looking to die!?”

The Solitary Sword Sect was the most powerful force in the area. They

had seized the initiative and taken control of three Dao Lakes. They had eight Spirit Severing cultivators, all of whom had cold expressions and iridescent auras.

In addition to the eight, the old man called Sir Jian, who sat cross-legged off in the distance, glared at the Blood Demon Sect.

As for the Blood Demon Sect, Patriarch Darkheaven and the others had arrived a bit earlier. Killing intent swirled around the six Spirit Severing Patriarchs as they faced off against the Solitary Sword Sect.

“The Blood Demon Sect is simply borrowing the Violet Fate Sect’s lake, and it must be returned to them. Your Solitary Sword Sect is occupying three lakes! You need to give one up!

“Look, Solitary Sword Sect. You can fight, or share. You decide!”

Both parties’ killing intent radiated out. The Blood Demon Sect and the Solitary Sword Sect were already mortal foes, which meant that fights between the two could break out easily at any time. That was not even to mention the current situation in the Ancient Dao Lakes, where so much potential benefit was on the line.

Suddenly, the Third Severing Patriarch from the Black Sieve Sect rose to his feet and started laughing uproariously. His eyes glittered with coldness as he looked over at the Blood Demon Sect.

“Blood Demon Sect, I couldn’t care less that your Dao is Demonic. However, the Dao Lakes represent good fortune for all cultivators of South Heaven. If you keep causing problems, I’ll personally have to step in to do something about it!”

Hearing this, the cultivators of the Solitary Sword Sect began to chuckle. Sir Jian looked over at the Third Severing Patriarch and nodded cordially.

The faces of the six Patriarchs from the Blood Demon Sect flickered.

Next, booming laughter rang out from a middle-aged man who strode out from the the Golden Frost Sect. He was tall and well-built, with skin that seemed as hard as a diamond, and a full suit armor. “Fellow Daoists from the Solitary Sword Sect and Black Sieve Sect,” he said, “your words

couldn't be more appropriate.”

Further back were five old men who sat cross-legged. When their eyes opened, they glowed brightly with the aura of Spirit Severing.

His appearance made clear that an agreement had been reached between the Golden Frost Sect, the Solitary Sword, and Black Sieve Sects. The combined might of three sects was now bearing down oppressively onto the Blood Demon Sect.

In the worst position of everyone were Chen Fan and Fatty. They could do nothing about the situation, so they backed up silently.

As for the Violet Fate Sect and the Song Clan, they were silent.

Only the Li Clan was left. The 19th Li Clan Patriarch flicked his sleeve, and a gleam of killing intent could be seen in his eyes as he stepped forward.

“Well, is your Blood Prince dead, or not? If he's not, then why isn't he here?” The death of the Li Clan Dao Child all those years ago was something they had brooded about ever since.

Now that the Li Clan had joined in, there were four sects in the alliance. The faces of the Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs fell, and they backed up. There was no way they could stand up to the combined might of four sects.

“Why waste your breath on them?” said the Black Sieve Sect Third Severing Patriarch, his eyes glittering. “Just drive them away, and if they won't leave, exterminate them!” With that, he leaped forward and waved his right hand. Immediately, eight white tigers appeared, roaring as they charged toward the Blood Demon Sect cultivators.

The 19th Li Clan Patriarch also attacked, as did the Solitary Sword Sect cultivators. There were than ten Spirit Severing experts who all flew out and attacked at the same time. In the blink of an eye, a chaotic Spirit Severing battle had begun.

BOOM!

The two sides slammed into each other, and the six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs were instantly sent into retreat. Facing up against the more than ten attacking Spirit Severing experts on all sides, they were simply incapable of fighting back.

Attack after attack met with success against the Blood Demon Sect cultivators. Shocking magical items and divine abilities were employed, and the dozens of the Blood Demon Sect disciples present were forced back bit by bit. Even as they retreated, cultivators from the other four sects flew out to join the fray.

Of the four allied powers, the Black Sieve Sect had the largest grudge with the Blood Demon Sect. The Li Clan was targeting them because of Meng Hao, and as for the Solitary Sword Sect, they had a long-standing feud. Only the Golden Frost Sect had no apparent reason to attack.

Booms echoed out, and blood sprayed out of the mouth of Patriarch Darkheaven as he tumbled backward. With the exception of the First Demonfire Patriarch, all the others also coughed up blood and fell back. As the fighting played out, a bloody glow rose up, and miserable shrieks sounded out.

Reverend Withered-Dao of the Violet Fate Sect frowned, hesitated for a moment, then closed his eyes. As for the Song Clan, they did not come to the aid of the Blood Demon Sect, but neither did they join with the alliance of four.

“Retreat!” The six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs’ hearts burned as with fire, but facing up against this force, they had no choice but to flee. They would have to surrender the Dao Lake, which had been given to them by the Violet Fate Sect.

“Screw off to wherever you came from!” said the Third Severing Patriarch from the Black Sieve Sect. “The Blood Demon Sect isn’t allowed to be in a place like this!” He swished his sleeve, causing the eight tigers to send out roars that transformed into terrifying ripples. They slammed into the six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs, sending them spinning backward, blood spraying from their mouths. Some of the other ordinary disciples

directly exploded because of the intensity of the ripples.

Their desire to slaughter could not be any higher.

“Where is the Blood Prince?”

“If he doesn’t come, then we’ll have to give up and leave!” The six Patriarchs’ faces flickered with their suppressed grievances as they continued to retreat.

“It doesn’t matter who shows up,” came a voice from the Solitary Sword Sect, along with a cold snort. “The Blood Demon Sect is not allowed to be here. Screw off!”

It was at this point that a beam of light appeared off in the distance. It neared at incredible speed, like a shooting star, carrying with it a shocking murderous air, as well as a will of ruthlessness that towered into the heavens.

As soon as the beam appeared, the cultivators from the Violet Fate Sect looked over, especially Chu Yuyan and Hanxue Shan, whose faces bore intent gazes.

Song Jia couldn’t stop from looking up.

The beam of light moved so fast that in the blink of an eye, it had arrived. It shot past the six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs and came to a stop directly in front of them.

A booming sound exploded out, along with a shocking ripple that slammed into the force of cultivators from the alliance of four powers. The more than ten Spirit Severing cultivators’ faces flickered, and they immediately stopped in place. As for the cultivator in the vanguard position, a Spirit Severing expert from the Golden Frost Sect, he let out a bloodcurdling scream as he was thrown backward, then immediately exploded. The blood and gore that spattered about in all directions was incapable of obscuring the young, crimson-robed man who stood there in front of the group.

The young man’s face was calm, but his eyes were so cold that they seemed capable of freezing the highest heavens. His right hand was

clenched into a fist, a fist that had just burst into pieces the Spirit Severing expert from the Golden Frost Sect.

The fact that one punch had just destroyed a First Severing expert caused everyone present to be shaken.

Meng Hao's long hair floated around him, and his robes swayed gently. His Second Severing cultivation base emanated shocking energy out in all directions.

All color in the land and sky dimmed and the wind howled. It was as if a tempest had arrived, causing all the dust in the area to fly up into the air.

As of this moment, all eyes were completely fixed upon Meng Hao.

"Who said that the Blood Demon Sect isn't allowed to be here?" he said, looking around. His gaze flickered with killing intent and ruthlessness as he looked at the Spirit Severing cultivators who made up the force of four allied sects.

From behind Meng Hao, the cultivators from the Blood Demon Sect immediately grew excited and began to bow and offer greetings.

"Blood Prince!"

"Greetings, Blood Prince!"

The face of the Third Severing Patriarch from the Black Sieve Sect flickered. "Meng Hao!" he shouted.

The cultivators from the Golden Frost Sect also looked shocked, and the eyes of the Li Clan Patriarch widened. As for the people from the Solitary Sword Sect, their faces all filled with astonishment.

In the group from the Violet Fate Sect, An Zaihai and Li Hailong stared blankly at Meng Hao in his blood-colored robe. It was as if memories were flitting through their mind of a young man with a very different face whose features now seemed to merge with the person in front of them.

Chu Yuyan was trembling. There were thousands of things she wanted to say to Meng Hao, but right now, she couldn't say a single thing.

Hanxue Shan was a bit more innocent and immature than Chu Yuyan.

As she gazed at Meng Hao, she kept thinking about everything that had happened in Holy Snow City in the Black Lands.

Ye Feimu stood there, taciturn. His expression was a complicated one as he looked at Meng Hao, who was now a Spirit Severing expert of high standing. He was illustrious and famous. Ye Feimu couldn't help but think back to the time the two of them had wrangled over the title of Violet Furnace Lord.

Although he didn't want to admit it, it was obvious that he himself... had fallen even further behind.

Another person stood within the group from the Violet Fate Sect, an old man within whose eyes flickered many memories of Meng Hao. He also stood there quietly, wondering if Meng Hao would remember a nobody like himself.

Everything was quiet. Meng Hao looked over the group standing in front of him, and then his eyes came to rest on the Third Severing Patriarch from the Black Sieve Sect.

"Was it you who said it?" he asked.

When the Third Severing Patriarch heard the words, his face filled with dread, and his mind roared. He thought back to how terrifying Meng Hao was last time he saw him, and he backed up, his body trembling.

When the others in the area saw this, it caused them to be even more shaken.

To be able to strike dread into the heart of a Third Severing expert with a single sentence was incredible. Granted, what the man had Severed was only a simple and ordinary Dao, making him unlike those terrifying, inhuman, and almighty Third Severing experts who severed great Daos. But it still served to show... how powerful Meng Hao was.

The man from the Golden Frost Sect immediately fell back, his eyes flashing. He took the other Golden Frost experts with him. The person who had just been killed was from their sect, so of course they could retreat. Naturally, the Li Clan also retreated, unwilling to even touch the

razor-sharp blade that was Meng Hao.

Meng Hao had burst onto the scene and destroyed a potent Spirit Severing expert with a single blow. Such an act deeply shocked everyone who saw it, and the results were apparent.

Chapter 716: Overbearing!

“You want to leave?” said Meng Hao, killing intent radiating out of his eyes. The instant he laid eyes on the cultivators from the Black Sieve Sect, that desire to kill had become insuppressible! Nor did he want to suppress it!

He wanted catharsis! He wanted... to kill!

Others could leave, but as for the cultivators from the Black Sieve Sect, well, if he hadn't seen them, it wouldn't matter. But now that he had... they had to die!

They absolutely, positively had to die!

Even as the words left his mouth, Meng Hao was moving forward at an incredible speed. He shot toward the Third Severing Patriarch, whose face instantly fell. Of course, he had long since prepared himself, and immediately shot backward in retreat.

“Meng Hao, you can have our Dao Lake, we're leaving this place!!”

“Not happening!” was Meng Hao's cold reply. It was with incredible speed that he shot forward to appear directly in front of the Patriarch. He waved his hand, giving rise to an intense rumbling sound that caused everyone in the area to begin to pant and look over.

That was especially true of the Spirit Severing Patriarchs, whose eyes glittered. They assumed that this was going to be a fierce battle, like a fight between a dragon and a tiger. However, even as the thought occurred to them....

Meng Hao lifted up his hand and made a gesture toward the Black Sieve Sect's Third Severing Patriarch. Instantly, an enormous blood-colored vortex appeared around him. At the same time, a gigantic blood-colored hand magically appeared, which grabbed down onto him mercilessly.

RUMBLE!

“NO!!” shrieked the old man from the Black Sieve Sect. He went all-out as he tried to struggle free, but was completely incapable. His fleshly body

withered away with incredible speed as his qi and blood was absorbed by Meng Hao.

The sight of it caused the onlookers to gasp with shock. Amazed exclamations could be heard from all directions.

“Blood Demon Grand Magic!”

“That’s the true magic of the Blood Demon Sect, the Blood Demon Grand Magic!”

Sir Jian from the Solitary Sword Sect stared at what was happening, his expression one of unprecedented seriousness. His eyes shone with an intense, bright light, and he was breathing heavily.

The 19th Li Clan Patriarch’s pupils constricted, and his heart skipped a beat.

In the Song Clan was a cultivator who appeared to be an ordinary old man. Suddenly, he lifted his head up, and his eyes shone with a bizarre glow.

In the Violet Fate Sect, Reverend Withered-Dao’s face was covered with a strange expression. He looked at Meng Hao and let out a long sigh in his heart.

All of this takes some time to describe, but actually happened in the space of only a few breaths. The Black Sieve Sect Patriarch’s miserable screams rang out in all directions. However, he was a decisive individual. He saw his body withering rapidly, and realized that he couldn’t break free. When the decisive moment arrived, he gritted his teeth and chose to self-detonate.

His fleshly body exploded, causing the power of qi and blood to surge out; Meng Hao’s Blood Demon Grand Magic trembled. At the same time, the Black Sieve Sect Patriarch’s Nascent Divinity shot out at top speed from within the blood-colored vortex.

“Damn you, Meng Hao!” howled the Nascent Divinity. “I should have tortured that slut Xu Qing even more when I had the chance!” He shot through the air toward a rip that had just appeared, and was about to

enter it, when....

When Meng Hao heard the old man's words, his killing intent skyrocketed to the pinnacle. He lifted his right hand and then pushed it out in front of him.

In response, the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain appeared in mid-air. They were almost like Meng Hao's hands, smashing down onto the fleeing Nascent Divinity.

BOOOOMMMMMM!!

The ground quaked and the air vibrated. The Ninth Mountain crushed down, drowning out the miserable scream that rang out. When the mountain vanished, the Black Sieve Sect Patriarch's Nascent Divinity was in fragments; he was completely and utterly dead.

The entire process lasted only for about ten breaths of time. To Meng Hao, slaughtering a Third Severing expert was like turning over his hand. The sight caused all onlookers to be thrown into deathly silence.

Of course, the Blood Demon Sect members were all quite excited, and looked at Meng Hao with more fanaticism than ever.

"Fall back!" said Sir Jian. The words echoed in the hearts of the Solitary Sword Sect cultivators as they returned to their places in the three Dao Lakes.

The Golden Frost Sect cultivators also retreated without the slightest bit of hesitation, as did the Li Clan members. All returned to their various Dao Lakes, keeping a vigilant eye on Meng Hao the entire time.

"Do not leave any Black Sieve Sect cultivators alive," said Meng Hao calmly. Immediately, the several dozen remaining Blood Demon Sect disciples shot toward the Black Sieve Sect cultivators next to the Dao Lake.

This was not Meng Hao engaged in random killing. No, these Black Sieve Sect disciples had all been part of the spell formation used to dissolve Xu Qing. Sad and shrill screams filled the air for about ten breaths worth of time as the Black Sieve Sect's force was completely slaughtered. Although everyone in the vicinity saw what was happening, no one tried to interfere.

There were also quite a few 300-meter Dao Lakes in the area surrounding the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes. Meng Hao immediately flew toward one of them and waved his hand, causing a blood-colored flag to stab into the dirt next to the lake.

“This lake is mine!” he declared.

The blood-colored flag was of course the standard of the Blood Demon Sect, and its surface was embroidered with the character ‘Meng 孟.’ This was actually Meng Hao’s Blood Prince standard, of which quite a few had been specially crafted by the disciples of the Blood Demon Sect during the past year.

A standard like this was an item that, as Blood Prince, he had to possess as a token of his authority.

When he stabbed the flag into the ground, and his voice echoed out, the faces of the people in the area flickered, especially those of the cultivators who were standing guard next to that particular lake.

Meng Hao approached another nearby lake, then waved his hand to send another flag flying down.

“This lake is mine.

“This lake is mine, too!

“And this one!

“This one also!” Meng Hao flashed back and forth. Shockingly, in the blink of an eye, more than half of the 300-meter Dao Lakes were marked with Meng Hao’s Blood Prince standard.

It took only a moment for blood-colored flags to fill the area. Meng Hao was like a surging flood, domineering to the extreme.

It didn’t matter which sect or clan the Dao Lakes originally belonged to, as long as the people guarding a particular lake weren’t from the Violet Fate Sect, Meng Hao would occupy it.

The other sects and clans were shaken by Meng Hao’s slaughter of the Black Sieve Sect disciples, and didn’t dare to do anything to stop him. He

whistled through the air, much to the excitement of the Blood Demon Sect disciples, who flew after him to occupy the various lakes.

As for the cultivators who were originally occupying those lakes, they unhesitatingly retreated one by one.

While Meng Hao was in the middle of seizing one Dao Lake after another, there was suddenly a minor eruption. Not many items emerged from the Dao Lakes, especially in the center zone that Meng Hao was in. However, there was one 300-meter Dao Lake up ahead of him that did spit something out.

In this case, it wasn't a Dao Shadow, nor a magical item, but rather... a violet-colored humanoid beast. It was completely ferocious in appearance, with bat-like wings and a horn sticking out of its forehead. As it shot out of the Dao Lake, it transformed into a violet beam of blinding light.

It roared as it shot forward to try to break through the shield that surrounded the lake.

Immediately, excited cries rang out.

"It's a beast! A violet beast!!"

"That's a violet beast! Its body is like a treasure! You can refine countless items from it! Violet beasts like that are virtually extinct!!"

Some people were so shocked they were speechless.

The instant the beast appeared, the cultivators guarding the lake shot forward toward it. Before they could get near, a boom echoed out. The beast roared, its sound transforming into ripples that surged toward the cultivators.

The cultivators retreated, but Meng Hao moved forward. He slapped his hand down, causing the image of a gigantic hand to appear, which then shot toward the violet beast.

The violet beast let out a shrill cry and was about to fight back when the huge hand smashed onto it. Its body began to crumble, and then it was smashed into the surface of the lake, a mess of flesh and bones. Meng Hao

quickly collected it up.

“This lake is also mine,” he said calmly, throwing down a flag.

In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao had occupied nearly seventy percent of the 300-meter Dao Lakes. When he finally finished, everyone watched with complex expressions as he returned to the area with the 3,000 meter Dao Lakes.

Along with other Blood Demon Sect members, he occupied the Dao Lake formerly held by the Black Sieve Sect. After that, the Blood Demon Sect members explained everything that had happened before, including the matter of the Violet Fate Sect offering them a Dao Lake.

After hearing the explanation, Meng Hao looked over toward the Violet Fate Sect. There were many people looking back at him, and their gazes met.

Meng Hao saw Chu Yuyan and Hanxue Shan. He saw An Zaihai, Lin Hailong, and Ye Feimu, as well as that other old man.

“Bai Yunlai....” he thought, instantly recognizing the man who had been a fellow apprentice alchemist with him when he joined the Violet Fate Sect.

In his former days, Bai Yunlai had been known as the young man who knew everything about the East Pill Division. Now, he was an old man in his declining years.

Meng Hao avoided Chu Yuyan’s gaze. In his heart, there was only Xu Qing.

Chu Yuyan seemed to be able to sense his state of mind, and a tremor ran through her. She lowered her head.

Meng Hao sighed inwardly, then glanced over at Fatty and Chen Fan. Finally, he closed his eyes for a moment. When they opened, his pupils were once again as cold as ice.

He turned his gaze to the Li Clan, then began to walk over to them. Blood Demon Sect cultivators followed him excitedly.

The 19th Li Clan Patriarch's face flickered. Four other old men from the Li Clan walked out to stand with him, as if they were about to face a mortal enemy. The other members of the Li Clan nervously produced magical items.

"Meng Hao, what are you doing?!" bellowed the 19th Li Clan Patriarch.

"Screw off!" replied Meng Hao. It was a single command, but it rang out like claps of thunder. Everyone in the Li Clan who was under the Spirit Severing stage coughed up blood. As for the 19th Li Clan Patriarch and the other four Spirit Severing Patriarchs, their faces went pale, and two of them even staggered backward.

"You're going too far!" cried the 19th Li Clan Patriarch. "Fellow Daoists Sir Jian and Han Yun, don't tell me you're just going to ignore this matter?!" Clearly, the 19th Li Clan Patriarch was terrified of Meng Hao because of the slaughter that had just occurred with the Black Sieve Sect.

"SCREW OFF!" repeated Meng Hao, his eyes flashing with murderous intent. Again, it was only a single command, but it caused Heaven and Earth to tremble. With the exception of the 19th Patriarch, all the Spirit Severing Patriarchs coughed up blood. As for the ordinary cultivators, some couldn't endure, and their bodies exploded.

Chapter 717: Old Friends Meet by the Dao Lake

The 19th Li Clan Patriarch's face fell. Gritting his teeth, he ceased hesitating and backed up. The other four Spirit Severing Patriarchs looked at Meng Hao in shock as they, too, retreated. Along with their fellow clan members, they left the Dao Lake.

"Everything within 30,000 meters of this spot is a restricted zone," said Meng Hao slowly. "Any of you who dares to enter will be killed. By me." The Li Clan members sullenly moved to a position 30,000 meters away.

A buzz of conversation immediately rose up among the bystanders.

"Just what cultivation base does this Meng Hao have?!?!"

"He single-handedly fought the entire Black Sieve Sect before. Granted, he was defeated by Six-Daos, but according to the rumors, he's the number one figure under Dao Seeking!"

"He just killed a Third Severing expert. Calling him the number one person under Dao Seeking is definitely appropriate!"

As the sound of conversation filled the air, the Blood Demon Sect disciples took possession of the Dao Lake. Forgetting about the Dao Lake that the Violet Fate Sect had given them, they now controlled two Dao Lakes.

The Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs' killing intent was boiling as they waited for Meng Hao to accomplish his next goal.

Meng Hao stood there, ignoring the Violet Fate Sect, allowing his gaze to pass over the Song Clan to fall onto the Golden Frost Sect.

The middle-aged Golden Frost Sect cultivator's face darkened. Moments ago, he had wanted to come to aid of the Li Clan, but the feeling he got from Meng Hao was too terrifying. It was in his brief moment of hesitation that the Li Clan dispersed.

Now that Meng Hao was staring at them, everyone from the Golden

Frost Sect began to tremble inwardly. As for Fatty, he hesitated for a moment, then looked up at Meng Hao. Their gazes met for a moment, and then Meng Hao looked away toward the Solitary Sword Sect.

In that moment, the Golden Frost Sect let out a collective inward sigh of relief. As for the middle-aged man, he looked thoughtful for a moment before his eyes turned cold.

When Meng Hao looked at the Solitary Sword Sect, he saw Chen Fan, who was standing toward the back. His cultivation base was at the great circle of Core Formation. His face was sallow, and he looked thin. When Meng Hao looked over, he returned the gaze.

After a long moment, Meng Hao began to look away from the Solitary Sword Sect. However, it was in that instant that he suddenly sensed a feeling of danger, coming from a person located behind Sir Jian.

As for Sir Jian, his eyes were ice cold as he stared at Meng Hao. When Meng Hao stared back in the same direction, it almost seemed as if an intangible rumbling resulted.

Sir Jian gave a muffled groan, and his body quivered. Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead, and a nervous expression appeared on his face as he suddenly realized that he couldn't withstand the pressure weighing down on him. And then he realized... Meng Hao wasn't even looking at him.

Rather, Meng Hao was looking at the teenager behind him, an unremarkable boy who was rather frail-looking.

As soon as Meng Hao looked at him, he lifted his chin slightly and looked back, a calm expression on his face.

Their simple act of looking at each other actually caused Sir Jian to be injured.

When he realized that Meng Hao was looking at the teenager behind him, Sir Jian's heart began to thump.

Suddenly, as everyone watched on, Meng Hao walked forward toward the Solitary Sword Sect. The atmosphere in the area couldn't be any heavier.

Every step he took seemed to ring out like thunder.

He headed toward the third of the Solitary Sword Sect's Dao Lakes, causing the cultivators gathered there to brace themselves as if they were about to face a deadly foe. The Spirit Severing cultivators' faces grew anxious, and they started breathing heavily.

Meng Hao looked back at the teenager behind Sir Jian, and coolly said, "I want this Dao Lake too."

"Impossible!" blurted Sir Jian, instantly rising to his feet. The Solitary Sword Sect disciples drew their swords, and the eight Spirit Severing experts' cultivation bases exploded with intensity. In one short moment, the sword qi of the Solitary Sword Sect burst out, causing the wind to scream and a riot of colors to flash in the sky.

However, it was at this moment that the teenager behind Sir Jian suddenly spoke. His voice was hoarse and ancient, and didn't match his youthful appearance at all.

"Take it."

Sir Jian's expression immediately changed as he turned and bowed his head respectfully. The other Spirit Severing Cultivators stared in shock, then looked at the teenager and seemed to suddenly realize something important. One by one, their expressions began to fill with incredible respect, as well as fanaticism and inspiration.

"Since you like this particular Dao Lake," continued the teenager, "I'll give it to you." He spoke with a smile, but his eyes were as cold as ice, something he did nothing to conceal.

When Meng Hao looked at the teenager, it felt like he was looking at a sword!

A shocking, astonishing sword!

Even as the words left the teenager's mouth, the Solitary Sword Sect disciples surrounding the their Third Dao Lake all fell back, leaving it open for Meng Hao.

Meng Hao nodded, and Blood Demon Sect disciples moved forward to take control of the Dao Lake.

As of now, the situation regarding the 3,000-meter lakes in the central zone of the Ancient Dao Lakes was as such: Blood Demon Sect, three. Solitary Sword Sect, two. Golden Frost Sect, two. Violet Fate Sect, two. Song Clan, one. Black Sieve Sect, exterminated. Li Clan, driven 30,000 meters away.

As for the 300-meter Dao Lakes, including the ten that surrounded each of the 3,000-meter Lakes, there were more than 700 in total.

Of those, more than four hundred bore the standard of the Blood Demon Sect's Junior Leader. Of course, there were only a few dozen Blood Demon Sect cultivators in this area. Even if one disciple occupied each lake, there were still hundreds of lakes with only a flag to watch over them.

Meng Hao sat down next to the 3,000-meter lake that formerly belonged to the Black Sieve Sect, closed his eyes, and rotated his cultivation base as he waited for the next Dao Lake eruption. The people in the surrounding sects and clans who knew him all sighed inwardly.

This version of Meng Hao, and his coldness, made him seem like a stranger.

In the Song Clan, Eccentric Song looked over at Meng Hao and sighed emotionally in his heart. He couldn't help but think back to the time in the State of Zhao when he saw Meng Hao for the first time.

It was the same with Wu Dingqiu in the Violet Fate Sect. He was in the same mood as Eccentric Song. In fact, he was actually thinking about a certain spear, which still existed to this day in the Violet Fate Sect.... 1

Time passed by. The 3,000-meter lake region was completely silent. As for the 30,000-meter lake which all of those lakes surrounded, not even a ripple could be seen on its surface. It looked almost exactly like a huge mirror.

Chu Yuyan sat quietly for a long time before finally rising to her feet and walking out from the crowd of Violet Fate Sect disciples. Reverend

Withered-Dao looked over, but did nothing to prevent her from approaching the Blood Demon Sect.

Her actions immediately drew the attention of quite a few people.

As she neared the area where Meng Hao sat cross-legged, she was blocked by a Blood Demon Sect disciple.

“I want to see Meng Hao,” she said softly, looking over at him sitting cross-legged not too far off.

The Blood Demon Sect disciple hesitated for a moment, aware that the Blood Prince had ties to the Violet Fate Sect.

Meng Hao opened his eyes and looked over at Chu Yuyan. “Let her pass,” he said.

The Blood Demon Sect disciple immediately stepped aside. Chu Yuyan said nothing as she walked up to Meng Hao and then sat down next to him, a complex expression in her eyes.

At first, she didn’t say anything, and neither did Meng Hao.

After what seemed like a very, very long time had passed, she finally spoke. “It’s been a few hundred years. Did you ever go back to that ravine?”

Meng Hao knew exactly which ravine she was referring to. That was the location in which the two of them truly got to know each other, and where he acquired the good fortune of the Blood Immortal legacy.

“No, I didn’t,” he replied calmly.

“I did,” she said, looking him in the eyes.

Meng Hao didn’t respond.

Chu Yuyan stared back out at the Dao Lake, her expression one of bitterness. Several hours passed, and she finally stood up and began to walk back toward the Violet Fate Sect. After seven steps, she stopped.

“If there was no Xu Qing...?”

“No ‘ifs,” Meng Hao replied softly.

“But why?”

“The opportunity was missed. What’s done is done.”

Chu Yuyan trembled, and then left Meng Hao’s Dao Lake and returned to the Violet Fate Sect, tears streaming down her face.

Hanxue Shan came to see Meng Hao, innocent and making no attempts conceal her lingering feelings for him.

Fatty came, carrying a wild chicken. Meng Hao glanced at it, then summoned flames. The two of them sat next to the Dao Lake for a long time, eating wild chicken while everyone around watched on.

Fatty laughed and filed away at his teeth with a sword. In the end, he pulled Meng Hao into a bear hug and then left.

An Zaihai and Lin Hailong both came. Sighing, they recounted past times, although they avoided mentioning Grandmaster Pill Demon. They were well aware that to Meng Hao, the most important person in the Violet Fate Sect... was his Master.

Ye Feimu didn’t come. The last person from the Violet Fate Sect to come was an old man. His Cultivation base was not very high, but as soon as he neared, Meng Hao’s face broke out into a smile.

“Bai Yunlai.”

“Fang... Meng Hao.” The old man inadvertently started to call Meng Hao by the name Fang Mu.

People came from the Song Clan, the Golden Frost Sect, and the Solitary Sword Sect. Earlier they had faced off with hostility, but now they came to chat. These were people of the same generation as Meng Hao in the Southern Domain, Dao Children and Chosen, the most powerful of whom were merely in the Nascent Soul stage.

When they saw Meng Hao, they couldn’t help but think of all the things that had happened in the past. Meng Hao didn’t see Li Tiandao of the Li Clan, who hadn’t come to the Dao Lakes this time. 2

As far as Wang Lihai, and that figure who existed deep in his memories,

Wang Tengfei, after the genocide of the Wang Clan carried out by their 10th Patriarch, Meng Hao wasn't sure if they were even still alive.

There was one person who Meng Hao hadn't seen at all since returning to the Southern Domain, and that was Han Bei. Han Bei of the Black Sieve Sect.

The last person to come visit was Chen Fan. He looked older than before, and hadn't reached the Nascent Soul stage yet. His body was somewhat emaciated, which sharply contrasted with the Chen Fan that Meng Hao remembered.

It seemed that many matters of the heart had built up in him during the past centuries, and had reached the point that they were suffocating him.

He didn't say much at first, and he brought a flagon of alcohol with him, which he drank from continuously. It was hard to say when, but at some point, he had begun to drink on a daily basis. It had reached the point where he didn't just need to drink, he needed to get drunk.

He was no longer the blazing sun that he had been in past years, nor was he one of the Seven Swords. One fellow sect member after another had surpassed him, and his dreams of rising up within the Solitary Sword Sect had not come true.

However, he still smiled. He smiled at Meng Hao, and it contained the same warmth it always had, the same concern and love.

"Elder Brother Chen...." said Meng Hao, looking him over. Every time he saw his old friends, he couldn't help but think of the Reliance Sect.

"Make sure to focus well on your cultivation," said Chen Fan. "If you ever reach Immortal Ascension, then I can boast to people that I have a little brother who's an Immortal." He chuckled, and clapped Meng Hao on the shoulder. Then he took a long swig of alcohol and headed back toward the Solitary Sword Sect.

Meng Hao could clearly see the scorn with which many of the Solitary Sword Sect disciples looked at Chen Fan.

1. If you forgot about the story of the spear, you can read an apocryphal version in chapter 211.
2. Li Tiandao is Dao Child of the Li Clan. Meng Hao beat the crap out of him in the Demon Immortal Sect in chapter 610, then ripped him off in chapter 612.

Chapter 718: Give Me This Lake!

RUMBLE!

Several days later, the Ancient Dao Lakes once again began to erupt. It was an enormous eruption in which glowing pillars of light shot up into the sky from roughly eighty percent of the Dao Lakes and Geysers.

It was the same in the inner region as the outer.

When the Dao Lakes erupted, countless Dao Shadows appeared. In the inner region, there were even three hundred or so Dao Lakes that erupted with magical items and other treasures. As far as the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes, there were two that erupted with Dao Shadows and eight that spit out magical items.

All of the magical items were different, there were intact ones and ones that were broken apart or missing parts; some were ancient and dilapidated, others were brand new. Even more numerous than these were fragments of magical items. Lastly, there were broken bits of rocks and dirt from ancient ruins.

Of the Blood Demon Sect's three Dao Lakes, two spit out magical items. As for the lake Meng Hao occupied, a Dao Shadow appeared above it.

The other Dao Shadow appeared from within the 3,000-meter lake belonging to the Golden Frost Sect, the one Fatty was seated next to.

That particular Dao Shadow depicted a plump fellow cultivating some sort of formidable magical technique. When Fatty saw it, his eyes went wide, and he immediately began to seek enlightenment.

Because of the eruption, the previous quietude was instantly shattered. However, there was no descent into chaos. The Dao Lakes had been divided up, so unless some incredibly shocking item appeared, there would be no frenzied fighting like that which occurred in the outer region.

Whoever occupied a given lake had rights to whatever it spit out.

Immediately, countless cultivators flew up into the air toward their various Dao Lakes. Rumbling filled the air. The six Blood Demon Sect

Patriarchs began to collect the various objects that had been spit out.

All of this takes some time to describe, but it actually only took the space of about ten breaths of time for all of the items from the 3,000-meter Dao Lakes to be collected up by the various sects. It was then that attention was turned to the 300-meter lakes.

That was especially true of the more than four hundred 300-meter lakes that belonged to Meng Hao. More than a hundred of them had spit out magical items, which floated there in mid-air. There were also some that had Dao Shadows and other miscellaneous objects. The sight was shocking, and would naturally cause anyone who saw it to be moved.

Despite that, not a single fight broke out. Meng Hao's actions earlier had clearly shown how powerful he was, as well as the unbridled manner in which he tended to act. Any cultivator who coveted an item protected by one of the Blood Prince's standards would first think long and hard before doing anything.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples were tired but happy. They bustled about for nearly two hours collecting up the various objects spit up by the Dao Lakes. The cultivators from the other sects and clans looked on enviously.

Just when they were about to deliver all the objects up to Meng Hao, one of the 300-meter lakes that had spit out a Dao Shadow, suddenly began to rumble.

Immediately, large numbers of cultivators rose to their feet, their eyes burning with passion.

“A second eruption!”

“It's common for Dao Geysers to erupt twice. For a 30-meter Dao Lake to do so is uncommon. For a 300-meter Dao Lake to erupt a second time... is rare!”

“A second eruption almost certainly means a precious item will appear!”

Up to this point, Meng Hao had been sitting there meditating, but now that one of the Dao Lakes was erupting a second time, he opened his eyes.

RUMBLE!

Bright light blasted out from the Dao Lake as a corpse was spit out from within!

“A corpse!!”

“The corpse of a cultivator from ancient times?!”

“Wow... I have to get that!”

Corpses were incredibly rare, and in the instant that it appeared, the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, the Violet Fate Sect, the Song Clan, and even the Li Clan off in the distance, were shaken. However... the Dao Lake that was erupting for the second time happened to have a blood-colored flag flying next to it. That instantly made quite a few people suddenly calm down.

Not everyone calmed down, though. Three of the Spirit Severing experts from the Golden Frost Sect flew out with glittering eyes. In their minds, Meng Hao had refrained from taking action against the Golden Frost Sect earlier because he was apprehensive; a fact they could take advantage of to keep him in check.

The three cultivators flew up into the air and then shot directly toward the 300-meter Dao Lake.

The six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs instantly moved to intercept.

“How dare you, Golden Frost Sect!!”

“What gall!”

When Meng Hao saw what was happening, a cold smile turned up the corners of his mouth. He then slapped his hand onto the ground, causing everything to tremble. At the same time, his body transforming into an afterimage, which then completely vanished.

His incredible speed far exceeded both the three Golden Frost Sect cultivators and the Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs. He appeared next to the Dao Lake in the blink of an eye, then waved his right hand to collect up the corpse. Finally, he turned to stare coldly at the three men from the

Golden Frost Sect.

“It seems you three are looking to die.”

The three cultivators' faces flickered. Shocked by Meng Hao's display of speed, they unhesitatingly retreated.

At the same time, the armored man from the Golden Frost Sect flew out, followed by the other experts from the Golden Frost Sect.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, then raised his right hand into the air and made a grasping motion. The Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared. A huge vortex surrounded the three cultivators, and a bloody hand appeared. Immediately, the three old men started to be consumed.

Miserable shrieks could be heard as the three cultivators exerted every scrap of power they could muster to try to free themselves, all to no avail.

“Stay your hand!” roared the man in the golden armor. He sped through the air with explosive speed. The five cultivators behind him began performing double-handed incantations, after which they pointed forward. Shockingly, the illusory images of puppets encapsulated them.

The puppets were dozens of meters tall, and as they flew forward, the armored man suddenly performed another incantation. Blue veins popped up on his forehead as another puppet image appeared above him!!

Cracking sounds could be heard as all of the puppets quickly merged together. Shockingly, they transformed into an enormous golden puppet, three hundred meters tall and carrying a golden greatsword. It emanated a shocking pressure, which caused everything to tremble.

A similarly shocking voice rumbled out from the mouth of the puppet. “Stay your hand!”

The voice turned into powerful sound waves that spread out in all directions.

“Too late,” replied Meng Hao, his voice cold. He clenched his hand into a fist, and a boom resonated out. The three Golden Frost Sect Spirit Severing cultivators let out bloodcurdling screams as they were crushed into a

bloody pulp. Their qi and blood streamed toward Meng Hao, merging into his body, where it transformed into a shocking power that raged inside of him.

As the three Nascent Divinities frenziedly tried to escape, the six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs shot in pursuit.

“Dammit!” cried the man in the golden armor. “Do you really think the Golden Frost Sect is afraid of you!?” He and the five cultivators behind him began to perform incantation gestures in unison. In response, the resplendent puppet began to emit... a shocking aura that bordered on Dao Seeking.

The instant the aura appeared, the faces of the members of the surrounding sects and clans flickered.

“That aura is borderline Dao Seeking!!”

“That’s the supreme magic of the Golden Frost Sect, the Golden Frost Marionette!”

The golden puppet raised its greatsword and slashed down. A ripping sound could be heard as a 30-meter rift appeared. An aura close to Dao Seeking exploded out, transforming into a pressure that could weigh down on anyone in the Spirit Severing stage.

“DIE!” cried the six Golden Frost Sect cultivators, their voices joining together into a shout that caused everything to tremble.

“Dao Seeking aura, huh?” said Meng Hao, eyes glittering. “I have that too!” The power of the Qi and blood of the three Spirit Severing Cultivators combined with the dissipating remainder of what he had absorbed from the Third Severing Patriarch of the Black Sieve Sect, fused together inside of him and then exploded out.

He clenched his hand into a fist and then punched directly toward the incoming sword.

RUMBLE!

The air shattered under the power of the fist. A black hole appeared that

was not 30 meters, but rather, 90 meters wide, raging with a Dao Seeking aura.

Dao Seeking was an embodiment of natural law, a stage in which such laws were fused with the body.

The natural laws were based on the enlightenment of the Dao that accompanied the Third Severing. Dao Seeking was the time to see whether or not the Daos of the three Severings conflicted with each other. It was an introspection regarding the heart, and could not be interfered with nor influenced in any way.

If one had been correct in one's Dao, then that was that. If they had erred, there was nothing to be done. If correct... one entered Dao Seeking. If incorrect... the Dao vanished.

Therefore, this so-called aura, was a Dao aura.

As the aura spread out, the surrounding cultivators gasped. Sir Jian, Reverend Withered-Dao, and the Spirit Severing Patriarch leader from the Song Clan were especially shocked. They watched on in shock as the power from Meng Hao's fist connected with that of the greatsword.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The golden greatsword shattered into pieces that swirled about like flower blossoms. The puppet shook violently, and numerous cracks appeared on its surface. As they spread out, a look of shock appeared on the puppet's face, and then it exploded.

As the puppet blew up, the six cultivators inside, including the man in the golden armor, spit up blood. Their bodies sagged, and their expressions were that of astonishment as they retreated at full speed.

As for Meng Hao's fist, it lost its Dao aura.

After all, the power came from the strength he had gained by using the Blood Demon Grand Magic, and not from within himself. Now that the energy had been released by his first blow, he was incapable of making a second similar strike.

“The more I fight with the Blood Demon Grand Magic, the more ferocious it becomes!” Eyes glittering, he shot after the six retreating figures.

The three Nascent Divinities being chased by the six Blood Demon Patriarchs were incapable of escaping; at this point they had already been sealed up and collected. The Golden Frost Sect’s power base in the area was now significantly weakened.

Seeing Meng Hao flying toward him, the man in the golden armor suddenly felt his heart tighten with anxiety. Gritting his teeth, he called out: “The Golden Frost Sect will give you a 3,000-meter Dao Lake!!”

“One won’t do!” shot back one of the six Patriarchs. “Give us two!”

“Dammit....” The cultivators of the Golden Frost Sect grumbled, and the man in the gold armor’s face fell. He had been in fear of Meng Hao’s strength earlier, and actually didn’t want to end up fighting him. He was just about to agree when....

Meng Hao’s eyes fell onto Fatty, who was sitting next to the Dao Lake staring at the Dao Shadow.

He then looked at the other lake and pointed at it. “Give me that lake.”

The man in the golden armor gaped for a moment, then quickly nodded his head. He looked at Fatty, and then finally put the pieces of the puzzle together. At this point, he realized that the reason Meng Hao hadn’t made a move against them earlier wasn’t because of any apprehension regarding the Golden Frost Sect, but rather, because of Li Fugui.

The Golden Frost Sect retreated to the Dao Lake with the Dao Shadow, and the Blood Demon Sect occupied another 3,000-meter Dao Lake. As of now, they had a total of four!

Chapter 719: Main Lake Eruption!

The appearance of a Dao Seeking aura had ensured that Meng Hao would now be completely and utterly famous within the great sects and clans of the Southern Domain.

The battle just now would soon spread to become a legend in the Southern Domain, and Meng Hao's name, and his titles of Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect and Grandmaster Pill Cauldron, would rise to complete prominence.

Most shocking of all was that not one, but two instances of Dao Seeking aura occurred. This enabled a comparison between the two, which made it all the more astonishing.

The first was the Dao Seeking aura of the Golden Frost Sect puppet.

Moments ago....

Everyone in the inner region of the Ancient Dao Lakes sensed it, but few actually recognized it for what it was. What they could tell, however, was that the aura was fearsome to the extreme. It immediately astounded all the cultivators in the area.

“Whose aura is that?!”

“It's so terrifying! In fact, it almost feels like Heavenly might!!”

“Even our sect's Patriarch doesn't have an aura like that!!”

Tens of thousands of cultivators in the central region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, all of them from famous sects and clans of the Southern Domain, could sense the terrifying pressure of the aura.

The pressure was so intense that even the Dao Shadows above the Dao Geysers and Lakes distorted, as if some intangible force were affecting them.

“Dao Seeking aura!!”

“It's definitely the aura of Dao Seeking!”

“Heavens! Don't tell me there's a Dao Seeking treasure in one of the Dao

Lakes!? Or what if... it's a Dao Seeking eccentric who came here personally?!"

RUMBLE!

Even as everyone looked around in astonishment, another pulse of Dao Seeking aura exploded out. The intensity of this aura far exceeded that of the first; it shook everything!

Winds seethed, and even the divine abilities of the cultivators in the area were affected, and began to dissolve into chaos. Magical items began to tremble, and it seemed as if they would lose their connection to their owners.

A natural law descended, something that seemed to pulse with a strange power that caused all of the cultivators to feel intense pressure suppressing their cultivation bases. At the same time, the power of their fleshly bodies seemed to temporarily increase.

Furthermore, because of the Dao Seeking aura, some of the Dao Shadows above the Dao Geysers distorted to the point that they were destroyed.

"Heavens! Another aura!"

"This aura is even stronger than the first one! Two pulses of aura means that it's not a Dao Seeking treasure. No, there are two Dao Seeking experts fighting!"

"Who is it? What Dao Seeking eccentric showed up!? There are very few Dao Seeking cultivators in the lands of the Southern Domain. If you count them up there can't be more than thirty, and most of them have been in secluded meditation for countless years!"

A huge commotion filled the entire region of the Dao Lakes as Meng Hao and the Golden Frost Sect puppet slammed into each other. Two massive Dao Seeking forces slammed into each other, sending out a shockwave that instantly swept out like a gale-force wind.

Most of the Dao Shadows were destroyed, and hundreds of thousands of cultivators felt as if their minds were under barrage. They were stunned,

and required a long moment to recover.

In contrast, things quickly settled down in the inner region of the Ancient Dao Lakes. After the Golden Frost Sect submitted, peace and calm were restored. Meng Hao now sat cross-legged next to the Dao Lake, contemplating the enormous Dao Shadow.

The eruption of the Dao Lakes had caused two Dao Shadows to appear above the 3,000-meter lakes. One Dao shadow was being studied by Fatty, the other by Meng Hao.

The Dao Shadow Meng Hao was studying was that of a middle-aged cultivator wearing a simple, ancient Daoist ensemble. He sat cross-legged, meditating, and a drop of blood hovered in front of him. He performed incantations, after which ghost images sprang up around his body. After a single glance, Meng Hao could tell that the Dao Shadow was cultivating some sort of clone magic.

He couldn't determine the the Dao Shadow's cultivation base, but he could tell that in certain aspects, the clone magic was similar to the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao. Meng Hao looked over the image a few times, then began to immerse himself in studying it.

He had examined the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao many times over the years, and had a general understanding of it. However, there were some parts that he couldn't completely understand. He knew the general process, but not exactly how to carry it out.

Every time he felt he had enlightened regarding important aspect, and then lifted his hand up to perform the incantation, he discovered that his understanding actually didn't seem to amount to anything at all.

Therefore, the appearance of a Dao Image such as this was definitely a lucky break.

Time went by gradually, and soon three months had passed.

The eruptions of the Ancient Dao Lakes grew more intense. In the beginning, they would erupt once every four or five days. In the last month, however, the frequency had increased to every other day.

Furthermore, the quantity of the items spit out was also increasing.

Seven or eight corpses had appeared, as well as five beasts. The sects and clans fought bitterly over them, and the victors made incredible gains.

Although the Dao Lakes were erupting with more and more items, more than half of the lakes were controlled by the Blood Demon Sect. However, nobody went near them. Meng Hao's actions three months before made it so that anyone who even thought of trying to snatch an item from one of them would instantly think of the violent repercussions that would follow.

As such, the Blood Demon Sect disciples were the most tired of all. More and more magical items were delivered to Meng Hao, and in this three months period, he had built up quite a stash.

As for Meng Hao himself, he never moved from the lakeside, where he sat studying the Dao Shadow. As long as he didn't take the initiative to disperse it, the Dao Shadow would remain in place. That was a special feature of the 3,000-meter lakes.

Fatty had emerged from his meditation two months ago, seemingly enlightened on many things. Afterward, he once again closed his eyes and continued to cultivate.

Two more months passed.

The Dao Lakes were now erupting at a frequency of once per day. To the cultivators of the Southern Domain, the Ancient Dao Lakes had turned into something like a paradise. As long as one could secure control of a Dao Geyser or Dao Lake and avoid wandering about randomly, then shocking good fortune was guaranteed.

To the cultivators in the central region, however, the increase in the frequency of eruptions meant only one thing. The main lake... would soon experience a massive eruption!

The pivotal moment in this surge of activity of the Ancient Dao Lakes was about to arrive...the 30,000 meter Dao Lake, which had not produced even a single wave the entire time, was finally going to erupt!

According to the information in the ancient records, the 30,000-meter

Dao Lake wouldn't erupt with just one object. It would spit out many items at once, and among them were sure to be precious treasures!

In fact, it was even possible for magical items to appear that were equivalent to the legacy treasures of the sects and clans. Such items essentially gave that sect or clan the equivalent of a Dao Seeking eccentric. A possibility like that was enough to cause the cultivators of the Southern Domain to go mad with desire.

Gradually, more and more eyes came to be fixed in the direction of the 30,000-meter main lake.

In contrast, Meng Hao was immersed in seeking enlightenment, and in fact, had already formed some speculations about the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao.

"Withering Flame. Demon Magic. True Self Dao! This is not just a clone magic! There are other Daoist magics hidden within!" This enlightenment caused Meng Hao's mind and heart to tremble. He had never seen a divine ability or magical technique that was so profoundly layered.

After another month had passed, the Ancient Dao Lakes were now erupting every few hours. The disciples of the Blood Demon Sect were swamped. They had literally no time to rest as they shot back and forth between the erupting Dao Lakes to collect various magical items and miscellaneous objects. To everyone else in the central region of the Dao Lakes, they almost looked like they were harvesting crops.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples were in pain from all the hard work, but they were happy.

Of course, the members of the other sects and clans watched them bustling about, and also felt a bit of pain... and they were not happy.

Least happy of all were the members of the Li Clan, who were still positioned 30,000 meters away. They could do nothing more than watch on helplessly as more and more magical items erupted from within the Dao Lakes. They didn't dare to step even a foot past the 30,000-meter border. Although there were Dao Lakes in the area they occupied, they couldn't even compare to the ones further in. They were better than

nothing, of course, but the Li Clan cultivators only continued to grow more and more frustrated.

Their hatred for Meng Hao increased with each passing day.

Despite that, they didn't dare to proceed past that 30,000-meter mark. Meng Hao was just far too powerful and intimidating.

The members of the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, the distant Li Clan, and the Song Clan were all looking toward the 30,000-meter main lake, suppressing their emotions and continuing to wait.

"Come on, hurry up! The 30,000-meter main lake is going to erupt soon!"

"We've been waiting the entire time just for this day! The only thing we don't know is exactly when the eruption will occur!"

"That Meng Hao's cultivation base is just too high! However, we don't need to fight him. When the 30,000-meter lake erupts, the rules here will change. The teleportation talisman that didn't work before will be able to function. Once the 30,000-meter lake erupts, all you have to do is grab an item and then use a greater teleportation talisman to get away! The real competition will be over who is fastest!"

"Meng Hao might have a high cultivation base, but he's only one person. With so many items, we'll just have to wait and see who gets lucky!"

The Violet Fate Sect was also taking things seriously. However, considering their close ties to Meng Hao, their attitude toward him was much warmer.

The Song Clan kept to themselves, but they also had their ambitions. All the sects and clans had their hearts set on the main lake.

As for the teenager who sat cross-legged behind Sir Jian in the Solitary Sword Sect, his eyes shone with a strange light as he looked toward the 30,000-meter main lake.

"The reason I sent my clone here in the first place was for this instance of good fortune," he thought. "If my augury was correct, then the good

fortune I seek will be coming with this eruption. That rascal Meng Hao might have Heaven-defying power, but if we end up fighting, I'll have no choice but to subdue him."

In the Golden Frost Sect, the man in the armor glanced over at Meng Hao, and then exchanged looks with some of the people behind him. They could all see the hesitation in each other's eyes.

Then their eyes glittered, no longer with hesitation, but determination.

"Fight!"

"Cultivation is all about the smash and grab! When it comes to luck and good fortune, it won't just randomly come to you! You have to fight for it!"

The entire central region of the Dao Lakes gradually filled with an oppressive aura. No one spoke, and all attention was focused on the coming eruption of the 30,000-meter main lake.

Meng Hao was still concentrated on enlightenment, although he wasn't looking at the Dao Shadow anymore. His eyes were closed as he inwardly pondered the truths of the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao.

Three days later.

RUMMMBBBBLLLLLEEEEE!

The land quaked as all of the Dao Lakes ceased any eruption. The lake in front of Meng Hao began to vanish. Everything became blurry. The 3,000-meter lakes, the 300-meter lakes, the 30-meter lakes, all of the lakes dried up and shrank rapidly.

Even the Dao Geysers were completely drained.

It almost seemed like someone was beneath all of the lakes, breathing in, inhaling the lake water away.

Of course, what came after an inhalation, was an exhalation!

"The 30,000-meter main lake is going to erupt!!"

"It's going to start! This is when the true good fortune appears!"

"I wonder what the 30,000-meter main lake is going to spit out! I heard

that the Solitary Sword Sect's precious treasure came from the eruption of the main lake!"

The teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect rose to his feet. The armored man from the Golden Frost Sect was panting. The cultivators from the Song Clan stood there with glittering eyes. Reverend Withered-Dao was pulsating with ripples. 30,000-meters away, the Li Clan cultivators were focusing all the power in their bodies.

Only Meng Hao still had his eyes closed.

And then....

The formerly placid 30,000-meter Dao Lake was marred by ripples, as if something were bubbling underneath its surface.

BOOOOMM!!

Chapter 720: Everything Explodes!

With the exception of the 30,000-meter Dao Lake, all of the Dao Lakes and Geysers were drying up. Splits and cracks began to appear across the entire landscape, some of them enormous.

Teleportation traps flashed in and out madly, in some case appearing by the thousands to sweep across the land.

When the water of the 3,000-meter lakes began to lower, the South Heaven cultivators outside of the inner region began to withdraw. They knew the greatest windfall of all was just around the corner.

Unfortunately for them, it was good fortune they could never acquire. Only the cultivators in the inner region would have that chance. Furthermore, anyone who remained in the outer region would be killed during the eruption.

Currently, hundreds of thousands of cultivators milled around outside the border, peering inward. After all, even though they had no chance at getting the good fortune for themselves, the chance to witness the event was still an incredible opportunity. For all they knew, they might be able to gain some enlightenment that could lead to a breakthrough into another stage of cultivation.

Everyone's eyes were fixed on the main lake.

RUMMMMMBBBBLLE!

The ground quaked as the 30,000-meter lake exploded.

It is difficult to describe how shocking the scene was, and how completely gobsmacked everyone was. The only thing that can be said is that in the enormous outer region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, massive fissures spread out across the land as if some enormous gravitational force under the ground was causing the land to sink down.

The land itself was too brittle, so fissures and cracks appeared as it sank.

When the entire land had sunk to a certain degree, it actually reversed itself and, amidst continuous rumbling, inflated back to its original state,

as if it was an exhalation subsequent to an inhalation. It was almost like there was a giant, living deep beneath the ground, breathing, causing the land to sink and rise. As for the single 30,000-meter main lake, it formed what seemed like a passageway connecting the ground to the Heavens above, something completely unique in all existence.

It was the epicenter of the explosive exhalation; water surged up from the 30,000-meter lake into the air, forming a massive column!

From a distance, the sight was completely astonishing. It was not a pillar of light, but when illuminated by sunlight, the column of water glittered brightly with a rainbow of colors. It was dazzling to the extreme, and its allure irresistible.

Of course, what drew people toward it was not the light itself, but the great Daos of Heaven and Earth that seemed to be contained within.

In this moment, a blurry figure appeared in mid-air outside of the Dao Lakes among the hundreds of thousands of cultivators, although none of them could see him. He was a young man in a Daoist robe, around whom a black wind swirled. His eyes glittered as he stared at the Dao Lakes region.

“So, I didn’t come in vain this time. My Coffin Altar Sect of the Northern reaches uncovered the fact that great fortune is available for me here. I, Zhou Chen, have arrived, so how could the good fortune possibly escape me!?” 1

The young man clearly did not have a Dao Seeking cultivation base. However, his body emanated faint bits of a virtually undetectable Dao Seeking aura. He appeared to be scanning the area for something in particular, when he suddenly jerked his head to look toward the Ancient Dao Lakes. He frowned. “Hunh... Dammit! That guy’s here too? Lu Bai....” 2

Off in a different direction, a burly man stood on the peak of a mountain. He wore garments crafted from animal skins, and looked completely barbaric. He held a flagon of alcohol in one hand, and at his feet was the corpse of an Outlander Beast. Occasionally, he would rip some flesh off of the Outlander Beast corpse and eat it raw. His eyes

glittered with a savage gleam.

“So, quite a few people are here from the Northern Reaches,” the man thought. “Well, the good fortune here belongs to me, Di Ye of the Desolate Clan! And I don’t just want the good fortune, I’m gonna chow down on some of these Southern Domain cultivators. Their flesh is soft, definitely much more delicious than the people from the Northern Reaches.” 3

A smile twisted his face as he stared down at the Ancient Dao Lakes region.

Suddenly, he caught sight of something, and his face flickered with rage. “Lu Bai from the Imperial Bloodline Sect 4. Dammit! He’s generally acknowledged to be the number one figure under Dao Seeking in the Northern Reaches, and is also one of the four great Young Starlords of South Heaven. What is he doing here? At the Second Severing level, he can fight early Dao Seeking! He’s inhuman! Considering he’s such a hotshot superstar with access to limitless good fortune, what the hell is he doing here?!?!”

As the thousands of teleportation traps swept through the Ancient Dao lakes, a young man proceeded along, his expression cool. He seemed gentle, and was extremely good looking, to the point of perfection. The teleportation traps in his path were completely incapable of even touching him.

“What an interesting place,” he thought, “although it doesn’t suit me very well. Why did the exalted Dawn Immortal send me here? According to her, I would encounter the enemy I am destined to face....

“How amusing. I wonder who this supposed enemy will turn out to be?”

As he proceeded forward, the image of a Resurrection Lily could be seen behind him, swaying back and forth ominously.

The Dao Lakes region was full of powerful forces!

The ground quaked in shocking fashion, and everyone watching from a distance was astonished.

Just outside the 30,000-meter Dao Lake, the experts from the great sects

and clans were staring fixedly, holding their energy in check, just waiting until the full eruption.

And then... it happened.

A thunderous roar could be heard as countless magical objects, corpses, Dao Shadows, miscellaneous objects, and even beasts exploded out from the 30,000-meter main lake.

In the blink of an eye, multicolored glows appeared, the shocking light of magical treasures. The collective gasp of the cultivators outside turned into a sound wave that rolled out. Considering that they had such a reaction, there is little need to mention the reaction of the people in the inner region, who simply had to reach out to grab the treasures.

Among the magical items was a longsword, two meters in length, around which circulated nine one-meter-long shortwords. The pressure it exuded was incredible.

There was also a gigantic war drum, next to which was an enormous puppet, which seemed like the only thing even remotely capable of matching up to the war drum.

There was also an enormous halo. It was impossible to tell what it was made from, but it shone with golden light, and its surface was covered with countless inscriptions of magical symbols. From within could be sensed an incredible sealing power, radiating out in all directions.

In addition... there was a shocking corpse! It wasn't the corpse of a human, but rather, a black-colored dragon!!

To say that it was a dragon would be correct. However, this particular dragon had wings! Although it wasn't a Flying Rain-Dragon, it was fully 3,000 meters in length and had long horns!

There was also a tree with a red trunk and branches, black leaves, and blue flowers. As for the three fruit it produced, they were white!

There were vast quantities of jade slips, one bag of holding after another, and even shrunken palaces. Most astonishing of all, however, was a gigantic claw!

The claw was pitch black, and had three talons. It was over three hundred meters in length, and emanated an oppressive, murderous air.

There were a vast variety of items, and it would be impossible to describe them all. Upon cursory examination, there were roughly ten thousand in total, and because the various auras were all mixed together, it was difficult to determine which of the items was the most powerful.

In any case, as they burst out from the lake water, the rippling aura that spread out was shocking to the extreme.

The instant the Dao Lake erupted, the teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect immediately teleported. Ripples of Dao Seeking energy spread out as he headed directly toward the lake.

In addition to the teenager, the Spirit Severing experts from the Solitary Sword Sect also shot toward the lake.

The golden-armored man from the Golden Frost Sect, along with the other Spirit Severing experts, transformed into the golden puppet, which immediately stepped into the lake.

From the Violet Fate Sect, Reverend Withered-Dao moved with shocking speed that matched the teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect. He vanished, and when he reappeared, he was also above the Dao Lake. Of everyone in the Violet Fate Sect, he was the only one to take action.

As for the Li Clan off in the distance, they instantly went mad. Their Spirit Severing Cultivators couldn't match up in terms of speed, but they had teleportation talismans. They instantly activated them and appeared in mid-air above the erupting Dao Lake.

At long last, the old man from the Song Clan, who up to this point had not spoken a single word nor revealed the tiniest bit of his aura, rose to his feet. The area around him transformed into what looked like a tempest as he, along with the two Spirit Severing cultivators from the Song Clan, headed toward the Dao Lake.

The shocking eruption of the Dao Lake made it seem like it was raining.

Even as all the others took action, the invisible Coffin Altar Sect disciple

Zhou Chen took a step forward. Nine bottle gourds began to spin around him, creating a tunnel, which led directly to the erupting Dao Lake.

On the mountain peak across from him, the burly Di Ye lifted his head up and roared. “Shrink, shrink, SHRINK!”

He called out three times, and with each call, the world seemed to shrink in front of him. By the time he said ‘shrink’ for the third time, the world looked like a zoomed-out image to him. He took a single step, and crossed the void to appear in mid-air directly above the Dao Lake!

At the same time, the young man Lu Bai, who was walking through the teleportation traps in the Ancient Dao Lakes outer region, stretched out his hand. The illusory Resurrection Lily behind him suddenly shrank down, and a six-colored Resurrection Lily appeared in his palm.

The instant the flower appeared in his hand, the area around him began to distort. Suddenly, images appeared around him of everything that had ever existed or even passed by the spot that he stood in.

He stood in the middle of the glowing lights, staring around at how everything had changed.

“Going back three breaths should suffice,” he thought with a slight smile. Everything around him began to distort again, and suddenly, what he saw was the world that had existed three breaths of time ago. He took a step forward, and he was back in that exact same time, just before the Dao Lake was going to erupt. He took another step, and was in mid-air above the Dao Lake. It was in that instant that the lake suddenly erupted.

His divine abilities and magical techniques were bizarre and astonishing!

When the Dao Lake erupted, the light of magical items shone up into the Heavens. The six Spirit Severing Patriarchs of the Blood Demon Sect anxiously looked over at Meng Hao. Since his eyes were still closed, they stamped their feet and flew up into the air, shooting directly toward the erupting Dao Lake.

They weren’t far from it to begin with, so it didn’t take long to get close.

As for Meng Hao, his eyes were still closed, and his mind was filled with

the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao. He was still in the midst of contemplation. Although it first seemed impossible to comprehend, he was now reaching the limits of his understanding.

He had already determined that the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao was actually split into three different Daoist magics, the first being the Withering Flame, the second being the Demon Magic, and the third being the True Self Dao!

But now, he suddenly sensed that the Daoist magic... could actually be split into seven sections! Each section was its own shocking Daoist Magic.

Withering. Flame. Demon. Magic. True. Self. Dao!

The clone aspect was merely the divine ability represented by the character “self!”

*

1. Zhou Chen’s name in Chinese is 周尘 zhōu chén. Zhou is a common surname. Chen means “dust” or “dirt”.
2. Lu Bai’s name in Chinese is 陆柏 lù bái. Lu is common surname. Bai means “cypress” or “cedar”.
3. Di Ye’s name in Chinese is 帝野 dì yě. Di is a surname which also means “emperor” or “god.” Ye means “wild” or “rough”.
4. An organization with a name very similar to this sect was mentioned in chapter 599.

Chapter 721: You Must Know Liu Zichuan

The hundreds of thousands of cultivators outside of the Ancient Dao Lakes region were bearing witness to a rare and shocking spectacle!

“That longsword... is two meters long, the nine shortwords are each one meter long. Look at the brilliant glow, and the lightning! It almost looks like Tribulation Lightning! Is it possible... is it possible that sword is the legendary Deadwinter Tribulation Sword?!?!”

“Why does that war drum looks almost the same as the Primordial True Spirit Drum that I read about in the ancient records...? And that puppet next to it.... I get the chills just looking at it!”

“What is that tree?! It looks so bizarre, and has three fruits on it!!”

“Check out that beast claw! It looks incredible! Could it be a Dao Seeking treasure?!”

“That’s... that’s a black dragon!? It’s a real-life dragon!! It looks relatively small, but its body is definitely a treasure!!”

The few dozen Spirit Severing cultivators immediately convened above the 30,000-meter main lake as one object after another appeared amidst the eruption of the lakewater.

Boom!

There were simply too many magical items! Fierce fighting broke out in the blink of an eye.

“Screw off!”

“Hey, I wanted that!”

“This is mine! Anyone who dares to fight me over it will die!!”

Explosions immediately began to echo out as the Spirit Severing experts shot toward the treasures they had taken a liking to. Shocking roars filled the air, and wild colors danced about.

The greatest focus of attention was the teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect, then the Golden Frost Sect puppet, both of whom exuded Dao

Seeking auras. Strangest of all were the three people from the Northern Reaches. They flew about in three different areas, causing the air to shatter around them wherever they went.

Their sudden appearance on the scene was quite a source of alarm for the Southern Domain cultivators. However, there was no time to try to uncover information about their origins and backgrounds. Everyone sped toward the treasures that they wanted.

The teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect flew at top speed toward the two-meter longsword. In the blink of an eye, his hand clasped the hilt.

The enormous puppet from the Golden Frost Sect exploded with a Dao Seeking aura as it headed toward the puppet next to the war drum, slamming aside several Solitary Sword Sect Spirit Severing cultivators in the process.

The Song Clan Patriarch flew along at top speed, his body pulsing with an aura that seemed to contain a force which was incompatible with the spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth. Everywhere he passed, shocking illusory blades flew about. His goal was one particular jade slip that glowed with violet light.

The 19th Li Clan Patriarch shot furiously toward the black dragon.

The only member of the Violet Fate Sect to make an appearance, Reverend Withered-Dao, headed toward the red-trunked tree with the black leaves, blue flowers, and three white fruits!

As for the barbaric, hulking Di Ye from the Northern Reaches, an enormous wolf-tooth club appeared in his hands. A savage and wild aura exploded out from him, reaching a pinnacle in the blink of an eye. His wolf-tooth club swept back and forth, shattering the surroundings as he charged toward his goal, the three-hundred-meter long black-colored claw.

“This claw belongs to Di Ye!”

Dao Child Zhou Chen from the Coffin Altar Sect, also from the Northern Reaches, looked incredibly soft and feminine. The air around him did not shatter, but rather his surroundings warped and twisted,

causing everything he passed by to wither.

His expression was cold as he headed toward the enormous golden halo that emanated a pulsing power of sealing.

Last was one of the four Young Starlords of South Heaven, the number one figure under Dao Seeking from the Northern Reaches, Lu Bai of the Imperial Bloodline Sect, who could battle Dao Seeking even when in the Spirit Severing Stage!

As he hovered in mid air, the Dao Lake eruption surging around him, he almost seemed to exist in a different time and location. It was as if he could, at will, travel anywhere in space and time.

He glanced around at the various objects in the area until his gaze came to rest on the corpse of the enormous black dragon. As it did, a strange gleam began to shine in his eyes.

He immediately headed in the direction of the black dragon, and toward the 19th Li Clan Patriarch, who was clearly vying for the same object.

Everyone had their own targets and goals, some the same as others, some different. In addition, there were Spirit Severing experts from the other sects and clans who also headed toward their own favored objects.

The six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs scattered and headed toward various things that attracted them.

The fighting seemed chaotic, but was in fact quite the opposite. Only the most powerful experts would actually fight over any of the visibly extraordinary items. Others weren't qualified to do so.

"Dammit! That's mine!"

"Nobody owns the Dao Lakes! The treasures go to the lucky, and you're not lucky! Screw off!"

"Die!"

Explosions rattled out, and in the blink of an eye, they were joined by miserable shrieks.

A Golden Frost Sect cultivator was cut down by Reverend Withered-Dao.

A Li Clan member excitedly closed in on the black dragon, and was about to grab it when a soft sigh could be heard. The sigh caused his body to begin to tremble, and then blood sprayed from his mouth. His fleshly body immediately transformed into a pool of blood. His Nascent Divinity flew out without hesitation, but was then crushed by the power of Time.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao still sat at the edge of the dried-up 3,000 meter Dao Lake that bordered the 30,000-meter Dao Lake. His mind rang with thunderous roars as he gained further enlightenment regarding the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao. He was finally able to thoroughly break it down.

“Withering. Flame. Demon. Magic. True. Self. Dao!” His eyes opened.

“This magic has three levels and seven parts! Each character represents a different secret art. Combined, they form something unbelievably powerful!

“The ‘self’ character is the clone magic!

“It’s too bad I didn’t understand it before, and pursued some incorrect theories. Were it not for that, I might have already been able to gain some true understanding, and therefore, some boosts in power!

“What I currently have the deepest understanding of is not the ‘self’ character and its clone magic, but rather the ‘withering’ character!

“All living things wither. However, a withered tree can grow anew in spring. The character ‘wither 枯’ has a ‘tree 木’ component on the left, which represents life. The ‘ancient 古’ component on the right represents death. The left is the past, the right is the future.

“The character ‘wither’ is also similar to the third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic. Once I enter the Spirit Meridians stratum, I will be able to consume spirit meridians, which in actuality... is very similar to the ‘wither’ character!

“Withering someone’s spirit meridians is akin to crippling their cultivation base and influencing time. It’s like planting a seed. The seed is planted, then reaped immediately, ignoring the time that normally passes

inbetween!

“That is the true meaning of the Spirit Meridians stratum of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!

“All I need is some time spent in secluded meditation, perhaps half a month, and I should be able to step fully into the third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!” Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with a brilliant glow. It was in this moment that shocking energy suddenly surged up from within him.

Instantly, the eyes of all the cultivators above the Dao Lake turned in his direction.

He raised his head, and a golden gleam could be seen in his eyes. Suddenly, he performed a minor teleportation and reappeared in mid-air above the lake.

“Meng Hao!!”

“He was meditating before, and based on his energy now... could it be that he made a breakthrough?!”

“Dammit! If he gets involved, that means there’s one more powerful foe in the mix!”

“Please, please, PLEASE don’t take a fancy to this magical item here, go look at someone else’s.”

Various thoughts and feelings such as these bubbled up in the blink of an eye.

Rumble!

When Meng Hao appeared above the Dao Lake, his energy immediately drew special attention from four people.

The first was the teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect, whose pupils constricted.

The other three were the Chosen from the Northern Reaches. One of them, Dao Child Zhou Chen from the Coffin Altar Sect, frowned and stared seriously for a moment. A look of scorn appeared on the face of Di

Ye, although his heart filled with vigilance.

The person who seemed most interested in Meng Hao was none other than Lu Bai. He turned to look at Meng Hao, and when he did, a tremor ran through him.

“It’s him!” he thought.

He sensed a feeling like destiny, and was instantly sure that the young man he was looking at was the person the esteemed Dawn Immortal had referred to, his destined adversary.

Meng Hao’s arrival on the scene shocked everyone. He glanced around, and then, to the shock of many, shot toward the black claw.

His decision caused quite a few people to sigh in relief, and continue fighting.

Di Ye’s eyes flickered with killing intent as he too barreled toward the black-colored claw.

The teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect had just grabbed the two-meter longsword. Energy exploded out, and he lifted his head back and laughed loudly. Next to the black dragon, the 19th Li Clan Patriarch coughed up some blood. He was no match for Lu Bai, who swept his sleeve to collect up the black dragon.

The Golden Frost Sect was after the enormous war drum and puppet. There were a few Spirit Severing experts fighting them over it, but with the power of their Dao Seeking aura, the Golden Frost Sect steamrolled everyone in their way and promptly seized it.

As for the red-trunked tree, no one else dared to fight with Reverend Withered-Dao over it. Everyone knew that Grandmaster Pill Demon could refine all types of objects into medicinal pills. Since the tree didn’t seem to be of much use to others, Reverend Withered-Dao was easily able to collect it up.

The Song Clan successfully acquired the violet-colored jade slip they had been after.

As for the golden halo, there were quite a few people who tried to fight Zhou Chen of the Coffin Altar Sect over it, but all were sent into retreat, blood spraying from their mouths. Two people were even slain. In the end, Zhou Chen took it.

Regarding the other miscellaneous objects, Spirit Severing cultivators from various sects and clans had already divvied them all up.

Di Ye arrived near the black-colored claw. His wolf-tooth club swept about, causing lake water to spray about. His left hand reached out toward the black-colored claw.

However, just when his hand was about to latch onto it, Meng Hao pierced through the air with indescribable speed to appear directly next to the claw.

Seeing that Meng Hao wanted to contend with him over the claw, Di Ye roared, "Screw off!" Then smashed his wolf-tooth club down toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as his fist struck out. The fist had no Dao Seeking aura, but considering that Meng Hao was the number one figure under Dao Seeking, it contained explosive power, which smashed directly into the wolf-tooth club.

A huge boom rattled out. A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and the wolf-tooth club was sent flying back. Di Ye's face fell as he was sent staggering back seven or eight measures. He looked up, and a vicious expression could be seen on his face.

"So you're not on par with that inhuman Lu Bai!" Di Ye's body flickered as he charged forward once more. Although Di Ye and the other two from the Northern Reaches had actually arrived quite a bit earlier, even Lu Bai wasn't able to see what was happening inside the Dao Lakes. Only after the master lake had erupted, causing the surrounding air to distort and churn and allowing them to teleport closer, were they able to get a clear glimpse of what was going on. As such, he was unaware of the shocking things Meng Hao had done.

After looking more closely at Di Ye, Meng Hao realized that the hulking

man had the familiar aura of a Northern Reaches cultivator. “Northern Reaches?” he asked.

“Yeah! I’m Di Ye from the Desolate Clan in the Northern Reaches!” Di Ye roared as he closed in on Meng Hao.

“You must know Liu Zichuan!” 1

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1. Liu Zichuan was the Northern Reaches cultivator Meng Hao beat up in the Demon Immortal Sect chapter 599. He also made a brief appearance in chapter 607 and the following chapter.

Chapter 722: A Second Eruption!

Rumbling echoed out and everyone looked over to watch Meng Hao and Di Ye fight over the black-colored claw.

The eyes of the teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect flashed as he gripped the rotating two-meter longsword. In his mind, nobody here could possibly pose a threat to him except perhaps for the handsome Lu Bai, with his mastery of Time power.

The Golden Frost Sect puppet also looked over at Meng Hao, and its eyes glittered.

Reverend Withered-Dao said nothing, as if he didn't care to watch anything that was happening.

The 19th Li Clan Patriarch was severely wounded and in full retreat. As for the members of the Song Clan, after acquiring the item they sought, they seemed to be ready to leave.

Dao Child Zhou Chen from the Coffin Altar Sect seemed to be itching to fight. When he looked over at Meng Hao, he suddenly frowned.

"He's only at the peak of Spirit Severing," he thought. "He can't compare to Lu Bai."

As for the Imperial Sect's Lu Bai, he was also observing the fight between Meng Hao and Di Ye. After seeing them attack, his expression remained tranquil. From a young age his talent had been prodigious and no one from the Northern Reaches was a match for him. Even the Ji Clan from the Eastern Land's Great Tang had wanted to take him in as an honorary disciple. Afterwards, though, he had been favored by the Dawn Immortal, who guided him on his path of cultivation. Thus, he no longer cultivated normally, but rather, pursued the Dao of the Resurrection Lily.

What was more, the Dawn Immortal did not permit the Resurrection Lily to absorb him. Rather, she had planted a seed within him that had no consciousness, allowing him to consume it and acquire the power of the Resurrection Lily. It was as if she was trying to sow good karma with him.

Instead of saying he was a cultivator, it would be more accurate to say that he... was a Resurrection Lily!

Because of that, even the Fang Clan took him quite seriously, and expressed interest in bringing him into the clan as a son-in-law. Because of all these things, he had a unique status. There were even rumors that he was in fact some almighty expert who had descended to Planet South Heaven to be reincarnated and rebuild his cultivation base from the ground up.

Considering his mastery of Time power, he would be able to take care of Di Ye in only three moves.

“Too weak,” he thought after a single glance, shaking his head at Meng Hao.

However, it was in that exact moment that Meng Hao spoke the words “Northern Reaches.” The sound of it echoed out, evoking tempestuous thoughts in all the South Heaven cultivators. Even the teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect turned to look at Di Ye.

Relations between the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches was a sensitive subject. Although it had been many, many years since full-scale war raged between them, it wasn’t a rare thing in the history of the lands of South Heaven.

Every time there was a war, one side among the two would flow with rivers of blood.

“Northern Reaches?”

“No wonder the cultivation bases of those three seem so unfamiliar. It turns out they’re from the Northern Reaches!”

“The Northern Reaches are connected to the Eastern Lands, both of which are on the other side of the Milky Way Sea! It takes a long time to cross the Milky Way Sea. Did they really come here just for the Dao Lakes?”

Even as the crowds from the Southern Domain were reeling in shock, Meng Hao spoke the name Liu Zichuan.

Although the name was unfamiliar to the Southern Domain cultivators, as soon as Dao Child Zhou Chen from the Coffin Altar Sect heard it, his eyes flickered and he looked at Meng Hao.

Lu Bai was slightly taken aback. He was from the Imperial Bloodline Clan, Zhou Chen came from the Coffin Altar Sect, and Di Ye was from the Desolate Clan. As for the Liu Zichuan Meng Hao had just mentioned, he was also from the Imperial Bloodline Clan!

The Imperial Bloodline Clan was the number one clan in the Northern Reaches!

And Liu Zichuan was the Imperial Son of the Imperial Bloodline Clan!

His cultivation base was only at the First Severing level, but as far as his position went, he could be considered one of the top figures in the entire Northern Reaches.

“You know Liu Zichuan?” asked Di Ye, his pupils constricting. His Desolate Clan was an auxiliary branch of the Imperial Bloodline Clan, so although he had a high cultivation base, whenever he heard the name Liu Zichuan, he had no choice but to lower his head and voice greetings to the young Lord.

“He owes me 9,000,000 spirit stones!” said Meng Hao with a cold snort. “How could I not know him?!” He casually opened his bag of holding and pulled out a fistful of jade slips, which detailed the amount of spirit stones owed to him by the cultivators from the ancient Demon Immortal Sect.

“Xu Shouyan owes me 8,000,000 spirit stones!

“Tian Leifang owes me 7,800,000 spirit stones!

“Zhou Jie owes me 9,500,000 spirit stones! 1

“Di Luo owes me 11,000,000 spirit stones!

“And then there’s someone named Han Peng, who owes me the most. 15,000,000 spirit stones! 2

“All of these people are from your Northern Reaches, right?”

Every single sentence spoken by Meng Hao caused the faces of the three

Northern Reaches cultivators to flicker. That was especially true when the names Zhou Jie, Di Luo, and Han Peng were uttered. Even Lu Bai gaped in shock.

Zhou Jie and Zhou Chen were from the same clan, and Di Luo was Di Ye's younger brother. As for Han Peng, he was a Chosen from the Imperial Bloodline Clan, with a position second only to Lu Bai.

"How... how could they owe you so many spirit stones?!" bellowed Di Ye, his eyes wide. Unfortunately, the jade slips in Meng Hao's hands were imprinted with life essence aura. Due to the fluctuations of these auras that emanated from them, the three Northern Reaches cultivators could not doubt their authenticity, nor the identities of who they belonged to.

The surrounding members of the various sects and clans of the Southern Domain were even more shocked than the three Northern Reaches cultivators. They looked at Meng Hao with expressions of disbelief and astonishment.

This was especially true of the cultivators of the Blood Demon Sect and the Violet Fate Sect. They stared with gaping mouths.

"What did the Blood Prince do in the past?"

"He.... How did he get so many people to owe him so much?"

"Th-th-this.... I noticed that when he pulled out those jade slips just now, he only took out a few, the ones that belonged to the Northern Reaches cultivators. Could it be that the rest of the jade slips include people from the rest of the lands of South Heaven?!"

"The Blood Prince must have done a lot of business in the past!!"

Di Ye's eyes were bloodshot, and he was filled with feeling of humiliation. Throwing his head back and roaring, he hefted his wolf-tooth club and charged toward Meng Hao.

"NONSENSE! I'm gonna smash you to death, fool!"

Meng Hao's eyes glittered brightly. As the hulking man bore down on him, he raised his hand up and pointed forward.

“Blood Demon Grand Magic!”

Immediately, a blood-red vortex began to spin around the man. As the vortex rotated, an enormous blood-colored hand appeared that grabbed onto Di Ye. He struggled, but was absolutely incapable of doing anything to free himself. He could do nothing but cry out in rage and look around with confusion.

It only took a moment for him to realize that his fleshly body was rapidly withering, his qi and blood pulsing out of him and speeding toward Meng Hao. As for Meng Hao, his fleshly body was rapidly becoming stronger.

Up to now, Meng Hao had not met anyone under Dao Seeking who could free themselves from the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

The scene didn't faze the Southern Domain cultivators at all. However, Zhou Chen of the Coffin Altar Sect from the Northern Reaches was completely shocked. His face flickered and his eyes went wide as he stared at Meng Hao.

Shocked, he began to pant, and any scorn which he had felt toward Meng Hao was now long since vanished. As far as he could tell, a magical technique like this was on the same level as Lu Bai's Time magic.

“Inhuman! Just as inhuman as Lu Bai!”

Lu Bai of the Imperial Bloodline Clan was also staring with a strange light in his eyes, and a slight smile on his face. Inwardly, the desire to do battle was growing stronger. “If that's how it is, he might be worthy of going up against me!”

Inside the Blood Demon Grand Magic, Di Ye's fleshly body was withering rapidly. Horror and astonishment filled his heart, and he was completely terrified of Meng Hao.

“Dammit! You're just as inhuman as Lu Bai!” he roared. He clenched his teeth and then slapped his bag of holding to produce a crystalline magical talisman.

The magical talisman glittered brightly; this was a life-saving treasure

given to him by his clan before leaving for the Southern Domain. He never imagined that he would have to use it after making his first appearance. However, facing this deadly crisis, he ignored any consternation and instantly smashed it between his fingers.

The instant the magical talisman was smashed, a stream of Dao Seeking power descended. The intensity of the power caused a tempest to spring up and slam toward the blood-colored vortex.

Rumbling filled the air as the Dao Seeking power descended. The blood-colored vortex trembled, and Di Ye, taking advantage of the surge of power, burst out. However, in that exact moment, Meng Hao gave a cold snort and waved his finger.

“Wither!”

Instantly, the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao that Meng Hao had just come to understand, sprang into action.

The single character transformed into a natural law of Heaven and Earth, replacing what currently existed. A will of Heaven and Earth descended. In the blink of an eye... the air transformed, and distortions appeared.

Di Ye let out a miserable shriek as his body once again began to wither. This time, the withering was not limited to his fleshly body. His cultivation base withered, his life force withered, everything withered.

Sensing his death approaching, Di Ye looked toward Lu Bai, who hovered off in the distance, his eyes glittering. “Lu Bai, save me!!”

Lu Bai lifted a hand and pointed out. “Reverse!”

As soon as he uttered the single character, the air distorted, and transformations of Time appeared around Di Ye. It almost seemed as if time were being forced to run in reverse, initiating an abstract struggle against the power of Meng Hao’s ‘withering’ character.

One moment, Di Ye’s body was almost completely withered; in the next, it had been completely restored. The sort of pain caused by going back and forth between these states made Di Ye intermittently issue bloodcurdling

screams.

The entire process lasted for the space of three breaths.

However, to Di Ye, those three breaths were like three lifetimes.

In the end, there was a boom, and Meng Hao backed up four measures. The 'withering' character and the Blood Demon Grand Magic collapsed. Lu Bai fell back three measures, his face flickering. His secret art of Time magic also vanished.

Between them was Di Ye, his body half-withered. He was now bony and thin, but not dead. He had managed to scrape by with his life. Aghast, he shot toward Lu Bai, his terror regarding Meng Hao having reached a pinnacle.

As far as the struggle between Meng Hao and Lu Bai, it was hard to say who won and who lost. However, it seemed clear that Lu Bai was a bit more powerful.

And yet, even as Meng Hao backed up, he reached up with his left hand and slapped the 300-meter long black-colored claw. Immediately, the treasure was sucked into his bag of holding. The six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs appeared behind him, having finished gathering up a large assortment of various items.

As for the surrounding crowds from the Southern Domain, they were all panting.

"He's gotten stronger again!"

"Meng Hao only had a little flash of enlightenment, but his magical techniques actually advanced again. Dammit... He could already display Dao Seeking power, but now... if a Dao Seeking expert doesn't appear, who could possibly suppress him?!"

"Meng Hao!"

Dao Child Zhou Chen from the Northern Reaches' Coffin Altar Sect looked at Meng Hao with astonishment. He was well familiar with Lu Bai's reputation. He wasn't just famous in the Northern Reaches; he was also

well-known in the Eastern Lands.

If he weren't, how could he receive the honor of being deemed one of the four great Young Starlords of South Heaven?!

Starlord was an honorific title in the lands of South Heaven to refer to the four strongest people in the Spirit Severing stage.

"He was able to fight Lu Bai and even make him retreat three paces! This Meng Hao is too powerful!"

Lu Bai gazed at Meng Hao, and within his eyes the desire to do battle grew even stronger. He raised his right hand, and the air in the area distorted. A pulse of Dao Seeking power began to descend.

"I'm not in Dao Seeking," he announced, "I'm only at the Second Severing level. However, I can enter the Third Severing at any time. It's just that my Dao still requires refinement, so I haven't performed it yet.

"Today, you will be the whetstone to sharpen my blade!" By this time, his desire to fight was raging to the heavens. He took a step forward.

However, even as his foot descended, the lake beneath him suddenly began to rumble. The water began to shrink down, as if... another eruption were about to occur!

"A second eruption!!"

"Heavens! The 30,000-meter main lake is going to erupt a second time! What... what exactly does this mean?!?!"

"It's actually going to erupt a second time!!"

*

1. Fun fact: The name Zhou Jie is exactly the same as the Dao Child from the Black Sieve Sect back in the day!
2. Other fun fact: I know someone named Han Peng here in China, same Chinese characters as this!

Chapter 723: True Immortal Soul

The lands of the region of the Ancient Dao Lakes sank down once again into a concave shape, almost as if it were inhaling.

The sight of it instantly caused the hundreds of thousands of cultivators on the outside to gape with wide eyes and reeling minds.

“A second... a second eruption!”

“When the 30-meter Dao Lakes erupt a second time, there’s a good chance that treasured items will appear. It’s the same with the 300-meter lakes. For the 3,000 meter lakes... there’s no need to even mention that. But this is actually... a second eruption of the 30,000 meter lake!”

“It’s going to spit out a precious treasure! It will definitely be a precious treasure!”

“It will definitely exceed everything from before! A... precious treasure!” If the cultivators on the outside were aware of such things, then one can only imagine the understanding of the people above the lake itself.

Even Lu Bai’s mind trembled. Abandoning any thoughts of fighting Meng Hao, he looked down at the Dao Lake, his heart quivering.

The teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect stared down at the Dao Lake with glittering eyes, and began to breathe heavily. “Don’t tell me... that sword wasn’t the good fortune. Is this... the real good fortune?!”

A strange gleam appeared in the eyes of the Golden Frost Sect puppet. The Golden Frost Sect cultivators inside had already acquired a treasure, and planned to leave, but seeing the new development caused them to collectively change their minds and resolve to make one last gamble.

Reverend Withered-Dao stared in astonishment and stood there mutely, while the Song Clan cultivators unleashed their auras. As for the 19th Li Clan Patriarch, he wiped the blood from his mouth and glared about with wild eyes. He had been defeated earlier, but this time he was willing to pay any price to steal something away.

Di Ye grumbled inwardly. He was currently weak, and not in a condition

to be fighting. Next to him, Zhou Chen's eyes began to shine brightly.

It was then that more rumbling could be heard. The second eruption of the Dao Lake would begin momentarily. The lake water began to boil, and it seemed a huge blast was imminent.

Just when the lake was about to erupt... all of a sudden, Meng Hao flickered and shot toward the 19th Li Clan Patriarch.

"Dammit!!" The 19th Li Clan Patriarch's face fell, and he retreated at top speed. The other Li Clan members behind him all had similar reactions.

"Lunatic! Madman! The second eruption is about to begin and you still think you have time to try to kill us?!"

"Meng Hao, what are you doing!?!?"

"You crossed the 30,000-meter line, so I'm going to kill you," responded Meng Hao coolly. He had never had a good impression of the Li Clan. Whether it was Li Daoyi that year in the Blood Immortal Tournament, or the overbearing way that the Li Clan cultivators forced him into a corner outside the rebirth cave, they all caused Meng Hao's killing intent to rise. 1

Currently, the qi and blood in his body was bursting with vigor. After having absorbed Di Ye's fleshly body, he was ready to explode out with power at any moment. He moved forward with incredible speed, and as he neared, waved a sleeve.

Immediately, a gigantic hand magically appeared, which emanated a Dao Seeking aura as it shot toward the Li Clan members.

Surrounding cultivators watched on but did not interfere. The eruption was imminent, and they were more concerned with what treasures would appear.

BOOM!!

Five people, including the 19th Li Clan Patriarch, all spit out blood and tumbled backward. They were just about to employ teleportation talismans to leave, when Meng Hao pointed a finger toward them.

The Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared. A blood-colored vortex began

to spin around them. The 19th Li Clan Patriarch and the others could only watch on in shock.

“NO!!”

“Meng Hao, let us go! Give us a chance!”

“We’ll leave immediately! IMMEDIATELY!”

“Did you give me a chance at the Rebirth Cave that year?” responded Meng Hao coolly. The blood-colored vortex began to absorb them, and miserable screams rang out. The bodies of all five, including the 19th Li Clan Patriarch, rapidly withered. Massive amounts of qi and blood power flew toward Meng Hao.

As that happened, Meng Hao’s fleshly body became even more powerful.

A Dao Seeking aura exploded out, followed by bloodcurdling screams as the Li Clan cultivators’ bodies turned into skeletons. As the skeletons shattered into dust, their Nascent Divinities flew out and tried to escape. Meng Hao waved his arm in response.

Wither!

A wind suddenly kicked up, and the five Nascent Divinities trembled for a moment, and then began to wither and dry up. It took only a moment for the five Li Clan cultivators to be dead in body and soul.

“It’s too bad I haven’t entered the third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, otherwise I could use the Spirit Meridians stratum!” Even as Meng Hao sensed the ripples of strength inside his fleshly body, a massive roaring sound filled the air.

Down below, the 30,000-meter Dao Lake was beginning to erupt!

The second eruption!

All eyes came to be fixed on the lake down below, and the boundless lake water rising up into the air. There was only one person who wasn’t looking at the lake.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered over to Dao Child Zhou Chen of the Coffin Altar Sect. After a quick glance, he headed directly in the man’s direction.

Who would have ever thought that Meng Hao would actually attack Zhou Chen? Even Zhou Chen could scarcely believe it. After all, he had no enmity with Meng Hao.

Moving with incredible speed, Meng Hao punched out. A Dao Seeking aura surged out, and the air shattered as the fist sped toward Zhou Chen. Zhou Chen's energy surged; he performed an incantation and then shoved his hand out in front of him.

BOOM!

Blood sprayed from Zhou Chen's mouth, and he tumbled backward. Mind spinning, he roared, "What are you doing?!?!"

"I want the halo you took earlier and put into your bag of holding," said Meng Hao, advancing toward him.

"Dammit! DAMMIT!!" Zhou Chen was just about to retreat when suddenly the eruption of the Dao Lake grew more intense. A bright glow appeared within the water, as if treasured items were about to appear.

By this point, nobody was paying attention to Meng Hao and Zhou Chen, although they remained on guard. Virtually all attention was focused on the Dao Lake below.

Meng Hao punched again, and a shocking rumble sounded out. Zhou Chen's face paled as he tumbled back. He performed an incantation gesture that caused his body to distort and grow blurry, but he was still just as incapable of fighting back. More blood sprayed from his mouth.

"Too powerful! I'm simply not a match for him!" Zhou Chen's face was ashen. The timing of Meng Hao's attack couldn't be worse for him. Right now, teleportation was impossible; it only worked after the eruption had begun.

"It's going to erupt any moment now," he thought, clenching his teeth. "There's no way that I can't hold on for just a few breaths worth of time!"

Meng Hao's expression was cold. The reason he had attacked the Li Clan cultivators was to absorb their qi and blood, which he planned to then use to snatch away treasures that others had already collected.

There was no enmity between him and Zhou Chen. However, it was better to rob Northern Reaches cultivators than Southern Domain cultivators. That had nothing to do with any hatred between them, but rather territorial allegiances.

Of course, this was a line of reasoning that Zhou Chen wouldn't be able to understand.

"Give me the halo, or you die!" said Meng Hao, shooting in pursuit. The rumbling of the Dao Lake grew even more intense; the waters were boiling, and had sunken down so low that it appeared the eruption would occur in the next breath.

"Hold on!" thought Zhou Chen, gritting his teeth tightly. "Just hold on a few more breaths!" His face flickering, he retreated with all the speed he could muster."

"You really are looking to die!!" Meng Hao said with a cold snort. He waved his hand, causing the Ninth Mountain to appear, around which swirled the Black White Pearls. As it descended toward Zhou Chen, Zhou Chen's face filled with intense astonishment. He wanted to struggle, but Meng Hao's fleshly body was already comparable to Dao Seeking. Meng Hao raised his right hand up, seemingly fusing it with the Ninth Mountain. An indescribable force of destruction then rumbled down.

CRUSHING!!

An incredible sensation of deadly crisis filled Zhou Chen's heart. The sensation was intense to the extreme; Zhou Chen was absolutely certain that he was incapable of evading, and that if the mountain did strike him, he would be dead in body and spirit.

"Dammit!!" He was a decisive person, so with a snarl, he produced the glowing, golden halo from his bag of holding and tossed it out. The instant that Meng Hao laid hands on it...

RUMMMBBBLLLEEE!

The Dao Lake erupted!

Endless amounts of lake water shot up into the air, within which could

be seen, not vast quantities of treasures like the first time, but only one item!

It was an illusory object that shone with multitudinous colors, like a soul. It looked like a man, although the features were somewhat obscure. As soon as the soul shot out from within the lake water, the sky grew dark and the land below began to quake.

An unprecedented aura suddenly burst out, the intensity of which could suppress Spirit Severing and subdue Dao Seeking. This was....

Immortal!!

An Immortal aura surged skyward.

Furthermore, it was not that of a false Immortal but rather... a true Immortal! The area surrounding the soul instantly changed; natural law spun and altered, as if this object's existence could substitute its own laws for what already existed.

"The soul of a true Immortal!" said the teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect, his voice hoarse and his expression one of extreme excitement.

"True Immortal's soul!" said the Golden Frost Sect puppet, panting.

Reverend Withered-Dao, the Song Clan Patriarch and everyone else were completely shocked. Although they had all braced themselves mentally earlier and knew that the second eruption of the Dao Lake would produce a precious treasure, none of them had ever imagined that it would actually be... the soul of a true Immortal!

"To someone at the peak of Dao Seeking, absorbing the soul of a true Immortal would create an incredible opportunity to achieve true Immortal Ascension!"

"It's actually a true Immortal's soul!"

Not many people actually recognized what it was, especially among the hundreds of thousands of cultivators outside. However, the majority of the people above the 30,000-meter lake could tell what it was at a single glance.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered.

There were both true and false Immortals. True Immortals were people who were enlightened regarding a personal Dao, and after reaching the pinnacle, experienced Immortal Tribulation. Those who survived passed from Dao Seeking to Immortal Ascension!

On the other hand, false Immortals faced no Immortal Tribulation. They carved their name onto the Immortality Bestowal Dais of the Ninth Mountain, and were bestowed with Immortality. They had Immortal qi, but... could only be Immortals in the Ninth Mountain.

Such Immortals could not step foot outside of the Ninth Mountain. Furthermore, were the Immortality Bestowal Dais to be destroyed, they would all perish. After all... they were all Immortals of the Ji Clan!

“Not good! The appearance of a true Immortal soul will definitely attract the attention of the peak Dao Seeking cultivators from the various sects and clans of the Southern Domain.”

“This aura is extremely difficult to seal. It won't get out of the Southern Domain, but as of this moment, there are definitely people here who have already sensed it.”

The Solitary Sword Sect teenager, the Golden Frost Sect puppet and Reverend Withered-Dao, as well as some of the other cultivators, all realized what this meant.

“Fight!!”

“I have to get my hands on it as quickly as possible! Even if I can't use it, I can give it as a gift, and still be rewarded with incredible good fortune!”

“I have to have it! Anyone who fights me for it is dead!”

The teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect shot out, his eyes bloodshot. Everyone else in the area also shot forward with glowing eyes.

In the blink of an eye, everyone surged into motion, even Meng Hao.

Fight for the soul of the true Immortal!

They would fight to gain control of the true Immortal soul as soon as

possible, before the peak Dao Seeking eccentrics arrived. This was Immortal destiny, the opportunity to become a true Immortal. When opportunities such as this came along, nothing else was important.

The only important thing... was the Immortal destiny!

BOOM!!

*

1. Li Daoyi was Meng Hao's main competition in the Blood Immortal Tournament. He made his major debut in chapter 130. He killed him in chapter 305, shortly after which the Li Clan Nascent Soul cultivators joined forces with the Ji Clan in chapter 311 to try to kill Meng Hao.

Chapter 724: Pull Out All the Stops!

Deep within Mount Solitary Sword of the Solitary Sword Sect in the Southern Domain, a rumbling could suddenly be heard. An ancient aura exploded out, causing the sky to go dark. An illusory sword appeared, floating in midair.

At the same time, an ancient old man in a black robe appeared out of nowhere. As he stood there, his peak Dao Seeking aura burst out, causing everything to tremble. He turned to look in the direction of the Ancient Dao Lakes.

“The soul of a true Immortal!” A glow of determination appeared in his eyes, and he suddenly vanished, disappearing in the direction of the Ancient Dao Lakes.

In a restricted area of the Golden Frost Sect could be seen a tombstone with nothing written on its surface. It looked ordinary and unremarkable. However an ancient aura of decay suddenly emerged from inside the tomb, and a dried-up hand stretched out. The ground cracked and shattered as an ancient figure with disheveled hair abruptly flew out.

“The soul of a true Immortal! That’s the aura of a true Immortal’s soul!” A bizarre glow appeared in the figure’s eyes as it shot through the air.

Within the Violet Fate Sect, everything was still. A sigh rang out, and then the silence resumed.

A roar could be heard within the Li Clan. In the blink of an eye, an ancient man appeared. He wore a brightly brocaded robe, and had towering killing intent. He flew through the air in the direction of the Ancient Dao Lakes, accompanied by rumbling booms.

Deep in the Song Clan, a half-corpse sat as still as death. Suddenly, its eyes opened, and they shone with a bizarre light.

“A true Immortal’s soul! My chance to achieve Immortal Ascension has finally arrived! Flesh and blood suddenly appeared to fill out the lower half of his body. In the blink of an eye, he was a middle-aged man. He had no

hair, and wore a long Daoist robe. He took a step forward and then vanished.

In the Black Sieve Sect, Patriarch Six-Daos could sense the same thing as everyone else. However, he hesitated, then let out a frustrated growl. “Dammit! My cultivation base has already dropped to the mid Dao Seeking stage. How could I hold my own in the fighting? Meng Hao! Blood Demon Sect!! I won’t rest until you’re dead!!”

Meanwhile, on a mountain in the border region between the Southern Domain and the Milky Way Sea was a hamlet populated by a hundred or so families.

Smoke curled up into the air, and crisp peals of laughter could be heard from children playing outside the village.

“Wheeee! You can’t catch me, old man!”

“Grandpa, your hands are too dirty, don’t try to grab me!”

“Try to catch me, old man! We’re right here!”

The children were playing hide-and-seek with an old man. His hair was unkempt, and he looked a bit crazy. His clothes were dirty, and even his skin had splotches of mud on it. It looked like his long, draping hair hadn’t been tended to in a very long time. The old man laughed foolishly as he chased the children back and forth, which made the children laugh merrily.

“Hahaha! I’m gonna getcha! I’m gonna catch ya! Hahaha! I have no soul! I’m gonna getcha! Meng Hao.... Who’s Meng Hao...? Immortal Ascension, Immortal Ascension....” In the middle of running back and forth, the old man suddenly stopped in place, as if he had noticed something. A tremor ran through his body, and he looked off into the distance, his eyes listless.

“The soul of an Immortal.... A true Immortal’s soul.... Who am I...? Who am I?”

The old man grabbed his head in his hands. “Immortal Ascension! Immortal Ascension! I will become Immortal!!”

He then lifted his head up and let out a disconsolate howl, filled with shocking ripples and Immortal qi. The amorphous ripples swept out in all directions.

The smiles on the faces of the children twisted, and then their bodies began to turn illusory. The entire hamlet twisted and distorted, and began to glow with glittering lights. The lights flew up into the air and then shot toward the old man, where they swirled together to form a heavy saber. The man gripped the saber in his hand and shot off into the distance.

The hamlet was never real, and neither were the people who lived there. They were all simply incarnations of the saber.

“Immortal Ascension! Immortal Ascension! I will become Immortal!!” The old man continued to roar as he shot through the air. His expression was one of confusion, and his soul was incomplete.

Meanwhile, back in Mount Blood Demon, Patriarch Blood Demon sat in the Blood Pond. His eyes suddenly opened, and he was about to rise to his feet, then hesitated.

“No Karma or destiny connected to me,” he said, shaking his head. He settled back down and continued to meditate.

Throughout the entire Southern Domain, all the great powers were shaken. A streak of colorful light shot out from the Western Desert. It was a black-robed young man who looked very similar to Meng Hao. His expression was grim as he sped through the air. If you looked at him from a distance, he resembled an enormous, black bat.

He shot toward the Ancient Dao Lakes at top speed.

“He’s there.... I can sense him....”

As the Southern Domain was shocked, back in the inner region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, booms rang out across the 30,000-meter Dao Lake.

The battle for the True Immortal’s soul was not something that ordinary Spirit Severing cultivators could participate in. Even someone of the Second Severing would have a hard time wresting away this good fortune without perishing.

Although the mere thought of the opportunity caused everyone's hearts to shake. After experiencing the fighting after the first eruption of the 30,000-meter Dao Lake, the Spirit Severing experts of the various sects and clans were left shaken. Therefore, they now hesitated, and many of them retreated from the fighting.

The six Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs were the first to fall back. Then, Sir Jian and the others from the Solitary Sword Sect. As for the Song Clan, the Patriarch who had led them here finally gritted his teeth and departed.

Reverend Withered-Dao was the only one present from the Violet Fate Sect. A strange gleam appeared in his eyes and he hesitated for a moment, but in the end, chose to leave.

Booms rattled out, and violent pulses of magical energy spread through the air. Only a few people qualified to participate in this battle!

The mysterious teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect, the composite puppet from the Golden Frost Sect, Lu Bai of the Imperial Bloodline Clan from the Northern Reaches, and lastly... Meng Hao!

Di Ye had been seriously injured by Meng Hao, and Zhou Chen from the Coffin Altar Sect had experienced having his pride completely destroyed. The two of them didn't dare to participate in the fighting, and retreated off to the side.

The booms were shocking. The mysterious teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect wielded the two-meter longsword. As he slashed it out in front of him, a dazzling, resplendent crescent moon exploded out, sending out shocking ripples.

In the battle for the true Immortal's soul, no one had any allies; everyone was an enemy. Therefore, no one dared to fight one-on-one with anyone else, but instead used divine abilities that were essentially area attacks.

Currently, the path to victory involved blocking the way of others.

"All of you get out of my way!" roared the Golden Frost Sect puppet. Brilliant light rose up from it, and it raised its hand and then swept it forward. A black mass of seawater magically appeared, within which

surged numerous black dragons. Each of the black dragons spit out a pearl, which became a world that surged out in attack.

Lu Bai of the Imperial Bloodline Clan let out a cold snort. He quickly performed an incantation gesture and then waved his finger. The air distorted, as if time were beginning to reverse. Everyone suddenly slowed down exponentially, and it seemed as if time were about to flow backward.

As for Lu Bai, in a scant moment, he was closing in on the soul of the true Immortal.

And then there was Meng Hao. He didn't employ any special divine abilities. All he did was summon the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain, which then bore down directly onto the position of the true Immortal's soul.

The incoming Ninth Mountain caused Lu Bai's face to flicker. A moment ago, he had been on the verge of reaching the true Immortal's soul, but now he was blocked.

The other powerful experts in the area were all attacking one by one. Everything rumbled, and for the moment, all of the cultivators were prevented from advancing toward the soul. It was in this moment that the teenager from the Solitary Sword Sect lifted his head up and roared. His body began to grow; in a split second, he had become a young man.

His aura grew explosively. Dao Seeking power rose up, and he was no longer in the Spirit Severing stage. Apparently, he had stepped into Dao Seeking. Natural law formed around him, and he advanced forward through the black seawater. He broke through Lu Bai's time reversal and slammed into Meng Hao's Ninth Mountain.

A boom echoed out as the Solitary Sword Sect teenager lifted his hand and pointed. His natural law slammed into the Ninth Mountain and pierced it through. The man reached his hand out toward the true Immortal's soul.

"Dammit!"

"You're looking to die!"

“Kill him!”

Lu Bai’s face fell and he quickly performed a double-handed incantation, then pointed out. Immediately, a beam of light flew out, and the power of time reversal instantly appeared around the young man from the Solitary Sword Sect.

The Golden Frost Sect puppet roared and then waved a hand. Monstrous black light transformed into a black rain, which then coalesced into ten thousand howling dragons that shot toward the young man from the Solitary Sword Sect.

Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao’s eyes. He did not use any offensive magic, but instead, waved a finger to employ the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

It didn’t matter that the young man from the Solitary Sword Sect had an early Dao Seeking cultivation base. The combined might of the three others was still enough to shake him. Lu Bai’s bizarre magic made it so that he was almost stuck in time. Meng Hao’s shocking divine ability thoroughly bound him in place and weakened his cultivation base. Then the Golden Frost Sect puppet closed in with raging killing intent.

The combined attack of the three different parties caused the young man from the Solitary Sword Sect to go pale in the face. Blood sprayed from his mouth as he tumbled backward.

Lu Bai was the first to make a move. Utilizing time reversal, he appeared next to the soul of the true Immortal, and was about to grab ahold of it when the young man from the Solitary Sword Sect roared. His sword raged, and ten thousand moons roared forth. They combined with the ten thousand snarling dragons of the Golden Frost Sect puppet and Meng Hao’s irksome hex.

BOOM!

Lu Bai couldn’t hold up. His scalp went numb, and blood sprayed from his mouth. He had no time to grab the true Immortal’s soul, and was forced into retreat.

In almost that exact same moment, Meng Hao and the Golden Frost Sect Puppet flew forward toward the true Immortal's soul. Their speed was shocking, and only a tiny instant passed before both were about to lay hands on it. The Golden Frost Sect puppet's eyes flickered, and ten thousand dragons roared toward Meng Hao. At the same time, the young man from the Solitary Sword Sect and Lu Bai joined together to attack Meng Hao and the Golden Frost Sect puppet.

This was a battle royale, filled with strikes and counterstrikes of all sorts! If this continued, no one would be able to prevail. Furthermore, time was of the essence. They all knew that peak Dao Seeking experts were definitely approaching, and then none of them would be able to continue to participate in the fighting.

The Blood Demon Grand Magic was powerful, but Meng Hao wasn't confident that it could restrain all three of the others at the same time. If he missed even one, it would be difficult to fight that person while simultaneously maintaining the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

His eyes flickered as he saw the divine abilities nearing. He suddenly lifted his hand and clenched it into a fist. All of the power of qi and blood that he had absorbed merged together in that fist, creating the most powerful blow he had ever delivered.

This punch was comparable to Dao Seeking!

However, what he attacked was not a person.

The fist struck out, and the air vibrated. The land shook, and a deafening sound filled the air. He punched a gigantic hole into the air itself, after which, a shocking gravitational force exploded out from within.

It seemed that, in order to repair itself, it needed to suck everything from the outside world into it. This was a part of a natural law. Behind the emptiness was the void.

Chapter 725: Grab That Soul!

The power of the gravitational force within the gap in the void was actually not very great. However, Meng Hao's strike contained Dao Seeking power. An incredible wind arose which, in combination with the gravitational force, caused the others to gasp in shock.

The young man from the Solitary Sword Sect looked astonished as he was helplessly sucked toward the gap. It was the same with the Golden Frost Sect puppet, and even Lu Bai. In just a short moment, they were already nearing the rift.

Their expressions flashed again when Meng Hao, despite being as out of control as them, suddenly looked at them with flashing eyes.

"Blood Demon Grand Magic!"

An enormous vortex suddenly appeared around Meng Hao, and a gigantic red hand wrapped around him. He was using the Blood Demon Grand Magic, not on one of them, but on himself.

He was using the power of the red vortex to fight against the gravitational force coming from the gap.

A rumbling sound could be heard as Meng Hao instantly came to a stop. Everyone could see that, of the group, he was the closest to the soul of the true Immortal!

Fighting against the power of the gravitational force, he used the power of his fleshly body to shrug off the attacks from the Solitary Sword Sect teenager and Lu Bai, as well as the Golden Frost Sect puppet's divine ability. After coughing up some blood, he stretched his hand out and grabbed the soul of the true Immortal!

"Dammit!!"

"Meng Hao, are you looking to die?!?!"

"Meng Hao!!"

As soon as he touched it, a rumbling filled his mind. At the same time,

the soul of the true Immortal began to shrink. It took only a moment for it to transform into a crystal, which Meng Hao closed his fingers around.

“Got it!” he thought. His eyes glittered, and he prepared to teleport away.

However, it was in that instant that the 30,000-meter Dao Lake down below suddenly emitted an astonishing rumbling sound. At the same time, the lake water transformed into an enormous whirlpool that pulsed with an incredible gravitational force.

This intense gravitational force instantly superseded the gravitational force from the fissure in the air. Immediately, the Golden Frost Sect puppet broke into pieces, reverting to the five cultivators from the Golden Frost Sect. Their bodies were completely beyond their control, and they let out miserable screams as they were sucked down into the Dao Lake below.

Next were the young man from the Solitary Sword Sect and Lu Bai, whose faces instantly fell. The young man from the Solitary Sword Sect immediately crushed a jade slip. His body began to fade with the power of teleportation. However, it was not powerful enough, and he too was sucked down into the Dao Lake.

The power of Time immediately began to ripple around Lu Bai as he attempted to reverse the flow of time. However, after a single breath of time, the distortions shattered; time was incapable of being reversed. He was transformed into a streak of light and sucked down into the Dao Lake.

Meng Hao was the last person remaining. The Blood Demon Grand Magic remained, but it was trembling violently. Meng Hao’s mind reeled as he fought to free himself from the gravitational force. However, he was only able to hold out for the space of three breaths before cracking sounds could be heard from the Blood Demon Grand Magic and the enormous hand. They shattered, and Meng Hao was violently dragged down into the Dao Lake.

Almost in the same moment that they were sucked down into the 30,000-meter Dao Lake, two beams of light appeared far off in the distance. It took only one breath of time for two old men to suddenly appear above the lake.

“Dammit!!”

One of them immediately gestured down toward the lake, but not even a single ripple spread out across its surface. At the same time, more beams of light approached from all directions, closing in on the same position. These were all the peak Dao Seeking eccentrics who had sensed the soul of the true Immortal.

All of them were just a moment too late. However, they wouldn't give up that easily. They joined forces to attack the lake, after which they guarded it, observing it for a long time. When they were finally convinced that they couldn't get inside, they left, sighing with regret.

It was at that point that the Ancient Dao Lakes were finally restored to peace and quiet.

As for Meng Hao and the others, they were considered missing. Of course, the fact that Meng Hao ended up obtaining the soul of the true Immortal was something that couldn't be kept under wraps. After all, Spirit Severing experts from all the clans and sects had witnessed the event personally.

More and more people across the Southern Domain learned of the matter, and the various eccentrics of the sects and clans nearly went mad. They even joined forces to perform auguries which revealed that Meng Hao was, in fact, not dead. A furious search then unfolded across the entire Southern Domain.

If Meng Hao appeared, then the sects would surely find out immediately. Of course, the Blood Demon Sect didn't agree to all of that. As such, random skirmishes between sects became common in the lands of the Southern Domain.

The entire Southern Domain was slipping into chaos. Rogue cultivators feared for their lives; although there was no formal declaration of war, minor battles and fights were a common occurrence.

As for Meng Hao, after he was sucked down into the Dao Lake with the others, he entered what seemed like a tunnel, and then lost consciousness. He was sucked along for an indeterminable period of time before an

incredible roaring sound suddenly shook him awake.

When he came to, he found himself in mid-air. Above was not a sky, but rather a boundless solid surface inlaid with infinite shining pearls that lit the entire area as brightly as day.

Interspersed among the pearls were the mouths of tunnels, virtually endless. As soon as he saw them, Meng Hao could guess that he had dropped out of just such an opening.

“What is this place...?” he thought, his mind trembling. As he looked around, his eyes instantly went wide and his face filled with shock.

He was... not in the Ancient Dao Lakes!

He was surrounded by endless ruins, the sheer enormity of which was difficult to describe. Wreckage and corpses stretched out in all directions, some of them half-buried. From the look of it, there were even more ruins that were completely buried beneath the ground.

It seemed as if this place was filled with layers of ruins that had built up over countless years of time.

There were also mountains visible!

The mountains were not true mountains, but rather, enormous collections of magical items, medicinal pills and even corpses. There were tens of thousands of such mountains scattered about everywhere. The sight was completely shocking.

Even more shocking was that in the middle of the tens of thousands of mountains floated an enormous portal of flames.

The bright red flames of the portal shot up high into the sky, causing the entire world to be filled with the color of its fire.

Up above in the air flew vicious winged creatures which were too numerous to count. Their bodies were completely violet, and they carried armfuls of magical items that they tossed into the portal's flames, which then burned them to absolutely nothing.

Apparently, the magical items provided some sort of power, which

caused magical symbols to occasionally appear on the flame portal. Every time the magical symbols flickered, a sea of flames would roil out.

Beneath the flame portal was a gigantic awl, fully 30,000 meters long. It was bright crimson, and was suspended in midair to point down toward a 3,000-meter wide abyss.

There were a few of the winged beasts who glowed with a silver light. They seemed as if they were in a position of great authority, and carried whips, which they used to lash the others. There were also some golden-colored beasts who lay prone near the flame portal, apparently asleep.

In addition to all that, there were also a variety of strange beasts going to and fro on foot. They emanated shocking auras as they made their way among the ruins, carrying all sorts of objects.

They carried corpses, magical items, spirit stones, and other wreckage.

Almost in the same moment that Meng Hao saw them, the denizens of this place seemed to notice him. They all stopped moving and suddenly looked in his direction.

Countless gazes came to fall on him, causing his scalp to go numb.

Meng Hao had actually seen the violet, winged, humanoid beasts being spit out from the Dao Lakes in the outside world. Each and every one he saw now was similar to the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, and there were even some who had Spirit Severing auras.

As for the silver-colored beasts, each and every one.... was a Spirit Severing beast! There were even some who had Dao Seeking auras, nearly two hundred of them.

Most shocking of all... were the gold-colored beasts that lay prone by the flame portal. There were eleven in total.

From what Meng Hao could sense, the golden-colored beasts all had Dao Seeking power.

One of them was a violet-gold color, and Meng Hao could tell that it was even more powerful, at the peak of Dao Seeking.

It was even above Patriarch Six-Daos and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

As for the beasts who walked about on foot on land, they were a bit weaker. Even still, the vast quantity of the beasts was in and of itself enough to fill Meng Hao with a sense of deadly crisis.

“What is this place?!” he thought, his scalp tingling. As he saw the beasts turning to look at him, he felt as if he were standing under the shadow of death. If the golden-colored beasts weren’t there, it wouldn’t have been so bad. But with them present, the threat Meng Hao sensed was just far too great.

Worst of all, there was a deep-gold-colored beast sitting in the middle of the fire portal. Meng Hao could sense an even more terrifying aura, the aura of an Immortal!

It was at this point that the gold-colored beasts laying prone around the flame portal all began to open their eyes. They stared over at Meng Hao with cold gazes. At the same time, the deep-gold-colored beast looked at Meng Hao, and he immediately felt as if he was being sealed in place.

“That thing is far more powerful than the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch!!” thought Meng Hao. “If Six-Daos were here, he wouldn’t be close to being a match.

“What kind of beast is this? I can’t believe this underground world has such shocking beasts in it. Or perhaps... they’re Demons?” His face flickered, and he edged backward. However, it was then that he suddenly saw a person pop out from one of the tunnel mouths up above.

It was none other than Lu Bai!

The instant he appeared, he looked around, and his face flickered.

After him came the young man from the Solitary Sword sect, and then the five Golden Frost Sect cultivators.

When he realized the order in which they emerged, Meng Hao’s eyes glittered.

“I was the last to be sucked in, but the first to be dropped out,” he

thought. “The five Golden Frost Sect Spirit Severing cultivators were the first to be sucked in, and the last to drop out.”

When the young man from the Solitary Sword Sect and the five Golden Frost Sect cultivators saw the lands around them, their faces also fell.

All eight of the cultivators backed up, fearful of offending the terrifying beasts and provoking an attack.

“Foreigners!” an ancient voice said. It echoed out through the entire world, from none other than the most powerful of the beasts, the deep-gold-colored one that sat in the flame portal.

It flew up into the air and suddenly began to grow larger. In a brief moment, it was 300 meters long, and it appeared to be the overseer of the place.

“You are the second group of foreigners to arrive during this era...”

Chapter 726: Trial by Fire!

“In accordance with the ancient treaty, you may take part in the life-or-death trial by fire here. If you succeed... then according to the ancient charter, you may acquire treasures from this place.

“If you fail, then this place shall be your grave!

“There are three levels, and by passing the second level, you earn the right to leave if you wish.

“If you make it past the third level, you can enter the land that has been guarded by my clan from generation to generation. There... you can acquire the ultimate good fortune.

“That good fortune is the Divine Flame Essence, the most supreme flame that exists in Heaven and Earth. Even the tiniest spark of that flame can burn an Immortal to death!

“In this age, you are the second group to enter this place. As for the first group, it consisted of nineteen people in total. Of that group, two made it through the second level. One left, and the other died in the third level.”

As the voice echoed out, Meng Hao's mind trembled, and he stopped in his tracks. The young man from the Solitary Sword Sect, as well as Lu Bai, both had strange gleams in their eyes. As for the five Patriarchs from the Golden Frost Sect, their eyes were glittering brightly.

“You of this second group are quite powerful, more powerful than the first group....”

One of the old men from the Golden Frost Sect hesitated for a moment before tentatively asking, “Can we decline to participate in the life-or-death trial by fire?”

As soon as the words left the man's mouth, the deep-gold overseer's eyes flickered and it looked over at the old man. “What was that?!?!”

The old man immediately began to quiver, as if his cultivation base had suddenly become unstable.

A look of scorn appeared in the eyes of the deep-gold overseer. "Once you come to this place," it said coolly, "you must participate! If you choose to quit... you die! Those were the terms of the ancient treaty. Our clan gave its approval, so the agreement will not be changed!"

"Once you pass the second level, then you may choose to depart!"

"The first level, is none other than our current location!"

"You will battle with my fellow clan members. If you can enter the flame portal, then it signifies that you have passed the first level!" The deep-gold overseer's voice echoed out in all directions.

Lu Bai's eyes glittered and he cautiously said, "Senior, you're at the peak of Dao Seeking! How can we compare to you?"

"I will not participate," was the calm reply. "Furthermore, only one of my gold-colored fellow clan members will join the battle."

The golden-armored man from the Golden Frost Sect immediately asked, "Do we fight one at a time, or can we go together?"

"One at a time. One person, one level. You will have three chances to get past a level. If you lose on your third chance, you die!"

Next to speak was the young man from the Solitary Sword Sect. "What if we kill too many of your people, and then you regret letting us fight?"

"Kill too many?" The deep-gold overseer laughed heartily. "Our clan descended from the Undying Divinity Clan. Do you really think you can kill us?" As his voice echoed out, black flames sprang up from the bodies of the beasts down below. As soon as the fire appeared, the level of their auras shot upward!

The explosive growth was terrifying; many of the violet-colored beasts, which were at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, actually completely exceeded the limits of the Nascent Soul stage and stepped directly into Spirit Severing.

As for the silver-colored beasts, their energy also shot up.

"Fine. I, Gu Tianxiang, will be the first to go," said the young man from

the Solitary Sword Sect. He lifted his right hand, causing the two-meter longsword to appear, as well as the nine one-meter shortswords that circulated around it. The energy that surged out was that of the early Dao Seeking stage. The young man's eyes flickered as he shot forward.

The instant he charged forward, the violet-colored beasts began to fly toward him one after another. Booms rang out without cease as Gu Tianxiang of the Solitary Sword Sect shot forward with incredible speed, slaughtering the entire way. However, his expression soon began to flicker; the violet-colored beasts were extremely valiant. When they were injured, the flames that covered them would heal their wounds in a flash.

However, Gu Tianxiang was also incredibly valiant. As he fought his way on, silver-colored beasts appeared. He fought his way onward until he was about 1,000 meters from the flame portal. It was at that point that he fell, surrounded by a group of twenty silver-colored beasts. With a miserable shriek, he retreated back to his original position.

"1,000 meters. Your first attempt has failed," stated the deep-gold overseer in a cool voice. "Although, the fact that you were able to retreat in one piece is quite an accomplishment. You have the potential to make it past the first level."

The expressions of Meng Hao and the others sank when they saw the incredible power of the beasts' fleshly bodies. They didn't seem to possess any divine abilities or magical techniques, but their physical might really was too powerful, to the point that they seemed virtually unkillable. Furthermore, after being injured, their flames would immediately heal them.

Lu Bai's eyes flickered, and he suddenly strode forward. He was a powerful expert from the Northern Reaches who wielded the power of Time and Space, and possessed no scant amount of life-saving treasures. In the Spirit Severing stage, he had already slaughtered experts of the early Dao Seeking stage.

He immediately transformed into a streak of light that charged forward, surrounded by distortions of space-time. As he proceeded along, it almost

seemed as if the beasts were incapable of even touching him. Every blow landed on thin air.

Gu Tianxiang's pupils constricted, and unsightly expressions could be seen on the faces of the five men from the Golden Frost Sect. As for Meng Hao, his eyes began to shine brightly.

"Eee?!" said the deep-gold overseer, its expression one of surprise as it watched Lu Bai. "A master of the secret arts of Time, with your own Dao. Excellent. You are qualified to match up to the two members of that first group of foreigners who entered here."

Boom!

Lu Bai slaughtered his way on, passing the 1,500-meter mark, where he was immediately surrounded by twenty silver-colored beasts. When that happened, he began to sweat, but still managed to kill his way more than 500 meters further. By now, he was only about 500 meters away from the flame portal. Gu Tianxiang from the Solitary Sword Sect had a very unsightly expression on his face.

"Is this really my limit...?" Lu Bai's eyes were shot with blood as he performed an incantation with his right hand and then pointed up into the sky.

"River of Time!" he cried. Immediately, countless sparkling lights appeared around him, which transformed into a river that stretched out far and wide. The twenty silver-colored beasts had no choice but to fall back. Lu Bai charged forward 250 meters. He was now only 250 meters away from the flame portal!

The deep-gold overseer up in mid-air watched on with a strange gleam in its eyes.

It was at this point that a gold-colored beast suddenly rose to its feet. It shot with incredible speed toward Lu Bai, and when the two met, a huge boom rose up into the sky. Blood sprayed from Lu Bai's mouth, but his expression was one of savagery as he backed up and slapped his bag of holding. Immediately, a black dragon corpse appeared.

This black dragon corpse was none other than the one he had procured during the eruption of the Dao Lake.

“Time Reversal, Resurrection!” Blue veins popped out on Lu Bai’s forehead, and he suddenly seemed to age by ten years. The River of Time exploded into countless colorful lights which then inundated the black dragon.

It was now possible to see the dragon apparently returning to life from the dead. Its eyes suddenly snapped open, and a shocking aura roiled out which contained the power of an Immortal!

The power exploded out for only a moment. Then it vanished, and the dragon was once again dead.

But that one moment was shocking to the extreme!

Gu Tianxiang of the Solitary Sword Sect gasped, and a look of astonishment could be seen in his eyes. How could he have imagined that Lu Bai... would have such an amazing secret art?!

The five men from the Golden Frost Sect all looked shocked, and their minds were filled with roaring. A secret art like the one they had just seen was unbelievable!

Meng Hao’s eyes widened. Earlier, he had been able to sense that Lu Bai was powerful, but now he realized... Lu Bai was even more powerful than he had imagined!

“However, he was only barely able to use that secret art!” he thought. Suddenly, the same desire to do battle that he had seen in Lu Bai’s eyes now appeared in his own. “I wonder who between the two of us... is stronger!?”

Surrounded by the beast horde, Lu Bai’s secret art unleashed the explosive power of the dragon, which turned into an incredible attack that shot toward the gold-colored beast. The gold-colored beast’s face fell, and it wanted to flee, but before it could, the attack slammed into it with a boom, shredding its flesh into ribbons. It let out a miserable scream and fell back at high speed. Flames burst out, rapidly healing the wounds.

It didn't die, but it was forced into retreat. That gave Lu Bai the opportunity he needed. Coughing up blood, he shot forward at top speed, crossing the final 250 meters and stepping up into the flame portal.

He coughed up some more blood, then waved his hand to collect up the black dragon corpse.

"What an incredible cultivator!" said the deep-gold overseer, an expression of admiration on its face. "To have passed the first level in one attempt... you may proceed to the second level. I look forward to seeing how you perform there. After passing the second level, you will acquire a precious treasure from our clan.

"When your secret Time art has reached its pinnacle, you can bring dead things back to life. Unfortunately, your cultivation base is too weak. If you can achieve true Immortal Ascension, and then utilize that art... you can resurrect that Nightmare Dragon to aid you for an entire battle!"

"There's no need to wait to be a true Immortal!" said Lu Bai coolly, wiping the blood from his lips. "The day I reach the peak of Dao Seeking, I can resurrect it to use in battle!" He turned to look back toward Meng Hao who was standing 3,000 meters away.

His gaze passed through the hordes of beasts to lock with Meng Hao's.

"Meng Hao, can you pass through?" he asked coolly. "Don't disappoint me, now." With that, he turned, paying Meng Hao no more heed as he stepped into the fire portal. In the blink of an eye, he was gone.

"Your turn," said the deep-gold overseer, his gaze sweeping over Meng Hao and the others. "If you're not confident, you can wait here until you are.

"Time means nothing to us. If you wish to practice cultivation here for a few thousand years before you try to charge through, you may.

"Normally speaking, it's quite lonesome here. Now that I've been able to lay eyes on you foreigners, I feel... it would be a shame to see you die here.

"However, if you fail three times in a row, then I will personally slay you. And of course, there is always the possibility that you will be killed trying

to break through.”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered.

“Thousands of years...? I can’t wait at all. Elder Sister Xu won’t even stay alive for another ninety-nine years. I need to spend this life with her, not end up getting stuck in this place!” His eyes shone with coldness as he stepped forward, transforming into a beam of light that shot toward the beast hordes.

This time, it was the Solitary Sword Sect’s Gu Tianxiang whose eyes were fixed on Meng Hao as he shot forward.

“I always thought Meng Hao was the most inhuman cultivator I’d ever seen. I never imagined that Lu Bai would be even more shocking... Although, it took a bit of effort for Lu Bai to pass the level. This Meng Hao... won’t be able to make it across.”

The five Golden Frost Sect cultivators were looking on with unsightly expressions. If they joined forces, they might have a chance. But alone, none of the five had any confidence at all.

To them, this place was a dead end. After seeing Gu Tianxiang suffer defeat, and then seeing Lu Bai succeed, they were filled with many complex emotions. At the moment, they were watching Meng Hao.

Meng Hao shot forward with incredible speed, smashing into the beast horde with a bang.

Chapter 727: Completely Golden!

Immediately, countless violet-colored humanoid beasts surrounded him with flapping wings. All he could see was a mass of violet.

Of the 3,000 meters to the flame portal, the first 1,500 meters were firmly occupied by the violet-colored beasts. Only after passing through that region would they stand down. The silver-colored beasts made their move at the 1,000-meter mark, which was where Gu Tianxiang of the Solitary Sword Sect had been defeated.

If one could pass the silver-colored beasts, the next challenge was a gold-colored beast.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. He didn't have time to waste here, so he immediately went on the offensive. The Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain rumbled out. As the Ninth Mountain descended, with the Black White Pearls circulating around it, everything trembled. The air vibrated, and multiple layers of ripples expanded out, transforming into an astonishing pressure that weighed down on everything.

The intense pressure was like a wall that crashed into the violet-colored beasts. As Meng Hao charged forward, they tumbled back, howling. Even the most outstanding of the violet-colored beasts were incapable of even getting close to Meng Hao before being smashed backward.

250 meters. 500 meters. 750 meters. 1,000 meters....

Within in the space of only a few breaths of time, Meng Hao proceeded forward as if he were walking along a paved path. He quickly reached the 1,500 meter mark, with the violet-colored beasts left behind in the dust. They glared at him, but didn't pursue or attack him any further.

Up ahead was a glittering, silver glow, which was a silver-colored beast. It shot forward with a ferocious expression and incredible speed. Its power seemed equivalent to the Second Severing.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort as he waved his right hand. The Ninth Mountain arrived, crushing the silver-colored beast. It let out a miserable

howl as its body began to fall apart. However, the flames leaped out and quickly restored it.

Meng Hao quickly advanced by about 250 meters, putting him only 1,250 meters away from the flame portal.

It was then that six more silver-colored beasts joined the beast from earlier. Seven total, five with Second Severing cultivation bases, and two with Third Severing cultivation bases, charged toward Meng Hao.

“Crushing time!” Meng Hao advanced, waving his right finger. The Ninth Mountain grew in size, rumbling as it crushed down onto the seven silver-colored beasts.

Meng Hao charged onward. He was now only 500 meters away from the flame portal.

At this point, more than ten silver-colored beasts attacked him furiously. Booms rang out from the Ninth Mountain as the seven silver-colored beasts being suppressed burst out from within, their bodies wreathed in flames. They joined in to completely surround Meng Hao.

The five men from the Golden Frost Sect were watching intently as all of this happened. Off to the side, Gu Tianxiang’s eyes glittered. Meng Hao was now in the same position he had been when in when he suffered defeat. “That Lu Bai is inhuman!” he thought. “Meng Hao might be powerful, but if he thinks he can get any farther, well, that’s impossible!”

The deep-gold overseer up in mid-air was also watching the proceedings closely, and thought, “He’s definitely going to be defeated.”

However, it was then that Meng Hao’s right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and he waved his sleeve.

“Blood Demon Grand Magic!”

Rumbling could be heard as a gigantic vortex formed, enveloping the roughly twenty silver-colored beasts. At the same time, an enormous blood-colored hand appeared, which firmly grasped the beasts.

“Qi and Blood stratum!” roared Meng Hao. The more than twenty silver-

colored beasts began to tremble, and expressions of astonishment could be seen on their faces. Their bodies began to wither rapidly as vast quantities of qi and blood shot toward Meng Hao.

A tremor ran through him. The qi and blood was incredibly powerful, and in an instant his body had already reached the limit that Spirit Severing could accommodate.

The more than twenty silver-colored beasts struggled violently, to the point that the vortex seemed to be on the verge of collapsing. Apparently, the limit of the second level of Meng Hao's Blood Demon Grand Magic had been reached.

Gu Tianxiang's eyes glittered. "He's going to be defeated!"

The five members of the Golden Frost Sect sighed. If Meng Hao couldn't get past the first level, then there was no hope at all for them.

Up in mid-air, the deep-gold overseer eyed Meng Hao's Blood Demon Grand Magic, and its expression flickered, but then quickly returned to normal.

Currently, the more than twenty silver-colored beasts were struggling and roaring so violently that the vortex couldn't handle it. Cracking sounds could be heard, and rifts spread out. However, Meng Hao then pointed his finger and cried, "Wither!"

The 'withering' character from the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao caused the silver-colored beasts' bodies to tremble. Their fleshly bodies began to wither even more rapidly, and their cultivation bases were instantly suppressed. Even their life forces showed signs of withering.

Because of their weakening, the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex was no longer under the strain it had been. It once again rumbled into motion. From a distance, the vortex was incredibly huge and shocking.

Boom!

Even denser streams of qi and blood poured from the vortex to be absorbed by Meng Hao. He trembled violently as his fleshly body suddenly burst out of the Spirit Severing stage and into Dao Seeking.

The more than twenty silver-colored beasts were withering rapidly, and seemed to be just on the verge of death. Flames appeared to restore their bodies, but their power was sucked away by Meng Hao even as the restoration occurred.

It was a cycle that became like a wellspring of power for Meng Hao. It was almost as if he could continue to grow stronger... forever!

Early Dao Seeking. Mid Dao Seeking....

He lifted his head up and roared as he felt an unprecedented level of power coursing through him. Along with this incredible fleshly body power came an increased self-confidence.

This was the Heaven-defying might of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!

This intense, unprecedented strength also caused Meng Hao to be wracked with severe pain; it felt as if his body might be ripped apart. When Gu Tianxiang saw what was happening, he gasped. The five cultivators from the Golden Frost Sect watched with wide eyes.

The deep-gold overseer up in midair was even more astonished. He gasped and thought, "What divine ability is that!? It's so shocking!! It's completely different than the River of Time, and, in fact, far more terrifying!"

Furthermore, the regeneration of the more than twenty silver-colored beasts was actually not able to keep up with the absorbing power of the vortex. Looks of despair could even be seen on some of the beasts' faces.

Meng Hao seemed as if he had become the vortex itself as he gobbled up all the incoming power of blood and qi.

The deep-gold overseer's face fell. "Dammit! If this goes on, he might really be able to wither my clan members to death!!"

Meng Hao's eyes flashed as his fleshly body exploded with power. It burst through the mid Dao Seeking stage and then stepped into the late Dao Seeking stage!

In that moment, the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex suddenly

changed color, turning from red to gold!

When it became gold-colored, intense rumbling sounds filled the air and an incredible pressure weighed down on everything. The five Golden Frost Sect cultivators' faces were filled with shock, and their hearts trembled. They could clearly sense the fearsomeness of the golden vortex, and they knew that even if they combined into the puppet, they would be incapable of fazing Meng Hao in the least bit.

Gu Tianxiang of the Solitary Sword Sect was even more shocked. His pupils constricted as he realized that Meng Hao was actually just as inhuman as Lu Bai!

The golden vortex seemed to have transformed on a fundamental level. The pressure exploded out tenfold, and Meng Hao trembled inwardly as he sensed the terrifying nature of the golden vortex.

"No wonder I wasn't ever able to cultivate the third level. The blood-colored vortex... isn't the final limit of the second level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic! Only by turning the vortex golden can I reach the great circle of the Qi and Blood stratum!"

Enlightened, Meng Hao was now confident that he could easily suck the silver-colored beasts out of existence. However, that was not the course of action he chose.

After all, the deep-gold overseer was in control of this entire place, so it was best not to go overboard.

"Dammit!" thought the deep-gold overseer. "One inhuman is bad enough. How could a second one have appeared! And this new one is even more shocking than the previous one!!"

Lu Bai had passed through the first level by using his River of Time to avoid the silver-colored beasts. Meng Hao, on the other hand, was relying on the power of his magic to crush everything in his path. It was easy to see which of the two was superior!

The deep-gold overseer was getting anxious, but because of the ancient treaty there was nothing he could do to interfere. Just when he was at the

peak of anxiety, Meng Hao waved his hand, causing a boom to rattle out. The golden vortex faded away, and the more than twenty silver-colored beasts were sent spinning away, blood spraying from their mouths. They were listless and dispirited, and they looked at Meng Hao with expressions of unprecedented fear and awe.

They had not feared Lu Bai; were Lu Bai to be even stronger than he was, he still wouldn't be able to kill them.

Meng Hao was quite different, though. He was qualified to utterly exterminate them!

Even as rumbling sounds continued to echo out, and the more than twenty silver-colored beasts retreated, Meng Hao proceeded onward. He had absorbed a virtually inexhaustible amount of qi and blood. Although it didn't truly belong to him, he was temporarily incredibly powerful, and could explode out with fleshly body power that was almost completely equivalent to the peak of Dao Seeking.

He proceeded forward, and natural law spread out around him. The world rumbled, the air distorted, and shocking energy filled him. As he charged forward, the deep-gold overseer's eyes flickered. It had a certain amount of control based on the treaty, so it quickly called upon a gold-colored clan member that was more powerful than the one that had attacked Lu Bai. It roared and charged toward Meng Hao, its Dao Seeking cultivation base surging. Its body was surrounded by flames, and it streaked toward Meng Hao like a shooting star.

Meng Hao could instantly see the difference between this beast and the one that had attacked Lu Bai. He snorted coldly and then clenched his fist.

"SCREW OFF!" he roared, punching with all the strength his fleshly body could muster. Everything dimmed as an insane, earth-shattering wave of power rocketed forth which seemed capable of covering the sky and burying the earth.

The incoming gold-colored beast looked shocked, and was instantly filled with an intense sensation of deadly crisis. Without hesitation, it attempted to dodge. However, the wave of power generated by Meng Hao's

fleshly body was far too shocking. In the blink of an eye, it completely inundated the gold-colored beast.

A bloodcurdling scream echoed out. Flames completely covered it, but they were incapable of preventing the creature's body from beginning to fall apart completely.

Seeing that its fellow clan member was about to die, the deep-gold overseer shot down in a flash of light. It grabbed the gold-colored beast, then slapped out to disperse the wave of power generated by Meng Hao. It managed to save its fellow clan member in the nick of time.

The gold-colored beast was panting for breath and staring at Meng Hao with intense fear. It wasn't just this particular gold-colored beast. All of the others were watching on with intense shock.

"You have passed the first level!" said the deep-gold overseer, staring at Meng Hao with a deep look.

Chapter 728: Second Level!

The gold-colored beast that had attacked Meng Hao was clearly far more powerful than the one that had been dispatched against Lu Bai.

Despite that, it almost died. Were it not for the intervention of the deep-gold overseer, it would surely have been destroyed.

However, Meng Hao was also only capable of throwing this one punch!

That strike had contained all the power he had just absorbed. At the moment, his body was returning to normal. Although his aura was quite a bit weaker, there was no one who would dare to look down on him.

The five Golden Frost Sect cultivators were thoroughly shaken.

“He’s... even stronger than before!!”

“Don’t tell me that golden vortex appeared because he was just enlightened?! Or, was he simply holding back before?!?”

The five men exchanged glances, and each could see how shocked the others were. If they were to fight Meng Hao, and he used the golden vortex, then even in their puppet form, they would still be... completely defeated!

Gu Tianxiang from the Solitary Sword Sect had a face filled with shock. His eyes were wide, and his heart trembled. “He’s clearly only at the Second Severing level, but that Blood Demon Grand Magic... it’s simply... simply terrifying!!”

He was a powerful expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, and had previously viewed himself as quite knowledgeable regarding the Blood Demon Sect. As of now, though, he realized that the magic of the Blood Demon Sect was beyond imagination.

The deep-gold overseer was also shocked, and could do nothing but stare wordlessly at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he slowly walked forward. When he reached the flame portal, he stepped in without

hesitation.

On the other side of the flame portal was what seemed to be a completely different world. As soon as Meng Hao entered, he saw Lu Bai off in the distance, coughing up blood as he tumbled backward like a kite with its string cut. The black dragon in front of him was returning to its usual lifeless state.

This world was a world of fire. A sea of flames stretched out in all directions, from within which emerged an enormous, towering altar. The altar was colossal, hundreds of thousands of meters tall, arranged into nine levels.

Just now, Lu Bai had met defeat on the third level, and was ejected, blood spraying from his mouth. He hovered in mid-air, his face pale. He looked back and saw Meng Hao, and his eyes began to shine with a bright glow as well as complex thoughts.

“So, you’re here,” he said as he floated down to the ground. Paying Meng Hao no more heed, he sat down cross-legged and began to meditate.

Meng Hao looked up at the enormous altar stretching up out of the sea of flames. For some reason, he got an odd feeling about this place. For some reason, he felt more relaxed, as if some intangible shackles had been removed from him. His mind felt clearer.

“Foreigner!” said an ancient voice, which echoed out from up above. Looking up, Meng Hao was shocked to see a white, humanoid beast, another overseer.

It hovered up above at what seemed to be the very top of the world, emitting absolutely no cultivation base aura whatsoever.

It looked down at Meng Hao and said, “You have passed the first level, which is your good fortune. If you pass the second level, you will be qualified to leave this place and can also receive a treasured item of our clan.

“This is a life-or-death trial by fire, the result of the treaty with our benefactor long ago. Any foreigner who enters, regardless of which clan

they come from, may participate in the trial by fire.

“Step across the flames and onto the altar of nine floors. Defeat the enemy you find on each floor, and you may pass to the following floor!

“You may employ any magical technique, any divine ability, any means or method you wish!

“You have three chances. If you suffer defeat on your third attempt... you will be blotted out of existence.”

When the white-colored overseer finished speaking, it closed its eyes and said nothing further.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and then immediately sat down cross-legged to meditate. After fine-tuning his cultivation base for a day, he opened his eyes and stepped out over the sea of flames.

In that instant, Lu Bai opened his eyes and looked at Meng Hao.

“Be careful of the third floor,” he said slowly. “There, you will find a copy of yourself.”

Meng Hao stopped for a moment, looked at Lu Bai, and nodded. Then, he flew across the sea of flames and stepped onto the first floor of the altar. As soon as he did, he saw a human-shaped statue, which immediately melted and transformed into a young man wearing an azure robe.

The young man’s eyes were listless at first, but when Meng Hao looked at them, they suddenly began to shine with a brilliant light.

“That kid from earlier got past me by a fluke. You... won’t be so lucky.” Even as he spoke, he lifted his hand up into the air and then pointed forward. Behind him, a single, black bee appeared. Immediately, ghost images sprang up around it. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao was facing over ten thousand bees.

Buzzing sounds could be heard as the bees shot toward Meng Hao. The young man’s fingers flickered in an incantation, and he pointed out again. This time, shockingly, more than ten thousand centipedes appeared.

“A Dragoneer?” thought Meng Hao, shocked. Everything that was

happening seemed very familiar. In the Western Desert, Dragoneer cultivators attacked in much the same fashion. Meng Hao didn't immediately respond, but rather backed up a bit and looked the situation over. After a moment, he realized... this was not Dragoneer magic, but overall, it was very similar.

As for Meng Hao, when it came to the Dao of Dragoneering, he was once a Grand Dragoneer of the Western Desert. In fact, it could be said that he was the most powerful Grand Dragoneer of his generation.

Meng Hao's face was the same as ever as the bees and centipedes closed in. He performed an incantation gesture to employ Dragoneer magic. His divine sense rolled out, and the bees and centipedes immediately stopped short.

They looked a bit confused, and as for the young man, his face filled with shock.

At the same time, Meng Hao pointed out, causing the Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain to appear. Roaring sounds filled the air as they crushed down. Meng Hao shot forward with incredible speed to appear directly in front of the young man. He waved his right hand, and the Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared.

The shocking golden vortex appeared, as well as a golden hand that grabbed ahold of the young man. Immediately, his body began to wither as his qi and blood were absorbed. It only took a moment for him to completely collapse.

After collapsing, the young man reappeared in another location. He looked deeply at Meng Hao for a moment before coolly saying, "I am merely a Dharmic Clone created by a strand of qi. However, you were able to rout me, which is something no one has ever done before. You... have passed."

Meng Hao frowned slightly. He had not absorbed very much qi and blood, and he was still unable to see the young man's cultivation base. Without another word, he flashed toward the second floor.

As soon as he stepped foot onto the second floor, an incredible power

surged toward him.

Meng Hao's face flickered and he raised his hand and pushed it straight out in front of him.

Rumbling filled the air as an incredible surge of energy bore down on him. Meng Hao trembled, and his face flickered as he retreated at full speed.

He looked up to see a giant minotaur, looking back at him with an expression of surprise. "At the very least," thought Meng Hao, "he also has Dao Seeking fleshy body power. It also seems like the attack just now was casual! How did Lu Bai get past this part?"

"Hahaha!" the minotaur laughed maliciously. "Excellent! Excellent! Finally somebody with some real power has arrived! That brat with the Time powers was much weaker than this!" The minotaur's muscles bulged as he stamped his foot into the ground and charged at Meng Hao.

"Don't let me down, now!" he roared. "That brat from before was a complete hassle! That secret Time art he used was strange and difficult to deal with. Fighting that fool wasn't fun at all! He pestered me to the max until I finally let him past. But you.... I like you, punk!"

BANG!

The minotaur punched out with explosive Dao Seeking power, causing Meng Hao's face to flicker. He rotated his cultivation base and immediately sent out his own punch.

A massive, astonishing roar rippled out, and Meng Hao's face went even paler. He was now in full retreat; the minotaur lifted his head back and laughed heartily.

"Excellent! Excellent!" he said, charging toward Meng Hao once again at full speed.

Meng Hao's eyes widened.

"He's using more power this time!!" he thought, and the desire to fight gleamed in his eyes. Power surged throughout his fleshy body, and he

once again counterattacked, adding the power of vibration into his attack.

The two massive powers collided, and Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood as he was sent tumbling backward. As for the minotaur, his body vibrated, and the ground beneath his feet cracked and split. When he looked up, his eyes shone with a bright light.

“This is awesome! Awesome! You’re not bad at all, brat. Come come, allow Grandpa Minotaur to smash you to death!” With a hearty laugh, he charged again.

Meng Hao’s face flickered, and his entire body was shaking and numb. In contrast, his opponent didn’t seem to be even slightly hurt. In fact... Meng Hao could sense that the thing’s fleshly body was actually growing increasingly powerful.

“I can’t compete with him in terms of physical strength!” thought Meng Hao, his eyes flashing. As the minotaur bore down on him, he performed a minor teleportation to evade.

“Why are you running away!?” fumed the minotaur, charging him once again. Meng Hao performed another minor teleportation, leaving the minotaur enraged.

“Dammit! You’re pissing me off as much as that other guy!” roared the minotaur. He suddenly stamped his right foot onto the ground, unleashing an incredible boom. The air distorted, making it impossible for Meng Hao to teleport. He quickly performed an incantation and then pointed out.

“Blood Demon Grand Magic!”

Immediately, the golden vortex appeared around the minotaur, who was immediately stuck in place. As his fleshly body began to wither away, his eyes bulged, and he howled, “What kind of crappy magic is this!?”

With that, power seemed to explode from within him, surging out to fight back against the vortex. For the first time ever... the vortex collapsed.

Meng Hao’s face fell and he shot backward in retreat. The minotaur laughed maniacally and then unleashed another punch.

Meng Hao was barely able to dodge it, and yet was still forced to cough up a mouthful of blood. He retreated again, a thousand ideas flitting through his mind.

“Extraordinary strength, an incredibly tough body, can lock down teleportation in the area, and even the Blood Demon Grand Magic is useless against him.... What do I do?!” Meng Hao fell back constantly, and was wounded constantly. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and the minotaur continued to get more and more excited as he battled on.

“If I could absorb his fleshly body, then I would definitely turn this around and win! But he simply shook off the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex.... Wait....” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered.

“Hold on a second. The Blood Demon Grand Magic first binds, then absorbs. That’s why it requires such a huge vortex. That means its power is spread out. If I focus the vortex on the smallest area possible, and don’t attempt to absorb everything, but instead only do a quick absorption....” Meng Hao’s mind was now thinking incredibly clearly. Enlightenment had come suddenly, right in the midst of battle. At the same time, the minotaur was yet again almost on top of him.

Meng Hao had no time for further consideration. He waved his hand, and again the Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared. However, it was not a large-scale version, but rather, a vortex the size of the inside of his palm.

The vortex spun rapidly in his palm, fusing into his hand to such a degree that it seemed to replace his palm print.

“Well, it’s go time. Will it work?!”

Even as the minotaur closed in, Meng Hao shot forward, extending his palm out in a strike.

“Blood and Qi stratum!”

Chapter 729: Spirit Meridians Stratum!

Boom!!

Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth. He could tell that the minotaur's punch contained an incredible fleshly body power. Such power and ferocity was something he himself couldn't withstand.

However, before the blow could land, the qi and blood absorbing suction power in his hand, which was even more astonishing than before, immediately absorbed a batch of power, strengthening his own fleshly body.

Meng Hao's eyes gleamed brightly.

The minotaur stared in shock and astonishment.

"Well, that worked!!" thought Meng Hao. "The Blood Demon Grand Magic doesn't just have to be used externally. I can employ it using other methods, for example, fusing it with my fleshly body!" Meng Hao laughed out loud, and his eyes gleamed with the desire to do battle. However, instead of rushing to attack, he fell back into a pattern of retreat just like before.

Every time he dodged or evaded, he would find ways to get close to the minotaur to touch it with his palm.

"Dammit! This is like getting bitten by a mosquito!" roared the minotaur. "I dare you to fight head on!" Meng Hao didn't respond with a single word. However, his eyes began to glow with increasingly bright light. Every time he touched the minotaur, he would absorb a bit of qi and blood. Gradually, the power of his fleshly body increased, and he grew more powerful.

After the time it takes an incense stick to burn, Meng Hao's body trembled, and in the instant the next attack was leveled against him, his fleshly body burst out of Spirit Severing into Dao Seeking.

"Wanna fight? Let's fight!" As he spoke, he ceased retreating, and punched directly toward the minotaur, who was a bit slow to react.

The minotaur actually seemed to be rejoicing, and was laughing wildly

as he charged forward.

BOOOOOOMMMMMMM!!

Meng Hao and the minotaur exchanged blow after blow in mid-air. Each time, Meng Hao would end up tumbling backward, but at the same time, his fleshly body grew more and more powerful.

In contrast, the minotaur grew more and more shocked. His strength was slowly diminishing, and his previous hulking and sturdy body was gradually withering.

“You’re so strong!” he exclaimed. “Don’t tell me you were just going through the motions before? How dare you toy with me!!” Now that it realized something was going on, it went on a rampage, charging Meng Hao relentlessly.

Another incense stick worth of time passed.... Meng Hao could now battle head on, back and forth, with the minotaur and did not need to retreat. The minotaur’s rage continued to intensify.

Yet another incense stick worth of time passed....

“Y-y-you... you’re so powerful! How is it possible?!?” Now the minotaur was retreating, and was completely struck dumb by Meng Hao’s display of ferocity. He punched and punched, but the result was only increasing weakness.

After enough time passed for three incense sticks to burn, a boom rang out and the minotaur tumbled backward head over heels. He slammed hard onto the surface of the altar, his body withered and incredibly weak. Compared to his previous stalwart frame, he was much weaker, though this still made him far stronger than the average person.

“How come... how come I’m skinny now? AGHHHHHHH! I’m skinny!!” The minotaur saw Meng Hao closing in again with another attack, and suddenly gave a start. “Demon magic! You little punk, you’re using Demon magic!!”

The minotaur was now in full retreat, it’s face filled with fury. “Okay, I quit! Dammit! The contest is over! You win, you pass!”

Meng Hao stopped in place. He actually felt a bit bad. Thanks to the minotaur, he had gained a new understanding of yet another unique usage of the Blood Demon Grand Magic. This new technique made the Blood Demon magic even more useful.

“Many thanks, senior,” he said, clasping hands and bowing deeply.

The minotaur gave a cold snort and ignored Meng Hao. He looked down at his body and scowled miserably. “I’m skinny now.... So skinny.... I’m finished. Finished! When I get home, my woman is gonna beat me for sure. What... what if she gets some crazy ideas about what happened? What am I supposed to do?”

Meng Hao felt even more guilty now. He cleared his throat; aware that no explanations could fix the situation, he quickly headed toward the third floor.

On the third floor, he found himself facing a huge, glittering mirror. From within the mirror emerged a person who looked completely like Meng Hao in all aspects. He glanced down at his body, then smiled bashfully and looked back at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed, and then thought back to Lu Bai’s warning.

“Fighting myself? Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain!”

“Black White Pearls and the Ninth Mountain!” Both people attacked at the same time, and instantly, shocking booms rattled out. Outside the altar, Lu Bai lifted his head and looked up toward the third level, his eyes gleaming.

Meng Hao retreated, as did his doppelgänger.

“Blood Demon Grand Magic!”

“Blood Demon Grand Magic!”

BOOM!

Both attacked with exactly the same divine abilities and magical techniques. After fighting for several hours, Meng Hao’s doppelgänger suddenly changed strategies. No longer did it do exactly the same thing as

Meng Hao. Instead, it used Meng Hao's various techniques and magics to attack in its own unique way.

Rumbling filled the air as Meng Hao saw a gigantic Blood Immortal face appear in front of him, along with a blood-colored vortex that began to spin around him. His face was extremely unsightly. This magical incarnation was incredibly troublesome. A real headache.

All of a sudden, he realized what it must be like for other people to fight him.... What a feeling! That was especially true when he thought of... the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex. His doppelgänger actually utilized the technique perfectly, and Meng Hao had to admit that this opponent... was much better than he was.

Every time the doppelgänger attacked, it would use the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex at just the right time. Meng Hao wanted to bellow in rage.

"So, you can use the technique in THAT way!" he thought. Even in the midst of his frustration, he began to imitate how this magical doppelgänger used his own battle magic.

The Eighth Demon Sealing Hex was incredible!

An incredible booming sounded out as the two of them attacked each other. By now, they had been fighting for close to a day. Every time Meng Hao used the Blood Demon Grand Magic to absorb some of his opponents qi and blood, the same would happen to him.

It seemed that it would be difficult for either party to clinch victory. However, Meng Hao was learning a lot over the course of the fighting.

"At this rate, I won't be able to wrap things up any time soon!!" He was starting to get anxious. It was at this point that the white-colored overseer up in mid-air suddenly opened its eyes.

"You may not battle for more than a day on any given level. You still have enough time left for an incense stick to burn. After that, if the battle has not been concluded... then it counts as your loss!"

"Why?!" asked Meng Hao, looking up at the white-colored overseer.

“Defeating others is easy and while defeating yourself is difficult.... if you can't even come up with a method to defeat yourself, then how can your Dao heart be stable? How can you face Immortal Tribulation in the future?!

“In the earliest of times, any foreigner who came here would die. However, the ancient will arrived and my clan had no choice but to enter into the treaty. After that, this place became a location for deadly refinement. According to the treaty, the purpose is to train true Immortals!

“For example, the first level tests your survival capabilities. If you reach true Immortal Ascension, you will face many Tribulations. You must have the power to protect yourself!

“This second level tests your powers of perception and understanding. If you are perceptive enough, you can naturally gain enlightenment regarding various magics that are currently stuck in atrophy. The Dao heart is only one aspect.

“Defeat yourself, strengthen your Dao heart. That is only the first step toward being a true Immortal. If you can't pass this first step, then of course you fail!”

Meng Hao's mind reeled.

“Don't tell me that you haven't noticed that this place is different from the outside?!” continued the overseer.

“Well, forget it. You're only in the Spirit Severing stage. You are incapable of seeing how extraordinary this place is. Let me tell you, kid... there are no natural laws here!

“The second level is a place with no laws. Here, everything is a blank!

“Therefore, you have even more opportunity to gain enlightenment regarding your magical techniques, and even your Dao. Understand your divine abilities and your path to enlightenment. Because, this place... has no law to interfere with or distort your true heart!”

Meng Hao stared in shock. Before, he hadn't put too much thought into why this place seemed a bit strange. All he knew was that he felt somehow

freer, and his mind clearer.

He had never imagined that this place... lacked natural law?!

“You have the time it takes an incense stick to burn. If you can’t defeat yourself in that time, then you fail!”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. Rumbling filled the air as his doppelgänger closed in. The two of them once again began to battle back and forth. Time passed, and soon, half an incense stick had burned.

“What do I do?” thought Meng Hao. “What do I do?! If I fail the first time, the second time will be even harder!”

“If I could gain enlightenment into the third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic and cultivate it successfully, then I could probably slay this doppelgänger!”

“Another possibility would be to gain enlightenment into my Third Severing! Or perhaps, if I understood how to use one more of the characters that make up the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!”

“If I could use the soul of the true Immortal to make a second true self, it would definitely be terrifying in the extreme!”

“Another option is the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal!”

Unfortunately, there was not enough time for any of those things. He only had the time it takes half an incense stick to burn!

Meng Hao’s eyes were shot with blood as he fell into retreat. Suddenly, his doppelgänger utilized the Blood Demon Grand Magic; so Meng Hao did as well.

Instantly, the doppelgänger’s fleshly body began to wither. However, at the same time, he absorbed Meng Hao’s qi and blood, replenishing himself. Such a circumstance had occurred many times throughout their battle.

“The third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, the Spirit Meridians stratum! All cultivators have spirit meridians running through their body.

Such spirit meridians are essentially the cultivation base. The purpose of the Blood Demon Grand Magic is to stir the spirit meridians. In much the same way that a miner deals with a vein of gold, the spirit meridian is dug up and consumed!

“But, how exactly am I supposed to absorb the spirit meridians?!”

Time was running out!

“Spirit meridians!!” Meng Hao and his doppelgänger ceased using the Blood Demon Grand Magic and began to utilize other divine abilities. Meng Hao’s mind was racing as he tried to come up with a solution. This was a world with no natural law, and his mind was extremely clear. It was in that moment that he suddenly thought of... the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch!

He recalled the scene of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch absorbing his Perfect Dao foundation.

When he thought back to that time, he remembered the various transformations that occurred in his body. His cultivation base had rotated in reverse, and then collapsed, transforming into an energy which was then sucked out of him. Recalling that feeling suddenly caused a tremor to run through Meng Hao.

“Reversal. I understand now! The key to the third level is reversal! When the vortex of the second level reaches maximum rotation, I can suddenly reverse the flow, which will unleash an incredible power!”

His eyes shone with a bright light.

Boom!

In that moment of enlightenment, he utilized the Blood Demon Grand Magic, then immediately pushed it through from the second level... to the third!

When he entered the third level, energy exploded around him. A strange light glowed in his eyes, and he lifted his hand to point at the doppelgänger. Instantly, a golden vortex appeared around the doppelgänger, which caused it to give a cold snort. It raised its hand and

pointed toward Meng Hao as it too once again employed the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

However, at this point, when the golden vortex was rotating at full speed, Meng Hao suddenly reached his hand out and then turned it over.

Immediately, the vortex surrounding the doppelgänger reversed. The doppelgänger's expression flickered as its cultivation base suddenly collapsed, completely beyond its control. It rushed out through the doppelgänger eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, to shoot toward Meng Hao.

Simultaneously, the doppelgänger's entire body collapsed, and it disappeared without a trace. The only thing left behind was the glittering mirror.

“In your first tempering, you defeated yourself in less than a day,” said the white-colored overseer, looking deeply at Meng Hao. “As such, it is unnecessary for you to participate in the following floors. Please go directly to the ninth floor. If you can pass the ninth floor, then you may leave this place! In addition, you can acquire one of our clan's valuable treasures!”

Chapter 730: Another Lord Fifth!

Outside the altar, Lu Bai suddenly looked up. His eyes shone with shock as he caught sight of Meng Hao on the third level, and heard the words of the white-colored overseer up in mid-air. He suddenly grew incredibly taciturn.

“He... successfully defeated himself?” thought Lu Bai, slowly lowering his head. A moment later, he looked up again, and his eyes shone with the intense desire to do battle.

“I don’t care about my status as a Young Starlord, nor my titles in the Northern Desert, nor the rumors about me being a reincarnated, almighty cultivator. The only thing I care about... is that I must be... the strongest person in my stage!

“According to my Dao, I must become a true Immortal! My heart must be intensely staunch!

“If Meng Hao can do it, then I... can do it too!” With that, Lu Bai took a deep breath. Eyes radiating unprecedented resoluteness, he slowly rose to his feet and then strode back toward the first floor of the altar.

“This time, I’ll definitely pass the third floor!”

Meng Hao stood on that very same third floor to which he referred. He didn’t proceed onward immediately. Instead, he closed his eyes to feel the surging of his cultivation base, and the majestic third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic. Now that he was in the Spirit Vessels stratum, he could absorb cultivation bases into his own body and transform that into incredible power.

“No wonder Patriarch Blood Demon said that if I get to the fourth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic I can hold my own against early Dao Seeking cultivators!

“This Blood Demon Grand Magic is incredibly astonishing. It’s especially useful when fighting against groups. The more enemies that get stuck inside... the more powerful I can become!

“Black Sieve Sect....” Meng Hao’s eyes suddenly snapped open, and they shone with incredible killing intent. His hatred for the Black Sieve Sect had long since seeped into his very marrow. If it weren’t for the Black Sieve Sect, Xu Qing wouldn’t have to enter the cycle of reincarnation, and could have had the chance at Immortal Ascension in this lifetime.

Now though, they only had a hundred years, after which, this lifetime would be destroyed. This enmity... was absolutely irreconcilable!

Meng Hao took a deep breath and then took a step forward, whereupon he vanished. When he reappeared, he had passed the fourth and fifth floors... and gone all the way to the ninth floor!

The ninth floor was the smallest of all the floors.

This was the pinnacle of the altar!

This was the final barrier of the second level!

After passing this floor, Meng Hao would have the option to either leave this world or, of course, enter the third level.

Boom!

The instant he stepped foot onto the ninth floor, he felt almost like he was at the pinnacle of the sky. Around him stretched a world of boundless flames, beyond which was nothing but pitch black.

In the instant that he stepped foot onto the ninth floor, he also heard an ear-piercing, squawking laugh.

The laugh sounded almost like the call of a male duck, and was filled with an indescribable arrogance.

“It’s been many years since someone has stood in front of Lord Fifth, bitch! Come come, allow Lord Fifth to see how much fur you have on your body!”

As soon as he heard that voice, all the noble and lofty feelings that had existed inside of Meng Hao instantly vanished. His eyes went wide with disbelief as he stared at something appearing out of thin air in the middle of the ninth level. It was...

An enormous parrot!

The parrot was covered with motley feathers that all stuck out on end. Its expression was one of extreme arrogance and pride, as if it was the only important thing in all of Heaven and Earth. As soon as it appeared, a shocking energy exploded out from its body.

“You...” said Meng Hao, his breath quickening. This parrot appeared to be exactly the same damnable bird that had fled the instant Meng Hao faced true danger.

“What do you mean ‘you,’ huh? Bitch! What, you’ve never seen a Lord Fifth as handsome as me before?” As the parrot flew out, it seemed to be completely displeased with the way Meng Hao was looking at it. Its eyes gleamed with a sharp light, and its voice was jarring.

Even as it spoke, the parrot went on the offensive, charging at incredible speed. Meng Hao could barely see it, and before he could react, he was sent tumbling backward. The parrot re-formed in midair and then squawked and attacked again.

Meng Hao’s face flickered. The parrot was moving so fast that he couldn’t see it clearly. Nonetheless, he was able determine that this parrot was actually not exactly the same as the damnable bird that he remembered.

As for what exactly about it was different, he couldn’t quite say. It was more of a feeling.

Booming sounds echoed out as the parrot attacked relentlessly. However, it didn’t seem to be able to completely overwhelm Meng Hao within a short period of time. Meng Hao retreated without hesitation; every time the parrot attacked, it almost felt like a mountain was bearing down on him.

He tried using the Blood Demon Grand Magic, but the parrot was too fast and impossible to entangle. It was as if it was surrounded by some strange power that enabled it to break through anything that stood in its way.

“This damned, wretched bird! How could it be so strong!?” Meng Hao frowned. At the same time, the parrot appeared suddenly in mid-air up ahead of him.

Staring seriously at Meng Hao, it said, “I’m gonna screw you, bitch! Screw you, ya hear? How could your body be so tough? Well fine, the tougher the better. Screw you, screw you, screw you into a pulp...!” With a piercing cry, and incredible speed, it circled around Meng Hao, and its eyes shifted maliciously in the direction of Meng Hao’s rear end....

When Meng Hao sensed that, his scalp went numb, and his heart trembled. The first thing he thought of was the parrot’s vile hobbies, and then, images of the parrot exploding rear ends suddenly flashed through his mind.

These thoughts stabbed through his mind, causing his train of thought to be upset and fall into disarray, such that it caused Meng Hao to begin to shake uncontrollably. It didn’t matter how vicious he had become inside, the images left him profoundly frightened.

Normally speaking, he was the one to hear the miserable shrieks of others. There was absolutely, positively no way that he wished to experience such things himself.

“Dammit! DAMMIT!” Beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. Even when facing the challenge on the third floor, he had not sweat, but as of this moment, he was tempted to concede defeat.

This... this was a power that cultivators were fundamentally incapable of matching up against.

Especially the incessant hooting call of the damnable parrot, and how its previously curved beak suddenly transformed, becoming ever longer and straighter....

A few times, it opened its mouth, after which a perverse aura blasted out, causing Meng Hao’s heart to tremble.

Having no other options, Meng Hao anxiously cried out, “I know you!”

“Huh?” replied the parrot, gaping. “Well, Lord Fifth doesn’t know you, so

you're gonna get screwed anyway!" With that, it prepared to charge again.

"I'm your master!!" said Meng Hao, slapping his bag of holding to produce the copper mirror.

"You're insulting me!!" said the parrot, completely ignoring the copper mirror. It transformed into a black streak of light that shot toward Meng Hao.

"What do I do? What do I do?!" Having noticed that the black streak of light was curving through the air to flank him from behind, Meng Hao was now in a state of complete emergency.

As the black beam of light closed in, Meng Hao had a sudden flash of inspiration as he recalled the damned bird's fatal weakness. Without hesitation, he cried out, "Even if you were more powerful than you are now, who cares? I don't believe for a second that you could drill a hole through this altar! You can't, can you?!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, the black beam stopped in mid-air. The parrot appeared again, and it glared at Meng Hao, as if infuriated.

"What did you just say? Did you say there's something Lord Fifth can't do?"

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and his thinking was suddenly stable. A look of scorn appeared in his eyes.

The expression immediately caused the parrot to go mad. Its voice shrill, it yelled, "How dare you look down on Lord Fifth! Lord Fifth is omnipotent! Y-y-you...."

"Pshh." Meng Hao gave a cold snort.

"AHHHHHHHHH!" To be scorned with such words caused the last bit of the parrot's powers of reasoning to be scorched away.

"You just watch, bitch!" raged the parrot. "Watch Lord Fifth! Watch Lord Fifth bore a massive hole into this altar!" With that, the parrot flew up into the air and then turned to charge toward the altar.

The white-colored overseer immediately flew down to intercept the

parrot.

“Immortal Fifth, please calm yourself. Calm... There’s no need to get impulsive, right? Listen to me....”

“Screw off and listen to this, bitch!” roared the parrot.

“Immortal Fifth, I....” The white-colored overseer smiled wryly and was about to expound when....

“I said screw off, bitch! If you don’t, I’ll screw you along with him!”

The white-colored overseer was getting extremely nervous. This was the first time it had heard of the parrot having such a weakness. It looked over angrily at Meng Hao, and was about to rebuke him, when Meng Hao saw the look in his eye, rolled his eyes and then snorted coldly.

“He doesn’t believe you can break through the altar either. Forget about the altar. I bet you couldn’t even screw that white-colored overseer!”

“AHHHHHHHH! How dare you look down on me like this!” The parrot’s fury raged to the Heavens. It jerked around to glare at the white-colored overseer, who immediately began to tremble.

Seeing that the parrot was about to attack, the overseer immediately roared without hesitation, “You pass!! Pass!!!”

Instantly, the altar began to rumble, and an incredible force enveloped the parrot, who did nothing to fight back. As the power covered it over, it stared fixedly at the rear end of the white-colored overseer.

“When this place was built, Lord Fifth helped out, and therefore left behind a stream of divine will,” said the parrot. “Truth be told, it would be difficult to break a hole through the altar. However, if I have the chance, you cheeky little beast, Lord Fifth will definitely give screwing you a try!”

With that, the parrot gave a cold snort, then glared over at Meng Hao. It said nothing, but the look in its eyes was clear.

You just wait, brat. If I get a chance, I’ll screw you too!

Meng Hao glared back at the parrot. He didn’t say anything either, but his meaning was equally clear.

You just wait, you damned bird. When I get out of here, I'm going to track you down, and then we'll see who's boss!

Meanwhile, in the Milky Way Sea, on the shore near the Northern Reaches, a hulking, dark-faced man currently hovered in mid-air. Surrounding him was a group of smaller cultivators, all of whom looked at the man with fawning eyes. The dark-faced man seemed quite pleased with himself.

In his arms he carried a black bear, which he would occasionally lean down to kiss, his expression one of intoxication. The bear had a luxuriant coat of fur, and it was hard to tell where he had found something like it in the Milky Way Sea....

"Ah, this is the life! Don't be despondent, little Third. It's merely a master we're talking about. We can always get a new one! Look, after somebody else gets the mirror and refines it, then we can go back. Look at how free and unconstrained we are now! This is the good life!"

Suddenly, the dark-faced man sneezed, then shuddered. A strange look appeared in its eyes, and suddenly two voices began to argue inside of him.

"What's going on? What was that? Lord Third just sneezed!"

"Screw off, it was obviously Lord Fifth who sneezed!"

"You'll even steal that from me?!"

"Something fishy is going on here, bitch! Something's off! I feel an evil wind stirring, as if something bad is about to happen!"

"Huh?! Don't tell me Meng Hao is alive!! Finished! We're finished! I'm gonna die, we're finished! When we ran off that time...."

"What do you mean ran off? That was a strategic transition! You don't understand crap!"

"Dammit! Last time, you said we needed to give him a chance to temper himself. You're changing your mind again?"

"Are you absolutely sure that's what I said?"

"You did! You said it! You said...."

Despite the bickering, the dark-faced man turned and flew toward the Northern Reaches.

“Let’s go to the Northern Reaches, it should be safe there....”

Chapter 731: Essence of The Divine Flame!

Beneath the 30,000-meter Dao Lake, in that world within a world, at the very top of the altar in the second level, Meng Hao moved forward.

The parrot gave a cold snort as it faded away. The white-colored overseer sighed with relief, then looked over at Meng Hao, clearly displeased, but incapable of doing anything about it.

“You got lucky, but you passed,” the white-colored overseer said slowly. “As of now, you have two options. You may leave, or proceed onward to the third level!

“Up to now, no one has ever passed through the third level. Therefore, no one has ever been able to inherit the essence of the Divine Flame. Now, make your decision.”

Meng Hao muttered to himself for a moment. He still had his Eternal stratum, which meant that although he wasn't completely indestructible, he was still completely unique in the lands of South Heaven.

That was a trump card, something he could use to rise back up from the clutches of death when in battle.

Unfortunately, he didn't have time right now. If he got stuck in the third level, a hundred years could go by in a flash. Although, he wasn't quite resigned to giving up on trying to pass the level.

He suddenly looked up at the white-colored overseer. “Senior, I remember you saying that a valuable treasure would be given as a reward for passing the second level.”

The white-colored overseer's eyelids twitched as if it didn't want to respond. It waved its right hand, instantly causing a pitchfork to appear.

It was pitch black, and completely unimposing. It did emanate a Dao Seeking aura, but in this world where there were no natural laws, the aura was not very powerful.

Even the white-colored overseer realized that it was being stingy. “A Dao Seeking item, a valuable treasure,” it explained.

According to the ancient treaty, it was actually supposed to produce all of the clan's valuable treasures and allow anyone who passed through the second level to pick one of their choosing. However, their clan had always been a stingy one. Even the two that had passed from the first wave of people to come here before Meng Hao had only been given an option to take one of three items.

It was a loophole in the agreement, but the overseer did not feel that it was breaking the treaty.

Meng Hao's face was the same as ever as he looked the pitchfork over. It was obvious to him that the white-colored overseer was displeased with him, and his eyes glittered.

"According to the ancient treaty, it can be assumed that you can offer a better treasure than this, senior. Perhaps you can give me a few options to select from."

"Forget about it!" was the reply, accompanied by a cold snort.

"In that case, senior, I will pass on the item. However, I have two small requirements...." The white-colored overseer immediately put the pitchfork away. In truth, even giving that away was something it wasn't quite willing to do.

Meng Hao licked his lips and continued, "I noticed that outside in the first level, there were many mountains. They were all made up of various magical items and treasures, many of which were Spirit Severing treasures. How about this, senior. I'll just take 100,000 Spirit Severing magical items. What do you think, sir...?"

The white-colored juggernaut stared with wide eyes. The reason it didn't wish to part with the Dao Seeking treasures was that they contained their own natural law within them, and were extremely valuable. As for Spirit Severing treasures, they were far inferior.

"100,000? Are you trying to rob me? 10 at the most!"

"90,000! It can't be any less, senior. I just gave up a Dao Seeking treasure, you know...."

“Hey... Spirit Severing magical items are equally valuable! At the most, I can give you 100!”

“Senior, how can you be like that? After all, I just passed through the second level. The lowest I can go is 80,000 magical items. On the outside, Spirit Severing treasures are incredibly common. Furthermore, I want a chance to poke my head into the third level to see what it’s like.”

“Well... you did make it through the second level, but....”

The two bickered for a while, and in the end, the white-colored overseer gave Meng Hao 5,000 Spirit Severing magical items. Furthermore, Meng Hao was to be allowed one chance to step into the third level.

After they finished negotiating, the white-colored overseer grimly waved his arm, causing two vortexes to appear. One was the exit, the other was the entrance to the third level.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and a look of resolve appeared in his eyes. He immediately transformed into a beam of light that shot toward the third level’s vortex. Just as he was about to enter, the altar rumbled; Lu Bai had entered the third level and was beginning to fight himself.

Meng Hao looked back, then paid no further heed as he vanished into the third level.

As soon as he stepped foot inside, he found that he was not in a land of flames. Everything around him was quiet. He saw a blood-colored field that was surrounded by enormous structures. They were pagodas that looked like spikes driven into the earth.

The grass in the world was completely white.

There was no wind, and yet the grass swayed back and forth.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he surveyed his surroundings, and he muttered to himself for a moment before sending his divine sense out.

It quickly covered an enormous area.

“99,000 pagodas!

“Countless bleached bones!

“The 99,000 pagodas seem to form a colossal spell formation!

“There’s a city!”

Meng Hao’s divine sense detected the 99,000 densely packed pagodas, which were arranged around a gigantic city.

The city was pitch black and covered with white vines. A spark of flame hovered in mid-air, seemingly an endlessly burning fire that sent resplendent light out into the entire world.

Almost in the same instant that Meng Hao sent his divine sense out to the limit, he suddenly heard a roar.

“Dao Fang, you must die!!

“You killed me, Dao Fang, and if I’m reincarnated, I’ll definitely kill you!

“The world of Immortals is doomed to experience tribulation! The Immortal lands will grow old, and the Immortals will perish! But I refuse to give in!!

“I know the truth! No matter how long you suppress me, I won’t admit defeat!

“Damned monkey! If I can get free, I’ll have your hide!

“If I’m transmigrated, I will slaughter myself out of this place! If my transmigration fails, I will fall into oblivion like all other living things, with virtually no hope of reawakening even after countless cycles of reincarnation. Therefore, I will leave a Heavenly command for this place!

“My decree contains the essence of my Dao flame, a remnant of the existence of my flame. I hope that countless years later, that vestige will still exist!”

Meng Hao’s mind was reeling; it felt as if a sharp sword was stabbing into his brain, preparing to split apart his body and shred his soul. Blood oozed from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. He staggered backward, coughing up a mouthful of blood.

A rumbling filled him, and he felt as if his body might explode. Thankfully, his Eternal stratum immediately pulled everything back

together. However, that omnipresent divine sense and resentful will raged as madly as ever. The sensation of grave danger that he felt grew even stronger.

He looked around in shock at the world around him, backing up at top speed all the while. The divine sense filling this world closed in on him again, and he immediately leaped out of the third level.

When he emerged, he was back in the second level coughing up blood, his face pale and breath ragged. From what he had heard, he could tell that what he had encountered was a shred of will.

However, despite the fact that it was only a shred of will, it was still able to injure him instantly. This was terrifying to a degree that thoroughly astonished him.

“Failure,” said the white-colored overseer, its voice cool. “No one has ever successfully passed the third level.”

“What is that place...?” asked Meng Hao, looking over at the overseer.

“Only those who pass the third level are qualified to know the answer to that question. You may leave now.

“Remember, if you speak to anyone of the things that occurred in this place, you will meet with great calamity.” The white-robed overseer gave him a meaningful look.

Meng Hao didn’t respond. He looked back down at the altar, and Lu Bai on the third level. Without another word, he clasped hands and bowed to the white-colored overseer, then stepped into the exit vortex.

In the blink of an eye, he vanished.

The white-colored overseer hovered in mid-air looking at the spot where Meng Hao had left through the vortex, a profound, ancient look in its eyes.

In the lands of South Heaven, not too far way from the region of the Ancient Dao Lakes, was a valley in the mountains. A brilliant, glittering light rose up in the valley, a teleportation spell. Suddenly, Meng Hao appeared within the light.

As soon as he appeared, the teleportation spell vanished.

“I snatched the true Immortal’s soul, and a lot of people saw,” he thought. “Word will spread.... I need to get back to the Blood Demon Sect as quickly as possible!” His eyes glittered as he flew into the air, slapping his bag of holding to produce the war chariot.

Once in the war chariot, rumbling could be heard as it sped off into the distance.

Meanwhile, at almost the exact moment that Meng Hao reappeared, an old man sat cross-legged in a restricted area of Mount Solitary Sword in the Solitary Sword Sect. In front of him, nine pearls circulated in the air, apparently rotating in accord with some natural law. Suddenly, one of the pearls began to glow brightly.

The old man’s eyes opened and he looked at the pearl. There were many images within the pearl, but one of them was Meng Hao teleporting out into the region near the Dao Lakes.

“So, he finally reappears!” The old man vanished.

In the Golden Frost Sect was a pool of water, next to which sat the peak Dao Seeking Patriarch of the Golden Frost Sect. As he gazed into the water, ripples suddenly spread out over the surface of the pool. The ripples seemed to conceal mysteries of Heaven and Earth, mysteries that others would never be able to comprehend. However, an image of Meng Hao actually materialized in the reflections within the Patriarch’s eyes.

In the Li Clan, in a restricted area, a cold voice suddenly rang out. “The soul of a true Immortal is not something that a tiny Spirit Severing cultivator may possess!”

The voice caused Heaven and Earth to distort, and a shocking energy shot out in all directions.

At the same time, Meng Hao was detected by the withered, half-bodied old man in the Song Clan. He suddenly opened his eyes from meditation.

“True Immortal’s soul.... However, the person who snatched it was Meng Hao....” He hesitated for a moment, then closed his eyes to meditate.

In the Violet Fate Sect, everything was quiet. No aura spread out, nor did any ripples appear. However, a brilliant light appeared in the enormous statue of Reverend Violet East, as it stared off into the distance.

The formerly calm and peaceful Southern Domain was suddenly stirred into commotion by the appearance of Meng Hao. To peak Dao Seeking experts, the soul of a true Immortal was something incredibly precious. So precious, in fact, that they would do anything in their power to get it.

In the Black Sieve Sect, Patriarch Six-Daos let out a miserable shriek. His cultivation base had already degraded to the border of the mid Dao Seeking stage. Soon, it would drop further, and he would be in the early Dao Seeking stage.

“I can’t accept this! Blood Demon Sect, you must be destroyed! Meng Hao... you shall die!”

At some point, dark clouds had appeared above the Southern Domain in many locations. Lightning danced, and thunder crackled. The sun was covered up, casting the lands into darkness. Huge raindrops the size of beans began to plop down....

Chapter 732: The Blood Prince Returns!

The rain appeared not because the clouds layered top of each other, building up to a critical pressure. Rather, it was the passage of people forcibly tunneling through the cloudy sky that caused them to collapse in on themselves and shed rain prematurely.

At the moment, three peak Dao Seeking eccentrics were shooting toward Meng Hao's location. Their speed was such that they appeared near the Ancient Dao Lakes shortly after Meng Hao stepped foot into the war chariot.

They did not reveal their physical appearances, but their aura was clear. It only took a moment for them to pick up traces of Meng Hao's passing, after which they shot after him in pursuit.

Of course, they had never imagined that Meng Hao would actually be equipped with something that could achieve the terrifying speed of the war chariot.

Meng Hao pushed as fast as possible. In the blink of an eye, he was far away from the Ancient Dao Lakes, and was nearing the border of Blood Demon Sect territory. At this point, he took a deep breath and went even faster. Behind him, a rumbling like thunder could be heard as a pair of emaciated hands ripped a massive hole in the air. From within emerged a red-haired old man.

He was big and tall, and sparks of electricity arced around his body. Rumbling filled the air as soon as he appeared, as if he were a god.

Off to his right, a sword aura appeared, seemingly capable of splitting Heaven and Earth. A black-robed old man stepped out from within the sword aura.

Further off in the distance, the peak Dao Seeking cultivator from the Li Clan, their 3rd Patriarch, proceeded along, accompanied by booms like thunder. The full power of his cultivation base was on display. As he flew, orbs of ghostly flame twinkled around him, blazing up into the sky.

When these three people appeared, Meng Hao's face fell. Each of them were comparable in power to the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch when they fought years ago. The instant the three appeared, the war chariot rumbled, and countless fierce beasts appeared. Everything trembled, and Meng Hao shot off into the distance.

He moved with such speed that he disappeared in the blink of an eye. The three Dao Seeking cultivators began to pursue him.

Suddenly, from another direction, a deranged old man flew beneath the clouds, laughing maniacally as the rain soaked him.

"Hahaha! Immortal Ascension.... Immortal Ascension...." His foolish laughter seemed to contain a hint of lucidity. His body flickered, and he vanished.

Meng Hao's war chariot moved with incredible speed, but his three pursuers moved as fast as lightning. As they got closer and closer, the sense of danger in Meng Hao's mind grew more intense.

However, killing intent could also be seen in his eyes, along with ruthlessness and fury.

And yet, he did not slow down or stop. His cultivation base was no match for a peak Dao Seeking opponent, and he did not want to risk losing his Eternal Dao foundation! Nevertheless, the distance between him and his pursuers continued to shrink!!

"Faster! Must go faster!" he thought with an internal roar. Behind him, the three Dao Seeking experts raised their hands and pointed in Meng Hao's direction. All of a sudden, a cold snort echoed out from up above.

"SCREW OFF!!" said a voice that was ancient and yet also filled with boundless aggressiveness. As soon as the voice rang out, the sky turned crimson, and the land transformed into a sea of blood. Patriarch Blood Demon suddenly appeared between Meng Hao and the Dao Seeking experts.

His words caused rumbling to echo throughout the heavens, and groaning creaks to issue forth from the land itself as everything to turn

the color of blood. A roar rose up from the ground that transformed into a shockwave which sped toward the incoming three cultivators.

The three men all used various methods. The red-haired old man lifted his hand up then dropped it down in a palm strike. 10,000 bolts of red lightning smashed down, yet the old man was forced to stop in place, his face flickering.

The black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect had a gaze that was like a sword. The air around him rumbled and then shattered as he suddenly stopped in place.

As for the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, who wore a brocaded garment and had flowing white hair, his body emanated a powerful energy, and an illusory sun and moon circulated around him. He fought back against Patriarch Blood Demon's attack, too, but issued a muffled grunt as he was also stopped in place.

Meng Hao let loose a sigh of relief, then put away the war chariot. He stood next to Patriarch Blood Demon, staring coldly at his three pursuers.

The three old men's gazes were just as cold as they looked at Patriarch Blood Demon and then began to speak.

"Blood Demon, hand over the soul of the true Immortal!"

"Hand over the true Immortal's soul! Let the matter drop! You can't fight back against the entire Southern Domain!"

"Take it out and we'll decide here and now who it belongs to. In fact, we can even take turns sharing it. Blood Demon, give us your answer, or else...."

Of course, inwardly, all three feared Patriarch Blood Demon, especially after the battle at the Black Sieve Sect.

"Or else what...?" replied Patriarch Blood Demon.

"Or else you're instigating war with the entire Southern Domain!"

"The Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, the Li Clan... and especially the Black Sieve Sect will all be happy to join forces to invade

you. If that happens, you'd better prepare your Blood Demon Sect to be exterminated!"

"Four great powers of the Southern Domain can easily destroy the very foundation of the Blood Demon Sect. Blood Demon, don't do anything to bring ruin down on yourself!"

Having heard all of this, Meng Hao's heart was trembling. Although he had made his own appraisal of the value of the true Immortal's soul, he had never imagined that it was so valuable that it could instigate a great war in the Southern Domain.

Meng Hao looked at Patriarch Blood Demon. He didn't want the soul of the true Immortal that he had snatched to draw everyone into a war.

"Patriarch," he began, "I don't mind...."

"There's no need to say anything," said Patriarch Blood Demon, his voice placid. "You took it, so it belongs to you. That true Immortal's soul will be of great use. How can you even think of giving it away?" His gaze then swept over the three other cultivators, and he laughed coldly.

"As for the rest of you... SCREW OFF!"

"Blood Demon!" they shouted. Their faces flickered with various emotions, and they stared fixedly at Patriarch Blood Demon. Finally, eyes flickering, they turned and vanished.

"Patriarch," said Meng Hao, "if you need this true Immortal's soul, it's yours...." His heart was still trembling a bit. Suddenly he realized that Patriarch Blood Demon seemed somewhat different than he had been before.

"Don't worry," said Patriarch Blood Demon, shaking his head. "I'll handle everything. As for the soul of the true Immortal.... It wouldn't be of much use to me. I'm afraid it wouldn't be of much help to your master, Pill Demon, either. In the future, let him study it for a bit, and that will do."

"My master?" said Meng Hao, gaping. Of course, he was unaware of the matter of Pill Demon's Spirit Severing and Dao Seeking.

"You'll understand the details later." With that, Patriarch Blood Demon

flicked his sleeve, sweeping up Meng Hao and vanishing into thin air. When they reappeared, they were back in the Blood Demon Sect.

As soon as the disciples of the Blood Demon Sect saw him, they began to speak excitedly.

“Blood Prince!”

“The Blood Prince is back!”

“Greetings, Blood Prince!”

Patriarch Darkheaven and the five other Patriarchs all flew down from their mountain peaks to greet Meng Hao with excited expressions.

“Congratulations on your return, Blood Prince!”

On the fifth mountain peak, the hunchbacked old man smiled and then bowed toward Meng Hao with clasped hands.

Wang Youcai rose to his feet from his place at the mouth of the valley and looked over at Meng Hao. Xu Qing was his Elder Sister, and he had grown up with Meng Hao. Although Wang Youcai had become grimmer because of his violent surroundings, there were some fundamental aspects to his personality that would never change.

When Meng Hao wasn't present, he would protect the valley with his life. What he was protecting were his memories, and the last vestiges of a once wonderful life that existed inside of him.

Xu Qing walked out from the valley and smiled up at Meng Hao, who hovered overhead.

When her gaze met his, it became a memory that would last for an eternity.

Chapter 733: On the Eve of War in the Southern Domain

Patriarch Blood Demon looked at Meng Hao, smiled, then faded away into thin air. Yet another clone....

Meng Hao turned to look at Mount Blood Demon, and a warm feeling rose in his heart. For the first time, he felt as if the Blood Demon Sect was his home.

Welcoming voices surrounded him as he returned to Blood Prince Gorge. Xu Qing had alcohol warmed and waiting, and she immediately filled a cup for him. They looked into each other's eyes for a long time before speaking.

Ten days passed in the blink of an eye. Now that he was back in Blood Prince Gorge, he felt separate from the world. He had Xu Qing to accompany him, and the days were wonderful. Suns rose, suns set.

Patriarch Blood Demon honored his promise to Meng Hao. Aware that Meng Hao had reached the third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, he had a cane sent over.

The cane was crafted from bone, and was pitch black. When he held it in his hand, Meng Hao felt icy coldness pulsating out into his body. In addition, the Demon Sealing Jade in his bag of holding began to glow, spontaneously flew out of the bag, and circulated around the bone cane.

After a moment, it actually fused into the cane, and the two apparently become one.

Simultaneously, something like memories flooded into Meng Hao's mind. They were vague, almost as if someone were whispering them to him. Many of the things the voice said were indistinct and unintelligible, but there was one sentence that was crystal clear.

“Seventh Demon Sealing Hex. Karmic Hex!”

Use Demonic qi to hex Karma, slaughter anything formed from five

elements, and exterminate to the highest Heavens!

Meng Hao's mind trembled. The Demon Sealers had a multitude of magical arts, but the eight Demon Sealing Hexes were considered their primary abilities. Each one was personally crafted by a previous generation of Demon Sealers and were shockingly powerful.

However, the various hexes had not been passed on and had, for the most part, been lost over the years. It was only by coincidence that Meng Hao was able to acquire the Eighth Hex. Now, by means of this bone cane, he had acquired the Seventh Hex!

He quickly immersed himself in gaining enlightenment of the Karma of the Seventh Hex. Thankfully, he already understood a bit about Karma; therefore, he was able to cultivate the Seventh Hex without any obstacles, albeit a bit slowly.

As he practiced his cultivation, the rest of the Southern Domain made quite a contrast to the calm and quiet of the Blood Demon Sect. The Southern Domain was boiling.

The Solitary Sword Sect was fully prepared for war. Countless disciples had been recalled from all corners of the Southern Domain, and the sect was now like a shocking, unsheathed sword, ready for battle.

They even produced precious treasures that could seal the fates of entire sects. After refining the treasures, they floated up in mid-air above the sect, casting about radiant, multicolored light and incredible energy.

Anyone could tell that the Solitary Sword Sect... was about to march to war!

In addition to the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect was also preparing for war. All eighteen of their great spell formations were fully operational. Clearly, they had activated the spell formations in order to protect the sect in preparation for war.

The Golden Frost Sect disciples were nervous. They had heard bits of news here and there that slowly formed together into a more accurate version of recent events. Fatty was getting quite anxious, although he hid

it well. Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do to prevent what was happening.

Of the three great clans, the Wang Clan was no more. The Li Clan was now in the position of prominence. The killing intent of the Li Clan members surged high as they prepared for war.

In the Black Sieve Sect, Patriarch Six-Daos didn't hesitate at all after he received the invitation. He immediately responded in the affirmative.

In recent days, the full power of the Black Sieve Sect was focused on mobilizing discarnate souls, as well as the full power of their Dao Reserve. 193 coffins were brought in, all of which were to be used in battle.

At the same time, the medicinal pills, spell formations, and magical items needed for warfare were purchased in large quantities by all four of the great powers. All of these things caused rumors to spread like wildfire across the Southern Domain.

"There's going to be a war!"

"The sects and clans haven't mobilized like this in ages. I just wonder who they will be going to war against!?"

"The Blood Demon Sect for sure!"

The cultivators of the Southern Domain were alarmed by the developments. However, there were also some rogue cultivators who saw opportunity. When the four great powers began to recruit rogue cultivators, many joined because of the potential benefits.

The Violet Fate Sect maintained silence on the matter. Because of their relationship with Meng Hao, they did not join the group of four powers. The four great powers, of course, understood this, and did not expect to form any alliance with the Violet Fate Sect.

However, what they wanted to prevent was the Violet Fate Sect coming to the aid of the Blood Demon Sect.

As far as the Song Clan was concerned, the four great powers were rather confused to find that they also maintained silence, and would not

join the alliance.

When an entire region goes to war, it cannot be done secretly. A properly conducted war requires much preparation, preparation that cannot be completed quickly. The preparations for war often create a stifling pressure that influences everyone, and is even more intense than the actual war itself.

As a result, in the Blood Demon Sect, taciturn silence was becoming more common and frequent.

Based on what was happening in the outside world, it was obvious that the Solitary Sword Sect, Golden Frost Sect, Black Sieve Sect, Li Clan, and large numbers of rogue cultivators were preparing to go to war with the Blood Demon Clan!

Hundreds of thousands of cultivators were coming to wipe them out!

Such pressure from the outside world weighed down on the Blood Demon Sect disciples, causing them to grow more and more dour. Even more so, killing intent began to radiate out from the depths of their marrow.

They were Blood Demon Sect disciples, and they behaved like Demons. Furthermore, the name of their sect had the character 'blood 血' in it! How could such a thing not be terrifying!?

Of course, they were getting ready for the coming war too, and the hunchbacked old man from the fifth mountain peak was in charge of all the preparations.

In Blood Prince Gorge, Meng Hao could also sense the pressure. He knew that all of this was happening because of the true Immortal's soul. In fact, he actually attempted to hand the soul over. However, Patriarch Blood Demon once again refused.

"What's yours is yours. I brought you here to be the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect, and I'm responsible for you!

"If I allow some bystander to snatch away something that belongs to you, then what's to prevent them from taking things from other disciples?

How could the Blood Demon Sect stand for such a humiliation?!

“I might be old, but I still need to maintain face! If they want war, we’ll give them war!”

When Meng Hao heard this, his eyes began to glow with a strange light, which gradually transformed into determination. By this point, he didn’t care how it was that he came to be in the Blood Demon Sect. What he cared about was a concept that existed in his heart: to face others with a clear conscience.

For the Blood Demon Sect to treat him like this meant that he needed to act just as responsibly in return.

Meng Hao chose to go into secluded meditation. For the moment, he ceased his constant study of the Seventh Demon Sealing Hex, and instead spent most of his time on the ‘self’ character from the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao.

He was already enlightened regarding most of the aspects of the ‘self’ character. What he needed to do now was actually make a second true self!

As for how powerful the second true self would be, even he had no idea. He did know that it was made from his own flesh and blood, and was like a sheath, within which was placed a soul. As for which soul to use, Meng Hao decided to use... the true Immortal’s soul!

His only concern was that if he used it, then his Master Pill Demon would be unable to benefit from it later on. Therefore, he consulted with Patriarch Blood Demon on the matter. After Patriarch Blood Demon reassured him that there was no harm in going forward with his plan, he made up his mind.

Meng Hao was in thorough anticipation of what sort of power would be unleashed when he merged the true Immortal’s soul into his second true self.

“Other people can cultivate clones, but this art produces a true self!” he thought as he sat cross-legged in the log cabin.

“Those who cultivate clones merely separate a portion of their soul and then use that as the essence. Place it into a moulded body, and that is the Dao of cloning.

“To cultivate a true self, you use flesh and blood. After nourishing it, it becomes like an invincible sheath, within which is concealed an unmatched sword.

“Using the soul as the basis is actually very different from using flesh and blood. They seem similar, but in fact are completely different.” After gaining enlightenment of the ‘self’ character, his eyes suddenly opened.

In unison, he splayed the fingers of his right hand, after which five drops of blood flew out. He then did the same with his left hand. Five drops of blood flew out from both hands.

Next were each of his legs, then his feet; five drops of blood each. Finally, a tremor ran through his torso, and ten drops of blood emerged.

In total, there were forty drops of blood floating in front of him, radiating brilliant light. Then, they began to congeal together. As they did, the skin of Meng Hao’s forehead split open, and another drop of blood emerged to join the others. Finally, he bit the tip of his tongue and spit out some qi and blood.

42 drops of blood radiated brilliant light and merged together, gradually forming the shape of a person.

Meng Hao’s face paled, and his body sagged with weakness. However, his eyes were as determined as ever.

“What makes this a true self?” he mused rhetorically.

“The blood that circulates is mine. The skin is mine. The blood vessels are mine. The vital organs are mine. It all comes from me, and is the same as my original true self.

“This, is my second true self!”

A vicious gleam appeared in his eyes as he lifted his hand and stabbed it into his abdomen. A cracking sound could be heard, but he endured the

pain as he broke off one of his own ribs. After pulling it out of his body, he crushed it into a powder which he then blew out toward the blood-mass of a person in front of him.

As soon as the bone powder entered the body in front of him, cracking sounds could be heard, as if a skeleton were forming inside.

Meng Hao trembled as his Eternal stratum healed his body at rapid speed. Unfortunately, the drops of blood, and the rib, were lost forever.

“The second true self is formed from what the Self Character Incantation permanently extracts from my body. What is taken away, can not be recovered.... This divine ability basically creates a new person. How extraordinary!” Muttering to himself, Meng Hao severed some of the redundant blood vessels in his body and then fused them into the other body.

Immediately, blood vessels appeared within.

Next came the vital organs and other miscellaneous parts. The only thing lacking now was the soul.

Time passed, although Meng Hao wasn't sure how much. His body was very weak, but in front of him was now a person whose features were the exact same as his own.

He wore a white robe, and sat there cross-legged, as fair as jade. He was handsome, and had a strong scholarly aura. He looked exactly like Meng Hao had when he was about fifteen or sixteen years old.

Looking at him, Meng Hao got the sensation that he was looking at an extension of his own body. He almost forget altogether that this was his second true self. It was almost like... a precious treasure in the shape of a person.

“And now it's time to insert the soul of the true Immortal!” His eyes shone with strange light as he slapped his bag of holding. The true Immortal's soul appeared, along with gentle, radiating light and a mysterious aura.

The instant the soul appeared, the entirety of Blood Prince Gorge filled

with Immortal qi. In fact, the entire Blood Demon Sect instantly became like an Immortal paradise.

Chapter 734: Second True Self!

Patriarch Blood Demon opened his eyes and stared in the direction of Blood Prince Gorge.

Outside in the Blood Demon Sect, everyone was astonished.

“What aura is that?”

“How refreshing! I feel incredible!”

“I feel like my cultivation base just advanced a little bit....”

Back in Blood Prince Gorge, Meng Hao took a deep breath. He began to place sealing incantations onto the true Immortal’s soul according to the prescribed method of the Self Character Incantation. It was not done in a forceful manner, but rather oh so gently. This was not a fusing of the soul and the body; rather, what was needed was for the soul to remain inside without struggling or fighting back.

Meng Hao carefully placed the sealing incantations onto the soul and then, filled with anticipation, placed the soul into his second true self with the greatest of care.

In that instant, a tremor ran through his second true self, after which he returned to his previous placid state.

“In eighty-one days, my second true self will awaken!”

“There are three phases to incubating my second true self. The first is eighty-one days, the second is eighty-one months, the third is eighty-one years!”

“At the end of each of those phases, the second true self will become more and more perfect.” Meng Hao took a deep breath. This was the first time he had ever worked with such a bizarre and strange magic. Finally, he closed his eyes and calmed his mind, then rotated his cultivation base.

A few days later, he opened his eyes again. He was no longer weak. Although he had sustained quite a few unrecoverable losses, the overall impact to him was relatively insignificant.

Compared to the gains, such losses were completely worth it.

“Three months!

“In three months, the first version of my second true self will emerge. I wonder... how powerful it will be!” His eyes shone with persistence and anticipation. He was extremely curious to find out how this combination of the true Immortal’s soul and his second true self... would turn out!

“And now, it’s time for the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal!” he thought, his eyes glowing with a bright light. In the underground world beneath the Ancient Dao Lakes, he had acquired thousands of Spirit Severing level magical items. Although he didn’t quite have ten thousand, it was still enough to cultivate the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal.

“Ten thousand Spirit Severing magical items will make my fleshly body incredibly tough, and will enable me to break through from the Spirit Severing level to Dao Seeking!” With that, he opened his bag of holding and took out a sword. He placed it onto his arm, and then the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal appeared in his mind. After enough time had passed for an incense stick to burn, something like flames appeared in his eyes.

The flame consisted of nine layers, which merged together and then flew out shapelessly from his eyes. It was invisible, but when it touched the sword on his arm, the sword melted, then fused into his body in the blink of an eye.

When the sword fused into him, he felt an intense jolt of pain. He began to tremble, although he did his best to control it. By the time the sword was completely absorbed into him, his body was soaked in sweat.

The pain reminded him of the pain he had felt when his Dao foundation was ripped away.

He took a deep breath and clenched his right fist tightly. Popping sounds rang out, and the air around his fist twisted and distorted.

“I really am a bit more powerful....” he thought. Excitement shone in his eyes. It was painful, but the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal truly did

make his fleshly body stronger, and that was all he needed.

“One more time!” he thought, his expression one of determination. A great war was on the horizon, and he needed to use every method at his disposal to get even more powerful.

More time passed. Two months later, the four great powers were now completely ready for war. 150,000 cultivators flew out from the Solitary Sword Sect, including ten Spirit Severing cultivators and two Dao Seeking experts.

One of them was none other than the Dao Reserve of the Solitary Sword Sect, the peak Dao Seeking old man who wore a black gown. It was impossible to tell how many countless years he had lived.

The other was an ordinary Dao Seeking eccentric. Although he was only in the early Dao Seeking stage, he was still a Patriarch of the Solitary Sword Sect.

As they flew out, tens of thousand of swords also appeared. Ten of those swords were roughly 3,000 meters in length. Most shocking of all was a 30,000-meter bronze sword.

In addition, there were various valuable treasures that flew along, circulating around the swords. Their glow seemed infinite as the countless cultivators flew through the air.

“Sword, come!” cried the peak Dao Seeking expert in the black robe. He extended his hand toward the enormous stone sword that rose up into the sky above the Solitary Sword Sect. It began to rumble, and then cracks appeared on its surface to reveal a green sword made of bamboo!

As soon as it appeared, wild colors danced in the sky, the wind howled, and a shocking sword qi could be sensed. When the peak Dao Seeking expert grasped the sword, it continued to vibrate with a humming sound.

“The ancestor acquired this treasure in the Ancient Dao Lakes,” the old man said coolly. “Now, it will be used in battle to acquire the true Immortal’s soul, also from the Ancient Dao Lakes. This is Karma! Clearly, the true Immortal’s soul was meant for the Solitary Sword Sect!” With

that, he flicked his sleeve, and the 150,000 Solitary Sword Sect cultivators made their way directly toward the Blood Demon Sect.

At virtually the same time, countless armored figures flew up into the air from the Golden Frost Sect. This was a force of 100,000, flying on loom shuttles, surrounded by countless valuable treasures. Shockingly, the huge group began to organize into a spell formation, which transformed into a gigantic puppet, tens of thousands of meters tall.

The huge puppet was completely shocking in appearance, and emanated an indescribably terrifying aura. The peak Dao Seeking expert of the Golden Frost Sect, a red-haired old man, appeared on top of the puppet's head. He sat there cross-legged, eyes radiating ferocity.

This red-haired old man was the only Dao Seeking expert from the Golden Frost Sect. Apparently, they couldn't quite match up to the Solitary Sword Sect, which made sense since the Solitary Sword Sect was considered the number one sect in the Southern Domain.

However, that did not mean the Golden Frost Sect was weak. Their offensive techniques, utilizing puppet incarnations which combined the energy of large groups of cultivators, could explode out with multilayered power.

As their puppet strode across the land toward the Blood Demon Sect, it let out a roar, which was actually the combined roar of 100,000 cultivators.

Chen Fan of the Solitary Sword Sect refused to participate in the battle, as did Li Fugui of the Golden Frost Sect. Fatty had a special status, so he had that right. However, Chen Fan was different. Because of his refusal, he was punished by being locked up in the sect dungeon, where he was to be tortured for thirty years.

Even as the Solitary Sword Sect and the Golden Frost Sect mobilized their forces, the Black Sieve Sect emerged in full strength. Patriarch Six-Daos had been waiting for this day for a long time. As soon as he received the notice, countless discarnate souls, as well as all the Black Sieve Sect disciples, flew out.

Han Bei, however, was nowhere to be seen. Neither had she been present the day when Meng Hao came to wipe out the Black Sieve Sect the first time. Apparently, she had gone missing after returning from the ancient Demon Immortal Sect.

As for the Li Clan, they also flew out in formation. Flying up ahead of them was an enormous bronze bell. It emitted a droning sound as well as golden light, which spread out to cover all of the Li Clan members and carry them along through the air.

On top of the bell was the Li Clan's most powerful expert, their 3rd Patriarch. He sat there cross-legged, his eyes shining with bright, flickering light.

The four great powers all sprang into action at the same time, heading directly toward the Blood Demon Sect.

Earlier, the four powers had distributed declarations of war throughout the Southern Domain, calling for rogue cultivators to join them in punishing the Blood Demon Sect. No small quantity of magical items and medicinal pills had been offered up as rewards!

The declarations of war listed nearly a thousand wicked acts committed by the Blood Demon Sect. The cultivators who perused the list were instantly furious, and felt their hair standing up on end in rage.

In truth, though, everyone also knew that much of the list was a mere fabrication. Even so, nobody would attempt to question it too much.

After all, declaring that they were righting wrongs in accordance with the Heavens, wiping out the Blood Demon Sect to cleanse the Southern Domain, was just a pretext.

Few people believed that the Blood Demon Sect would be able to escape this catastrophe. Everyone felt that they were doomed to be destroyed. All Blood Demon Sect disciples would surely be wiped out, and any who somehow managed to escape would be hunted down and killed. Soon, there would be no more Blood Demon Sect in the Southern Domain.

Therefore, hundreds of thousands of rogue cultivators sprang into

action. In their minds, the outcome of this war was a certainty, and they could use the destruction of the Blood Demon Sect cultivators to acquire resources they needed for their own cultivation.

The war was like a massive storm that swept across the Southern Domain, made up of the four great powers and the rogue cultivators, a combined force of 600,000-700,000 cultivators.

The clouds blackened, and the lands grew dark. A great war... would break out at any moment.

In the Blood Demon Sect, all the disciples waited in taciturn silence, their killing intent rising to monstrous heights. They were proud to be Blood Demon Sect cultivators, and even if they were facing an apocalyptic calamity, their faith in the sect was not weakened. They... would fight!

“To battle!!”

“Live or die with the sect!”

“The Patriarch is the Top Expert of the Southern Domain! The Blood Prince is the number one figure in the Spirit Severing stage! So what if we have to fight all the other sects in the Southern Domain!?”

“If we lose, fine. But if we don’t, then we will sweep across the four powers and make the Blood Demon Sect the only sect in the entire Southern Domain!”

Roaring and shouting filled the air in the Blood Demon Sect. It wasn’t necessarily that they were devoted heart and soul to the Blood Demon Sect. Rather, this war... was unavoidable. They had two choices: fight, or die!

No disciple would betray the sect, not even if the destruction of the sect itself was nigh. The terrifying consequences for betrayal had long since been imprinted into the hearts of the disciples.

Seven days later, the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, the Black Sieve Sect, and the Li Clan blasted through the air to appear in the region of the Blood Demon Sect, surrounding it on all sides.

These four powers could be seen advancing from all four directions. The sword qi of the Solitary Sword Sect surged. The Golden Frost Sect's puppet was astonishing. The Black Sieve Sect was sinister to the extreme. The Li Clan was surrounded by golden light.

In actuality, they could have come earlier had they wished. However, they had spent a bit more time en route in order to make sure that they all arrived at the same time. That way they could assure victory in one fell swoop.

They didn't attack immediately, but instead, began to set up spell formations to block and surround the Blood Demon Sect.

They also began to set up teleportation portals right under the Blood Demon Sect's noses, which enabled vast crowds of rogue cultivators to teleport to the area from all over the Southern Domain.

The sealing and blockade spell formations thoroughly pinned the Blood Demon Sect down. No one would be able to escape.

The sky above the Southern Domain filled with dark clouds, as did the hearts of the Blood Demon Sect disciples.

All of their own spell formations had long since been activated. The glow of blood circulated through the air in all directions around the sect. From a distance, it looked like an enormous Demon.

The Demonic Incarnation was illusory, but its body was tens of thousands of meters tall; it was bigger than a mountain. It sat cross-legged on the land, clad in black armor. Its green hair floated in the wind, and a golden mask covered its face.

The mask was incomplete, as if it were composed of many parts. On the head of the Demonic Incarnation was a long, curved horn, around which lightning crackled.

The parts of the Demonic Incarnation's skin that were not covered by armor were crimson, like the color of blood. Anyone who laid eyes on it would be filled with a sense of awe and terror.

This was the Blood Demon Sect's most powerful spell formation, the

Blood Demon Grand Spell Formation!

Chapter 735: War!

This spell formation resulted in a Demonic Incarnation that could merge the cultivation bases of all of the Blood Demon Sect disciples. It had protected the Blood Demon Sect for countless years, and had ensured its long-lasting survival.

Inside the Demonic Incarnation, the five mountain peaks of the Blood Demon Sect glowed with brilliant light that transformed into five layers of ripples. Each layer was a different color, and as they spread out, they transformed into a five-layered restrictive spell shield.

Each layer of the shield was maintained by Spirit Severing experts, and was filled with the power of the entire mountain peak. The entire defense was incredibly tough and resilient.

Suddenly, Patriarch Blood Demon's voice echoed out through the Blood Demon Sect. "The first formation, the Demonic Incarnation, will have Meng Hao as the nucleus. He will lead 100,000 disciples, and will control the formation!"

Meng Hao currently stood in Blood Prince Gorge. When he heard Patriarch Blood Demon's voice, he looked up.

Next to him was Xu Qing. She didn't speak, but instead silently straightened his robe, and then wrapped her arms around him. After a moment passed, she released him and stepped back. Meng Hao looked at her.

"Wait for me. I'll be back."

Xu Qing nodded. Inside, she was getting incredibly nervous, but she didn't let Meng Hao see it for fear that it might distract him.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and then walked out of Blood Prince Gorge. The moment he emerged, the mad, burning eyes of the Blood Demon Sect disciples all came to focus on him.

When he saw their impassioned gazes, Meng Hao felt a deep guilt. All of this was because he had taken the true Immortal's soul. If he hadn't, this

great catastrophe would not have descended on the Blood Demon Sect.

It was at this point that he suddenly heard Patriarch Blood Demon's calm voice speaking in his ear. "There's no need to feel guilty. Do you really think that the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, and the Li Clan are willing to start a war just because of the soul of a true Immortal?"

"The true Immortal's soul was just an instigating factor. The true reason for their actions... is their fear of me. They believe me to be an existential threat, and have been looking for an opportunity to get rid of me.

"Even if the true Immortal's soul didn't come along, this war still would have happened. The Southern Domain has been at peace for too long."

Meng Hao didn't respond, but his eyes gleamed with decisiveness and the desire to slaughter. In this war, he would definitely be doing some killing!

In fact, he would do everything within his might to kill as many enemies as possible.

His body flashed as he flew up toward the first spell formation. Behind him, 100,000 Blood Demon Sect disciples soared through the air. All of them entered the spell formation and then sat down cross-legged.

There were 20,000 in the torso. The four limbs had 15,000 each. The head had 20,000. In total, there were 100,000 disciples. As for Meng Hao, his position was in the forehead of the Demonic Incarnation.

As soon as the 100,000 disciples entered the spell formation and sat down cross-legged, they unleashed their cultivation bases. As the power merged into the Demonic Incarnation, rumbling sounds filled their minds. The enormous Demonic Incarnation suddenly seemed to revert from a state of deathlike inactivity, to life. Flourishing life force exploded out inside of it.

Meng Hao sat cross-legged in the forehead position, monstrous killing intent visible in his eyes. He would protect this place, both for the Blood Demon Sect, and... for Xu Qing.

As long as he was alive, he would not permit anyone to harm even a hair

on Xu Qing's head.

Even as he sat there cross-legged, he continuously produced Spirit Severing magical items, which he absorbed into his body. Even as the pain threatened to cross the threshold that he could tolerate, he clenched his jaw tightly and pressed on. With the absorption of each treasure, his fleshly body continued to grow stronger, bit by bit.

The strongest of all.... was his right arm. That was the first location into which he had absorbed the Spirit Severing treasures. After melding exactly a thousand such treasures into his right arm, he could sense a breakthrough in that specific area; it now radiated ripples similar to Dao Seeking.

"Almost there...." he thought. His expression was calm as he continued to fuse more items into his body.

Time passed. Several days later, the Blood Demon Sect was deathly silent. The atmosphere was one of suppression, suppression of the incredible energy that had built up to a peak and was just waiting to explode out.

Outside of the sect, the four great powers had finished setting up their spell formations. Hundreds of thousands of Southern Domain rogue cultivators had arrived.

From a distance, 700,000 cultivators could be seen surrounding the Blood Demon Sect, spread across the horizon as far as the eye could see. It was an incredible force, and looking at it would cause one's heart to tremble.

"Blood Demon Sect!"

"This war will end with the extermination of the Blood Demon Sect!"

"FIGHT!!"

It was noontime, but the sun was completely covered by the dark clouds. Lightning crackled through the sky as the vast crowds of the four great powers roared. 700,000 voices combined together, roaring with such intensity that the clouds were split open and rain began to pour down.

Rain. Thunder. Slaughter....

Battle!

The war was beginning!

The Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, the Black Sieve Sect, and the Li Clan were not the first ones to make a move. The first to attack were naturally the rogue cultivators who had come hoping to earn rewards.

Hundreds of thousands of them surged forth with earthshaking power. The sky shook, and the rain was incapable of even falling to the ground, and was instead scattered about in all directions.

A great variety of cultivation bases could be seen among the rogue cultivators. The highest were in the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage; however, there were no Spirit Severing experts present. As they attacked, the spell formations around them burst out with blinding light. Lightning from above was pulled down, entering into the spell formations, which then produced numerous silver snakes composed of lightning bolts.

There were eight silver snakes in total, 300 meters wide and 30,000 meters long, that sucked the hundreds of thousands of rogue cultivators inside of them as they emerged. From a distance, tens of thousands of rogue cultivators could be seen inside each of the silver snakes, lending their power to the lightning. The snakes immediately shot directly toward the enormous Demonic Incarnation surrounding the Blood Demon Sect.

Inside the Demonic Incarnation, the 100,000 Blood Demon Sect disciples began to call out.

“Blood Prince, do we fight?!”

“Blood Prince, we’re waiting for your command!!”

Their voices echoed about inside of the Demonic Incarnation, but could not be heard in the outside world.

“The time has not come yet,” replied Meng Hao calmly. He slowly raised his right hand, and in response, the enormous, cross-legged Demonic

Incarnation also raised its hand, then pounded the ground violently with a palm strike.

Boom!

A deafening sound could be heard as a blood-colored shield of light shot out from the palm of the Demonic Incarnation to sweep out in all directions.

As the eight incoming lightning snakes closed in on the Demonic Incarnation, they were blocked by the blood-colored shield at a distance of 3,000 meters. The shield twisted and distorted under the power of the repeated attacks levied against it, but did not collapse.

Inside the Demonic Incarnation, killing intent flashed brightly in the eyes of the 100,000 Blood Demon Sect disciples. Their bodies emanated bloody glows as they waited, fused completely with the Demonic Incarnation. As for Meng Hao, he sat in the forehead position, continuously feeding Spirit Severing treasures into the flesh of his right arm.

1,451. 1,452.... As the items continued to fuse into his arm, it grew more and more powerful. The Dao Seeking aura became more prominent, and Meng Hao knew that he was just a little bit away... from making his hand the first part of his fleshly body that was truly in Dao Seeking.

Eight silver lightning snakes attacked constantly, but the blood-colored shield continued to hold strong, despite the distortions that marred its surface. It even managed to make counterattacks, such that two of the silver snakes were beginning to show signs of breaking apart.

“Trash! Even with the help of our Li Clan spell formations, those good-for-nothing fools still can’t break the Blood Demon Sect’s first spell formation!” The Li Clan’s 3rd Patriarch gave a cold snort.

“Fellow Daoist Six-Daos,” said the red-haired Golden Frost Sect cultivator, his eyes coming to rest on Patriarch Six-Daos of the Black Sieve Sect. “It’s about time for you to make your move.”

The black-robed cultivator from the Solitary Sword Sect also looked over

at him.

Six-Daos' face flickered and he snorted coldly. There was no way for him to refuse, so he raised his hand and pointed forward. The Black Sieve Sect discarnate souls and cultivators behind him gritted their teeth and charged forward. There was even one discarnate soul who emanated a Spirit Severing aura; including it, the Black Sieve Sect looked like an enormous sword, slicing through the air to stab toward the blood-colored shield that the eight lightning snakes were contending with.

A huge boom rattled out, and the blood-colored shield shuddered, seemingly growing weaker. The eight lightning snakes merged their power together. That, combined with the cultivation bases of the Black Sieve Sect, smashed into the weakest parts of the shield.

Cracking sounds could be heard as fissures spread out. The fissures quickly sealed back up, though, and even sent counterattacks back out. The two silver lightning snakes that had been weakened before suddenly exploded.

There were no miserable screams. The instant that the snake exploded, the tens of thousands of cultivators inside were instantly wiped out, dead in spirit and body.

The cultivators in the remaining six lightning snakes looked shocked. However, they had come here to seek good fortune and had been promised by the four great powers that they would get what they sought. It didn't matter that the battle was fierce; would they really give up so easily?

"Meng Hao!" the Spirit Severing discarnate soul cried out. "Are you going to keep hiding in the Blood Demon Sect the whole time? I dare you to come out and fight!" He assumed Meng Hao was somewhere in the Blood Demon Sect, not inside the Demonic Incarnation.

His voice reverberated as it passed through the blood-colored shield, all the way to the Demonic Incarnation, and into Meng Hao's ears.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent, but he did nothing. Instead, he continued to feed Spirit Severing treasures into his right hand.

1,479. 1,480!

Meng Hao could clearly sense that his right arm was now almost completely beyond Spirit Severing, and had truly entered into Dao Seeking.

Booms echoed out from the outside as six lightning snakes, joined by the Black Sieve Sect cultivators under the leadership of the Spirit Severing discarnate soul, continued to attack the blood-colored shield. The shield began to distort and shrink, and portions even began to shatter.

“Meng Hao!” called the Spirit Severing discarnate soul. “I was the one who personally extracted Xu Qing’s soul! The process of separating her body and soul wracked her with intense pain! The look on her face... I still remember it as if it were yesterday.” He waved his hand, and the shield shook. He was obviously trying to bait Meng Hao into fighting.

The instant his voice rang out, Meng Hao looked up. Intense viciousness could be seen in his eyes, as well as explosive killing intent.

The 1,500th Spirit Severing treasure fused into his right arm, and it broke completely out of Spirit Severing and reached the Dao Seeking level.

An incomplete, fragmented natural law spread out, although it didn’t affect Meng Hao. His right hand was now the most powerful part of his fleshly body!

“Blood Prince, let’s fight!!”

“Blood Prince, we want to do battle!!”

“Yes,” said Meng Hao. “FIGHT!” Even as the words left his mouth, he raised his right hand and made a violent grasping gesture. What everyone on the outside saw was the Demonic Incarnation raising its enormous right hand, which then shot out of the shield with indescribable speed to grab ahold of the Spirit Severing discarnate soul.

The hand clenched viciously, and a boom could be heard, as the discarnate soul was crushed into pieces. A lingering scream echoed out over the battlefield.

The Demonic Incarnation suddenly stood up. It was tens of thousands of

meters tall, completely shocking in appearance.

Chapter 736: Devastating!

Meng Hao sat cross-legged in the forehead position of the Demonic Incarnation. The life forces and cultivation bases of 100,000 cultivators poured into the Demonic Incarnation, all of which Meng Hao could sense.

“Early Dao Seeking!” said Meng Hao, sensing the power of the Demonic Incarnation. He waved his hand, and in response, the shrinking, blood-colored shield returned to cover the entire Demonic Incarnation. Without the blood-colored obstructing the way, the six lightning snakes instantly shot toward Meng Hao. So did the Black Sieve Sect discarnate souls and cultivators, who were ashen faced.

“Offend the Blood Demon Sect? You shall die!” The combined voices of 100,000 people boomed out from the Demonic Incarnation. Heaven and Earth shook, and Meng Hao raised his hand and clenched it into a fist.

The fist slammed into one of the lightning snakes, which instantly collapsed into pieces. In the blink of an eye, the entire snake fell apart in a huge explosion.

Meng Hao sent the Demonic Incarnation forward. It performed an incantation with its right hand, then gestured forward. Immediately, the air was rent open as a huge fissure appeared. It slashed out and hit another lightning snake, which then exploded.

All of these things happened with incredible speed. Next, Meng Hao turned the body of the Demonic Incarnation and sent it directly toward the enormous sword formed by the discarnate souls and cultivators of the Black Sieve Sect.

“DIE!!” Meng Hao’s voice joined with the 100,000 cultivators to let out an incredible roar. Their cultivation bases surged, and the power of early Dao Seeking bolstered the noise to transform the roar into a terrifying sound wave.

The sound wave transformed into visible ripples which then slammed into the Black Sieve Sect discarnate souls and cultivators. One by one, the discarnate souls vanished, as if they were being erased. As for the

cultivators with fleshly bodies, they were ripped into pieces by the passing ripple. Tens of thousands of Black Sieve Sect disciples... all died in body and soul.

“Your Blood Demon Demonic Incarnation is pretty good!” said the black-robed man from the Solitary Sword Sect, his voice cool. He advanced forward, and was soon directly in front of Meng Hao. Although his hand was clearly empty, a shocking sword qi suddenly materialized and slashed toward Meng Hao.

However, before the sword qi could fully descend, a cold snort echoed out from within the Blood Demon Sect. A blood-colored figure flickered into being in front of Meng Hao. It was none other than Patriarch Blood Demon.

“How meaningless to bully the junior generation!” he said. “You want to fight? Let’s fight!”

BOOOOMMM!

Patriarch Blood Demon and the black-robed man from the Solitary Sword Sect immediately rose high up into the air as they began to fight. At the same time, the red-haired old man from the Golden Frost Sect, the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, and Patriarch Six-Daos flew up. Six-Daos cast a murderous glare at the Demonic Incarnation under Meng Hao’s control, gave a cold snort, then proceeded to completely ignore it as he flew toward Patriarch Blood Demon.

It was at this moment, though, that three more blood-colored figures shot out from the Blood Demon Sect. Each and every one looked exactly like Patriarch Blood Demon, and each one shot toward one of the three who had just flown out.

There were now four clones of Patriarch Blood Demon present. Four incredible clones, battling four of the most powerful Patriarchs of the Southern Domain.

Booms filled the air, and the battle above caused the air to warp and distort. It was difficult for anyone looking on to see clearly, but they could tell that the sky itself seemed on the verge of falling. The intense battle

being carried out could clearly shake even the Heavens.

“KILL THEM!!” Almost in the same moment that the Patriarchs were locked in the decisive battle up above, the rest of the forces of the four great powers charged into battle. Hundreds of thousands of cultivators sped directly toward the Demonic Incarnation controlled by Meng Hao.

Among them was an early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, as well as a puppet from the Golden Frost Sect formed by Spirit Severing experts, which also emanated a Dao Seeking aura. The Li Clan had even more spell formations circulating around them. Unfortunately for the Black Sieve Sect, they had sustained severe casualties.

Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao’s eyes as he brazenly sent the Demonic Incarnation forward to battle directly with the four powers!

Inside the Demonic Incarnation, the 100,000 Blood Demon Sect disciples’ eyes were bright red. They formed the Blood Demon Sect’s first spell formation, which was not easily destroyed. Were it to be broken, the Blood Demon Sect would then be vulnerable to the outside world.

“To the death!”

The Demonic Incarnation emanated early Dao Seeking energy as it roared into battle against the hundreds of thousands of cultivators which surrounded it.

There were only four lightning snakes left, filled with rogue cultivators with bloodshot eyes. They flew through the air, occasionally attacking. As for the Black Sieve Sect, they were in disarray and no longer had enough forces to do battle.

However, such was not the case with the Solitary Sword Sect. Under the leadership of the early Dao Seeking expert, 100,000 flying swords exploded out, transforming into a shocking power that continuously pelted Meng Hao.

The early Dao Seeking expert was actually capable of fighting directly with Meng Hao and the Demonic Incarnation. He became the primary force in the battle, backed by the power of ten Solitary Sword Sect Spirit

Severing cultivators.

The Spirit Severing experts of the Golden Frost sect combined to form a puppet, which also emanated a Dao Seeking aura that caused the clouds to seethe when it attacked. They joined forces with the early Dao Seeking cultivator from the Solitary Sword Sect and successfully pinned down Meng Hao and the Demonic Incarnation.

As for the Li Clan, they were attempting to harm Meng Hao more covertly. They flew around the perimeter, surrounding the area with countless spell formations. Some were used to bind the Demonic Incarnation, others self detonated. Incredible pressure weighed down on Meng Hao.

Every time Meng Hao attacked, every time the two sides clashed, many of the cultivators inside the Demonic Incarnation would spit up blood. On one occasion, the Solitary Sect's early Dao Seeking expert and the Golden Frost Sect Puppet combined their attacks and struck the Demonic Incarnation with an earth-shaking force. 20,000 of the cultivators inside were unable to withstand the force and their bodies immediately exploded.

Blood oozed out from the Demonic Incarnation, forming a bloody rain that splattered down onto the ground.

However, the forces of the four great powers were also paying a heavy price.

Over a three day period, a third of the Golden Frost Sect cultivators died. Twenty percent of the Solitary Sword Sect perished. The Black Sieve Sect was thoroughly crippled, and twenty percent of the Li Clan were dead.

As for the rogue cultivators, Meng Hao had no time to pay them any heed. Despite that, of the four lightning snakes, one more was destroyed.

As of this point, the four great powers had suffered over 200,000 casualties!

Meng Hao persisted with gritted teeth. Were it not for the fact that his right arm possessed Dao Seeking strength, he would not have been able to hold out for this long. He lifted his right hand and punched out,

connecting with the Golden Frost Sect puppet up ahead. It tumbled back, seemingly on the verge of complete collapse. However, the early Dao Seeking cultivator from the Solitary Sword Sect suddenly appeared and blocked Meng Hao with a flick of his sleeve.

Countless spell formations around him detonated, and amidst the booming explosions, 100,000 greatswords stabbed into Meng Hao's Demonic Incarnation.

"Piss off!" roared Meng Hao, his voice hoarse. The Demonic Incarnation collided with the Golden Frost Sect. Everywhere he passed, he left in his wake the shattered remains of countless puppets formed from the Golden Frost Sect cultivators.

"Solitary Sword Formation!" Bright gleams appeared in the eyes of the Solitary Sword Sect disciples. All of them began to perform incantations, then gripped their swords tightly as their bodies began to shine intensely, as if they were swords glinting in the light. Each and every person seemed to transform into a sword that flew up into the air. Shockingly, the swords began to interweave into an enormous sword formation!

The sword formation swirled in mid-air, forming into the shape of a gigantic greatsword that slashed down toward Meng Hao.

"Black White Pearls! Ninth Mountain!" Meng Hao waved his left hand, and the Ninth Mountain smashed into the greatsword. The mountain trembled and then collapsed, but so did the Solitary Sword Formation!

Meng Hao sent the Demonic Incarnation into retreat. Of the remaining 80,000 cultivators inside, 10,000 were once again unable to withstand the force of the blow, and exploded. At the same time, the Solitary Sword Sect's early Dao Seeking expert suddenly appeared. His hand flashed in an incantation gesture, and an amorphous green fog appeared, within which was a poisonous thorn. He pointed out, causing the green fog to envelop the Demonic Incarnation.

Simultaneously, the poisonous thorn shot forward to stab directly into the Demonic Incarnation. As it passed through, bloodcurdling screams rang out in Meng Hao's ears.

Meng Hao clenched his right hand into a fist and instantly punched out. The early Dao Seeking expert frowned, then gave a cold snort and performed another incantation. Rumbling could be heard as his body vanished, then reappeared three thousand meters away. His face was a bit pale; clearly, despite having avoided the fist, he had still suffered injuries.

“Everyone, attack!” he cried. As his voice rang out, he pointed up into the sky. “Bamboo sword!”

A green streak of light shot out of his finger, which then transformed into a tiny, bamboo shoot. It rapidly grew larger, transforming into a bamboo stalk. The stalk then shed its leaves and became a bamboo sword!

There were some experienced cultivators in the surrounding groups who began to cry out in shock.

“The Solitary Sword Sect’s precious treasure!!”

“I’ve heard of this precious treasure!”

The most powerful of the Golden Frost Sect’s puppets let out a cold snort, then made an incantation gesture with its right hand. It stretched its right hand out and made a grasping motion, whereupon a hand-sized piece of rock flew out. It grew rapidly, transforming into a 3,000-meter tall mountain.

It was pitch black, except for one golden character on the side.

Termination!

Mount Termination!

This was the precious treasure of the Golden Frost Sect, as famous in name as the bamboo sword of the Solitary Sword Sect!

The 5th Li Clan Patriarch, who had a cultivation base at the great circle of the Third Severing, had been flitting about activating spell formations. When he saw the latest developments, he produced a pink Feng Shui compass and then pushed down onto its surface.

Immediately, the ground began to rumble, and multiple columns of pink light shot up into the air.

“DIE!!”

The Solitary Sword Sect’s bamboo sword seemed to split the heavens, transforming into a green beam of light that shot toward Meng Hao. The Golden Frost Sect’s Mount Termination began to rotate, emitting crushing pressure as it joined the green beam of light to attack Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s face fell, and the Black White Pearls and Ninth Mountain appeared again. He waved his right hand, and summoned the full power of his cultivation base to strike out with the most powerful blow he could muster.

BOOM!

The Demonic Incarnation fell back. Green light flashed as a huge wound was opened up. The Demonic Incarnation’s right arm was lopped off; it transformed into 10,000 cultivators in mid-air, and as soon as they appeared, a massive power swept over them and ripped them into pieces.

BOOM!

Mount Termination crushed down, and Meng Hao coughed up blood. A multitude of cracks appeared on the Demonic Incarnation, which then rapidly began to spread out. Soon, numerous cross-legged Blood Demon Sect disciples became visible, expressions of hopelessness covering their faces.

BOOM!

The final salvo came from the spell formation formed from the pink beams of light. Everything rumbled as the light transformed the land into a world of pink. The light beams then shrank down into the form of an enormous pink talon, which slashed out at Meng Hao’s Demonic Incarnation.

The Demonic Incarnation was incapable of holding out any longer. It appeared to be on the verge of collapse, and many of the cultivators inside died. Currently, only 30,000 remained alive.

“Retreat!” Meng Hao shouted. “Back to the sect!” A tremor ran through the Demonic Incarnation as the 30,000 cultivators were ejected from its

back.

Meng Hao was the last to retreat. As soon as he left, his right hand flickered in an incantation gesture and then pointed at the almost-shattered Demonic Incarnation.

“Detonate!!”

Chapter 737: A Leaf!

A shocking boom rumbled out. Even Patriarch Blood Demon and his opponents couldn't help but notice the detonation of the Demonic Incarnation.

The force of the explosion actually helped the 30,000 Blood Demon Sect in their retreat. However, to others in the immediate vicinity of the blast, it was like a devastating attack.

The shocked Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect shot forward, determined to block the force of the explosion, as did the puppet from the Golden Frost Sect. Even the 5th Li Clan Patriarch did the same.

If they did not do so, then the losses their various sects and clans would experience would be far too critical.

Even so, there were still many cultivators who simply couldn't avoid the blast, and were incinerated.

In the blink of an eye, the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect and the Li Clan, as well as the rogue cultivators, all sustained heavy losses. Thanks to the Solitary Sword Sect's Dao Seeking expert, the Golden Frost Sect's puppet, and the 5th Li Clan patriarch, the losses were reduced by about half. Were it not for them, even more would have died.

Unfortunately for the nearby rogue cultivators, no one was around to assist them. The ripples from the explosion completely wiped them out, along with the remaining silver snakes. Afterwards, not a trace remained of them.

Fundamentally speaking, this battle was not something they were qualified to participate in. They had believed that, with the assistance of the four great powers, exterminating the Blood Demon Sect would be a simple task. They had never imagined that the Blood Demon Sect would be so fearsome.

And this... was only the first spell formation!

When the Demonic Incarnation collapsed, the air distorted, and the five

mountain peaks of the Blood Demon Sect suddenly became visible!

The five mountain peaks were actually located in an enormous basin in the ground. They were surrounded by a five-layered shield which emanated brilliant, blinding light. It was something that could not be bypassed save by battering it into nonexistence, one layer at a time.

That was actually exactly what the Blood Demon Sect wanted. The four great powers would have to smash against the shields and withstand counterattacks. That meant that in order to break the shield, they would have to pay a price.

Borrowing momentum from the explosion of the Demonic Incarnation, Meng Hao led the 30,000 Blood Demon Sect disciples back into the sect. As soon as they passed the second layer of the shield, other Blood Demon Sect disciples arrived to give aid to them, helping them along and also giving them medicinal pills to consume.

As for Meng Hao, his face was pale white. He had significantly depleted himself in the course of the battle, but now was not the time for rest. He stood there, surveying the scene outside of the spell formation shield.

The two Ironblood Patriarchs sat cross-legged off to the side, surrounded by more than 20,000 disciples. The forces of Mount Ironblood were the ones responsible for maintaining the first layer of the shield created by the second formation.

Behind Meng Hao, the cultivators on the other various mountain peaks were all in the process of maintaining the other four shield layers of the second spell formation.

Outside the shield, the cultivators of the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect and the Li Clan were all shaken by the events of moments ago. However, after they saw the five mountain peaks of the Blood Demon Sect, their killing intent soared.

Immediately, a clamor arose as the cultivators of the four great powers began to call out.

“Kill them! Don’t leave a single one alive!”

“The time has come to eradicate the Blood Demon Sect!”

“From now on, there will be no Blood Demon Sect in the Southern Domain!”

Even as their voices echoed out, the remaining several hundred thousand cultivators charged toward the Blood Demon Sect.

There were so many enemy cultivators that it was essentially impossible to see the end of their ranks. They seemed infinite. Earlier, when Meng Hao had been fused with the enormous Demonic Incarnation, he had been able to see the extent of their forces clearly. Now that the Demonic Incarnation had been destroyed and he had retreated to this position, all he could see was cultivators, stretching out in all directions.

The sheer numbers involved caused his scalp to go numb.

The cultivators whistled through the air toward the enormous five-layered shield formed by the Blood Demon Sect’s second spell formation.

Even though the shield was in place, the Blood Demon Sect disciples had not lost their fighting spirit, and were just waiting for the enemy forces to slam into the shield.

However, it was at this point that a bright beam of light suddenly streaked toward the battlefield from high in the sky. It sliced through the air, moving at an incredible, indescribable speed. It almost looked like the Heavens were being split apart in shocking fashion.

What was now visible was a leaf!

It was a flying, burning leaf, emitting an astonishing aura!

Its target was no single person, but rather, the Blood Demon Sect’s second spell formation!

“What gall!” roared Patriarch Blood Demon furiously, who was still in the midst of battling with the other Patriarchs. Immediately, he waved his hand, and a glittering, bloody light shot toward the incoming leaf.

Rumbling could be heard as the leaf decayed by more than half. However, there was still a streak of green that made it through the blood-

colored light. The streak continued on, slamming into the shield of the second spell formation, piercing through the fifth layer, the fourth, and the third, before finally stopping at the second.

The fifth, fourth, and third layers all shook and trembled. Although they did not collapse, they now had holes punched in them!

Patriarch Blood Demon let out a furious shout, but the other Patriarchs went all out to prevent him from doing anything.

When the gaps in the shield appeared, the faces of the Blood Demon Sect disciples fell.

At the same time, killing intent could be seen in the eyes of the hundreds of thousand of cultivators on the outside. They immediately changed directions and headed toward the places where the gaps had been opened.

The holes were not large, but were something that the spell formation was incapable of closing up.

Facing such a situation, and such enemies, looks of dour hopelessness appeared on the faces of the Blood Demon Sect disciples.

“Dammit.... how do we fight back now?!?!”

“They punched holes in the shields! Those are biggest areas of weakness now! How do we fight?!”

“Our Blood Prince killed so many of them, yet there’s still more of them, as far as the eye can see... do we have any hope left at all?” Facing hordes of attacking enemies and holes punched through to the second shield, the Blood Demon Sect disciples fell into a mute despair.

Xu Qing had long since emerged from Blood Prince Gorge, where she had stood the entire time, nervously watching Meng Hao. When he finally returned safely, she had breathed a sigh of relief. The new developments, however, caused her face to go pale.

Meng Hao looked up into the sky, and began to pant nervously for a moment before calming himself down. He looked around at the despairing

Blood Demon Sect disciples and did nothing to try to rouse their spirits. He wasn't willing to do so. He already felt guilty because of the war; how could he directly ask them to go put their lives on the line?

He couldn't.

Suddenly, a sigh could be heard echoing amongst the crowds. The hunchbacked old man from the fifth mountain peak slowly walked out. Clearly, he intended to head toward the gap in the fifth shield layer.

Behind him was the pretty girl, his apprentice. "Master...." she said, her eyes filled with anxiety; clearly she had guessed her master's plan.

"I've lived for too long and seen too many things," he said with a smile. "Don't worry, I'll be fine." He was just about to step out when suddenly Meng Hao strode forward.

He couldn't ask the Blood Demon Sect to fight, but there was one thing he could do. He walked out, and as he did, he looked back toward Xu Qing and gave her a slight smile. Then, coldness filled his eyes and he advanced onward.

Next, he appeared outside of the shield, directly in front of the only weak space, that one gaping hole.

"Blood Prince!" said the hunchbacked old man, gaping.

"I will hold this gap!" said Meng Hao coolly. He obviously planned to use himself as the stopper to prevent anything from entering.

"My right arm already has Dao Seeking power," he thought, "and the Blood Demon Grand Magic is perfect for fighting against groups! If I can hold out for only ten more days, then my second true self will awaken! It's time to fight!"

When Meng Hao appeared on the outside of the shield, the Blood Demon Sect disciples behind him were shocked.

"Blood Prince!"

"Blood Prince, you...."

Meng Hao did not look back. He took a deep breath and rotated his

cultivation base. He was tired, but he ignored the feeling, and pushed himself to the peak of his power.

His Spirit Severing aura exploded out, and his right arm gradually began to exude the pressure of Dao Seeking. He waved his hand through the air, and the Ninth Mountain magically appeared around him, as well as the Black White Pearls.

Next, he retrieved the Blood Immortal Mask from his bag of holding and slipped it onto his face.

Rumbling filled the air as hundreds of thousands of cultivators closed in on him.

It was at this point that a roar suddenly echoed out from within the mask. A beam of red light shot out to appear next to Meng Hao. It was none other than... the fully reformed Blood Mastiff!

It had died before, but now that it had reappeared, it was even more ferocious than before. Its Spirit Severing aura roiled out, and its energy surged.

Meng Hao waved his hand again, and Time Sword tips appeared. They were objects that were useless against the peak Dao Seeking powers. However, they were still incisive to the extreme. Shockingly, ten Time Sword tips flew out!

Meng Hao had specially prepared them just for this battle, using the copper mirror.

The ten Time Sword tips swirled about in the air, transforming into a sword formation. As it rotated, a bloody glow appeared in Meng Hao's eyes.

"My Eternal stratum makes my stamina... almost limitless!

"My Resurrection Lily, my Spirit Severing Treasure, has been hibernating for too long... the time has come for it to appear!" Meng Hao's life force surged up, and at the same time, a shocking, illusory Resurrection Lily suddenly appeared.

It had five colors, but shockingly, a sixth color could just barely be made out on one of the petals.

The sixth color faded in and out. Meng Hao was convinced that it wouldn't take long before the sixth color would appear in full. When that sixth color became stable, it would only need to bloom with one more color to achieve Immortal Ascension!

The sight of the ferocious Resurrection Lily caused the faces of many of the incoming hundreds of thousands of cultivators to flicker.

However, they did not cease their approach. The scene from the inside of the shield was that of Meng Hao, alone, facing hundreds of thousands of enemies. It was an image that would be indelibly burned into the minds of each and every Blood Demon Sect disciple, a memory that would remain for an eternity.

"DIE!" shouted Meng Hao. Killing intent blazed in his eyes as he performed a double handed incantation, then suddenly pointed out. The Blood Mastiff charged, and the the Time Sword Formation shot out. The Resurrection Lily behind him writhed as its tentacles shot out like whips toward the incoming waves of enemies.

The slaughter... had begun.

The power of Meng Hao's right arm was incredible. A single punch could cause Heaven and Earth to shake.

A glow of blood emanated out from the Blood Immortal Mask; this was the Blood Immortal divine ability. Without a face, a single word, flames of war unify!

Ceaseless rumbling filled the air as the Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared.

Despite all of this, he was still facing hundreds of thousands of cultivators. It was like a single praying mantis standing up to an army. The initial onslaught sent blood spraying from his mouth, and his fleshly body instantly began to explode.

However, in the very instant that the signs of collapse appeared, his

fleshly body fused back together under the power of the Eternal stratum. Meng Hao could almost be considered unkillable. He remained there in front of the gap, carrying out slaughter just as before.

Chapter 738: A Silhouette Like a Mountain

When the Blood Demon Grand Magic was unfurled, the golden vortex sent endless quantities of blood and qi into Meng Hao, along with spirit meridians and cultivation bases.

RUUMMMBLLLLLEE!

Only ten breaths of time had passed since the initial onslaught, yet Meng Hao's body had fallen apart three times. The third time was because of a combined attack from the early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect puppet, and tens of thousands of cultivators.

Despite all of this, he refused to budge, nor did he allow anyone to enter through the gap.

When the Blood Demon Sect disciples behind the shield saw his body on the verge of collapse, blood smeared on his skin and soaking his clothes, their eyes went red. There were even some from the group of 30,000 survivors from the first spell formation who leaped up and began to charge toward the battlefield.

“Blood Prince!!”

“Blood Prince, we will fight with you!!”

However, even as they charged forward, Meng Hao waved his sleeve behind him, causing a powerful wind to rise up and carry them back behind the safety of the shield.

“All of you, stay back!”

He looked back, and determination could be seen in his eyes. It was a look that said, This is my fight. To Meng Hao, this was the only option that could leave him with a clear conscience. Besides, his body was difficult to destroy, which could not be said of the others.

BOOOOMMMMM!

Meng Hao fell back, a ferocious expression on his face. By this time,

multiple Blood Demon Grand Magic vortexes had appeared in the area, nine in total. Each and every one was gold in color, and unleashed boundless gravitational force.

The cultivators who found themselves trapped in the vortexes could only watch in shock as their bodies withered rapidly, and their cultivation bases were sucked out.

Massive quantities of qi and blood flowed toward Meng Hao, which he absorbed, causing his fleshly body to grow powerful to an incredible degree. His cultivation base also climbed higher, making him... even harder to destroy.

A strange glow appeared in his eyes. He would not let anyone into the gap in the shield behind him, not even... over his dead body!

BOOM!!

Even with the vast quantity of qi, blood, and cultivation base power that were replenishing him, he was facing up against assaults from hundreds of thousands of enemies. There were also many powerful experts amongst them. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and his body once again exploded into a cloud of blood and gore.

In the blink of an eye, however, it seemed that the cloud underwent a reversal of time and coalesced back into the form of Meng Hao. Meng Hao's eyes were bloodshot as he roared and yet again unleashed the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

The Ninth Mountain appeared up ahead, and descended with massive rumblings. Along with the Time Sword Formation, it swept across the battlefield madly. The Blood Mastiff was not faring well, and didn't seem capable of holding out much longer. However, with Meng Hao there, it would continue to fight.

But would Meng Hao really allow the Blood Mastiff to face such danger? He waved his right hand, causing the Blood Mastiff to return to the blood-colored mask. Then, he performed an incantation gesture, and a tenth Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex appeared.

“If I can hold on with the Blood Demon Grand Magic, then there’s the possibility that the vortex will reach a certain point that it can sustain my defense of this position indefinitely!” As he gritted his teeth, Resurrection Lily tentacles shot out from behind him, creating a dense barrier in front of him.

“Looking to die?!” someone said, along with a cold snort. Three old Spirit Severing cultivators appeared, standing on glowing halos that appeared to be a spell formation. They immediately shot toward Meng Hao.

Behind them were tens of thousands of cultivators wielding countless varieties of divine abilities. If Meng Hao had faced any of these magics by themselves, he could just ignore them. However, their overwhelming numbers caused the sky to dim and the land to quake.

It was like a massive flood filled of murderous hate, surging down onto Meng Hao.

The three Spirit Severing cultivators closed in, and Meng Hao’s killing intent flickered as he realized that these three were experts from the Li Clan. He performed an incantation with his left hand, and Blood Immortal divine abilities appeared. Rumbling filled the air as they fused with the Resurrection Lily. A blood-red flower shot out to defend against the incoming flood.

Massive explosions boomed out as Meng Hao unleashed all his magic against the torrent of enemies. Unfortunately, he could only hold them back temporarily. Soon, they burst through, and the three Spirit Severing cultivators bore down on Meng Hao, roaring. As they neared, the halos beneath their feet shot out ghost images that closed in on Meng Hao.

“Seal!”

“Seal!”

“Seal!”

Immediately, the ghost images of the three halos began to emanate brilliant glows, as well as shocking, explosive sealing power. They descended onto Meng Hao, preparing to seal him away.

It was at this exact same moment that six more people flew out from the crowds.

Of the six, three were from the Solitary Sword Sect and three were from the Golden Frost Sect. The air around them distorted as they unleashed their most powerful, shocking magical techniques.

“DIE!!”

Nine incredible Spirit Severing cultivators all attacked with full force. Furthermore, not far behind them was the Solitary Sword Sect's early Dao Seeking expert, and the Golden Frost Sect's puppet. They glared at Meng Hao like tigers eyeing a prey. They didn't need to personally attack right now; once Meng Hao was either dead or sealed in place, they could enter the gap in the shield and then begin to carry out their slaughter.

It wasn't even necessary to keep Meng Hao sealed for a long period of time. A few short breaths of time was all they needed.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples in the shield could see that a perilous situation was developing, and their anxiety grew. Li Shiqi looked at Meng Hao's silhouette in the outside world and bit her lip, her expression one of worry.

Wang Youcai sat quietly, but killing intent burned hotter and hotter in his eyes. He hated the fact that his cultivation base was insufficient, and that he did not possess enough latent talent to be Chosen.

Xu Qing gazed at Meng Hao in silence, her eyes filled with an affection that seemed like it might be able to melt the world away. Meng Hao's current state caused her heart to ache with distress.

The six Spirit Severing Patriarchs of the Blood Demon Sect, as well as the hunchbacked old man from the fifth mountain peak, stared blankly at what was happening, at the Blood Prince that they had initially refused to acknowledge.

A rumbling suddenly echoed out from the three Li Clan Patriarchs. Meng Hao's eyes began to glow with a bright light, and he struck out violently with his right hand.

The blow caused everything to tremble and shake; this was a Dao Seeking blow!

The three incoming halos trembled and seemed to be on the verge of collapsing. However, they were able to continue on, causing Meng Hao to take a deep breath. The surrounding golden vortexes suddenly shattered. The force of the shattering sucked away any remaining qi and blood from the people trapped inside, all of which then merged into Meng Hao. Finally, he punched out again.

BANG!

The three glowing halos were crushed as easily as dry weeds!

The three Li Clan Patriarchs' faces fell, and they employed divine abilities to defend themselves. However, blood still sprayed from their mouths, and one of them let out a miserable shriek as his body exploded. Looks of astonishment appeared on the faces of the two that remained, who then clenched their jaws and charged toward Meng Hao.

“DIE!!”

By now, the six cultivators from the Solitary Sword Sect and the Golden Frost Sect were closing in on Meng Hao.

At the same time, vast quantities of cultivation base power surged into Meng Hao. He raised his right hand and pointed up to the sky, causing the Ninth Mountain to appear. It immediately spread out to fight back against all eight of the incoming enemies.

Booms rattled out, and blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth. A ferocious expression filled his face as the illusory Ninth Mountain shook.

“Now's our chance!” said the early Dao Seeking cultivator. He and the Golden Frost Sect puppet flew up into the air. At the same time, Meng Hao pointed toward the two of them.

“Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!”

Demonic qi roiled out like strands of silk to entangle the two of them.

Although they were able to slough it off in the space of only a single breath, that was all the time Meng Hao needed to unleash a divine ability.

“Ninth Mountain Destruction!” Instantly, the Ninth Mountain that surrounded him exploded. The eight Spirit Severing experts were sent tumbling backward, blood spraying from their mouths. The Solitary Sword Sect early Dao Seeking expert and the Golden Frost Sect puppet were forced to stop in their tracks.

“Kill him!” roared the eight Spirit Severing cultivators. In response, hundreds of thousands of cultivators roared and then began to unleash divine abilities. Shocking booms could be heard as a rain of magic descended onto Meng Hao.

The air distorted around Meng Hao as he stood in place, panting heavily, his cold eyes flickering across the crowds. Currently, he was silhouetted against the brilliant glow of the magical techniques and divine abilities of hundreds of thousands of cultivators. His Eternal stratum once again surged into operation, and he held his ground.

None shall pass!

Behind him, the disciples of the Blood Demon Sect looked on with trembling hearts. For the rest of their lives, they would never be able to forget the image of the Blood Prince’s silhouette.

It was a silhouette like a mountain!

Unfortunately, the war was not concluded, and the fighting raged on.

Time continued to pass in much the same manner. In the blink of an eye, three days had gone by. Now, only seven days remained until Meng Hao’s second true self awakened!

Meng Hao couldn’t remember exactly how many times his body had fallen to pieces. Were it not for his Eternal stratum, he would long since be dead.

By now, he could unleash more than fifty golden vortices.

Terrifying amounts of qi and blood poured into him, as well as

cultivation base power. And yet... it was not enough.

He trembled, and his eyes were shot with blood. His world was now a world completely the color of blood.

During those three days, Meng Hao finally came to understand that there was nothing truly Eternal in the world. Even though his body was restored over and over again, the speed with which it occurred was slowing, and he was even beginning to show signs of withering.

Behind him, the Blood Demon Sect disciples watched with red eyes as their Blood Prince used his own body to block the single gap in the shield. Their hearts felt as if they were being stabbed through with blades. Even someone completely apathetic would be shaken by Meng Hao's figure.

Even the Patriarchs engaged in battle with Patriarch Blood Demon were moved by the scene unfolding below.

Finally, after three days of slaughter, silence broke out down below. Of the hundreds of thousands of enemy cultivators, many had died. But their numbers were vast, so the group as a whole didn't really care. The only thing they cared about was that Meng Hao was blocking the gap. He was like a god; with him holding the pass, the entire army was blocked on the other side.

Meng Hao's clothes were soaked in blood, and his expression was one of exhaustion. His eyes were completely shot with blood. To his hundreds of thousands of opponents, he had become like an unforgettable nightmare.

Meng Hao stared out at the hundreds of thousands of cultivators, and they stared back. In truth, by this point, many of them had begun to secretly admire him.

He was one man, defending one gap. He might have extraordinary divine abilities, and he might have a bizarre fleshly body that could revive itself, but even with that, what he was doing still required courage.

He was doing something that few other people could do.

Furthermore, they could see that despite the fact that his fleshly body could heal itself, he was showing signs of withering. He was obviously

reaching his limit.

The early Dao Seeking old man from the Solitary Sword Sect looked at him coldly, and killing intent flickered in his eyes. “I haven’t admired very many people in my life,” he said. “From today on, you are one of those few!

“Since you have some mysterious magic that prevents you from dying, then let’s see how many strikes from our legacy precious treasure you can withstand!

“Release the legacy precious treasure!”

Chapter 739: Patriarch Fifth Peak!

Legacy precious treasure!

In the Dao Reserve of every sect was some sort of precious item that would ensure the continued existence and development of the sect, and could also be used as a threat to protect it from its neighbors.

The Solitary Sword Sect's Dao Reserve was multitudinous. However, it was the bamboo sword that truly intimidated the rest of the Southern Domain!

The sword came from the Ancient Dao Lakes, and was almost infinitely powerful. It could unleash different amounts of power depending on who wielded it, and after extensive research, the Solitary Sword Sect came to the conclusion that its true powers... could only be unleashed by an Immortal.

Unfortunately, although Immortals had appeared in the Solitary Sword Sect before, they were only false Immortals. As far as true Immortals went... from ancient times until the present, not a single one had ever appeared in the entire Southern Domain!

There was no need to even mention the Western Desert. True Immortals had only ever appeared in the Eastern Lands!

The early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect took a deep breath and lifted his right hand. Shockingly, a leaf appeared again, which quickly began to grow. In the blink of an eye, a stalk of bamboo could be seen, which then peeled away to reveal... the bamboo sword!

"This sword is only a subcomponent of the main treasure," the old man said coolly. "However, considering the level of my cultivation base, even if I had the full sword, I would only be able to wield a portion of its power." With that, he raised the sword up, and abundant life force surged in the area. It was as if everything had turned green, and innumerable motes of light began to swirl around. The entire scene was extremely magnificent.

The Dao Seeking puppet from the Golden Frost Sect gave a cold snort. It

lifted its right hand, and the tiny, hand-sized rock in its hand rose up into the air and began to expand. In the blink of an eye, it was a 3,000-meter-tall mountain.

It exuded an overbearing will, which exploded out to cover the area around the puppet. Ripples appeared, which transformed into a river that swept across the area. There was also a pulsating aura that emerged from the rock mountain.

This rock was also a precious legacy treasure, and was even more domineering than the Solitary Sword Sect's bamboo sword. Everything beneath the mountain seemed about to crack and shatter.

The 5th Li Clan Patriarch was watching from off in the distance, his expression the same as ever, but his eyes cold and grim. He swished his sleeve, and the Feng Shui compass flew out. The countless magical symbols on the Feng Shui compass sank down and then began to glitter with shining light, giving off the feeling that there was some sort of enigmatic, undeterminable natural law at work.

All three of these people were not using their main treasures, but subcomponents. The true treasures were up in the air, wielded by the three Patriarchs who were battling with Patriarch Blood Demon.

When the three precious treasures appeared, the surrounding hundreds of thousands of cultivators slowly began to back up, yielding the battlefield to them and denying Meng Hao any opportunity to utilize the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

Meng Hao's pupils constricted, and an intense sensation of crisis welled up inside of him. However, his expression remained as calm as ever. He had experienced such feelings of danger at virtually every moment during this battle.

"Cleave!" the Solitary Sword Sect Dao Seeking expert said coolly. His hand descended, and the Bamboo Sword sucked in all the green light that it had previously emitted and then transformed it into brilliant sword of light. It flew up into the air and then transformed into half of a green greatsword.

The greatsword, filled with indescribable power, slashed down toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked up.

“Ninth Mountain!” he said, and the Ninth Mountain appeared, only to immediately collapse.

Wooden Time Sword tips appeared, combining into a sword formation that instantly began to spin rapidly. And yet, this formation also fell apart almost immediately.

The Bamboo Sword continued relentlessly toward Meng Hao, who lifted his head up and roared, simultaneously stretching both hands out in front of him. In his left hand, a white fog appeared, and in his right hand, a black fog. They transformed into the Black White Pearls, which then flew up to resist the greatsword.

A huge boom echoed out. The greatsword shuddered and the Black White Pearls trembled. Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood, and the pearls vanished.

The greatsword seemed just on the verge of slashing into Meng Hao when a bloody glow suddenly appeared in his eyes. Cultivation base power exploded out, which he focused into his right hand and then punched out toward the descending sword.

Everything shook. The sword stopped in place, and Meng Hao’s hand looked as though it might be ripped to shreds. An indescribable pressure crushed down onto him, and cracking sounds could be heard from inside of him. It almost seemed like he couldn’t stand up to the power weighing down on him.

Countless rips appeared all over his body. Although they healed almost as soon as they appeared, the matchless speed with which more appeared made it so that Meng Hao was quickly covered in blood. It looked like he was about to be torn to pieces at any moment.

At the same time, the Golden Frost Sect puppet raised its hand, causing the 3,000-meter-tall mountain to teleport to a position directly above

Meng Hao. It instantly began to crush downward.

BOOM!

Meng Hao's body fell apart again, to be held together only by the Eternal stratum. The greatsword continued its slashing descent, sword qi swirling, causing Meng Hao's body to fall apart again. The stony mountain continued its descent, emitting massive amounts of crushing pressure.

It was at this point that the 5th Li Clan Patriarch gave a cold snort and waved his hand, causing the Feng Shui compass to fly out.

"Black flames and hellfire, killing intent refined into a soul!" A vicious gleam appeared in the man's eyes as he spoke. Black-colored fire suddenly spewed out of the Feng Shui compass, which then transformed into numerous black flame birds. Fully a thousand appeared, which then shot toward Meng Hao's collapsing figure.

They were clearly aiming to strike a fatal blow!

Even with the Eternal stratum, Meng Hao would surely perish when facing an onslaught from precious treasures like these!

By this point, the Blood Demon Sect disciples were all going mad.

"Blood Prince!!" Not a single one held back. All of the Blood Demon Sect disciples transformed into beams of light as they utilized the top speed they could muster to shoot forward.

However, in the moment that they began to charge, the hunchbacked old man let out a sigh. His hunched back suddenly straightened a bit, and his features changed. He looked different than the old man from before.

"Shield, collapse!" He pushed his hands forcefully out in front of him, and an indescribable power spread out. As soon as it touched the fifth layer of the shield, it rippled and then, in the blink of an eye, shattered into pieces.

The shattering released an incredible, surging force that spread out in all directions. The intensity of it instantly caused the three precious treasures to stop in place. Then, they started to emanate ripples that caused the

ground to quake and the air to rip.

Borrowing the force of the shattering, the hunchbacked old man dashed forward, reaching the location of the three precious treasures in only a moment. He raised up both hands, then jerked them down.

BOOM!

His cultivation base exploded out, creating a huge shield that covered over Meng Hao and his collapsing body. It seemed the old man was using all the power he could muster to protect Meng Hao and give him time to recover. As for him, he fought back alone against the three precious treasures.

The greatsword descended, and the hunchbacked old man's body trembled. Blood spewed from his mouth, and a vicious gleam appeared in his eyes. Once again, his hunched back straightened, and his features changed to that of a middle-aged man. As he stood his ground, his cultivation base suddenly changed to that of the Second Severing.

Given the brief respite, Meng Hao's body fused together once more, and it seemed that in a moment, it would be completely whole again.

That was when the mountain completely crushed down. The hunchbacked old man's face went pale, and blood sprayed out from his entire body, forming something like a mist. His hunched back straightened even further, and he now looked like a young man.

By this point, Meng Hao's body was more than half materialized.

Unfortunately, that was when the black flame birds arrived. Under their onslaught, the hunchbacked old man lifted his head up and roared. His back was now completely straightened, and he looked like a teenager. His cultivation base surged again, and he was in the Third Severing.

He now appeared to be fourteen or fifteen years old. His features were handsome, and his energy surged. At the same time, his body burst into flames. Not flames of darkness, but flames of life force.

As he burned his life force, his cultivation base once again climbed up until it was at the early Dao Seeking stage, where it now contained natural

law.

He was using his own life force to fight back against the three precious treasures.

The scene was moving even to the hundreds of thousands of enemy cultivators.

“Master!!” cried his apprentice, the pretty young woman. Tears were streaming down her face as she realized what he had chosen to do.

“Patriarch Fifth Peak!!”

“Patriarch!”

As the Blood Demon Sect disciples watched what was happening, their hearts quivered, and their eyes filled with tears.

Burning one’s life force in such a way would result in certain death!

Finally, Meng Hao’s body completely restored itself, and he opened his eyes to look at the teenager burning his life force to give him time to recover.

Although his fleshly body had been on the point of shattering, his soul and divine sense had remained, so he was aware of everything happening around him.

“You....” he said, his eyes filled with grief.

“Blood Prince,” said the teenager, his voice ancient and archaic, “you’ve done too much for the Blood Demon Sect already. This time, no arguing with me over who does what. This time, allow me to protect you!” He laughed happily, but his body quivered as he fought back against the three precious treasures. Even by burning his life force, he would not be able to hold out for very long.

“Get out of here!” he suddenly said, glancing back at Meng Hao. “I’m going to die, but before I do, I’ll sully these three precious treasures, making it impossible for them to be used against you, at least temporarily. The Patriarch is fighting, and so am I... but soon, everything will be up to you! Go!”

Meng Hao trembled as he realized that Patriarch Fifth Peak was already mentally prepared to die, and that there would be no changing his mind. Meng Hao's heart felt like it was about to be ripped to shreds, but decisiveness appeared in his bloodshot eyes and he immediately retreated.

When he passed into the fourth layer of the shield, the teenager who had once been an old man smiled and continued to burn his life force.

"I've lived for too long, and seen too many things...." He turned back to look at his apprentice back in the Blood Demon Sect. He gave her a kind smile, then closed his eyes. The flames of his burning life force turned a bright, majestic red. Suddenly, his body exploded, releasing shocking, blood-colored undulations that slammed into the precious treasures, staining them red.

The precious treasures immediately grew dark and drab, as if their spirits had been sullied. They instantly began to fall toward the ground.

"MASTER!!" cried the heartbroken disciples of the fifth mountain peak. Tears ran like blood down the face of the pretty young woman.

All of the disciples of the Blood Demon Sect were trembling. Their previous hopelessness was now gone, replaced by frenzied hatred.

They needed no rousing speeches now. The Blood Demon Sect was like a sword, ready to kill!

Meng Hao looked up, and a shocking red glow could be seen in his eyes.

Chapter 740: Fourth Level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!

The subcomponents of the precious legacy treasures of the Solitary Sword Sect, Golden Frost Sect, and Li Clan were sullied and fell to the ground. However, because of the heroism displayed by Patriarch Fifth Peak, there was something that occurred which no one noticed, not even Meng Hao. A unique halo suddenly flickered into being around the Solitary Sword Sect's legacy precious treasure.

Apparently, the halo had always been there, but had been sealed and suppressed. Now that the item was sullied, the seal weakened a bit, allowing the halo to become visible for the first time.

Although this sword not the main treasure, only a subcomponent, the reaction that had begun was like a spark thrown onto a bale of hay. That spark, although tiny, it was impossible to extinguish. Furthermore, it even affected the main treasure in the hand of the black-robed old man up in mid-air, who was currently locked in combat with Patriarch Blood Demon's clone.

"What's going on?!" he cried, even in the midst of performing an incantation. Next to him was the true legacy precious treasure of the Solitary Sword Sect, the bamboo sword. Before, it had been matchlessly sharp, and could emanate astonishing pressure. Even Patriarch Blood Demon had to be careful of its potency.

Now, though, the sword was emanating a unique aura. In fact, it was an aura... that seemed like Time power!

When the aura appeared, the bamboo sword became even more astonishing, causing joy to rise in the heart of the black-robed man from the Solitary Sword Sect.

Patriarch Blood Demon frowned. He could spread his power among many clones, or concentrate it in just one. A single clone could easily defeat any peak Dao Seeking cultivator, just as he had done with Patriarch

Six-Daos.

Now, however, he was facing three peak Dao Seeking experts, all of whom wielded legacy precious treasures. It was only by increasing the number of clones he was using that he could deal with the sheer number of foes.

Furthermore, deep in his heart, Patriarch Blood Demon had the feeling that someone was watching him, as if a gaze from some unknown place had suddenly come to be fixed on him.

“It’s too bad I can’t let my soul leave the Blood Pond....” he thought with a sigh. However, not even a scrap of fear could be seen in his expression. He was completely confident that no matter what violent upheavals occurred, he could resolve all crises that arose.

That confidence had always existed in his heart, and had not faded in the least, no matter how bad the situation seemed.

The battle in mid-air continued as he used clones to fight three peak Dao Seeking experts, as well as Patriarch Six-Daos, who had used some secret art to burn his longevity and temporarily restore his cultivation base to the point where he could battle Patriarch Blood Demon.

The hatred in his heart for Patriarch Blood Demon had turned into a festering obsession.

RUMBLE!

The fighting on the ground below was also changing.

With the fifth shield layer having collapsed, Patriarch Fifth Peak having fallen, and the three subcomponent treasures sullied, hundreds of thousands of cultivators were left shaken. At the same time, crowds of Blood Demon Sect disciples were waiting behind the fourth shield layer, looking like monstrous, blood-colored swords.

“Storm the breach!” roared the early Dao Seeking cultivator from the Solitary Sword Sect, his eyes sparkling with coldness. He was in the vanguard position, flanked by the Golden Frost Sect puppet and the Li Clan cultivator, as well as numerous Spirit Severing experts. All of them

shot toward the fourth shield layer.

“Die!” hundreds of thousands of cultivators joined the charge, their energy surging. Once again, they looked like floodwaters ready to completely submerge and shatter the Blood Demon Sect.

Inside the fourth shield layer, Meng Hao took a deep breath and then strode forward. This time, he was followed by the two Ironblood Patriarchs as well as more than ten thousand Blood Demon Sect disciples, who radiated killing intent.

Their eyes were filled with such decisiveness and determination that Meng Hao knew he could do nothing to prevent them from fighting.

“Since that’s the case, today, we will fight to the bitter end!” He looked up, and his eyes shone with sparkling redness. Time Sword tips swirled through the air around him, transforming into the shape of a lotus that emanated an astonishing power of Time. Even the air seemed to be affected by that power.

At the same time, a faint bloody glow became visible around Meng Hao. It started out as what appeared to be a ghost image, but when it moved forward, it became clear that it was a Blood Clone!

The Ji Clan Blood Clone!

“FIGHT!” Meng Hao’s right hand flashed in an incantation and the Time Sword Formation shot forward. The Blood Clone’s eyes glittered, and a blood-colored glow shot up into the sky, along with an evil will. Then it transformed into a streak of red that pounced onto one cultivator after another.

Every time it pounced, its victim would tremble and then let out a miserable shriek. It would only take a moment for that person’s blood to be completely drained. After they became a desiccated husk, the Blood Clone would fly out looking like it had just enjoyed a grand meal. It would then shoot gluttonously toward its next victim.

Gradually, a bit of consciousness seemed to be awakening within the Blood Clone, which was one reason that Meng Hao was hesitant to use it

in battle.

On previous occasions, he had dealt with resistance from the Blood Clone, and he was certain that the more blood it absorbed, the harder it would be to control. In fact, there was also the possibility of direct rebellion.

Right now, though, in this battle, Meng Hao did not have the luxury to worry about the future. Therefore, the Blood Clone appeared in the battle, and the glow of blood it cast rose up into the sky. The Blood Clone... could be considered undying, and was bizarre in appearance. Although it did not kill vast numbers of enemies, the sight of it caused quite a few people on the battlefield to be alarmed and bewildered.

“What’s that!?!?”

“Don’t let that blood-colored thing touch you! It’s evil!”

“The Blood Demon Sect only cultivates Demon magic. Malicious magical arts like that are why the Blood Demon Sect deserves to be exterminated!”

Bloodcurdling screams, shouts of anger, cries of madness, and the sounds of explosions fused together into sound waves that shook the entire battlefield.

Amidst the cacophony of sound, the two Ironblood Patriarchs and the ten thousand Blood Demon Sect disciples met the enemy head on.

As for Meng Hao, he single-handedly pinned down the Solitary Sword Sect early Dao Seeking Patriarch, the Golden Frost Sect puppet, and the Li Clan cultivator, as well as several Spirit Severing experts. Golden vortexes of the third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic spun in all directions. By use of his various magical techniques, he ensured that these powerful opponents could not break out of the area.

The task was a strenuous one for Meng Hao, especially against the old man from the Solitary Sword Sect, who snorted coldly and unleashed natural law. Then he strode forward, and appeared near the two Ironblood Patriarchs, toward whom he leveled a deadly attack.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed with killing intent.

“Detonate!” he growled, causing one of the Time Sword tips in the Lotus Sword Formation to explode. The power of Time burst out, transforming into a tempest that swept out in all directions.

Peak Dao Seeking experts could disregard such a Time tempest, but not an early Dao Seeking cultivator. The old man’s face flickered, and he forced himself to a stop, then retreated.

“Spirit Severing cultivators!” he cried. “New orders. Pin him down immediately!”

The Solitary Sword Sect’s Spirit Severing cultivators immediately shot forward. The Golden Frost Sect Puppet and the Li Clan cultivator also issued similar orders. It only took a moment for numerous Spirit Severing cultivators to charge toward Meng Hao, unleashing divine abilities and magical techniques to obstruct him.

At the same time, the Golden Frost Sect puppet’s eyes flickered as it attempted to fly past Meng Hao’s position. The Li Clan cultivator was also trying to do the same thing.

It was at this point that a cold glow appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes.

“Detonate. Detonate! DETONATE!”

Three Time Sword tips exploded in quick succession. The Golden Frost Sect puppet and the Li Clan cultivator were forced to halt in place as Time tempests raged out in all directions.

Meng Hao was sparing no cost in this battle. He strode forward, and a vicious expression appeared on his face as he waved his hand.

“DETONATE!” Of the remaining Wooden Time Sword tips, five exploded, leaving only one remaining behind. An enormous tempest of Time power surged out in all directions, causing the entire battlefield to rumble and shake.

Miserable shrieks could be heard as the Spirit Severing experts’ bodies rapidly aged. Several actually ran out of longevity and then directly died, and the others retreated at full speed. However, even as they fell back, Meng Hao transformed into a green smoke that vanished and then

reappeared behind one of the men. His right hand shot out, and a crunching sound could be heard as a neck was smashed. Another flicker, and punch. Another enemy killed.

Meng Hao's shadow flashed back and forth, and in only the space of a few breaths of time, he had killed seven Spirit Severing cultivators.

By this time, the Time tempest had faded away. The early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect puppet, and the Li Clan cultivator all joined forces, releasing their most powerful divine abilities in an earth-shattering attack that threatened to inundate Meng Hao.

BANG!

Meng Hao's body collapsed, then reformed. His face was pale, and he had the intense premonition that if his body continued to collapse in this way, then it wouldn't be long... before he actually died.

By now, many of the Blood Demon Sect disciples on the battlefield had been killed, their bodies dead and their Nascent Souls destroyed. Before dying, most chose to self-detonate, causing blood to spatter throughout the battlefield like red flowers.

The bravery shown was grand and spectacular! Inside the fourth layer of the shield, the rest of the Blood Demon Sect disciples' eyes were bloodshot. Tens of thousands of disciples flew out, along with the three Demonfire Patriarchs. However, considering that they were up against hundreds of thousands of enemies, the best they could do was delay them for a bit. Even then, they couldn't hold on for very long.

Even Meng Hao was slowly forced to fall back under the repeated onslaught of the Solitary Sword Sect, Golden Frost Sect, and Li Clan experts.

The Ninth Mountain had collapsed.

He was no longer capable of wielding the Black White Pearls.

He had detonated his entire Time Sword formation.

The tentacles of his Spirit Severing treasure, the Resurrection Lily, had been severed, and it was in a sorry state.

His own body was weak to the extreme!

He utilized the Blood Demon Grand Magic over and over again, but by now, whenever the multicolored lights of the magic appeared, people in the area were prepared and quickly evaded.

As for the early Dao Seeking expert of the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect puppet, and the Li Clan cultivator, the third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic wasn't strong enough to thoroughly pin them down.

"The Patriarch said that the Blood Demon Grand Magic's fourth level was enough to slay early Dao Seeking," he thought. "Fourth level... I need to achieve the fourth level!" His eyes were bright red as he retreated, once again unleashing the Blood Demon Grand Magic, and once again experiencing the collapse and recovery of his fleshly body.

"I need the vortex to spin faster! If it goes fast enough, it will reach the fourth level! There shouldn't be a bottleneck before the fourth level; I'm already in the Spirit Meridians stratum. I just need the golden vortex... to rotate faster! Much faster!" His cultivation base exploded with power as he unleashed the Blood Demon Grand Magic and pushed hard toward the fourth level. At the same time, the early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect puppet, and the Li Clan cultivator were aggressively advancing toward him....

Suddenly, Meng Hao's mind became clear, and everything around him seemed to slow down. He lifted his hand up and pointed forward.

A golden vortex suddenly appeared that was ten times larger than any of the previous vortexes. It appeared right on top of the early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, as well as a few dozen other surrounding cultivators.

The golden vortex instantly exploded out with a frenzied gravitational force. Both cultivation base as well as qi and blood were rapidly absorbed, and all the cultivators inside the vortex were instantly turned into corpses,

with the exception of the Solitary Sword Sect expert!

As for him, he gave a cold snort and was about to collapse the vortex when suddenly, his eyes went wide. He suddenly realized that this vortex was different than the ones before.

The intense gravitational force had already sucked away at least a third of his cultivation base!

Most importantly, he realized that he... was incapable of freeing himself! He was locked down tight!

“Impossible!” he said, his voice hoarse.

The speed with which objects were pulled by the gravitational force far exceeded the third level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic. Meng Hao had been retreating, but now, he stopped in place and looked up at the Dao Seeking expert stuck in the vortex. Killing intent flickered in his eyes.

“Blood Demon Grand Magic. Fourth level!”

His breakthrough was successful!

Chapter 741: Clone of the Dawn Immortal!

The Blood Demon Grand Magic had six levels in total!

The Qi and Blood stratum, the Spirit Meridians stratum, and the Blood Soul stratum!

Three grand strata, designed to strengthen the fleshly body, the cultivation base, and the soul!

The first stratum allowed the cultivator to temper the fleshly body to a virtually limitless level of power that could shake Heaven and Earth. The second stratum was even stronger; cultivation bases of others could be absorbed, providing a temporary increase in one's cultivation base.

Limits could be exceeded, and one could temporarily achieve a pinnacle of power!

As far as the third stratum, the Blood Soul stratum, went, Meng Hao wasn't too clear about the details. According to the description of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, the third stratum had something to do with the soul, and divine will.

What he did know was that the 3rd stratum of the Blood Demon Grand Magic had its own unique name.

It could form divine will into clones, and butcher Immortals with a single thought!

Rumbling filled Meng Hao's body. As he looked out over the chaos of the battlefield, his energy surged, and his eyes radiated an unprecedented glow that caused the Golden Frost Sect puppet's heart to tremble. The Li Clan cultivator's pupils constricted, and as for the Solitary Sword Sect's early Dao Seeking expert stuck in the golden vortex, his mind reeled, and a sense of grave danger welled up from his heart.

Meng Hao slowly raised his hand up and pointed at the man.

"Die!" he said.

In response, the vortex began to spin even faster, transforming into a

cyclone that seemed to stretch from the land all the way up into the sky. Viewed from a distance, it was shocking to the extreme, and all the cultivators on the battlefield, both the Blood Demon Sect disciples and the forces from the four great powers, were astonished.

The Solitary Sword Sect cultivator was no longer visible inside the tempest. Only a desolate shriek could be heard from within the raging winds. Vast quantities of qi and blood transformed into a bloody haze that flowed out from the tempest toward Meng Hao.

By this point, Meng Hao's entire fleshly body had already reached the Dao Seeking stage. At the same time, vast amounts of cultivation base power surged into him from the tempest, pushing his own cultivation base up into the third Severing!

Inside the tempest, the Solitary Sword Sect cultivator was experiencing unbelievable pain. His fleshly body withered rapidly, and he was transformed into a living corpse in the blink of an eye!

A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and a shocking aura suddenly rose up from his body that could be felt by everyone on the battlefield.

The aura was not Spirit Severing, but... Dao Seeking!

Finally, the golden vortex faded away, revealing the Solitary Sword Sect cultivator. He was nothing but skin and bones, and possessed not even a bit of cultivation base. His life force barely flickered; he had lost everything!

He was incredibly weak, virtually a mortal, without even the strength to retrieve any magical items from his bag of holding. Even his Nascent Divinity was completely withered.

Shock filled his eyes; everything had happened so quickly that he could scarcely believe it had actually occurred. As the vortex disappeared, Meng Hao sped forward to appear directly in front of the old man. Then he reached out and pushed down on top of the man's head.

Hundreds of thousands of cultivators all looked on, their faces awash with astonishment, shock, terror and disbelief.

BOOM!

The early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect exploded, sending blood and gore showering out in all directions, which then... transformed into ash that dissipated in the wind.

The entire battlefield went silent.

Only a withered Nascent Divinity remained behind, looking confused and terrified. He tried to flee, but before he could put much distance between himself and Meng Hao, killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes. He raised his right hand, and the flag of three streamers appeared. It swept out, filling the area with rippling blackness that then wrapped around the withered Nascent Soul. Then it jerked him back toward Meng Hao, sealing him up inside the flag.

Deathly silence reigned....

The Golden Frost Sect puppet gasped and fell into retreat. The other Golden Frost Sect cultivators who comprised the other puppets had looks of astonishment and disbelief on their faces. A powerful expert of the early Dao Seeking stage had just been slaughtered in front of their eyes.

The Li Clan cultivator stared with wide eyes.

The deathly silence only lasted for a few moments, after which an explosion of reactions occurred.

"Early Dao Seeking...."

"Dead?!"

"A mighty Patriarch of the Solitary Sword Sect just perished!!"

None of them dared to believe what they had just witnessed.

Even as they reeled in shock, they stared over at Meng Hao. The image of him standing there was something they would never be able to forget for the rest of their lives.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples were quivering in excitement, and began to shout out to Meng Hao.

“Blood Prince!”

“Blood Prince!!”

“BLOOD PRINCE!!!” The sound surged out over the battlefield, transforming into countless echoes which caused everything to shake.

The slaying of the early Dao Seeking cultivator caused the Blood Demon Sect disciples to be more roused than ever. Meng Hao looked up. Now that he could wield the fourth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, he was completely confident that he could fight back against the hundreds of thousands of enemies.

He strode forward and then transformed into a savage beam of light that shot toward the Li Clan cultivator.

As rumbling filled the air, the Li Clan cultivator’s face fell. He immediately fell into retreat, not daring to get close to Meng Hao. He was completely terrified of the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex.

Despite his fleeing at top speed, he wasn’t faster than Meng Hao’s Blood Demon Grand Magic. Meng Hao waved his hand, and three golden vortexes appeared, which descended toward the hundreds of thousands of enemy cultivators.

Immediately, miserable shrieks rang out as the three vortexes enveloped several hundred enemy cultivators. Immediately, their bodies withered up, and their cultivation bases vanished. Qi and blood and spirit meridians were extracted and shot toward Meng Hao.

His fleshly body grew stronger!

His cultivation base rose to shocking heights!

Meng Hao advanced at top speed and then pointed out toward the fleeing Li Clan cultivator.

Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

Demonic qi swept about, silk-like, entangling the Li Clan cultivator in the blink of an eye. His body stopped in mid-air. He struggled, and seemed just on the verge of breaking free, but the price he paid for that brief

pause....

Was that Meng Hao had time to unleash the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex!

Rumble!

As soon as the vortex appeared, the Li Clan cultivator screamed. He threw out numerous magical items, and fully employed all the power of his cultivation base, but if the early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect couldn't avoid perishing, how could he, with his slightly lower cultivation base?

As the shrieks rang out, the Golden Frost Sect puppet looked on, eyes wide. The Li Clan cultivator withered up, and his cultivation base was dissolved. The cultivators in the puppet felt their scalps go numb, and they retreated at top speed.

Within the space of a few breaths, the Li Clan cultivator's entire cultivation base, and all of his qi and blood, were absorbed by Meng Hao. Then Meng Hao waved his hand, and what remained of the Li Clan cultivator exploded into bits.

"Kill them!" roared Meng Hao, which further roused the spirits of the surrounding Blood Demon Sect disciples. There were tens of thousands of them, and they were facing hundreds of thousands of enemies.

And yet... the death of the early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect, the fall of the Li Clan Elder, the retreat of the Golden Frost Sect puppet, along with all of the shocked Spirit Severing cultivators attempting to escape, caused the forces of the four great powers to be profoundly shaken and, apparently, lose their will to fight.

Furthermore, Meng Hao's Blood Clone was still pouncing from cultivator to cultivator, draining them dead. All of this sapped the energy of the hundreds of thousands of enemies. For the first time, the Blood Demon Sect... forced the enemy forces into retreat!

If you likened the enemy forces to a fist, then Meng Hao had taken that fist... and pried it open!

Seeing the sudden shift in events down below, the old black-robed Solitary Sword Sect cultivator up in mid-air let out a bellow of rage. “You’re courting death, kid!”

The Li Clan Patriarch also roared in fury. They wanted to charge down to attack Meng Hao, but Patriarch Blood Demon’s clones clearly would not allow them to do any such thing. Echoing booms filled the air, and the air was distorted and warped.

“Dammit!” cried the black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect. “Dawn Immortal, you promised to help!”

As soon as his voice rang out, a faint sigh could be heard echoing down from up above. It swept across the lands, causing the minds of all the cultivators to reel, both the hundreds of thousands of enemies, and the Blood Demon Sect disciples. Their minds trembled, and then went completely blank.

The Resurrection Lily suddenly appeared behind Meng Hao, looking incredibly vicious, with its tentacles whipping about madly. Meng Hao looked up into the sky, his eyes filled with grim killing intent.

Up above, a woman could be seen. As she strode down from the sky, flowers blossomed beneath her feet, and a shocking energy swirled faintly around her.

She was not beautiful, but had striking, unusual features which would cause anyone who looked at her to feel a breathtaking attraction to her.

Her appearance instantly caused quite a stir on the battlefield. Patriarch Blood Demon’s clones looked up, and their eyes all came to focus on the woman.

“Dawn Immortal,” he said.

“Blood Demon!” she replied.

Patriarch Blood Demon’s clones all merged together into a single clone. That single clone emitted a powerful aura, which transformed into an enormous, blood-colored face that hovered in mid-air.

“A measly clone?” said Patriarch Blood Demon. He looked over at the Solitary Sword Sect expert and the others. “This is your trump card?” His gaze shifted back to the woman. “That leaf earlier was your handiwork, too, I presume.”

“Under different circumstances,” she responded, “I would be incapable of dealing with you, Senior Blood Demon. But now you are bound by an aura of death. You are simply too weak, Senior. If I remember correctly, the Blood Demon Grand Magic can only be utilized by one person in any given age. You haven’t used it during the battle, only that child down there has.... Although, that doesn’t really matter. All I need to do is delay you for a bit.” She suddenly looked down toward the ground, and Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked back up at her, and his mind trembled when their eyes met. An incredible pressure suddenly weighed down on his mind, as if an entire mountain were crushing down onto him.

Behind him, the Resurrection Lily was writhing about madly.

“Dawn Immortal!!” he thought, staggering backward. Despite the fact that blood oozed from his mouth, he continued to stare at the woman up above. He would never forget the feeling of that gaze, the same gaze that had fallen upon him when he was in the Milky Way Sea!

This woman was none other than the mysterious Dawn Immortal, although it was not her true self, but merely a clone!

“The good part of me gave you her life force,” the woman said coolly. “My son is now your Spirit Severing Treasure.... You and I really are connected by destiny.”

Chapter 742: Time To Come Home, Darling

As the words left the mouth of the Dawn Immortal's clone, Meng Hao felt the pressure weighing down on him increase. It was as if a will of extermination was about to thoroughly crush him.

Behind him, the Resurrection Lily was in a frenzy, prismatic colors flickered across it, and its tentacles writhed violently. It even seemed to be emitting voiceless screams.

Meng Hao felt himself shaking, and he gritted his teeth as he continued to stare at the Dawn Immortal. He had heard of her way back in the Reliance Sect, but it wasn't until this moment... that he saw her personally.

The Dawn Immortal lifted her right hand, within which a leaf appeared. She waved it gently, and brilliant light exploded out as it shot down toward Meng Hao.

Everything in Heaven and Earth went still except for the leaf. It transformed into a streak of light that instantly bore down on Meng Hao. But then... an ancient hand stretched out and grabbed hold of the leaf.

The hand clenched into a fist, and the leaf was crushed.

When the hand opened, dust drifted out into the wind.

The hand belonged to none other than the composite clone of Patriarch Blood Demon!

"Facing the likes of you people, so what if I can't use the Blood Demon Grand Magic?" he said coolly. All of a sudden, he was surrounded by the glow of blood, which shot up into the air to encompass even the enormous face up above. Shockingly, a ferocious horn grew out of the face, which suddenly looked exactly like that of the Demonic Incarnation Meng Hao had been in control of earlier.

"Blood Realm, Activate!" said Patriarch Blood Demon. Rumbling filled the sky, and red mist roiled out in all directions. At the same time, the

Dawn Immortal clone's eyes flickered and she waved her hand, causing a Resurrection Lily to magically appear behind her. It shone with boundless radiance that spread out to battle against Patriarch Blood Demon.

The black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect Patriarch, and the Li Clan Patriarch unleashed divine abilities to aid the Dawn Immortal in resisting Patriarch Blood Demon!

As for Six-Daos of the Black Sieve Sect, he was just about to lend his assistance when the Dawn Immortal suddenly said, "Six-Daos, there's no need for you to participate in this fight. Go wipe out the foundation of the Blood Demon Sect, and destroy Mount Blood Demon. That is where this Blood Demon's true self lies!"

"Kill that kid Meng Hao while you're at it!" added the black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect. He waved his hand, causing the Solitary Sword Sect's legacy precious treasure, the bamboo sword, to fly toward Six-Daos. "Here, I'll even lend you my sword!"

At first, Six-Daos was about to refuse. Seeing Meng Hao slaughter the early Dao Seeking expert from the Solitary Sword Sect had shocked him to the core. When he saw the bamboo sword flying toward him, however, he was suddenly enlivened.

He was well aware that the Solitary Sword Sect's legacy precious treasure was shockingly powerful. As soon as his hand closed around the hilt, he flickered and shot down toward the ground.

Patriarch Blood Demon frowned as the rumbling explosions of magical battle filled the air.

Six-Daos shot down from the sky, eyes fixed on Meng Hao and flickering with the desire to kill. He raised his hand, and the bamboo sword began to emanate blinding light. The air distorted, and an amorphous aura began to seep out from within it. The sword seemed to be emanating the power of Time, and its might was reminiscent of a gigantic mountain.

Meng Hao's face was unsightly, but as soon as he sensed the aura of the Bamboo Sword, he stared in shock, and a look of disbelief appeared on his face.

As the sword grew closer, his brow furrowed. Patriarch Six-Daos' cultivation base was between the early and mid Dao Seeking stages. However, with the added might of the Bamboo Sword, he was beyond Meng Hao's ability to threaten.

"Get back into the shield!" said Meng Hao. He and the rest of the Blood Demon Sect disciples immediately fell back behind the fourth layer of the shield.

As Six-Daos neared, he laughed coldly and gestured toward the fourth layer of the shield. "BREAK!"

The wave of his hand caused an enormous incense burner to appear.

The incense burner was none other than the Black Sieve Sect's legacy precious treasure, although cracks could be seen on its surface, the result of the pressure exuded by Patriarch Blood Demon's clone back in the Black Sieve Sect.

The incense burner exuded an ancient aura as it smashed down toward the fourth shield layer.

A massive boom echoed out. Although the incense burner was cracked, it was still a legacy precious treasure of a great sect. As it smashed downward, shocking green smoke surged out of it, transforming into countless vicious, evil spirits that joined the smashing attack.

As they neared the shield, cracking sounds could be heard, and the shield began to collapse.

Thankfully, Meng Hao and the other Blood Demon Sect disciples had already retreated behind the third layer of the shield. As the fourth layer exploded, massive power was unleashed, causing intense vibrations to rock the incense burner.

Six-Daos laughed coldly, lifting the Bamboo Sword and rotating his cultivation base. The most powerful sword beam he could summon appeared, fully 30,000 meters long, seemingly capable of splitting Heaven and Earth. It was filled with boundless Time power as it slashed down toward the third layer of the shield.

The bizarreness of the sword was now becoming even more apparent. Gradually, the exterior of the Bamboo Sword was filling with more and more rips and fissures, within which could be seen another sword. It was as if the inner sword were a sapling in springtime, sprouting from a wilted bough!

An even more intense aura of Time emerged from the sword, causing the black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect to be even more pleased than before.

Six-Daos was even happier, and he lifted his head up to laugh uproariously. “Meng Hao, you’re DEAD!”

BOOM!

The third layer of the shield only lasted for the space of a few breaths before it shattered. As it did, Meng Hao’s face should have been extremely unsightly, but instead it held an odd expression, and his eyes were glittering.

“Fall back again!” he said, leading the Blood Demon Sect cultivators behind the glow of the second shield layer.

At the same time, the hundreds of thousands of enemy cultivators felt their spirits lifting. They surged toward the Blood Demon Sect as Six-Daos once again unleashed a massive attack toward the second shield layer.

Night had fallen, and the bright moon hung high in the sky. However, the ground trembled, and the fighting had reached such intensity that no one was paying attention to whether it was day or night.

“Meng Hao, you scamp, the day you stepped foot into the Black Sieve Sect, you must have known that this day would come!” As Six-Dao’s voice echoed out in all directions, the incense burner rotated in the air above him. The bamboo sword swirled around him, emanating a brilliant aura.

Six-Dao’s eyes were filled with venomous rancor. His animosity toward Meng Hao had long since seeped into his very marrow. He wanted to exterminate the Blood Demon Sect and destroy Meng Hao in body and soul. To achieve that goal, he would sacrifice anything and everything.

“DIE!!!” he howled, laughing maniacally as he raised his hand and unleashed the full force of his cultivation base into the bamboo sword, causing it to explode with an incredible sword beam.

The sword beam was shocking to the extreme!

Cracking sounds could be heard as the light beam burst out. More tears spread out across the Bamboo Sword and, finally, a bang could be heard as it exploded.

In the instant in which it was ripped open, shockingly, a wooden sword appeared in its place!

The wooden sword had been hidden inside the bamboo sword all along! Now that the bamboo sword had shattered, the wooden sword was revealed!

As soon as it appeared, boundless Time power radiated out, and an incredibly ancient aura flooded the area. Even the Dawn Immortal's and Patriarch Blood Demon's faces flickered when they sensed the aura.

The black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect was going wild with joy. He lifted his head up and laughed heartily. Although he had loaned the sword to Six-Daos, it was still the legacy precious treasure of the Solitary Sword Sect, something that had been handed down from generation to generation. Despite being in the hands of another, it still belonged to the Solitary Sword Sect; no one could ever steal it away!

There was one fact unknown to outsiders that was passed down only to the successive generations of Solitary Sword Sect Patriarchs. The primary master of this sword was the Solitary Sword Sect itself. When it was originally discovered, it was actually nothing more than a stick of bamboo which possessed a naturally-occurring, intrinsic sword qi. The Solitary Sword Sect had taken it to be a supreme treasure, and had refined it into a sword. 1

“That's the heart of the bamboo! The heart of the bamboo is transformed into wood, so naturally it would be a sword!!” The black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect and Patriarch Six-Daos were both laughing loudly. Six-Daos' eyes shone brightly as he abruptly pointed

toward Meng Hao.

“DIE!” he cried, his voice booming like thunder, and filled with unmatched confidence. He was absolutely certain that even with the shield protecting him, Meng Hao would definitely die beneath the power of this sword!

In response to his words, the wooden sword began to rumble and then shot toward the second layer of the shield.

The hundreds of thousands of cultivators in the area breathlessly watched the dazzling sword and its aura. Shocking pressure emanated from it as it shot magnificently through the air.

“Time became bamboo,” murmured the Dawn Immortal, “and the bamboo concealed time. It transformed into bamboo wood...” Her battle with Patriarch Blood Demon did not slow down, but instead grew even more intense.

As the wooden sword descended, the ground trembled and fissures appeared, as if it couldn’t withstand the incredible pressure of Time.

The grass withered, and time itself seemed to distort. A Time tempest appeared, shocking the surrounding cultivators, who immediately fell back.

The sword was now on the verge of slamming into the second shield layer. Inside, the Blood Demon Sect disciples had looks of despair on their faces. In contrast, the surrounding hundreds of thousands of enemies wore expressions of anticipation.

All eyes were fixed on the sword flying through the air.

Six-Daos’ laughter echoed out across the battlefield.

Meng Hao had an odd expression. Earlier, he had sensed something familiar about the aura of the bamboo sword. When the rips appeared on its surface earlier, that familiar sensation grew stronger. When the bamboo shattered and the wooden sword appeared, a connection appeared between him and the sword that only he could sense!

He was connected to the wooden sword!!

At a certain point, a bashful smile appeared on Meng Hao's face, and he cleared his throat. Even as the eyes of all the Blood Demon Sect disciples and enemy cultivators were fixed on the wooden sword, he suddenly stepped out from behind the second shield layer.

This action immediately attracted everyone's attention, and the buzz of conversation rose up into the air.

"What is he doing? Don't tell me he's going to try to fight the legacy precious treasure of the Solitary Sword Sect!?"

"He really overestimates his ability! He might be strong, but he's going to die for sure!"

"Hahaha! I never thought someone could be so arrogant! He actually dares to step out from behind the shield? That sword is going to destroy him in body and soul!!"

"Looking to die?" laughed Six-Daos. He assumed Meng Hao must have become so frightened that he lost his senses. A normal person would never step out from behind the shield, they would cower behind it.

What attracted even more attention was how Meng Hao not only stepped out from behind the shield, but then stretched his hand out... directly toward the shockingly powerful wooden sword that was slashing toward him... as if he were beckoning toward it.

He cleared his throat and then said, "Time to come home, darling!"

Chapter 743: Call Out To It! Does It Answer?

As soon as Meng Hao's words echoed out, the majority of the hundreds of thousands of enemy cultivators immediately burst out into raucous laughter.

"What did he say? Darling? Come home?"

"Has Meng Hao gone insane?"

"This is pretty funny. It's the first time I've seen such a powerful expert go crazy!"

Six-Daos was also laughing loudly. "I've lived a long time, but this is the first time I've encountered a lunatic like you!"

Even the black-robed expert from the Solitary Sword Clan split off a strand of divine sense to observe what was happening. After he saw what was happening, he shook his head and laughed.

The voices and laughter rippled out, and all sorts of snide, mocking comments could be heard. When they first spoke, the wooden sword was just on the verge of slashing down. However, even in the middle of deriding Meng Hao, looks of astonishment began to appear on each of their faces.

That was because... the sword did not slash down, but rather, lurched to a stop.

When the sword lurched to a stop, it seemed as if hundreds of thousands of hearts similarly lurched to a stop.

Six-Daos' eyes went wide, and the Blood Demon Sect disciples inside the second shield layer seemingly forgot how to breathe. They stared blankly at their Blood Prince, who standing outside the shield, beckoning toward the astonishing precious treasure that was the wooden sword.

Up in mid-air, the black-robed Patriarch who was fighting Patriarch Blood Demon had originally been extremely pleased. All of a sudden,

however, the sword ground to a halt, and his heart began to thump.

The wooden sword came to a stop about thirty meters above Meng Hao. The power of Time emanated out in all directions, causing everything to wither. Even the second shield layer was rippling and distorting. In this condition, it seemed that the slightest tap would cause it to instantly shatter.

And yet Meng Hao... was not affected by the wooden sword, even in the slightest.

The wooden sword seemed to have a spirit of its own, and was apparently hesitating. After stopping in mid-air, glittering light seemed to dance fluidly across the blade.

Six-Daos' face flickered with disbelief. What he was seeing completely exceeded the limits of his imagination. It didn't matter that he used to be at the peak of Dao Seeking, or the Patriarch of a great sect. The events that he was witnessing with his own eyes left him completely shaken.

He was incapable of even comprehending what was happening. Why had the Solitary Sword Sect's legacy precious treasure... ground to a halt directly in front of Meng Hao? Furthermore, it even seemed to be hesitating.

He could not come up with any explanation, even though he wracked his brains over and over again.

"Impossible!" he thought, gritting his teeth and causing his cultivation base to rumble with power. He used every scrap of strength he had to try to control the wooden sword, but there wasn't the slightest reaction. The sword completely ignored him and, even more shocking, directly severed their connection.

When that happened, Six-Daos' face fell even more.

The surrounding hundreds of thousands of cultivators stared with wide eyes at a scene they would likely never encounter again in their entire lives. Most incredulous of all were the cultivators from the Solitary Sword Sect.

The wooden sword was a legacy precious treasure of the Solitary Sword Sect, the symbol and foundation of their entire sect!

There was someone even more shocked than the ordinary disciples, however. The black-robed old man up in midair simply couldn't believe what was happening. His mind felt as if lightning were crashing around inside. Unable to defend against the divine ability Patriarch Blood Demon was attacking him with, he was slammed backward, blood spraying from his mouth. The mist of Patriarch Blood Demon's Blood World enveloped him, making it impossible for him to charge in and attack. All he could do was perform a double-handed incantation and then point out toward the wooden sword.

"Solitary Bamboo Sword, return!" he roared, continuing with another incantation gesture.

The wooden sword trembled, apparently in response to the old man, whose heart immediately sank. A very, very bad feeling welled up inside of him. Under normal circumstances, all it took was an incantation gesture and the simple point of a finger to instantly cause the bamboo sword to fly back to him. Now, all it did was tremble.

"Dammit! What's going on?!?!" He performed another incantation gesture, and even went so far as to spit out a mouthful of blood. How could he not be anxious? This was the Solitary Sword Sect's precious treasure, and if he allowed it to be snatched away, it would be a great sin against the sect.

"You were refined by the Solitary Sword Sect! We acquired you from the Ancient Dao Lakes! You were personally crafted into a sword by the ancestors of the Solitary Sword Sect! You belong to us!!

"Solitary Bamboo Sword, get back here!!" The black-robed man howled in rage, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. Finally, the invisible connection between him and the sword finally seemed to function. The wooden sword began to vibrate, and then moved backward several meters.

Even as the black-robed man let out a sigh of relief, the wooden sword suddenly stopped again, and the man's heart once again began to thump.

“You were born in the Solitary Sword Sect! For years, we Solitary Sword Sect disciples offered sacrifices to enable you to gain sentience! We spent countless resources making you sharper and more powerful! Our entire sect worked to help you!!

“Y-y-you... you get back here right now!!” Despite his anxiety, the black-robed old man was pinned down by the mist of blood. He let out a roar, then spit out more blood, completely ignoring the wastage to his longevity as he once again pointed toward the wooden sword.

This time, however, there was no reaction whatsoever from the sword....

“Finished playing around?” said Meng Hao, his face grave and his tone berating. “If you don’t come over here right now, just wait and see how I punish you after we get home!”

As Meng Hao’s words rang out, the wooden sword shuddered in midair. Then, it severed its connection with the black-robed man and shot directly toward Meng Hao. In the blink of an eye, it was circulating around him, its thrumming sound echoing out in all directions. It was almost as if it was clamoring in joy, fawning over him, even exhibiting signs that it had missed him.

Anyone looking on could clearly tell that this sword... belonged to Meng Hao!

Six-Daos’ eyes were wide, and he very nearly coughed up a mouthful of blood.

The surrounding hundreds of thousands of cultivators gasped, having been thoroughly astonished by Meng Hao.

The Solitary Sword Sect disciples gaped as their Sect’s unsurpassed, proud and aloof precious treasure, swirled around Meng Hao like a happy pet. Clearly... it recognized Meng Hao as its master.

“I must be asleep....”

“That’s... that’s our sect’s legacy precious treasure?”

“What’s... what’s going on...?” The minds of the Solitary Sword Sect

disciples were spinning, but most disbelieving of all was the black-robed man up in midair.

His eyes filled with an expression of both madness and injustice, which then transformed into a towering rage. He was just about to open his mouth to say something when blood spurted out and he grew visibly older.

He just couldn't understand or comprehend how the sword could possibly recognize Meng Hao as its master!

He just couldn't believe it. His world was turned upside down, as if enormous waves were surging through his psyche.

"How could this be happening!?!?" he roared madly. He wanted to try to break through the blood mist, to grab the sword in his hand and ask its spirit why it was acting this way. Why was it betraying the Solitary Sword Sect, why would it recognize Meng Hao as its master when it had only seen him once?

"That sword belongs to the Solitary Sword Sect!!!"

"It belongs to you?" asked Meng Hao coolly. "Call out to it. Does it answer?" He stretched out his hand, and the sword flew down to land hilt-down on his palm. It even danced back and forth, apparently in complete excitement.

"YOU!!" The Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch almost spit up some more blood because of the flames of rage that burned in his heart. By this point, it didn't matter that he had a cultivation base at the peak of Dao Seeking. Even an Immortal would be unable to accept a blow like this, nor such loss.

That was especially so... considering how the wooden sword was frolicking around happily. The black-robed old man felt as if a blade were stabbing viciously into his heart. That was because he himself had needed to make sacrificial offerings to it, and had never seen it act in such a way.

Meng Hao could also sense that this sword, one of the ones he had buried so long ago, had developed a sword spirit. Despite that, his contingencies from the very beginning were still effective. No matter how

many hands the sword had passed through, once it saw him, it knew that he was its original master.

“Alright, stop making a fuss,” he said. “Now, go kill him!” Even as he spoke, Meng Hao pointed at Patriarch Six-Daos.

Six Daos’ heart was pounding, and his face fell. He immediately retreated at top speed, but before he could get very far at all, the wooden sword shot toward him with indescribable speed. It also emanated a shocking power of Time, which caused everything around it to ripple and distort. Any cultivators who were too close withered in the blink of an eye, as if countless years had passed in an instant. There were even some who directly passed away.

“Dammit!” thought Patriarch Six-Daos, his face falling. Roaring, he employed the full power of his cultivation base, which unfortunately for him was still stuck between the early and mid Dao Seeking Stages. It wasn’t enough, so he had no other choice but to summon the incense burner to block the wooden sword. A bang rang out, and the wooden sword stabbed directly into the incense burner.

Booms could be heard as cracks spread out over the surface of the incense burner. An ancient will could be sensed, and signs of decay could be seen. Six-Daos’ heart ached, but he didn’t dare to call back the incense burner. That was because he had noticed that the sword’s ripples were causing him to age significantly. If it stabbed him, he could only imagine what would happen to his longevity; it would be thoroughly destroyed.

In his terror, he shot backward at high speed. Considering he was using a special secret art to bolster his cultivation base, what he feared most... was being obliterated by Time power.

The surrounding hundreds of thousands of cultivators were also astonished and trembling. They didn’t dare to advance, and quite the opposite, retreated. Meng Hao stood alone outside the second shield layer. One man, one sword...caused the enemy forces to retreat three thousand meters.

“Dammit!!” More and more cracks spread out across the surface of the

incense burner. Patriarch Six-Daos immediately roared, “Fellow Daoist Sword Paragon, Patriarch Golden Frost, Li Yuanlei, if you don’t help me then I’ll be forced to summon discarnate souls to defend myself!!”

Even as the last words left his mouth, the incense burner exploded into pieces. The wooden sword shot onward, and Six-Daos lifted his head up and roared. All of a sudden, his body exploded, allowing the wooden sword to pass right through it.

However, there was a soul strand that remained, which then transformed into a river of souls that contained 100,000 discarnate souls!

Even as the 100,000 discarnate souls flew out, the black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect burst into flames. These were life force flames, and as they burned, his cultivation base exploded with power. He transformed into a long streak of light that burst out from within Patriarch Blood Demon’s blood mist. Ignoring any injuries, he shot toward Meng Hao’s wooden sword, he himself transforming into what looked like a sword as he flew through the air.

“Meng Hao, you twerp! DIE!!”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. There was no time to slaughter Six Daos’ 100,000 discarnate souls. The wooden sword flew back to him at breakneck speed. Even as the black-robed Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch closed in, Meng Hao stepped back behind the second shield layer.

However, the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch did not slow down at all. Instead, he increased his speed as he stabbed toward the shield.

“BREAK!!”

Patriarch Blood Demon’s eyes flickered with killing intent. However, the Dawn Immortal’s clone was really causing him quite a headache; it was not merely at the peak of Dao Seeking, but rather, higher than that. It was more comparable to a false Immortal.

Even as his clone frowned, deep in the cave in Mount Blood Demon, his true self’s eyes opened. A drop of blood suddenly floated up from within the Blood Pond, then flew out of the Immortal’s cave and dissipated.

Shockingly, the first and second layers of the shield were instantly dyed red.

Boom!

The blood-colored shield easily blocked the furious attack of the Solitary Sword Sect's black-robed Patriarch.

Chapter 744: Arise, Second True Self!

When the red-haired old man from the Golden Frost Sect saw the blood drop fly out, he loftily said, “Patriarch Blood Demon, you’re fighting all of us at the same time, and still want to split your attention? It seems you really don’t have any regard for us at all.”

At the same time, he performed an incantation, which caused numerous puppets to magically appear around him. Each of the puppets was thirty meters tall, and seemed both real and illusory at the same time. As soon as they appeared, they transformed into beams of colorful light that shot toward Patriarch Blood Demon.

“Patriarch Blood Demon, your destruction is imminent,” said the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch. “You can’t escape our net! Once Mount Blood Demon falls, your true self will face the light of the Heavens and be destroyed in body and spirit!” He snorted coldly and then waved his hand, causing the Feng Shui compass to emit blinding light as well as countless magical symbols. The magical symbols formed together into layer upon layer of spell formations as they shot forward.

Patriarch Blood Demon said nothing, and not even a trace of alarm could be seen on his face. His expression was actually indifferent. No matter what happened, he was confident that he could reverse any setback.

“Senior Blood Demon,” said the Dawn Immortal’s clone, her voice soft. “I know full well that your true self cannot face the glory of the Heavens. You were originally a drop of blood that transformed into a Demon, and the Heavens can turn your true self back into a drop of blood. What I don’t know is, at this point... what tricks do you have left?” Behind her, the ferocious, illusory Resurrection Lily’s tentacles whipped about, and an intense pressure radiated out. Rumbling sounds could be heard as countless tentacle incarnations shot out to surround Patriarch Blood Demon.

The Dawn Immortal was his strongest opponent, so Patriarch Blood Demon focused sixty percent of his attention on her. The other forty

percent was divided between the red-haired Patriarch of the Golden Frost Sect and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch.

Both parties had each other locked down. Although it looked like they were engaged in magical battle, in reality, both sides were being cautious, waiting for the other to expend enough cultivation base power that, at the critical time, a lightning-like strike could be made.

Down below, a rumbling sound echoed out over the battlefield. Meng Hao stood inside the second shield layer, the wooden sword swirling through the air around him. A droning sound could be heard from the sword, and pulses of Time power caused the air around it to distort. The Blood Demon Sect disciples were all behind the second shield layer, staring at the hundreds of thousands of cultivators on the other side, as well as the black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect, who was in a frenzy and burning his own longevity to gain power.

The black-robed old man's fury and frustration was impossible to describe. He wanted nothing more than to slaughter Meng Hao over and over again and then take back the Solitary Sword Sect's precious treasure.

As he attacked, although he held no sword in his hand, the sword will which emanated out from his body transformed into an amorphous sword which repeatedly slashed into the second shield layer.

The layers of the Blood Demon Sect's five-layered shield got stronger the closer they got to the sect itself. In addition, the counterattacks from the shields became even more intense.

Most importantly, the second shield layer was now the color of blood, thanks to the drop of blood from the Blood Pond inside Mount Blood Demon. Its power was not something that could quickly be broken.

Furthermore, the second shield layer had not been punctured by the leaf earlier; only the fifth, fourth and third layers had. The second shield layer was intact.

The shield rumbled and distorted as the black-robed old man vented his fury on it. However, the shield held!

The Blood Demon Sect forces sat there reticently, as did Meng Hao. He looked out coldly as the black-robed old man attacked and attacked. Killing intent flickered in his eyes, which the wooden sword could apparently sense, as it began to emit an intense droning sound.

BOOM!

The shield vibrated, and the black-robed man fell back. He lifted his head up and roared at the top of his lungs: “All cultivators, heed my command! Attack the shield with everything you have! Break it down!!”

The hundreds of thousands of cultivators hesitated for a moment. The first to spring into action were the Solitary Sword Sect disciples. Tens of thousands of flying swords whistled through the air toward the shield. They were followed by the the Golden Frost Sect disciples and the members of the Li Clan. There were also some rogue cultivators. All of them unleashed divine abilities to blast against the blood-colored, second layer shield.

Instantly, a massive roaring filled the air. The land quaked violently, and nearby vegetation was destroyed. Mountains were leveled, and the entire ground seemed to be gouged out by an entire meter by the force of the combined attack.

From a distance, the mountain range in which the Blood Demon Sect was located was now crushed into a flat plain. The vegetation in the area was completely dead, and no life existed at all.

Everything was in ruins, except for the very center of it all, where the blood-colored shield glittered brightly. Although it rippled and distorted violently, it did not fall!

The Blood Demon Sect’s five mountain peaks were now the focus of all attention.

Aftershocks from the divine abilities exploded out, and the forces of the allied powers also sustained injuries from the backlash, causing countless cultivators to cough up blood and retreat. However, others immediately surged forward to take their place.

Such a cycle continued on as countless attacks were made.

The black-robed old man from the Solitary Sword Sect was especially focused on attacking. Every time he made a move, boundless sword qi would rumble out against the blood-colored shield. Two days later, the shield was finally starting to show signs of breakage.

When the third day arrived, more and more cracks spread out across the blood-colored shield. The Blood Demon Sect disciples sat there silently. Meng Hao's eyes flashed.

Finally, a snapping sound echoed out. The countless cracks merged together into something that looked like a huge wound. The black-robed Patriarch from the Solitary Sword Sect exploded out with peak Dao Seeking cultivation base power. Natural law descended and swirled about, transforming into an incredible Heavenly sword.

As soon as the sword appeared, lightning crackled up above. The sword suddenly flashed, seemingly filled with the power of lightning as it shot toward the second shield layer.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The second shield layer could not stand up to the blow. The amorphous sword stabbed into it, and it shattered, sending out a huge shockwave in all directions. The Blood Demon Sect disciples and Meng Hao had already retreated behind the final remaining shield layer.

“Do we fight, Blood Prince!?!?”

“The point of death has arrived! It would be better to charge out and slaughter to our heart's content than be stuck in here!”

“If we can't avoid perishing, then let's die in battle!” The Blood Demon Sect disciples' eyes shone bright red, and even the Spirit Severing experts were looking in his direction.

This first shield layer was the final line of defense. Once it broke, the Blood Demon Sect would be powerless to defend itself. Hundreds of thousands of cultivators would charge into it. When that happened... they might be able to hold out for a little bit, but in the end, they would all die.

Wang Youcai looked at Meng Hao, awaiting his decision.

Li Shiqi was also looking at Meng Hao. He was the Blood Prince, and had earned respect through his strength. His lone charge into battle with no thought of personal safety gained him the utmost esteem.

Everyone was watching him.

However, Meng Hao's gaze... fell upon Xu Qing.

She had been standing outside of Blood Prince Gorge the entire time watching the battle. Now that Meng Hao looked over at her, she turned to look back.

In that moment it was just the two of them in the Blood Demon Sect, behind the blood-colored shield, surrounded by the booms from the outside world. They looked at each other, and Meng Hao could see the encouraging look in her eyes. As well as...

You live, I live. You die, I die!

BOOM!

The shockwave from the destruction of the second shield layer faded away, and the black-robed Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch took the lead in the charge. Boundless sword light surrounded him as he shot toward the first shield layer to attack.

Explosions echoed about everywhere. Of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators from the original force, only around 200,000 were left. All were wounded and tired. The battle had lasted for a long time, and regardless of whether it was in terms of them or the Blood Demon Sect disciples, it had been a long and fierce fight.

"It's almost over!"

"All we have to do is break this final line of defense, and the Blood Demon Sect... will be exterminated!"

"Four more days! In four days, there will be no Blood Demon Sect in the Southern Domain!" The 200,000 cultivators' eyes were bright red. Despite their injuries, they roared and attacked the shield with all the strength

they could summon.

RUMMMBLLLLLE!

The shield rippled. However, this first layer shield was even sturdier than the second layer, and had even more counterattack power. It only took a moment for thunderous roars to rise up into the sky. Clearly, the shield would not break in any short period of time.

Unfortunately, even a stronger shield would not be able to stand up for very long under the combined assault of 200,000 cultivators.

“Blood Prince, let’s fight!!” The Blood Demon Sect disciples inside the shield had risen to their feet. Their energy was focused and ready, their killing intent more and more intense than before.

Meng Hao was silent for a moment, then gritted his teeth and said, “Wait four more days!”

His second true self needed exactly that amount of time before it woke up!

These were the final four days!

Meng Hao had no way to assess exactly how powerful his second true self would be upon awakening. Had he used something other than the soul of an Immortal, he would have been able to speculate. But since it was an Immortal’s soul in his second true self, he had no way to guess. He would have to wait until it awakened... to see if it was truly Heaven-defying.

“It HAS to be strong!” he thought, looking out beyond the shield.

One day passed.

The shield trembled violently under the attacks of 200,000 cultivators, pushing it to its limit. The counterattacks sent out into the 200,000 cultivators caused numerous serious injuries.

Two days!

The shield rippled and distorted in virtually every spot, and was even trembling. In fact, cracks were visible in some locations, although they

quickly sealed back up.

The black-robed Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch was on the offensive; every time he launched an attack, the shield seemed as if it might collapse.

Three days!

“BREAK!”

Rumbling filled the air as, for the first time, a crack spread out that could not be sealed back up. The death knell had been struck for the shield. The 200,000 cultivators had endured counterattacks for three days, which had sapped many of them of their ability to fight, forcing them to retreat from the battlefield.

The remaining cultivators' numbers exceeded 100,000, but they still crowded the battlefield, making it virtually impossible to see the end of the army. As they continued to attack, more and more cracks appeared!

Finally, the fourth day arrived!

On the fourth day, the blood-colored shield was covered with cracks. Many of them stretched out and then combined to form huge gaps.

The shield trembled, and cracking sounds could be heard. It didn't seem like it would be able to hold on for very much longer.

At the same time, intense killing intent and even madness could be seen in the eyes of the black-robed Patriarch from the Solitary Sword Sect. He suddenly flew high up into the air and then waved his sleeve. Immediately natural law transformed into a sword up above.

This was his Dao Seeking sword!!

“The Blood Demon Sect will be eradicated on this very day!” cried the Patriarch. He pointed out, and the sword rumbled as it shot down toward the shield.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples were in a frenzy. Their eyes were red, and they were completely ready for the moment when the shield collapsed. Then, they would fight to the death.

However... even as the amorphous sword shot toward the shield, a

tremor ran through Meng Hao as he sensed an incredibly familiar aura rising up from within Blood Prince Gorge.

His eyes glittered. The day he had been waiting for had finally arrived.

“Arise, second true self!”

Chapter 745: Peak!

In Blood Prince Gorge, Meng Hao's second true self sat cross-legged inside the log cabin. Moments ago, not a scrap of any sort of aura could be detected on him. He almost seemed dead, like a statue.

Now, though, his eyes snapped opened, and a shocking iciness could be seen within them.

Gradually, a feeling like that of an Immortal could be sensed emanating out from him. The look in his eyes was different from that of Meng Hao, but his body was clearly the same.

The soul was like a sword, and the body the sheath. The power hidden within... was the 'self' from the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!

Cultivation base ripples suddenly exploded out from it.

In the blink of an eye, they filled all of Blood Prince Gorge. As the second true self took a breath, the ripples were once again drawn back, bottled up inside.

The body was the Dao, and the soul was blade. A sharp blade hidden in a great Dao!

In that same moment, all of the vegetation in Blood Prince Gorge withered up and died. A sinister coldness, along with a terrifying aura, circulated around the second true self.

He looked up and then slowly... raised his right hand toward the sky above Blood Prince Gorge.

In that moment, it seemed as if time itself stopped.

Outside the valley, Meng Hao sat with eyes closed, his consciousness spread out in all directions. Next to him, the wooden sword trembled, and then suddenly seemed to sense something. Next, it shot out toward the final remaining layer of the shield.

As it emerged from within the shield, it blossomed with a radiant glow

that was... the power of Time!

Time was like a river that suddenly poured out from within the sword!

100 years. 1,000 years. 5,000 years.... 10,000 years!

Ten thousand years of time swept out from the wooden sword, transforming into distortions in the air. Time suddenly stopped, causing the incoming Dao Seeking sword to... come to a halt in midair.

Apparently, in order to pass through the river of Time, it would have to pass through 10,000 years!

The Blood Demon Sect disciples were shocked by what they saw, and the more than 100,000 cultivators outside the shield were equally astonished. All eyes were now focused on the wooden sword.

The eyes of the black-robed Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch were completely bloodshot. Fury was rekindled, and raged in his heart; this wooden sword was the precious treasure of the Solitary Sword Sect, and had been worshiped by the sect for countless years. Even still, he could never have possibly guessed that the sword actually concealed such incredible Time power!

Although he had seen signs of it when the bamboo sword split apart earlier, it had quickly changed owners, and he had been disinclined to consider the matter further. By now, his heart was consumed with frustration and rage.

Now that he could sense the power of Time on the wooden sword, the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch was incapable of suppressing his fury. He roared and pushed his cultivation base even harder. Peak Dao Seeking energy, bolstered by the burning of his longevity, immediately surged out.

His entire person resembled a shooting star or, perhaps, a razor-sharp sword that flickered through the air to appear next to the wooden sword. Bucking directly against the river of Time power, he stretched his hand out to grab the wooden sword.

“Get back here!” he bellowed.

However, as soon as he stretched out his hand and touched the sword... Meng Hao's second true self stood up in Blood Prince Valley. He took a step forward and then suddenly appeared outside the shield, next to the wooden sword. His hand slowly lifted up to grasp the sword by the hilt.

His robe was black, as was his hair, and he was very thin, but clearly had exactly the same facial features as Meng Hao. However, the feeling people got when they looked at him was not the feeling one got when looking at a person. This second true self was as cold as ice, and as he hovered there, he emanated a supremely haughty air, as if he looked down with contempt at every living thing.

His appearance on the scene immediately caused the Blood Demon disciples to be filled with shock. Panting, they looked back and forth between Meng Hao and his second true self, their expressions blank.

The more than 100,000 cultivators in the outside world were equally as astonished.

"A clone?" Those were the words that immediately appeared in everyone's minds.

"A mere clone?" said the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch, his eyes widening. "Die you trifling...." He was just about to unleash a divine ability when suddenly, he began to tremble, and his eyes went wide with disbelief and shock.

He wasn't the only astonished one; the surrounding enemy cultivators were all dumbstruck.

Even the Blood Demon Sect disciples were thoroughly stunned.

Because....

The instant that Meng Hao's second true self gripped the wooden sword, his cultivation base began to erupt out from within.

First Severing. Second Severing. Third Severing.... Early Dao Seeking!

Intense rumbling filled Heaven and Earth as the cultivation base of Meng Hao's second true self roared up. Mid Dao Seeking. Late Dao

Seeking.... It went all the way to the peak of Dao Seeking!!

This development sent the entire battlefield into chaos!

Merely stepping into Dao Seeking put one on the level of a sect Patriarch, and as for peak Dao Seeking... they were the truly powerful experts, the strongest force of even the largest sects!

They would even be considered part of that sect's Dao Reserve!

In the entire Southern Domain, there were not even ten people who were at the peak of Dao Seeking!

In all of Planet South Heaven, less than a hundred peak Dao Seeking experts existed!

Any peak Dao Seeking cultivator could take a step forward and become a false Immortal!

As of this moment, Meng Hao's second true self was firmly in the peak Dao Seeking stage, something that would certainly shock and astonish anyone watching.

The buzz of conversation immediately rose up.

"How is this possible!?!?"

"Peak Dao Seeking! That's definitely peak Dao Seeking. This is the same feeling I get from our sect's Patriarch! Except... even stronger!!"

"Meng Hao, Meng Hao.... No matter how this battle ends, there is a new powerful expert in the lands of South Heaven, and that is Meng Hao!"

"How did he create a clone like that? If his clone is at peak Dao Seeking, then his true self is definitely destined to have a peak Dao Seeking cultivation base!"

One change after another on the part of Meng Hao caused their souls to feel shocked. Everything that happened was something they would never be able to forget.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples excitedly began to call out.

"Blood Prince!!"

“Blood Prince!!”

At the same time, Patriarch Blood Demon and the others up in midair were also shocked, especially the red-haired Patriarch from the Golden Frost Sect and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch.

“Dammit!! How can that kid have a peak Dao Seeking clone!?!?”

The eyes of the Dawn Immortal’s clone widened. She knew Meng Hao was no ordinary person, but this development left her deeply shocked. In fact, this was the first time he truly astonished her to such an indescribable degree.

Patriarch Blood Demon’s eyes swept over the land, and a profound look flickered within.

The black-robed Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch’s eyes flickered. Suppressing his shock, he gritted his teeth and said, “Peak Dao Seeking? What’s the big deal? I’m also peak Dao Seeking!”

He stretched out his hand in an incantation gesture, immediately causing more than 10,000 streams of sword light to swirl around him.

Heaven and Earth dimmed, and the clouds churned. The streams of sword light swirled about, making it seem as if the entire area were a world of swords.

The black-robed Patriarch pointed at Meng Hao’s second true self, causing the sword lights to all shoot directly toward him!

The second true self hovered in midair, his black hair swirling, his expression cold. He held the wooden sword gripped in his right hand, and his eyes flickered. Suddenly, he squeezed his hand down.

Immediately, the wooden sword trembled, and began to drone. In the blink of an eye, it began to emit endless amounts of Time power!

10,000 years. 20,000 years. 30,000 years....

The power of Time exploded out, accompanied by the excited droning of the wooden sword, to echo out in all directions. It was in this moment that, at long last, the true power of the wooden sword could finally be

revealed.

What was happening right now was something that even Meng Hao could not do. Only his second true self, with its peak Dao Seeking cultivation base, could unleash the power of the wooden sword in this way.

40,000 years. 50,000 years....

Everything shook above and below. A river of Time swept out around the second true self, a sight completely shocking to the eyes. As for the 10,000 incoming beams of sword light, they suddenly stopped in place, incapable of moving forward even an inch.

What was blocking their way was the passage of time!

The black-robed Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch's face fell, and a sense of danger welled up in his heart. At the same time, the more than 100,000 enemy cultivators were all flabbergasted.

Up in midair, the red-haired Golden Frost Sect Patriarch and the 13th Li Clan Patriarch, were equally shaken.

The second true self hovered in mid-air, black hair and black robes fluttering. The sword in its hand still was not finished!

Boom!

60,000 years!!

The moment the river of Time surged with 60,000 years of Time power, the second true self sprang into action.

He swiped the sword out, and the 10,000 streams of sword light instantly vanished. In the blink of an eye, they passed through 60,000 years, and no longer existed.

"Impossible!!" gasped the black-robed Patriarch. His astonishment had reached a pinnacle, and he finally backed up at top speed. However, the power of Time still brushed against him, and his body withered. In the blink of an eye, he seemed at least 10,000 years older. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and his clothes seemed to decay. His face was waxen,

his expression had turned from amazement to terror.

He could feel the shadow of death looming over him, as if he might die at any moment.

The second true self gripped the wooden sword, and its power was shocking. It could clearly battle the peak of Dao Seeking with no problem.

“Immortal’s soul!” exclaimed the Solitary Sword Sect’s Patriarch. “This clone is emanating the ripples of an Immortal’s soul!!”

Even as the words left his mouth, the second true self stepped forward, and Time turned into a wind that swept out like a river. Everywhere it passed, living things rotted and decayed.

RUMBLE!!

The sword slashed, and the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch coughed up a mouthful of blood. His body withered significantly, and his eyes shone with terror. He looked at the approaching second true self, and fell back again. He waved his hand and, astonishingly, tens of thousands of beams of sword light shot out in defense.

Rumbling echoed out as the sword lights were crushed like rotten wood in the face of the second true self. He raised his hand, and swung the wooden sword a third time. 60,000 years of Time power surged forth.

Everything shook, and the sense of danger in the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch’s mind grew even more intense. He shot back toward the more than 100,000 cultivators, suddenly waving his hands down toward the ground. Immediately numerous cultivators were swept up, completely unable to control their own bodies as they were thrown back to block the wooden sword’s Time power.

Chapter 746: False Immortal's Soul

One sword swept out, bones withered and souls perished!

The power of Time flowed out like a bright, dancing beam. In the blink of an eye, the cultivators who had been swept up by the fleeing black-robed Patriarch, were completely withered into nothing more than dust and smoke. Their bodies, their magical items, everything was rotted into nothing.

All of the onlookers couldn't help but be shaken deeply by the deaths.

People wanted to flee, but considering the level of the black-robed Patriarch's cultivation base, they were nothing more than ants. No matter how quickly they scattered, he still threw them back as obstacles. As the power of Time consumed them, the black-robed Patriarch fled. Finally he had just a bit of breathing room.

"Dammit! DAMMIT!" His face was ashen, and the shadow of death loomed heavily over him. It had been many, many years since he had experienced the feeling of a deadly chase like this.

Inside, he was terrified, and was on full alert. Behind him, Meng Hao's second true self continued to close in.

It was a solitary sword that rumbled through the heavens. The power of Time fell like rain, enveloping everything. The black-robed Patriarch's face paled even further, and his pupils constricted. He suddenly slapped his bag of holding to produce a black horn. He bit the tip of his tongue and spit some blood onto it, causing it to writhe and wriggle. It shattered with a bang as two centipedes suddenly flew out from inside!

The centipedes were pitch black, except for a white line that ran down their abdomens. As soon as they appeared, the aroma of deadly venom wafted out, along with an indescribable aura.

"Attack!" The black-robed man's face was pale. This was his trump card, something he had acquired years ago, and had even enabled him to launch a successful sneak attack against an injured false Immortal.

As soon as the centipedes appeared, they shot through the air like Immortal creatures. Their speed was incredible as they closed in on the second true self. However, as soon as they entered the power of Time, they instantly stopped in place.

The black-robed Patriarch became even more nervous, and he quickly produced even more magical items.

At the same time, the two many-legged centipedes continued to move forward, albeit much more slowly than before. They even looked excited.

The white lines on their abdomens began to expand until they covered more than half their bodies. Now, the centipedes appeared to be half white and half black.

At the same time, an incredible aura began to emanate out from them, and they grew even more excited. Gradually, their speed increased. Apparently, they were consuming the power of Time!

The sight of it caused Meng Hao's eyes to narrow as he stood within the shield.

The black-robed Patriarch was inwardly delighted, and he continued to flee at top speed. As he did, he waved his sleeve, causing the numerous glowing, magical items to shoot toward Meng Hao's second true self.

At the same time, the black-robed Patriarch's eyes flickered, and he performed an incantation gesture then pointed up into the sky. A lightning bolt crackled downward, and a lightning sword coalesced in the sky which then slashed down toward the second true self.

The second true self gave a cold snort and loosened his grip on the wooden sword, allowing it freedom to orbit around him. It immediately transformed into a vortex, which became a tempest. Sword qi raged, and the power of Time screamed through the air.

As for the second true self, he lifted his right hand up, during which time a confused expression appeared in his eyes.

Suddenly, his right hand became transparent, and thousands of magical sealing marks appeared. Shockingly, they shot forward to form the shape

that looked like a closed parasol!

The parasol was formed from numerous magical symbols, and as soon as it appeared in full, it opened.

A shocking aura exploded out, along with a brightness that rivaled the sun. In fact, anyone who glanced at it would think that this parasol really was a sun.

This was not one of Meng Hao's divine abilities, but rather, a Daoist magic that existed in the memory of the Immortal's soul inside the second true self!

"Solitary Yang Sky!" said an ancient, icy voice that came from the mouth of the second true self. As the words echoed out, the black-robed Patriarch's magical items all shattered into pieces. As for the Patriarch himself, he was caught up by the glowing light and the tempest. Blood sprayed from his mouth as his body withered significantly.

Shock covered his face. "What divine ability is that!?!?"

What caused him even more despair was that the two centipedes, caught up in the river of Time, had been sated on Time power. Now, they shrank down and balled themselves up, leaving them unable to move and floating there in midair. Even when the black-robed Patriarch called for them to return, they completely ignored him.

"Dammit!!" he thought, his heart filled with frustration. Suddenly, back inside the shield, Meng Hao waved his right hand. The war chariot appeared directly in front of him, which he entered without hesitation, at the same circulating the qi of Immortal Shows the Way.

RUMBLE!

The chariot vanished, to reappear moments later in front of his second true self. He waved his hand, and the two sphere-like centipedes were instantly sucked into his bag of holding.

"YOU!!" roared the black-robed Patriarch, nearly coughing up blood. What he saw in front of him was two people who looked the same, and yet felt completely different. Immediately, he began to flee at top speed.

Even as he fled, Meng Hao's second true self took a step forward and then raised his hand, pointing out toward the Patriarch. Immediately, the wooden sword began to emit a droning sound. At the same time, Meng Hao also performed an incantation and then pointed forward.

Meng Hao's second true self was completely under his control, and in this moment he coordinated with it to jointly control the wooden sword. Droning, the wooden sword exploded with the power of Time.

70,000 years!!

Under the power of 70,000 years of time, the river of Time transformed into a sword!

Boundless sword qi caused everything to tremble and shake as the sword itself slashed toward the black-robed Patriarch.

The black-robed Patriarch's eyes widened, and he was about to dodge out of the way when suddenly, the golden vortex of the Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared, as well as the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex.

Enveloped, the man couldn't move an inch. He could only remain there in place as a sword containing 70,000 years of Time power descended upon him.

"NO!!" he howled. He performed a double-handed incantation, causing an ancient aura to suddenly appear, along with two sealing marks on both of his hands. His body was withering rapidly, not because of the vortex, or because of the decay of Time, but because of something he was doing to himself.

All of the flesh and blood in his body, even the bones and qi passageways, all of his fleshly body was condensing into a divine ability.

"Fleshly Sword Body!" he roared. His body collapsed, although his Nascent Divinity wasn't harmed at all. His bag of holding tumbled off to the side as the various parts of his fleshly body were shattered and then formed back together... into a sword! Its blade was made of bone, and its hilt, flesh and blood! Qi and blood swirled around it in all directions.

The sword shot directly toward the Wooden Time Sword.

BOOOOOOMMMMMMM!

A massive explosion could be heard that shook the entire battlefield, astonishing everyone.

The white bone sword shattered, and the hilt fell to pieces. Qi and blood transformed into ripples that spread out in all directions. Meng Hao's wooden sword trembled and emitted a droning sound as it spun backward. However, the second true self easily reached out his hand and grabbed it.

The second true self's face was pale white as he staggered backward a few measures. As for Meng Hao, he was completely protected by his second true self, and yet still coughed up a mouthful of blood.

"So, peak Dao Seeking experts really can't be killed easily," he thought, his eyes glittering.

Rumbling rolled out across the lands below; the force of the explosion just now was too powerful, and the Blood Demon Sect's final shield layer couldn't take the impact. It trembled, and then directly shattered into pieces. The Blood Demon Sect was now completely exposed in the middle of the battlefield.

The black-robed Patriarch's Nascent Divinity grew very dim under the power of the explosion, but fled at top speed nonetheless, an expression of madness and hatred on his face. Since becoming Patriarch of the sect, he had never been so seriously injured, especially not to the point of being forced to use the Fleshly Sword Body. All of his failures had to do with the wooden sword. The most powerful magical arts he could utilize were all designed to be used in coordination with the sect's precious treasure.

"You're all dead!" the black-robed Patriarch roared. "Meng Hao, I'm going to possess your body!! Golden Frost, Li Yuanlei, no more delays! I'm making my move now!" Gritting his teeth, he grabbed his bag of holding and then slapped it to produce an enormous statue!

The statue was fully three thousand meters tall, and completely black. An intense energy surged up into the air as soon as it appeared. Gradually, a seemingly infinite murderous aura began to swirl around it. Its presence caused strange colors to flash in the sky, and the clouds roiled. At the

same time, a huge vortex appeared around the statue.

An aura suddenly exploded out that belonged to an Immortal.

It was an Immortal's treasure!

The Dawn Immortal had been their trump card, but this statue was their last resort.

The red-haired old man from the Golden Frost Sect and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch exchanged determined glances.

The Golden Frost Sect Patriarch took a deep breath and then waved his hand. Immediately 1,000 fist-sized rocks flew out from within his sleeves. Shockingly, Immortal qi immediately began to emanate out. These were not magical items, nor spirit stones. These were... pieces of Immortal jade!!

Even Immortals would rarely see so many pieces of Immortal jade!!

As soon as the pieces of Immortal jade flew out, the vortex around the statue sucked them up. The statue's energy shot upward, and the murderous air to its aura increased by tenfold.

The 3rd Li Clan Patriarch had a very serious look on his face as he opened his mouth and spit out a mouthful of blood. His entire body suddenly sagged, and he backed up anxiously. Within the blood were countless dots of golden light, which formed together into countless strands that resembled a root formed of countless veins.

This was... a root of Immortality!

The Immortal root flew into the statue, and the instant it did, the statue seemed to come to life. Its limbs trembled, and the entire statue turned into a puppet!

At the same time, the black-robed Patriarch waved his sleeve to collect up Patriarch Six-Daos' discarnate soul, then threw it off to the side.

The river of 100,000 discarnate souls was no longer under the control of Patriarch Six-Daos, but rather, the black-robed Patriarch. He led the river of souls directly into the statue-puppet, which caused its eyes to open and radiate brilliant light.

The aura of an Immortal exploded out with full intensity.

This was an Immortal!

Although it was not a true Immortal, even a false Immortal could still be called Immortal.

A false Immortal puppet!

“Meng Hao, it’s time to die!!” said the puppet, its voice that of the black-robed Patriarch.

The puppet’s eyes shone with boundless light at it slowly stood up. Its energy rumbled boundlessly, and the ground quaked. An Immortal aura exploded out.

“Everyone, attack! Eradicate everyone in the Blood Demon Sect! Leave no one alive!!”

In response to the puppet’s voice, the more than 100,000 cultivators’ hearts surged. It was almost as if their bodies weren’t even under their own control. Without the slightest hesitation, they shot directly toward the shieldless Blood Demon Sect.

Chapter 747: Decisive Battle!

The final, decisive battle had finally begun!

Booming filled the sky and the land, the Heavens dimmed, and the wind screamed. The Blood Demon Sect was the center, and surrounding it was a vast sea of cultivators unleashing magical techniques that gave rise to enormous ripples. The earth was smashed and the air shattered. It was as if doomsday had arrived.

More than 100,000 cultivators charged across the battlefield madly toward the Blood Demon Sect disciples that they had besieged this entire time. The Blood Demon Sect disciples had repressed themselves to the limit, and now their savagery exploded out.

“KILL THEM!!” There were tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples and more than 100,000 enemy cultivators. Despite the fact that they were significantly outnumbered, they did not hesitate to wade into the bloody battle.

This was their sect, and this war was being waged to exterminate them. Not a single one of them would be left alive. Since that was the case, they would take some of the enemy with them!

Or perhaps... they would be able to slaughter their way to a chance for survival.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he retreated back to Blood Prince Gorge. Xu Qing was shivering slightly when he landed in front of her, but when she saw him she took a deep breath and gazed at him with gentle eyes.

He embraced her, then looked up at the vast array of enemy forces charging toward them. He watched as the Blood Demon Sect disciples charged madly into the fray, and the final, decisive battle began.

“Are you afraid?” he asked Xu Qing softly.

“No,” she replied with a chuckle.

Meng Hao's second true self hovered in midair, eyes glittering. He raised his hand, causing the wooden sword to circulate around him as his peak

Dao Seeking cultivation base surged. Then, he turned into a prismatic streak of light that shot toward the false Immortal puppet.

The puppet immediately met him in combat and explosions rang out, sending boundless ripples out in all directions. This became a third battlefield, the second being where Patriarch Blood Demon was fighting.

On the ground below, the slaughter commenced. Shouting rang out, along with the sounds of killing. The Blood Demon Sect disciples were in a frenzy, holding nothing back, even sustaining injury and burning longevity. When they were too severely injured, they would smile bitterly and then choose to self-detonate.

Rumbling filled the battlefield as the Blood Demon Sect disciples massacred the enemy with savagery and madness.

One particular Blood Demon Sect disciple with a Nascent Soul cultivation base, received a fatal blow. Using the last bit of his energy, he lunged forward and buried his teeth into his opponent's throat and ripped out a huge chunk of bloody flesh. As his opponent screamed miserably, the Blood Demon Sect disciple laughed maniacally and then self-detonated.

Another Blood Demon Sect disciple unleashed a forbidden art. His entire cultivation base and fleshly body, even his soul, transformed into a drop of blood which stabbed through the foreheads of multiple opponents. After slaying eight people in a row, he exploded.

Ruthlessly savage!

Due to the berserk fighting of the Blood Demon Sect, the more than 100,000 enemies were kept outside of the mountain peaks, and were incapable of stepping half a pace into the interior of the sect. The vicious slaughter being carried out by the Blood Demon Sect completely shook their opponents.

In a very short period of time, the Blood Demon Sect lost more than 10,000 cultivators. However, the enemy forces paid a heavy price; more than 20,000 of their number were killed!

Meng Hao did not participate in the fighting, but rather stood outside Blood Prince Gorge, surrounded by Blood Demon Sect disciples, silently observing the battle. To the other disciples, their Blood Prince had already paid a heavy enough price. Now... it was time for them to do their part.

Up in midair, the Dawn Immortal's clone began to shine with a brilliant light. The illusory Resurrection Lily behind her almost seemed corporeal. She was now relying purely on her own strength to keep Patriarch Blood Demon's clone in check.

Rumbling filled the air as they attacked each other. As for the red-haired Golden Frost Sect Patriarch and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, they circled around the area, occasionally attempting to interfere with the battle, but mostly just setting up spell formations in an attempt to prevent Patriarch Blood Demon from breaking free.

In a different location, Meng Hao's second true self was fighting the false Immortal puppet. The black-robed Patriarch's Nascent Divinity was now driving the puppet, and thanks to his towering killing intent and the puppet's incredible strength, Meng Hao's second true self was slowly being pushed back.

The gap between the peak of Dao Seeking and a false Immortal was too vast!

Thankfully, Meng Hao's second true self had the Wooden Time Sword, and the Immortal's soul inside of him made him just capable of holding his own in the battle.

However, anyone could see that eventually, the Blood Demon Sect... would be defeated.

"DIE!" roared the more than 100,000 enemy cultivators as they surged onto the offensive once more. In the middle of all the fighting could be seen the Golden Frost Sect puppet with the Dao Seeking aura. Its eyes flashed as it advanced cautiously through the crowds.

The cultivators who made up this Golden Frost Sect puppet were already thoroughly frightened by Meng Hao. They had looked on helplessly as the Solitary Sword Sect's early Dao Seeking expert was killed, and the Li Clan

Patriarch severely injured. Then there was the black-robed Patriarch, who they didn't even come close to matching up to.

They would have long since fled, but this was war, and they could not.

Even as the Golden Frost Sect puppet started to advance, Meng Hao's eyes began to flicker with icy coldness. He looked at the puppet, and as he did, it stopped in its tracks.

Meng Hao looked down at Xu Qing and began to speak, his voice soft. "I'm going to kill a lot of people today. If you don't want to see so much bloodshed, you can always close your eyes."

Xu Qing looked up at him with a tender expression, then closed her eyes.

Holding Xu Qing tight with one arm, he flicked his sleeve, causing the war chariot to appear. He stepped inside, and the war chariot began to shine with a blinding light. Numerous beasts magically appeared, and they roared as they began to pull the chariot forward.

He stood there in the war chariot, Xu Qing at his side. Now that he had reappeared on the battlefield, he once again became the focus of attention. Everything he said and did would be noticed, and would affect the overall situation on the battlefield.

Boom!

The war chariot charged into the crowds, and instantly people were killed. In the blink of an eye, a bloody path was carved out across the battlefield.

Bloodcurdling screams filled the air constantly. Anyone who was struck by Meng Hao's war chariot died in a spray of blood. Soon, the chariot itself was the color of blood.

Meng Hao's face, hair, and clothing were also soaked in blood, but he didn't care. His eyes were cold and grim as he waved his hand, causing the Ninth Mountain to appear as well as the fourth level vortex of the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

He was no longer the scholar he had been. Nor was he the same Meng

Hao of the Southern Domain. After joining the Blood Demon Sect, his heart had begun to fill with an insatiable desire to kill.

That desire to kill was the Devil in his heart!

Be a Devil in heart. Bedevilment! As a Devil, carry out mass slaughter!

Meng Hao lifted his head and roared as the war chariot shot forward, this time toward the Golden Frost Sect puppet. The Golden Frost Sect puppet's face fell, and it fell back at top speed. It performed an incantation gesture, causing the glint of blades and swords to spin toward Meng Hao.

Boom!

Meng Hao made no attempt to dodge. The war chariot smashed forward, crushing the incoming blades and swords like dried weeds as it barreled toward the puppet.

Another explosion rattled out, and popping sounds could be heard from the puppet as cracks spread out across its body. It retreated again, waving its hand to produce a golden greatsword which then slashed down toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, clenched his right hand into a fist, and punched out.

The instant his punch connected with the greatsword, cracks spread out across the sword, and it exploded into pieces. Having lost the greatsword, the Golden Frost Sect puppet appeared to be in a state of despair. It was incapable of dodging the war chariot, which slammed directly into its body.

A boom could be heard as the Golden Frost Sect puppet fell to pieces. It transformed into four Spirit Severing cultivators, all of whom were coughing up blood. Faces aghast, they were about to flee, only to find that the fourth level vortex of the Blood Demon Grand Magic was waiting for them.

The vortex rumbled into motion, and not a single one of the four were able to escape. They were enveloped by the vortex, and their bodies began to wither. Their cultivation bases were sucked away; even genuine early

Dao Seeking cultivators would be incapable of getting out of this vortex. As for these four... how could they possibly escape death!?

BOOM!

Their bodies exploded, and their cultivation bases were gone. Their Nascent Divinities flew out, whereupon the flag of three streamers appeared to sweep them up.

Unfortunately, this small victory did nothing to change the tide of the battle as a whole. In the same moment that Meng Hao vanquished the Golden Frost Sect puppet, booming sounds could be heard from up in mid-air as his second true self coughed up blood and retreated at top speed.

The false Immortal puppet, under the control of the black-robed Patriarch, was emanating an incredible energy. Immortal qi surged about, and the air around it shattered. Natural law bowed before him, as if it were the ultimate sovereign.

“Blood Demon Sect! Today, you will be exterminated!” cried the black-robed man from within the false Immortal puppet, his voice laced with killing intent. “Meng Hao, you twerp, you will not escape death today!”

The enormous puppet flickered, suddenly changing directions to attack, not the second true self, but Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s killing intent filled the air, but he was well aware of the gap in power between him and the puppet. The war chariot thrummed as he retreated. Unfortunately, the false Immortal puppet only continued to pursue him, and even increased its speed. It got closer and closer!

It didn’t seem as if there were any place Meng Hao could flee to. The false Immortal puppet would catch him no matter where he went!

His second true self flickered and shot toward him. However, Meng Hao knew that there was nowhere to flee to. He suddenly grinned hideously, and then stopped in place. He raised his right hand, and the Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared, along with the Ninth Mountain, the Black White Pearls and the Blood Immortal divine abilities!

He also summoned the 'withering' character, and called the Ji Clan Blood Clone from down on the battlefield. In addition, the Resurrection Lily blossomed behind him, writhing viciously.

And finally... he clenched his right fist!

As for the second true self, he utilized his peak Dao Seeking cultivation base to unleash the Solitary Yang Sky!

It combined with the Wooden Time Sword, a river of 70,000 years of Time power, and everything else, to form the most powerful attack that Meng Hao could currently unleash.

He was battling a false Immortal!

The entire battlefield shook violently!

A shocking boom rang out that turned the heads of countless people on the battlefield. The air was shattered, and the false Immortal puppet not only stopped in place, it retreated three measures!

Meng Hao's second true self spat up a huge mouthful of blood and stumbled backward. As for Meng Hao himself, blood also sprayed from his mouth. However, his body did not collapse due to the protection of the chariot. The war chariot tumbled end-over-end, and the qi of Immortal Shows the Way vanished, causing the war chariot to also disappear.

Meng Hao held Xu Qing tight as he fled. When he looked back, he saw the false Immortal Puppet laughing maniacally and proceeding forward with killing intent swirling.

"Time to die!" roared the puppet, raising its right hand. Shockingly, a multi-colored glow appeared, swirling Immortal qi which transformed into an Immortal lotus. The lotus pulsed, and a massive pressure rumbled out.

It was at this point that....

Up in midair, Patriarch Blood Demon's clone, the one that was fighting the Dawn Immortal, suddenly sighed. Then, it turned and vanished.

Meanwhile, in the cave in Mount Blood Demon, the armored Patriarch Blood Demon sat cross-legged in the Blood Pool. Suddenly, his eyes

snapped open, and they radiated a glow the color of blood.

Chapter 748: Blood Demon's True Self!

An ancient voice echoed out from Mount Blood Demon.

"It's time to end this war."

Apart from the Blood Demon Sect disciples, everyone on the battlefield was immediately rooted in place.

Even the false Immortal puppet controlled by the black-robed Patriarch, which had been bearing down on Meng Hao, was stopped in midair.

The red-haired old man from the Golden Frost Sect, the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, even the Dawn Immortal's clone, all were frozen in place. They could not move, but they could still think, and their minds... were filled with astonishment!

"The fact that you were able to push me this far shows that I truly did underestimate you Southern Domain cultivators," said the ancient voice. It sounded incredibly tired, yet at the same time, filled with a mighty and wild pride.

"Dawn Immortal, earlier you asked me why I was so confident. Well now I'm going to show you... exactly why I am so confident.

"You all believe that what sits in the Immortal's cave in Mount Blood Demon is actually my true self?" Even as the voice boomed out, Patriarch Blood Demon slowly rose from his cross-legged position in the Blood Pond. He stepped forward and then... walked out of the Immortal's cave on Mount Blood Demon.

As he stepped foot onto the mountain peak, a sea of blood burst out from behind him. It truly was a sea, vast quantities of blood that surged up into the sky. In the blink of an eye, it covered everything, so that everything up above... was the color of blood.

The previous sky was no longer visible, making the entire world seem to be one of blood. Within this world of blood, atop Mount Blood Demon, stood Patriarch Blood Demon, clad in armor, looking out at the world with ancient eyes.



Official ISSTH art of Patriarch Blood Demon



Official ISSTH “cute” Patriarch Blood Demon art

The red-haired Patriarch from the Golden Frost Sect trembled, and an intense apprehension welled up inside of him.

The 3rd Li Clan Patriarch was equally astonished, and an unprecedented feeling of crisis filled him.

The Dawn Immortal’s clone wore an expression of astonishment as she suddenly realized that her understanding of Patriarch Blood Demon... was far from complete.

The false Immortal puppet controlled by the black-robed Patriarch was also shaking. The massive pressure which weighed down on him was such that he knew a mere thought could kill him!

“Impossible! How could he be so powerful!?!?”

Down below on the battlefield, the more than 100,000 cultivators of the allied powers were also dumbfounded.

“There are many stories about me in the lands of the Southern Domain,” said Patriarch Blood Demon coolly. “According to some of those stories, I am the incarnation of a drop of blood from a Demon. That is why... I am called Patriarch Blood Demon.

“That story is true.” He stood there atop Mount Blood Demon, not even the tiniest ripple emanating from his cultivation base. He seemed, for all intents and purposes, to be a mortal.

“And yet, it is also false!” When he said this, the land began to quake. Fissures spread out, as if some enormous creature were waking beneath the surface of the land and was about to emerge.

“I say it’s true because I am indeed incarnated from a drop of blood. I say it’s false because this body formed by the drop of blood... is not my true self!”

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the rifts in the land grew larger. However, the cultivators were completely stuck in their original positions. Even if the land fell away beneath them, they would remain floating there in place.

As for the Blood Demon Sect disciples, they had already retreated back to the region of the five mountain peaks. Meng Hao was among their number, his mind reeling as he held Xu Qing tight at his side.

Xu Qing’s eyes had opened and she was also looking on with shock.

“My confidence lies in my true self. I don’t have much life left in me, so I didn’t want to move.... However, this battle has earned you the right to see me.” Even as the words began to leave his mouth, an intense rumbling could be heard from the ground.

Everything shook as, shockingly, a gargantuan hand burst out from the ground. It was followed by an arm that was thousands of meters long. It looked like a mountain as it rose up, causing everything to tremble.

The surface of the ground collapsed as a head appeared. He had blood-colored skin, and a horn protruded from his forehead. He wore an ancient, dilapidated suit of armor. It only took a moment... for him to completely rise up from the ground!

He was nearly thirty thousand meters tall, completely crimson, and covered with innumerable complex magical symbols.

He looked almost exactly like the Demonic Incarnation of the Blood

Demon Grand Spell Formation that Meng Hao had controlled before, only more ancient and more real!

The red-haired old man from the Golden Frost Sect felt his mind buzzing. His face fell, and he began to pant. Next to him, the Li Clan Patriarch gasped, and his eyes went wide with disbelief.

The Dawn Immortal's clone was also trembling, and the Resurrection Lily behind her was struggling. As for the false Immortal puppet controlled by the black-robed Patriarch, it was also trembling.

The instant the enormous figure appeared, the Patriarch Blood Demon that stood on Mount Blood Demon stepped out into the air and then flew up to sit cross-legged on top of the enormous head. Then, he slowly merged down into the enormous Demon.

It was at this point that the Demon's eyes suddenly opened.

"This is my true self!

"I was seriously injured, and chose this place to recuperate. I incarnated a clone with a drop of blood, and founded the Blood Demon Sect." His voice rumbled across the lands like thunder. Up above, the blood-colored sky glittered brightly. The more than 100,000 cultivators were trembling in shock, even the most powerful experts.

Meng Hao was equally shaken.

"Unfortunately, I can only wield a fraction of the power that I could when I was at my peak. It would be difficult for me to harm a true Immortal. However, to kill a false Immortal... is child's play." With that, his huge hand stretched out and grabbed the Dawn Immortal's clone.

Rumbling filled the air, and the Dawn Immortal's clone screamed miserably. The Resurrection Lily behind her writhed as she struggled to fight back. She could only hold on for a moment, though, before her body was crushed. She, along with the Resurrection Lily, began to fade away.

Before vanishing completely, the Dawn Immortal's cold, merciless voice rang out: "Blood Demon, I refuse to believe that you will be able to keep ahold of that Demon body for much longer! Since you're dying, your

Demon body will soon belong to me!”

“Ah, so it’s true.... You came here for my Demon body.” It was then that Blood Demon’s eyes came to rest on the red-haired old man from the Golden Frost Sect. He stretched his finger out.

The old man trembled, but could do nothing to fight back. Blood Demon’s finger touched him, and it was a boundless mountain smashing down onto him. He immediately was smashed into pieces, leaving behind only his Nascent Divinity. His expression was one of terror and despair, incapable as he was of fleeing.

Just when he thought he was going to disappear forever, Blood Demon calmly said, “I’ll leave you alive.”

With that, a blood-red light descended from the blood-colored sky, enveloping the red-haired Patriarch, instantly transforming him into something that looked like a Blood Clone.

Along with the new body came a blank expression, as if all his previous memories had been wiped away.

“From now on, you will be a Dharma Protector of the Blood Demon Sect,” said Patriarch Blood Demon, his voice cool. Next, his gaze shifted to the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, and his finger moved again.

The 3rd Li Clan Patriarch trembled, and his body exploded. As the blood and gore dissipated, his Nascent Divinity flew out, and was encased in a similar body of blood. His memories were erased, and he became another Dharma Protector of the Blood Demon Sect.

Patriarch Blood Demon seemed exhausted, and he closed his eyes, as if he didn’t even have enough energy to keep them open. It seemed that his actions just now put quite a strain on him.

After a moment, he forced his eyes open again and looked at the puppet being controlled by the black-robed Patriarch. “And then there’s you.... I think you, too, will be a Dharma Protector of the Blood Demon Sect.”

“That one must die!” said Meng Hao suddenly.

Blood Demon's eyes flickered. Without another word, he reached out and grabbed the false Immortal puppet and squeezed down violently. What was being crushed was in fact the Nascent Divinity of the black-robed old man.

A miserable scream could be heard as the Nascent Divinity was completely obliterated.

Having accomplished these things, the enormous Blood Demon closed his eyes. Apparently, he was now completely out of energy. He once again sat down cross-legged and then sank down into the ground. The image of Patriarch Blood Demon once again appeared at the top of his head, looking completely exhausted, and surrounded by an even stronger aura of death than before. As the enormous Demon disappeared into the earth, Patriarch Blood Demon stepped foot onto Mount Blood Demon. As he entered the Immortal's cave there, the sea of blood that covered the sky rushed back into the cave to reform the Blood Pond. Patriarch Blood Demon sluggishly sat down cross-legged to meditate.

It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly heard Patriarch Blood Demon's exhausted voice in his ear.

"I didn't want to use my real body, as it is an incredible drain on the scant bit of power I have left....

"But you... represent a hope that I cannot ignore....

"I need to sleep now, and I won't be able to awaken again for another hundred years. Perhaps I will never awaken. As for the Blood Demon Sect... I give it to you.... Be careful of the Dawn Immortal. She is both a Resurrection Lily, and not a Resurrection Lily.... Also, the great territorial war is coming soon."

The rift in the ground closed up, and the restrictive spell formation surrounding the area vanished. The more than 100,000 cultivators on the battlefield could now move again. Trembling, they looked with terror at Mount Blood Demon. It was hard to say who was first, but they began to retreat, scattering like a flock of birds, fighting amongst themselves to be the first to flee.

As for the 70,000 remaining Blood Demon Sect disciples, their killing intent was even more intense than ever. Their sect had narrowly escaped complete eradication in this war, and they would never rest easy unless they exacted their revenge.

“Blood Prince!!”

“Blood Prince!!”

All of the Blood Demon disciples turned to look at Meng Hao as they awaited his decision about what to do next.

Meng Hao looked at the exhausted Blood Demon Sect disciples and then after a moment of contemplation said, “Debts of blood can only be paid in full WITH blood! We rest for one month. After that, I will take you... to unify the Southern Domain!”

Their intense killing intent, along with the thirst to unify the Southern Domain, transformed their morale into one of excitement and frenzy. The mood completely enveloped the battered Blood Demon Sect!

Meanwhile, outside of the Blood Demon Sect, an old man sat cross-legged up in the sky. Beneath him was a pill furnace. He had a complex expression on his face as look down at the Blood Demon Sect.

It was Pill Demon, also known as Reverend Violet East of the Violet Fate Sect.

“Patriarch Blood Demon, you have paid too heavy a price in order to prepare him to Sever the Devil and enter Dao Seeking. He is my apprentice, so this kindness is something that he should not have to pay for. I will take the responsibility to repay you.” After a long, deep look at the Blood Demon Sect, he turned and vanished.

Chapter 749: Emperor Black Sieve!

One month later....

There was no hotter topic in the Southern Domain than the war between the four allied powers and the Blood Demon Sect. After a month, stories about the battle had already spread far and wide.

The peak Dao Seeking Patriarch of the Solitary Sword Sect had fallen in battle, as well as an early Dao Seeking elder!

Patriarch Six-Daos of the Black Sieve Sect had been killed!

A Patriarch of the Golden Frost Sect and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch were wiped of their memories and transformed into Dharmic Protectors of the Blood Demon Sect!

The Blood Demon Sect's Blood Prince, Meng Hao, had a peak Dao Seeking clone and an undying body. No matter how many times he was killed, his body reformed!

Patriarch Blood Demon's true self was actually beneath the Blood Demon Sect, and was shockingly powerful to the extreme!

All the details were spread throughout the Southern Domain. Soon, all cultivators were shocked by the might of the Blood Demon Sect.

"The Patriarchs of four sects were either killed or enslaved! I can't believe the Blood Demon Sect is actually that powerful!"

"That's nothing. I heard that the Solitary Sword Sect's precious treasure was actually taken away by the Blood Demon Sect's Blood Prince! How bizarre is that!?"

"The number one sect in the Southern Domain is definitely the Blood Demon Sect!"

"Four great powers were defeated, do you really think the Blood Demon Sect will stop now? It won't be long now before another great war unfolds!"

"It's too bad about all those rogue cultivators who enlisted. I heard

almost all of them died....”

During the month, discussions raged regarding the battles between the Blood Demon Sect and the four great powers. Soon, people began to realize that... there were suddenly far fewer cultivators in the Southern Domain than there used to be.

Heavy casualties had been sustained by four great powers, as well as a vast quantity of rogue cultivators. Such losses significantly reduced the overall military might of the Southern Domain as a whole.

As the rest of the Southern Domain was marveling about the Blood Demon Sect, the Solitary Sword Sect was awash with misery. They had once been the most powerful sect, with two Dao Seeking Patriarchs. Now, however, both of those patriarchs were dead.

Furthermore, their sect’s precious treasure now belonged to someone else. The forces that returned to the sect were less than half of the number who had left to wage war. Virtually all of their Spirit Severing experts had died. Only three returned.

As soon as the Solitary Sword Sect’s forces returned, they immediately sealed down the entire sect, activated their grand spell formation and cut themselves off from the outside world.

All of the sect members’ hearts were filled with fear and even terror at the thought of reprisals from the Blood Demon Sect.

The Golden Frost Sect was in much the same position as the Solitary Sword Sect. Their Patriarch had died, their Dao Seeking puppet had been destroyed, and virtually all of their Spirit Severing experts had been slain. The only Spirit Severing expert who remained was an Elder of the Second Severing, who was now the most powerful person in the Sect.

Their eighteen grand spell formations were activated one by one. The Golden Frost Sect... also chose to seal their entire sect off from the outside world!

As for the Li Clan, both their 3rd and 5th Patriarchs were dead, and significant injuries and deaths had been inflicted on their forces. It was an

incredibly heavy blow to the Clan. Thankfully for the Li Clan, they had existed for many years, and were able to awaken a Third Severing Patriarch. However, he was only one person. Therefore, the Li Clan also sealed itself, its mountain ranges, and all the surrounding areas.

And then there was the Black Sieve Sect.... There was no need for the Black Sieve Sect to seal anything. There were only a handful of disciples left alive. As for the ones who survived the war with the Blood Demon Sect, they didn't return to the sect.

The disciples who had been left behind to guard the sect quickly learned of the death of Six-Daos, and the great victory of the Blood Demon Sect. Filled with terror, they all left. The once flourishing mountains of the enormous Black Sieve Sect were now empty.

Of course, there were some rogue cultivators and small-scale sects who cast their eyes on the spiritual energy and resources within the sect. They snuck in to search for the sect's ancient records, legacies and magical items.

However, something happened that instantly turned the entire Black Sieve Sect into a forbidden zone that no one dared to enter.

About half a month previous, a group of several hundred rogue cultivators were wandering through the Black Sieve Sect when suddenly, a sinister roar could be heard coming from underground, deep beneath the Black Sieve Sect. Then, a voice could be heard.

"I, the Emperor, have been sleeping for so long, and when I finally wake up... well, look at what has happened to this place! Well then, you people will be staying behind!" As the voice echoed out, black fog roiled up from the ground beneath the Black Sieve Sect. It quickly enveloped the entire area, whereupon bloodcurdling shrieks could be heard coming from the rogue cultivators inside. Not a single one was able to escape.

The people who were outside of the fog fled in shock, and then spread word of what had happened.

As the Southern Domain slipped into chaos, the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect and the Li Clan were all sealed. There was little change

in the Song Clan and the Violet Fate Sect. For them, things continued on as normal. They had not participated in the war with the Blood Demon Sect, and therefore sustained no losses whatsoever, and maintained their previous levels of power.

As time passed, more and more Southern Domain cultivators were trying to figure out what the Blood Demon Sect would do next. Would they strike back? If they sought revenge, which sect would they move against first?

In fact, quite a few cultivators lingered near the outskirts of the Blood Demon Sect, awaiting the day they took action.

Finally, one bright and beautiful day, beneath a cloudless sky, a beam of colorful light shot up from within the Blood Demon Sect. It was not just one beam, but hundreds, then thousands, until finally... tens of thousands of beams of light caused Heaven and Earth to tremble.

Instantly, the cultivators lingering outside of the Blood Demon Sect began to get excited.

“The Blood Demon Sect is on the march!!”

“Tens of thousands of cultivators have been dispatched! There’s definitely going to be a war!”

“They’re absolutely going to strike back, otherwise why would they marshal such an incredible force!?”

The rogue cultivators quickly spread the news. At a sensitive time like this in the Southern Domain, this news about the Blood Demon Sect swept across the entire land like a stormwind.

The Blood Demon Sect was on the move!

Tens of thousands of beams of light shot through the air, with Meng Hao in the lead. His expression was grim as he whistled through the air. Shockingly, he was flanked by two figures wearing blood-colored robes, with blank expressions on their faces. They seemed barely aware of what was going on around them, but their auras were intense, that of peak Dao Seeking.

Behind them were the Spirit Severing experts, then tens of thousands of ordinary disciples, all of them bent on revenge.

They traveled in silence, and with utmost speed. Quite a few Southern Domain cultivators caught sight of them flying through the sky and were shocked, but then began to follow along. Gradually, more and more cultivators were following behind the Blood Demon Sect.

Soon, the buzz of conversation could be heard from the cultivators trailing the Blood Demon Sect.

“The Black Sieve Sect! That’s their target! It’s the Black Sieve Sect!”

“You’re right. Based on the direction, the only target could be the Black Sieve Sect!”

“The Black Sieve Sect has already fallen to pieces. Its disciples are either dead or scattered! The whole sect is in ruins!”

“Did you forget what happened half a month ago, though? There’s a fog covering the entire sect, with some mysterious danger lurking inside.”

Meng Hao was in the vanguard position, his expression calm, but his eyes flickering with killing intent. Many people had been wounded or killed in the fighting, and his hatred had reached such heights that retribution was absolutely necessary.

As far as the Black Sieve Sect went, Meng Hao had long since planned to destroy it. He didn’t just want to kill the disciples of the sect, he wanted to completely rip it up by the roots and erase its name from the Southern Domain for all time.

“After joining the Blood Demon Sect, I have slaughtered countless enemies. Therefore... I might as well be thorough about it!” A bloody glow could be seen in his eyes, and a monstrous desire to kill filled him as he pushed forward at top speed.

RUMBLE!

Several days later, the Blood Demon Sect appeared as beams of light in the sky above the Black Sieve Sect. Shockingly, more than 100,000

additional beams of light were behind them. They... were disciples from other Southern Domain sects, as well as rogue cultivators. They had followed the Blood Demon Sect here to bear witness to the great war.

The Black Sieve Sect no longer looked like the place Meng Hao remembered. What he saw was a vast churning fog, completely black, that covered the Ninety Nine Mountains and exuded an intense aura of death. Its coldness was palpable. Furthermore, the surroundings were caked in layer after layer of bluish ice, as if the area was experiencing a glacial winter.

Meng Hao quickly blinked his right eye several times in succession, and the qi of Immortal Shows the Way spread out into his eye. Now when he looked at the fog, he was able to make out some more vague details.

He could see the ruins of the Ninety Nine Mountains, as well as a group of a few hundred people milling about in the center of them all. Their bodies were stiff, as if they existed in a state somewhere between living and dying.

A black thread was attached to the head of each one of the group of several hundred. The black threads stretched down into the ground into a mass of fog deep below the surface of earth. It was roughly thirty meters wide, and even Meng Hao's gaze couldn't pierce into it.

However, Meng Hao could sense that the ball of fog emanated a Dao Seeking aura.

He gave a cold snort as he rotated his cultivation base. He lifted his right hand and then pushed it down over his right eye. The full power of Immortal Shows the Way poured into his eye, and his pupil began to glow with a golden light. All of a sudden, it was as if a veil had been lifted from the world.

He could now see clearly into the thirty meter ball of fog. He saw a platform in the shape of a lotus, upon which a man was seated cross-legged.

The man wore the robe of an emperor, as well as a crown. His body was shriveled and emaciated, almost like a withered corpse. Hundreds of black

threads could be seen on the ground, all of them connected to his head. Bizarrely, the threads were squirming and writhing.

Behind the withered corpse was a door.

The instant Meng Hao laid eyes on the corpse, its eyes opened. A green light appeared there which shot out through the mist to meet Meng Hao's gaze.

"Meng... Hao...." said the corpse, its voice ancient and strange as it echoed back and forth.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. He did not find it strange at all that this person knew who he was. As for the hundreds of threads, Meng Hao could sense that they were being used by the withered corpse to control the hundreds of people up above. It was something similar to Soul Searching.

"I... don't want... to be... your enem... wait, your aura...?!" The withered corpse didn't even get halfway through its sentence before it seemed to sense something. It looked closely at Meng Hao, and then the flickering green glow in its eyes grew even more intense.

"You're... that Demon Sealer... from that time years ago! Demon Sealer! If I kill you... I can confirm the path to true Immortality!" The withered corpse suddenly shot to its feet. In that instant, the fog covering the Black Sieve Sect suddenly exploded out, shooting directly toward Meng Hao.

Inside of the fog were hundreds of figures, all of them roaring as black mist bored into their bodies. Their cultivation bases surged, and although their eyes were blank, their faces twisted with rage. Their bodies grew severalfold, and black fur appeared on their skin. Their teeth turned into fangs, and dual horns sprung out of their heads.

They no longer resembled people, but rather Demons, roaring as they charged into battle.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with coldness, and he said, "Looking to die?!"

Chapter 750: Severing Karma

Several hundred figures with inhuman, demonic bodies charged forward. Their speed increased dramatically, and their cultivation bases climbed higher by a whole stage.

Among their number were four Nascent Soul stage cultivators who grew to an incredible and powerful level. They were now thirty meters tall, with cultivation bases similar to Spirit Severing!

After the transformation, the weakest of the cultivators was at Core Formation, with most being in the Nascent Soul stage.

The power to do such a thing could be considered top rate for any sect or clan. It was something that no power would look down upon during a fight. In fact, an ability like this could easily change the balance of power in a battle.

That was especially true for the four Spirit Severing cultivators. Currently, the remaining Dao Seeking cultivators in the Southern Domain refused to show themselves, so if a Spirit Severing cultivators so much as stomped his feet, it would cause a huge commotion.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and behind him, the killing intent of the tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples surged. They had come here for revenge. When it came to the people who had besieged and battled them, they faced either destruction or assimilation.

There were only these two choices.

Meng Hao's face was calm as he looked at the hundreds of people charging forward. He did not attack them personally. Instead, he waved his sleeve and coolly said, "Exterminate them."

Immediately, roars filled the air behind him.

"DIE!" howled the Blood Demon Sect disciples. Instantly, tens of thousands of cultivators unleashed divine abilities and magical techniques. In the blink of an eye, colorful ripples exploded out in all directions. Their magic was like floodwaters that swept through the air.

The fog rumbled and cracked, and the hundreds of people inside were instantly shredded into a haze of blood and gore, with the exception of the four Spirit Severing cultivators.

That was the result of the combined power of tens of thousands of cultivators. The hundreds of strange, mutated cultivators that belonged to the Black Sieve Sect, despite being powerful enough to constitute the backbone of any Sect's fighting forces, were simply incapable of withstanding even one of their attacks.

Rumbling echoed out, and blood sprayed from the mouths of the four Spirit Severing enemies who had just been raised from the Nascent Soul stage. However, they did not fear death, nor did they do anything to evade. Instead, they charged forward in a frenzy and then... chose to self detonate.

Flames burst out on their skin, and a shocking pressure emanated out from them. Countless beams of brilliant light shone out as they prepared to blow themselves up.

Meng Hao's expression remained completely the same as these four seemingly Demonic Spirit Severing cultivators detonated. It was in this moment that his second true self appeared. He raised his right hand, splayed his fingers and pushed forward.

A huge boom could be heard as the four Demons exploded, the power of which transformed into an attack that made the fog seethe and the air split open. A multicolored mushroom cloud began to rise up, within which was flesh and blood, as well as incredible destructive power. However, the power of the mushroom cloud attack was met by Meng Hao's second true self.

As he faced the expanding mushroom cloud, the second true self slowly began to close his hand into a fist. As he did, the mushroom cloud stopped expanding, and then began to shrink down.

By the time the second true self's hand was fully closed into a fist, the destructive power of the self-detonation, the mushroom cloud, was completely suppressed.

The second true self clenched his fist violently, and a boom could be heard. The destructive mushroom cloud suddenly... faded away into nothing.

The sight of this instantly roused the spirits of the Blood Demon Sect cultivators. As for the hundreds of thousands of Southern Domain cultivators further back, their faces filled with astonishment, and they gasped.

“This clone of the Blood Demon Sect’s Blood Prince... is so... is so... completely terrifying!”

“The power of four Spirit Severing cultivators’ self-detonation was crushed by a single palm!”

“No wonder the joint attack of the four great powers was incapable of defeating the Blood Demon Sect. Not only that, they sealed themselves away from the world after the war was over! The Blood Demon Sect... is too powerful!”

In the moment that the hundreds of cultivators were defeated, the fog churned, then began to rise up. Up in midair, it transformed into an enormous beast that stood on two legs and resembled a black bear.

It was completely ferocious in appearance. Although it had no horns, its enormous fangs were shocking. Mist swirled around it as it roared and then charged toward the Blood Demon Sect, its eyes bright red.

Shocking pressure emanated out from the mist beast, and although it did not emanate any sort of natural law, the feeling Meng Hao got from it was that of Dao Seeking.

As the mist condensed and formed this beast, the Ninety Nine Mountains of the Black Sieve Sect were revealed, and at their center, a huge rift in the ground could be seen, from within which black fog emanated out.

Deep within that rift was the figure that Meng Hao had seen earlier.

“Left Dharma Protector, slay this mist beast,” said Meng Hao coolly. To the left of him was what had once been the Golden Frost Sect Patriarch.

His eyes were the color of blood as he unhesitatingly strode forward toward the mist beast and lifted his hand. A tiny mountain appeared, which was the Golden Frost Sect's legacy precious treasure.

A boom could be heard as the two clashed in battle.

"Right Dharma Protector, go kill the bastard hiding in that rift." The Blood Clone that was formed from the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch shot forward, a bloodthirsty gleam in his eyes. The Li Clan's legacy precious treasure, a Feng Shui compass, rotated around him as he headed toward the rift in the ground.

Booms echoed out as Meng Hao floated in midair, declining to participate in the battle. His two peak Dao Seeking Dharma Protectors were enough to sweep across the Southern Domain and slaughter everything.

To the Blood Demon Sect, unifying the Southern Domain would be an extremely simple task, and that was exactly what Meng Hao intended to do. Exert incredible pressure on all the sects and clans of the Southern Domain, and unite the entire land.

Rumbling filled the sky as the mist beast, incapable of standing up to the divine abilities of the Golden Frost Sect Patriarch, was defeated in the space of only seven or eight breaths. In the end, it exploded, transforming into countless streams of fog that dissipated in all directions.

Underground, booming explosions rang out, followed by bellows of rage. The corpse wearing the imperial robes was now battling the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch. Currently, ripples of the peak Dao Seeking stage were now emanating off of the corpse.

As the two of them fought back and forth, the ground quaked, and the rift was torn open even wider. The corpse's enraged shouts grew louder, and then Meng Hao waved a finger, sending the Golden Frost Sect patriarch into the rift to join the fight. Now, it was two against one!

There was little to be suspenseful about. After enough time had passed for half an incense stick to burn, the withered corpse suffered defeat after defeat. Howling with rage and frustration, it called out, "Meng Hao.... Just

leave! I don't care that you're a Demon Sealer any more! How about we just leave each other alone!?

"If we keep fighting this way, you might win, but one of your men will be seriously injured, maybe even killed! Let's call it quits, how about it?"

"You don't care that I'm a Demon Sealer?" said Meng Hao coolly. "Well I do!" His second true self's eyes glittered as he took a step forward, then suddenly teleported into the rift. In the blink of an eye, more thunderous explosions could be heard from inside.

The withered corpse let out an exclamation of shock. The ground quaked, and more rifts snaked out across the land. Even some of the mountains began to crumble.

The entire Black Sieve Sect was in a horrible state. Mountains were toppling, and the land was being torn apart. Grand palaces and other buildings that had just recently been rebuilt were now falling to pieces.

A huge crater then appeared, which began to swallow up the Ninety Nine Mountains. Four beams of light shot up from within it, one up ahead, three following. The withered corpse was in the lead, blood streaming from his mouth, his entire body in tattered and wounded. His expression was one of astonishment as he fled. Behind him were Meng Hao's second true self and two Dharma Protectors.

The three combined their attacks to shocking effect, making it impossible for the withered corpse to flee. He was sent tumbling through the air, whereupon the second true self appeared off to the side, Wooden Time Sword shining brightly. The withered corpse was terrified in the extreme.

As the three closed in, the withered corpse's eyes suddenly filled with madness. He lifted his right hand up and then tore open a hole in his chest, revealing his withered innards. In the same location as his heart, shockingly, there was a tiny black imp.

The pitch-black imp had three eyes, no nose and a wide mouth, and it appeared to have grown up along with the heart itself. Its three eyes opened to reveal a bizarre glow. It immediately flew out into the air, after

which the withered corpse trembled. All of the life force seemed to have been sucked out of it, and it died.

As the withered corpse died, the imp shot up into the sky. It hovered there, looking down coldly at Meng Hao, its eyes filled with grimness and hatred. Apparently, it was committing Meng Hao's image to memory.

This development caused Meng Hao to gape in shock. The surrounding cultivators were also astonished. Who would ever have thought that hidden inside of the withered corpse was something as bizarre as this imp?

"Demon Sealer...." said the imp, its voice high-pitched. "As emperor, I will never forget this. Sooner or later, I'll make you pay! For now... I'm leaving, and nobody can stop me!" With that, it looked up, apparently preparing to shoot up into the starry sky.

The Left and Right Dharma Protectors unleashed divine abilities to obstruct its way. However, the pitch-black imp smiled mockingly, and did nothing to evade the divine abilities. Instead, he shot directly through them, and sustained no damage in the process.

Meng Hao's second true self gave a cold snort and then attacked. Magical symbols formed into the shape of a parasol, which emanated brilliant light. The imp's pupils constricted, and it let out a piercing shriek. Suddenly, massive quantities of black fog poured out from it and shot toward the parasol.

A boom rang out as the parasol of magical symbols collapsed into pieces. The imp's fog was melted, leaving it visibly weakened. However, it was now high in the sky. It glanced back at Meng Hao and then turned to fly away.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he experienced a menacing sensation. He wasn't sure where this pitch-black imp came from, but there was something about it that filled him with a feeling of grave crisis.

"I can't let him escape!" he thought. His right hand shot up into the air, and he waved his finger toward the imp.

Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

Boom!

The imp suddenly shuddered to a stop. However, it took only a moment of struggling to free itself. Its piercing voice rang out again, “You want to hex me? Your cultivation base isn’t strong enough!”

Seeing that his opponent was about to disappear, Meng Hao took a deep breath and then calmed himself. He stretched out his right hand toward the sky, and then made a chopping motion.

His mind was now devoid of everything except for Karma.

Seventh Demon Sealing Hex!

Hex of Karma!

Chapter 751: Returning to the Blessed Land

Karmic Hexing had been bestowed upon him by Patriarch Blood Demon when he reached the fourth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic. It was a hexing magic that belonged solely to the Demon Sealers, and was something that only Demon sealers could learn and utilize.

Meng Hao had long since achieved internal enlightenment regarding the magic. However, after testing it out, he found that he was unable to successfully cast it consistently. Now that he saw the pitch-black imp fleeing, coldness filled his eyes and he immediately unleashed the magic.

When he raised his hand and then chopped it down, the entire world seemed to grind to a halt. He was now able to see innumerable silk-like threads attached to everyone. They were wrapped and twined together as they spread out into the air to connect to everything else in the world.

This was not the first time Meng Hao had seen something like this. The Karmic Severing of the Ji Clan invoked a similar sight.

However, Meng Hao was a Demon Sealer, so he would not sever Karma, he would hex it!

Karmic Severing was, of course a severing, whereas Karmic Hexing was a type of sealing!

Severing someone's Karma with Karmic Severing would result in their complete and utter death. It didn't matter if the victim had numerous clones; any memories that existed of the victim in anyone's mind would be blotted out. By erasing the image of the person in everyone's mind, even if that person still lived on somewhere, they would be dead.

Such a fearsome Daoist magic was a fundamental magic of the Ji Clan, and in fact, could be considered the most powerful art in the Ninth Mountain. The reason being, of course, that the Heavens of the Ninth Mountain... was none other than Ji Tian. 1

As for Meng Hao, his Karmic Hexing was, simply stated, using Karma as

a hex.

It could use your own Karma to seal you!

The more Karma you possessed, the more powerful the sealing. It didn't matter if you were a human, Immortal, or some other powerful being; as long as you had Karma, you could be sealed.

At first glance, it did not seem to be as domineering as the Ji Clan's art. In reality, though... severing something was as simple as wielding a sharp blade. To seal someone with Karma, however, required controlling Karma itself, and therefore, a deep understanding of it.

The Ji Clan's Karmic Annihilation had been cultivated to the ultimate degree, but definitely could not be used to control Karma. The Ji Clan cultivated a blade with which to sever Karma, whereas the Demon Sealers controlled it. With a single word, they could break the Karmic connection itself.

The two arts were on completely different level.

The power of Karmic Hexing was enough to shake the Heavens. It was like the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, one of the eight great Demon Sealing hexes. Only such a peerless Daoist Magic was worthy to be among those created by the successive generations of Demon Sealers.

Furthermore, it was only by creating such an individualized hex that someone could truly be considered... a Demon Sealer!

"I wonder what my own personal hex, the Ninth Demon Sealing Hex... will be like...?" Meng Hao murmured to himself. His eyes were now blank as he looked up into the sky at the pitch-black imp.

He saw the innumerable Karma Threads attached to the thing, and then he saw them suddenly twisting and distorting as they entangled the pitch-black imp.

"NO!!" screamed the imp. "The seventh hex! It's the seventh hex... The seventh generation Demon Sealer has already perished, his Hexing magic was lost! How could someone in this world be using it!?!?"

“Impossible! I can’t accept this! There’s only one sixty-year cycle left....” The pitch-black imp struggled, but the only result was that it became more entangled. Within the space of a few short breaths, it was completely wrapped up; escape was virtually impossible.

Of course, everyone who was watching saw something very different than what Meng Hao saw. They could not see the Karma Threads; they only saw Meng Hao point, and in response, the pitch-black imp suddenly stopped in midair. It seemed to be struggling, as if its body weren’t under its own control any more. Then it began to move backward.

Toward Meng Hao!

After only a moment, it was back in front of Meng Hao and then on the palm of his hand. Everyone gaped as Meng Hao casually put the imp in his bag of holding.

Gasps could be heard from all directions. The Blood Demon Sect disciples took it much more in stride; after all, they were used to Meng Hao’s enigmatic unpredictability. However, the hundreds of thousands of rogue cultivators were flabbergasted.

“Was that... a sealing?”

“But I didn’t sense any ripples or signs of sealing magic! It was like... like that pitch-black imp flew over of its own accord!”

“This Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect, Meng Hao... he’s beyond comprehension!”

The Black Sieve Sect was now completely destroyed.

The only thing that remained was a crater. The mountains were crumbled, and the once glorious sect now existed only in minds of those who remembered it. All that was left of this shattered and barren land was the unceasing rotation of the heavens above.

A great sect that had existed for ten thousand years, was now nothing more than wreckage and ruins.

Gone. Completely gone.

The surrounding rogue cultivators looked down silently at what used to be the Black Sieve Sect, and gradually, began to sigh to themselves.

Meng Hao hovered in midair, looking down at the ruins of the Black Sieve Sect, and thought back to the first time he had come here. He also thought about when he came here as Fang Mu, and then the third time he came, for Xu Qing.

After a long moment, he shook his head. He was just about to leave when he stopped in place. He looked back down at the ruins and then a strange light began to shine in his eyes.

“It seems I forgot about something....” he murmured. His eyes glittered as he thought back to the first time he had come to the Black Sieve Sect, and the ancient Blessed Land.

It was there that he encountered the vexatious meat jelly.

It was also where he saw that ancient cauldron!

It was an enormous cauldron that was square on the outside and circular on the inside. It was cracked, and contained infinite lightning inside, as well as several enormous statues which bore the surnames of various ancestors from ancient times. 2

In the very center of the statues was an inner cauldron that was round on the outside and square on the inside. Inside of that cauldron... was the precious treasure of an incredibly ancient, almighty being.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and he decided not to leave. Instead, he disappeared in a flash toward the enormous fissure in the ground. He had just recalled that the withered corpse had been sitting cross-legged in front of a door.

His second true self took the lead into the fissure. They sped downward and quickly landed on the lotus-shaped platform, directly in front of the doorway, which exuded an ancient and primordial aura.

Meng Hao hesitated for a moment as he looked at the door. Heart trembling, he sent his second true self ahead to enter.

After a moment, Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and his divine sense that existed in his second true self allowed him to see everything that his second true self was seeing. Without hesitating, he stepped into the door.

RUMBLE!

Everything twisted, distorted, and turned blurry. When things became clear again, Meng Hao appeared in that same world that he had come to before, the ancient Blessed Land!

Because of his familiarity with the place, he was able to see that things were quite different than they had been before. Everything was still and quiet. There were no trees or grass, and everything was black.

There were still mountains visible, but they had black iron chains wrapped around them. The entire world almost seemed to be an enormous spell formation.

"That pitch-black imp was guarding this door," he thought, "so it must have some connection to all this blackness." He flew up into the air and, based on what he remembered of the place, headed in the direction of the enormous cauldron.

As he sped over the land, he was shocked to see that roughly seventy percent of the entire place was pitch black. The other thirty percent was gradually changing. Based on the speed with which it was occurring, it would probably take about one sixty-year-cycle or less for the entire place to turn black.

As he studied the land below, an expression of reminiscence appeared as he recalled reuniting with Xu Qing for the first time in this place.

After a while, he sighed.

Enough time passed for an incense stick to burn before he arrived in a location that had not been covered over by the blackness. The same teleportation portal as before was still operational.

Considering Meng Hao's current cultivation base and experience, he only had to look at it for a moment before determining how to operate it.

He produced a spirit stone, which he placed on the surface. Immediately, the glow of teleportation rose up, and Meng Hao faded away.

When he reappeared, he was near the location of the enormous cauldron. He could hear the shocking rumble of thunder, and off in the distance, he could see...

An enormous, bronze cauldron!

As he looked at the cauldron, he recalled the visions he had experienced, of an almighty being who had refused to capitulate when the Ji Ancestor assumed control of the Ninth Mountain, and had used the cauldron to try to bolt from under the Ji Heavens.

His decision was the same as that of the legendary World Tree. However, in the end, the World Tree had exploded amid the starry sky. As for that almighty being, after the cauldron was broken open, he was apparently eradicated in form and spirit. The only thing that remained behind was this shocking cauldron.

Perhaps to Lord Ji, the cauldron and its Heaven-murdering will were useless. Perhaps there was another reason why he didn't take it for himself. In any case, to other people, the cauldron would definitely be considered a precious treasure.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and headed forward. As he neared the enormous bronze cauldron, the sound of lightning grew louder and more frequent. Blue lightning bolts fell relentlessly, transforming the entire area into a sea of lightning.

Shockingly, some of the lightning bolts were even black.

About 3,000 meters away from the cauldron, Meng Hao stopped. "When I came here with Han Bei and the others, we waited until the lightning was at its weakest before daring to go in. But now....

"Now... I'm quite different than I was back then." Eyes glittering, Meng Hao strode forward into the lightning. Countless bolts of lightning fell, and at the same time, an ancient, domineering voice resounded out from within the cauldron.

“Halt!”

In conjunction with the voice, the lightning fell with increased intensity. It transformed into something almost like a sheet that covered everything in all directions.

“I have some fuzzy recollections of you,” the voice continued, echoing amidst the thunder with might like that of the Heavens. “You shouldn’t be here. Leave immediately. If you take even a single step forward, a tribulation of fire and lightning will descend and you will most certainly die.”

Meng Hao stopped in place and then called out, “Senior, you must be the spirit of this treasured cauldron!”

The ancient voice did not speak again, and the lightning and thunder grew more intense. However, a path through the lightning appeared behind Meng Hao. Apparently Meng Hao was being given a message.... The only path for him was the one that left this place.

He took a deep breath and then said, “Senior, I’ve come here today for one purpose. I wish to take this cauldron away from here. Senior, could you please explain how to do so?”

After a long moment, the ancient voice could be heard once again. This time, its tone was colder than before, and even filled with a touch of disdain. “All you have to do is approach the cauldron and brand it with your divine sense. Then you can take it away.”

Hearing this, Meng Hao immediately picked up on the unstated implication. “You’re not the cauldron’s spirit?”

“Of course I’m not!”

*

1. Ji Tian is the name of Lord Ji, but could also be translated “Heavens of Ji”.
2. The square cauldron was introduced in chapter 157, and the other

things mentioned, such as the lighting and the statues, all came up in subsequent chapters. Interestingly, the title of chapter 157 indicates that the cauldron is square, but the chapter itself doesn't mention that point. On another note, if you compare the events of these two parts of the story, you might notice an inconsistency. There is no explanation for that inconsistency, although I could come up with one pretty easily. In fact, with one additional line of text, I could solve the whole problem. Unfortunately, that would violate the translator code of ethics, so I will leave it "as is".

Chapter 752: Dao Seeking Fleshly Body!

The first time he came here, he would never have dared to even open his mouth, let alone directly ask the question he just had. Back then, his cultivation base was simply too low, and it was only by lucky coincidence that he was even able to come here in the first place.

Now, though, he was a Second Severing cultivator with a second true self that was at the peak of Dao Seeking.

In the current age in which Immortals were incredibly rare in the lands of South Heaven, the peak of Dao Seeking fully deserved to be called the pinnacle level of power. Meng Hao really was on the same pedestal as the most powerful experts of South Heaven.

And that was not speaking of the Southern Domain, but Planet South Heaven as a whole.

Meng Hao looked calmly at the endless sheets of lightning between him and the bronze cauldron, then stepped forward. As soon as he entered the lightning, he was surrounded by shocking rumbling sounds. Endless amounts of lightning shot toward him.

Smacking sounds echoed out as the lightning bolts slammed onto him. They were like writhing white snakes that, from a distance, looks almost like a tempest that surrounded Meng Hao.

He proceeded forward slowly, but every step was taken firmly and stably. Soon, he had advanced by ten measures, each measure being roughly three meters!

The rumbling grew more shocking and intense, and the lightning bolts more numerous. The pressure was intense, and even Meng Hao couldn't help but frown after passing twenty measures. He felt his body spasming, and knew that he could proceed forward. However, based on his calculations, after three hundred measures, he would be able to proceed no further.

The ancient voice once again rang out, filled with coldness: "You are

currently a thousand measures away from the cauldron. Based on your level of strength, the most you can reach... is three hundred measures. The sensible thing would be to give up now. If you do something completely moronic, then you will either end up dead or seriously wounded.”

“Actually,” said Meng Hao coolly, “if I really wish to traverse this path of lightning, well... it’s not that difficult of a thing.” He waved his sleeve, and the air behind him rippled. In the blink of an eye, his second true self stepped forward to stand next to Meng Hao. Lightning fell around them, but the second true self wasn’t harmed in the least bit. In fact, neither its hair nor even the edges of its garments were even stirred.

“Hnhh?” Within the huge cauldron, the ancient voice seemed momentarily struck speechless. “The soul of an Immortal!” it then exclaimed. In conjunction with the words, the lightning in the area grew even more shocking. Suddenly, the lightning merged together to form a man, who hovered in midair.

He was an old man with indistinguishable features. Only his outline was visible, but based on his appearance he seemed to be the lord of the lightning here. He emanated a shocking pressure, and seemed to be able to wield shocking power.

“No, not the soul of an Immortal,” murmured the old man. “It’s a clone... and yet, also not a clone. This is a fleshly body created with some secret art, raised to a pinnacle of power, after which... the soul of a true Immortal was inserted into it!” When Meng Hao heard the old man’s musings, his eyes went wide. Clearly, the old man could pick up on various clues to piece together the truth.

“False Immortals are common, but true Immortals are very rare! With this Immortal clone, you definitely qualify to take the cauldron. However... the cauldron itself has no soul. Whoever touches it for the first time will find part of their soul extracted to become the essence of the cauldron spirit. Are you sure that you want your Immortal clone... to touch the cauldron?” The old man gazed steadily at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao frowned slightly, and muttered to himself for a bit. According

to what the old man said, if his second true self touched the cauldron, then part of his soul would be split away. That meant the cauldron would not belong to Meng Hao, but to the true Immortal's soul.

Furthermore, that meant that although he would most likely be able to use the cauldron, it wouldn't be his.

"This old guy is pretty mysterious," thought Meng Hao. "Regardless of what he says... I can't trust him completely." After some more thought, he looked down at his right arm, and the lightning dancing back and forth across it. Occasionally, lightning would be absorbed into his arm, which gave rise to a tickling sensation. From the look of it, his right arm was actually strong enough to absorb the lightning.

Meng Hao's eyes suddenly began to glitter.

"My Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal needs to absorb vast quantities of magical items.... Could it be that I can actually absorb the lightning from this place?" Heart pounding, he took a deep breath and closed his eyes for a moment. When they opened, his Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal was fully rotating.

As soon as he employed the art, the lightning around him acted as if it had suddenly found a drain to pour down, as if his body was a black hole. In the blink of an eye, all of the lightning... began to fall directly onto Meng Hao.

Apparently, Meng Hao was able to consume it all!

He trembled as pain stabbed through him. The Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal really was absorbing the lightning, which flowed through his body, merging into it. Enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, and he trembled the entire time.

Then, his eyes began to glow with an intense light.

"I'm a bit stronger," he thought. "About as much as I would be by absorbing a few dozen Spirit Severing treasures." He took a deep breath as he realized that this place would be extremely dangerous to anyone except to someone who cultivated the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal. To

him, this place was a location of incredible good fortune.

Meng Hao immediately sent his second true self back to its original position, then looked up at the old man formed from lightning.

“Senior, I think I will make an attempt alone,” he said. With that, he stepped forward into the rumbling. Lightning fell, and Meng Hao’s body trembled. The Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal spun into action once again, and the lightning was absorbed.

The pain he felt as the lightning danced through his flesh and blood made him shiver. However, his eyes shone with persistence. Enduring the pain, he continued onward, one measure at a time until he reached 100!

100 measures was 300 meters!

There was now more lightning, falling in vast sheets. Meng Hao was completely submerged in it, and from a distance he was barely even visible.

Within the lightning, the power of the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal flowed through him. His fleshly body writhed as the lightning danced. It bored into him over and over again, and as it did, he could clearly sense his fleshly body becoming stronger and more powerful.

Before, his fleshly body was already at the absolute pinnacle of Spirit Severing. All he needed was to push it forward a single step and it would be in Dao Seeking.

“I must take advantage of this opportunity!” he thought, his eyes flickering as he continued onward.

Up in the sky, the old man made of lightning watched on with an expression that only continued to grow more serious. A brilliant glow began to flicker in his eyes; clearly he had noticed that there was less lightning in the area.

Although it was only a small reduction, it was something that he had never experienced in all the countless years he had been here.

“So, he can absorb lightning?” he thought, shocked. “And not even

normal lightning, at that. Tribulation Lightning! He can absorb it and use it to strengthen his fleshly body!

“What technique does he cultivate to be able to do something like that? Don’t tell me... it’s one of those legendary Heaven-defying fleshly body Daoist magics?!” By this point, Meng Hao had already traveled to the 900 meter mark.

Lightning crashed down onto him the entire time, and he was surrounded by the booming of lightning. It was as if countless silver spikes were being stabbed into him nonstop.

Even using the expression “ten thousand arrows piercing the heart” would not be an exaggeration.

The pain was so intense that Meng Hao’s vision began to grow dark. Despite being completely surrounding by bright, resplendent lightning, all he could see was darkness. He quickly bit the tip of his tongue, causing himself to regain a bit of clarity. Spitting out the blood, he proceeded forward.

RUMBLE!

1,500 meters!

Meng Hao raised his head up and roared. His right arm had now fully broken through from Spirit Severing to Dao Seeking. As for the rest of his body, it was now pushing the very borders of the limits of Spirit Severing.

The lightning in the area had previously spread out for three thousand meters. But Meng Hao had absorbed a lot of it, and now it only stretched for 2,500 meters.

The reduction only went faster after his right arm reached Dao Seeking. The 2,500 meters quickly shrank down to only 2,000 meters.

Excited, Meng Hao gritted his teeth and pushed forward.

He soon reached the 1,800 meter mark.

2,000 meters!

An incredible rumbling could be heard as his left arm broke through to

the fleshly body of Dao Seeking.

2,500 meters!

Both legs radiated the aura of natural law, as if they were now connected in some bizarre way to Heaven and Earth. Both of them were now in Dao Seeking!

2,750 meters!

Meng Hao was panting as the lightning around him suddenly shrank down to only 1,000 meters.

It was at this point that the black lightning bolts smashed down toward him with incredible destructive power. He looked up, his eyes bright red, and allowed the black lightning to slam into him.

As soon as the black lightning bolts merged into him, cracking sounds could be heard. Tears instantly spread out across his skin; it almost appeared that he would be incapable of withstanding the lightning, and would fall to pieces.

Next, though, his Eternal stratum kicked in, and the wounds healed. Intense pain surged through him, the likes of which he had never felt before. He couldn't hold back from letting out an anguished howl.

Even as he did, rumbling filled his body; it was not the sound of him collapsing into pieces, but rather, the shocking rumbling of an incredibly powerful Dao Seeking fleshly body.

His limbs and torso all broke through from Spirit Severing into Dao Seeking. Only his head remained as a weak spot, and the most difficult area to strengthen. Meng Hao took a deep breath and then pushed onward. 2,800 meters. 2,850 meters.... 2,900 meters!

His head felt as if it were being crushed down upon by the Heavens. Countless lightning bolts danced across him, and the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal rotated rapidly....

2,950 meters.... 2,999 meters.... Finally... 3,000 meters!!

The bronze cauldron was directly in front of Meng Hao. He stood there

trembling, surrounding by a mere 300 meter area of lightning. Surrounded by the boundless lightning, he coughed up a mouthful of blood and then slowly began to lift his hand. Gritting his teeth, he slapped his palm down onto the surface of the bronze cauldron!

The huge cauldron began to thrum, and the three hundred meter area of lightning instantly condensed down onto Meng Hao.

BOOM!

“From now on, you belong to me!” said Meng Hao, his voice quavering out from within the lightning.

Chapter 753: Destination – Solitary Sword Sect!

RUMBLE!

The lightning in the three hundred meter area rushed toward Meng Hao, thoroughly enveloping him. The Lightning Elder up in mid-air watched Meng Hao's actions with sparkling eyes. By this point, he was thoroughly shaken.

It was then that, all of a sudden, the enormous bronze cauldron began to shudder. Within the lightning, Meng Hao seemed on the verge of being torn to pieces. His skin was ripped and torn, and was clearly on the verge of exploding.

It was at that point, when he was almost about to explode, that natural law descended and swirled around his head. Now, every inch of Meng Hao's person... was completely in Dao Seeking!

This was a Dao Seeking fleshly body!

This Dao Seeking was not as obvious as a Dao Seeking cultivation base. The influence it had on natural law was not very intense. However, from this moment on, Meng Hao's body was truly like a Dao Seeking treasure.

At this point, he could close his eyes and allow any Spirit Severing cultivator to attack him at will, and it wouldn't harm his body in the least bit.

In fact, in all the lands of South Heaven you would be as likely to find a phoenix feather or a qilin horn as you would to find someone with a fleshly body comparable to Meng Hao's. Not even in the Ji Clan could someone like that be found.

This was an extremely powerful fleshly body!

Meng Hao lifted his head back and roared. In a short moment, all of the lightning in the area was sucked into his body. It disappeared without leaving behind even the tiniest trace. Meng Hao flew up into the air, and

although no lightning could be seen on him, if you looked deep into his eyes, you would be able to sense amorphous lightning deep within.

As he hovered there in midair, he cast his senses throughout his body, and could feel how terrifyingly powerful it was. He could even sense some of the natural law of Heaven and Earth. Because this was an ancient Blessed Land, the natural law in this place was different from that of South Heaven. Therefore his aura was now a bit more primordial and chaotic than before.

It seemed ancient, filled with the passage of years, and the air he let off was one of boundless time.

He took a deep breath and then looked back down at the enormous bronze cauldron, and his eyes flashed. Moments ago, when he had placed his hand onto the cauldron, he had felt a bit of his soul detaching and entering the cauldron.

As he looked at it now, he could sense some vague, mysterious connection to it.

“Rise!” he said, raising his hand aloft.

RUMBLE!

The enormous bronze cauldron trembled. Creaking sounds could be heard, and fissures spread across the surrounding terrain, as it slowly rose up into the air, causing vast amounts of dust to spread out in all directions like a cloud.

As the cauldron rose into the air, its primordial, ancient aura became more and more similar to Meng Hao’s.

The sight of it caused the old man hovering in midair to gasp. He looked deeply at Meng Hao, then glanced down at the second true self standing not far away.

“I am not the spirit of the cauldron,” he said lightly. “However, I am its guardian. The truly valuable thing about this treasure is the inner cauldron, which is mysterious in origin. As for the outer cauldron, my master forged it. Now, it belongs to you. Since you have acquired it... it

means you are tied to it by destiny. Time will tell whether or not you can use the cauldron to achieve the same glory that my master did.

“Now that you have obtained the cauldron, my mission is accomplished....” His eyes began to grow dim, and his body started to fade away.

His voice cool, he continued, “I should have perished long ago. That year, I was the lone survivor of the Tribulation Lightning, and my soul did not disperse. Now that my mission is complete, I can experience rebirth....

“I will travel to the underworld of the Fourth Mountain and be reincarnated, be born once again as a human. Years from now, perhaps you and I will meet again on the road to Immortality...” He continued to fade away until he was nothing more than dots of light, which began to fly up into the sky, then disappeared.

Meng Hao looked in the direction the old man had departed to. He wasn't sure who he was, but he couldn't help but think of the tall man he had seen in the vision all those years ago.

For a moment, the two of them had seemed quite similar.

After a moment of thought, Meng Hao looked back at the enormous cauldron.

“Shrink!” he commanded.

The huge cauldron thrummed, and then began to shrink. When it was the size of a hand, it floated down to rest on Meng Hao's palm. As soon as it touched him, lightning surged out from Meng Hao, and he was immersed in electricity.

Within the lightning, Meng Hao's body trembled, and he was able to sense some of the remarkable abilities of the bronze cauldron. It seemed as if this knowledge had suddenly popped into his mind automatically as soon as he touched the cauldron.

“Form Displacement Transposition” He gaped for a moment, then suddenly pushed down on the cauldron and looked over at his second true self.

In that instant, everything suddenly went blurry for a moment. When he could see clearly again, he was shocked to discover that he... was still holding the cauldron, but was now down on the ground where his second true self had just been standing. As for his second true self, he was hovering in midair where Meng Hao had just been.

“Incredible!” he thought, his eyes going wide. Panting, he looked down at the Lightning Cauldron, and his eyes shone with a strange light. He could immediately tell that this cauldron would be extremely useful in magical combat.

In fact, its usefulness wouldn’t be limited to battle. He could use it in many circumstances. It truly was Heaven-defying.

“It has other abilities too,” he thought. “It can unleash lightning, and is also incredibly heavy, capable of carrying out true crushing!

“Furthermore, it was created in ancient times. The sturdiness of the materials used make it is such that other magical items can’t even compare!” His eyes flickered as he suddenly thought of the statues inside the Lightning Cauldron, as well as the inner cauldron.

“This is truly a precious treasure!” he thought, breathing heavily. He put the Lightning Cauldron into his bag of holding, then flew up into the air. Together with his second true self, he shot off into the distance.

Moments later, he teleported out of the ancient Blessed Land and found himself once again on the lotus-shaped platform deep in the recesses of the former Black Sieve Sect. The door was no longer operational, and broke into tiny pieces, which then vanished.

Meng Hao glanced back at the disappearing door, then shot up out from within the earth. The Blood Demon Sect disciples were waiting outside, and when they caught sight of Meng Hao, they clasped hands and bowed.

“Blood Prince, we welcome you back with deep respect!”

The two Ironblood Patriarchs could sense that there was something different about Meng Hao, although they weren’t sure exactly what it was. As for the Golden Frost Sect Patriarch and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, they

were now Blood Clone puppets, and had no way to tell.

When it came to the hundreds of thousands of rogue cultivators, not a single one could pick up on even the slightest clue. All they could tell was that Meng Hao... somehow seemed stronger, and more ancient.

“The Black Sieve Sect is destroyed,” declared Meng Hao, looking around at the crowds of people. “Next... is the Solitary Sword Sect!”

“The Solitary Sword Sect!” The forces of the Blood Demon Sect flickered with killing intent, and their desire to slaughter burned like wildfire. The hundreds of thousands of rogue cultivators were also getting excited.

“He’s actually going to completely wipe out the four powers who allied against him!!”

“If the Blood Demon Sect does that, then they really will unite the Southern Domain!”

Even as the hundreds of thousands of rogue cultivators expressed their shock, a glow like that of lightning appeared beneath Meng Hao’s feet, and he shot off into the distance, followed by countless beams of light that were the Blood Demon Sect disciples.

Several days later, the sky outside the Solitary Sword Sect began to rumble. The clouds collapsed as a mighty gale-force wind swept through the area. A storm seemed to be gathering above the Solitary Sword Sect.

The sect was completely sealed up. Disciples inside were not permitted to leave, and the entire sect was poised as if to face a mortal enemy. Everything was sealed to protect against reprisals from the Blood Demon Sect.

The mood in the Solitary Sword Sect was gloomy and distressed. Everyone was nervous. There were only a few tens of thousands of disciples left, and all of them were on edge. The sect’s Dao Seeking Patriarch was dead, and the strongest people in the entire sect were their three Spirit Severing Cultivators, including Sir Jian. 1

When they saw the beams of light flying through the air that were the Blood Demon Sect, they knew that they could do nothing to fight back.

They could only hope that their grand spell formation, designed to protect the sect, would be able to stand up to the revenge-bent Blood Demon Sect.

The air outside the sect rippled as tens of thousands of beams of light approached. Meng Hao was in the vanguard position, and the murderous air around him was thick. His eyes flashed with killing intent as he glanced over the Solitary Sword Sect.

In this part of the Southern Domain, the mountains stuck straight up like swords. In the middle of the sect was a shocking mountain surrounded by thin mist. Looking through the mist at the sect, it appeared to be completely bleak and desolate.

Although the mist appeared to be thin, it was actually the first spell formation of the Solitary Sword Sect's grand spell formation.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples behind Meng Hao joined their voices together into a raging sound that boomed like waves through the Solitary Sword Sect.

“SURRENDER, OR DIE!”

There was no response. However, the thin mist that surrounded the Solitary Sword Sect began to spin, transforming into numerous swirling dragons. The dragons rapidly merged together, shockingly forming... an enormous Sword Dragon!

The dragon was lizard-like, and gigantic enough to cover the entire sect. Its back was covered with innumerable great swords that stuck up like needles. It was green, and shocking to the extreme. As soon as it appeared, it raised its head up and roared at Meng Hao. 2

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with coldness. He slapped his bag of holding with his right hand, and the Lightning Cauldron flew out. It thrummed, expanding rapidly until it was the size of a mountain. Endless bolts of lightning shot out from it, causing the entire sky to become a world of lightning.

A shocking pressure weighed down, and the sight of the cauldron caused Sir Jian and the other two Spirit Severing Patriarchs to become extremely

nervous. As for the other disciples, they were shocked to the core.

However, there was one man off in a far corner of the Sect who did not seem nervous at all. He looked almost like an old man, but was in fact middle-aged. He had a stubbly beard, and looked lonely. Although he was a Solitary Sword Sect disciple, he wore no sword at his side.

The only thing he had was a flagon of alcohol from which he drank. He stared at what first seemed like an ordinary boulder that rested a bit further up the mountain from him. However, upon closer inspection... a person was visible inside the boulder. That same person existed for all eternity in his heart.

“Junior Brother,” the man said. “Kill them.... Kill everyone in the Solitary Sword Sect. Avenge my master, and pay for my crimes.” With a bitter smile, he took another long swig of alcohol.

As the shocking Lightning Cauldron expanded in size, more and more lightning appeared, causing everything to tremble.

The Blood Demon Sect disciples, as well as the hundreds of thousands of rogue cultivators that came to observe, were all flabbergasted. They looked on in awe as the Lightning Cauldron sped toward the Solitary Sword Sect’s Sword Dragon.

RUMBLE!

“Stand firm!” roared Sir Jian.

“All disciples, pour full energy into the spell formation!” cried another of the three Solitary Sword Sect Patriarchs.

Tens of thousands of disciples gritted their teeth and poured all of their energy into the spell formation. Instantly, the Sword Dragon looked even more corporeal than before.

Everyone watched as the Lightning Cauldron descended toward the Sword Dragon, which roared and then charged up to meet the Lightning Cauldron in mid-air.

Shocking booming sounds rang out.

Gasps rang out in all directions when the Sword Dragon slammed into the Lightning Cauldron, only to begin to shatter into pieces! It was incapable of standing up to the Lightning Cauldron in even the slightest capacity, and its entire body collapsed into fragments in only the blink of an eye....

It was destroyed as easily as crushing dry weeds!

*

1. Sir Jian was introduced in chapter 715. He was among the people who ganged up on the Blood Demon Sect Patriarchs while Meng Hao was missing. After Meng Hao returned, he was quickly cowed. If you recall, in chapter 717 Meng Hao had a staring contest with Gu Tianxiang, and Sir Jian got caught in the middle, and was injured.
2. “Sword Dragon” could also be translated stegosaurus. However, I have seen Chinese art in which such creatures are not stegosauruses. Although there is no way to know exactly what Er Gen envisioned (he did describe it as having swords sticking out of its back and looking like a lizard), I decided to go with the more literal translation of the characters. Also, there is an obvious connection to the name of the sect, so it seems apropos.

Chapter 754: The Tale of Chen Fan

The Lightning Cauldron crushed the Sword Dragon amidst incredible rumbling sounds, then struck the Solitary Sword Sect's spell formation head on.

Ripples spread out through the air, and from the perspective of cultivators on the outside, the Solitary Sword Sect distorted and looked as though it might be ripped apart at any moment. Inside the sect, the three Patriarchs trembled and coughed up blood.

As for the tens of thousands of Solitary Sword Sect disciples, they also trembled, and their faces were pale as they spit up mouthfuls of blood.

"Second Spell Formation!!" cried Sir Jian, his voice echoing throughout the sect. Immediately, tens of thousands of disciples produced medicinal pills to consume.

They knew deep in their hearts that this battle would determine whether the Solitary Sword Sect survived or was destroyed. If their spell formation could hold, then they would be able to continue on sealed in their mountain. If it could not hold... then that meant the Solitary Sword Sect would be wiped away from the Southern Domain.

Of course, there was also the possibility of surrender.

As the forces of the Solitary Sword Sect unleashed the full scope of their power, countless sword beams appeared from within the ground, the mountains, and the buildings; from every corner of the sect.

There were more than 100,000 of them, and they flew out to circulate around the entire sect, like a tempest. As the tempest raged, the swords began to merge together, forming the shocking image... of a gigantic greatsword!

It was more than 30,000 meters long, and the entire Solitary Sword Sect fit inside of it. It was essentially a sword-shaped shield.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he gestured out into the air. The Lightning Cauldron shrank down and returned to him. When it

touched down onto his palm, he was instantly surrounded by lightning.

“Break that formation!” he said coolly. The Golden Frost Sect Patriarch and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch immediately charged ahead. As they neared the sword shield, they waved their hands, causing peak Dao Seeking cultivation base power to explode out. Booms echoed as tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples also sent out attacks. Divine abilities and magical techniques descended like rainfall, slamming into the Solitary Sword Sect’s grand spell formation.

Meng Hao sent his thoughts out to control his second true self, who suddenly appeared along with the Wooden Time Sword, and then immediately shot into the fray.

The combined power of tens of thousands of cultivators, which included three peak Dao Seeking cultivation bases, slammed into the spell formation. Instantly, the Solitary Sword Sect’s greatsword shuddered, and then began to crack.

Meng Hao hovered in midair, watching the scene coldly.

Booms filled the air for an entire hour, after which the Solitary Sword Sect’s greatsword could not hold out any longer. Many of the swords which made up the sword formation began to collapse. Once the spell formation was no longer complete, its demise could only hasten.

In the end, a huge explosion occurred, in which the spell formation was breached. The flying swords were shattered, sending shrapnel flying about. The Solitary Sword Sect’s grand spell formation now had a huge gap torn into it, visible through which was the true Solitary Sword Sect. Tens of thousands of pale-faced disciples could be seen, as well as the three despairing Spirit Severing Patriarchs.

Boom!

Meng Hao’s second true self entered the gap. Eyes flashing, he stretched his hands out to the left and right, causing cracking sounds to echo about. The gap was torn even larger, until the spell formation was completely destroyed.

At the same time, the Blood Demon Sect disciples charged in like a cloud of blood, ready to slaughter the entire Solitary Sword Sect.

In their despair, the Solitary Sword Sect disciples could not even muster the will to resist. It was impossible to say who did it first, but they all began to drop to their knees and kowtow.

“Surrender! I want to surrender!”

“We surrender!”

Of the three ashen-faced Spirit Severing experts, two laughed bitterly and were just about to voice their own surrender, when suddenly, Sir Jian’s eyes flickered. He quickly performed a minor teleportation, reappearing some distance off next to the middle-aged man with no sword and a flagon of alcohol.

As soon as he reappeared, his hand snaked out and latched onto the top of the man’s head. Sir Jian’s eyes filled with insanity and savagery.

“MENG HAO!!” he screamed. “This is your Elder Brother from the Reliance Sect, Chen Fan. I know he’s your close friend, so if you dare to make a single move, I’ll kill him, even if it means I die too!”

This development caused the Blood Demon Sect disciples to stop in their tracks and look coldly over at Sir Jian. Even the Solitary Sword Sect disciples gaped in shock. None of them looked happy in the least bit and, in fact, their faces went as pale as death.

This was especially true of the two other Spirit Severing Patriarchs, who were completely caught off guard. They knew that they were no match for the Blood Demon Sect. Their failed attempt to fight back moments ago was clear evidence of that.

Surrender was their only option!

And yet, Sir Jian suddenly pulled this trick, dragging the entire Solitary Sword Sect along with him in provoking the jinx Meng Hao. The two Patriarchs’ faces instantly fell.

“Sir Jian, you must not do this!!”

“Sir Jian, you....”

Sir Jian’s expression grew even more vicious. He glared down at Chen Fan’s head for a moment, then back toward the Blood Demon Sect forces, and Meng Hao.

“Meng Hao, give me the Solitary Sword Sect’s Immortal Puppet! All I want is the Immortal Puppet. Once I have it in hand, I won’t harm a hair on Chen Fan’s head!”

When Meng Hao first laid eyes on Chen Fan again back at the Ancient Dao Lakes, he could tell that he was in a bad situation. He had wanted to help, but could tell that Chen Fan was already dead inside. He had actually come to the Solitary Sword Sect this day for two purposes. One was vengeance for the Blood Demon Sect. The other was his concern for Chen Fan.

“Are you insane?” replied Meng Hao, his face grim.

“So what if I’m insane!?” Sir Jian roared back, his eyes bloodshot. “I just want the Immortal Puppet. Hand it over, and I’ll let him go!”

Chen Fan’s face was pale as he looked over at Meng Hao. He said nothing, but he was smiling. It was the same smile he had worn when he had reunited with Meng Hao all those years ago in the Southern Domain. 1

“Junior Brother, you’ve grown up....” That was what he had said all those years ago. Now, he wore the same smile, and Meng Hao could almost sense the same high-spirited Senior Brother he remembered from the Reliance Sect, the same Chen Fan who was so focused on pursuing the Dao.

Seemingly in a flash, hundreds of years had passed, and Chen Fan had changed. The one thing that remained were the emotions forged between them back in the Reliance Sect.

“Meng Hao,” said Sir Jian, his eyes filled with maliciousness, “you might be high and mighty now, but your Elder Brother’s life has been filled with bitterness!” When he saw the grim look on Meng Hao’s face, he relaxed a bit. At first, he was worried Meng Hao wouldn’t care about whether Chen

Fan lived or died. Hoping to foster further pity on the part of Meng Hao, he coldly continued.

“This Chen Fan was once a Chosen in the Solitary Sword Sect, and was even one of the Seven Swords. Unfortunately... he should never have fallen in love with Shan Ling!

“Shan Ling was the incarnation of a mountain boulder, and other than the legacy precious treasure, she was the most important treasured item in the Solitary Sword Sect!

“She was not permitted to foster emotions or desires of the flesh! Were she to do so, she would no longer be a spirit, and would separate from the boulder. That would affect the fate of the entire Solitary Sword Sect! After all... according to legend, that stone came from the Ninth Mountain!”

As Sir Jian spoke, Meng Hao recalled the first time he had come to the Solitary Sword Sect, and the beautiful woman he had seen floating down the mountain. 2

“Chen Fan violated sect rules. He fled with the boulder, altering fate and absconding with Shan Ling. In the end, the Solitary Sword Sect captured them.... Then, because of Chen Fan, his master....”

“Enough!” roared Chen Fan. His eyes snapped open, and they were shot with blood.

Meng Hao’s heart trembled. He had known Chen Fan for years, and this was the first time he had seen him so emotional. There was pain in his eyes, even madness, the type that made Meng Hao recall his own state when he caught sight of Xu Qing’s discarnate soul back in the Black Sieve Sect.

“Enough?” said Sir Jian. “How is it enough? When it came time for the fury of the sect to fall upon you, your master took your place. His cultivation base was crippled, and he was reduced to a mortal, which was how he died.

“As for you, if Shan Ling hadn’t threatened to destroy herself and the boulder.... Well, in the end, she made an arrangement with the sect to

spend the rest of eternity as a boulder, never to awaken, all to save your measly little life!”

“ENOUGH! No more....” Chen Fan was trembling, and tears poured down his cheeks. Although his expression was one of intense pain, he smiled bitterly. His eyes seemed to grow more and more dispirited.

He would never, ever be able to forget how his master stood in front of him, bowed his head to the sect, and said, “He is my apprentice. I will accept responsibility for his mistake.”

He had watched wide-eyed as his master’s cultivation base was crippled. The man who had once been a powerful Nascent Soul expert, became an old man, a mortal. Until the day he died, his master did not complain a single time. On the contrary, he was as warm and gentle as ever. Unfortunately, that only caused Chen Fan’s pain to increase, a feeling that was enough to drive him to insanity.

His master’s son hated Chen Fan with a passion, which was yet another thing that made him wish he could simply die. 3

Chen Fan was filled with hatred. He hated that he was powerless to change any of the things that had happened, and he hated the Solitary Sword Sect for being too callous.

He wanted to die.

And yet... he couldn’t stop thinking about her.

The only thing left to do was drink. In his drunken dreams, he could return to the wonderful times of the past.

He had let his master down. He had let Shan Ling down. He had let anyone who had anything to do with him down.

Meng Hao stood there, taciturn. Now that he understood what had happened to Chen Fan, he realized how someone who had once been so high-spirited and full of mettle, could sink into such a depression.

“Enough...” murmured Chen Fan bitterly, bowing his head.. “I beg of you, please... enough.... Please....”

Sir Jian laughed coldly. “Were it not for Shan Ling’s actions, do you really think you could have committed such a heinous crime and gotten away with nothing more than a shattered Nascent Soul? Do you think the only price to pay would have been the inability to break through to the next stage of cultivation?”

“Your existence is nothing but a tool the sect can use to influence Shan Ling. Unfortunately... the war with the Blood Demon Sect changed things too unexpectedly.” Sir Jian then looked at Meng Hao. “Only the Patriarch knew how to control the boulder. Otherwise, you would never have been able to break through our spell formation so easily.” Seeing that Meng Hao seemed to be more and more focused on his words, Sir Jian began to believe that his control of the situation was growing. He looked back at Chen Fan.

“You singlehandedly drove your Master to his death and ruined your beloved. And yet you still say ‘enough?’”

“SHUT THE HELL UP!” roared Meng Hao. His voice echoed like thunder, and his eyes flashed with killing intent. His words caused Sir Jian’s pupils to constrict, and his heart to seize. He immediately began to squeeze down with his right hand.

However, it was at this exact moment that the Lightning Cauldron in Meng Hao’s hand flashed.

Form Displacement Transposition!

What changed positions was not Sir Jian, but rather, Chen Fan!

*

1. It was in chapter 179 that Chen Fan and Meng Hao met up again for the first time after parting ways in the Reliance Sect.
2. Shan Ling was introduced in chapter 180. Her name literally means “Mountain Spirit”.
3. Chen Fan’s master was introduced in chapter 41, when he took Chen Fan to the Solitary Sword Sect. Later, we met his son Zhou Shanyue in

chapter 178. It was eventually revealed that Chen Fan had a precious treasure gifted to him by his master, and that the son felt it belonged to him. Later, Zhou Shanyue and his friend were conned by Meng Hao in the events around chapter 184.

Chapter 755: I Pray That You Find Happiness

When the Lightning Cauldron in Meng Hao's hand began to sparkle with brilliant lights, and then emit a rumbling sound, Sir Jian's face fell, and a bad feeling welled up in his heart. Without the slightest hesitation, he squeezed down with his hand, planning to stab his fingers into Chen Fan's head, injuring him as a threat to Meng Hao.

However, the instant his fingers began to move, an incredibly shocking power shot back into his hand. It was as if what he was squeezing was not flesh and blood, but a red-hot iron. The backlash of power made it feel as if needles were stabbing into his palm. Sir Jian was completely shocked.

At the same time, he was astonished to find that, instead of staring at Meng Hao as he had been this whole time, he was now looking at Chen Fan.

Heart pounding, he slowly looked down to see his hand resting on Meng Hao's head!

His eyes went wide, and his scalp numb. He immediately shot back, spooked out of his mind.

"What divine ability is that?!?!?" Sir Jian was completely astonished, and also terrified. He bit down on the tip of his tongue and spit out some blood which he used to flee even faster than before.

"Trying to run away?" said Meng Hao, his eyes flickering with killing intent. He pointed out with his left index finger, and his second true self immediately unleashed the Wooden Time Sword. Even if Sir Jian could move faster, it still wouldn't be enough to escape the Wooden Time Sword.

It was upon him in the blink of an eye, causing everything around it to twist and distort. To his shock, Sir Jian began to wither rapidly. He let out a miserable scream, upon which the Wooden Time Sword stabbed directly through his head.

Slaughtered with a solitary sword!

Tidy and efficient, not the least bit sloppy. Sir Jian's body was withered, his Nascent Divinity killed. As he fell, it almost seemed as if ten thousand years passed; he quickly turned into nothing more than dust floating in the wind.

There was nothing left to indicate that he had ever been. He was completely and utterly... dead.

The two other Spirit Severing experts of the Solitary Sword Sect, along with the tens of thousands of other disciples, were shocked into complete silence. Their faces were pale white, and barely a moment had passed before one of the Spirit Severing experts gave a start and then dropped to his knees to kowtow.

"Blood Prince, we wish to surrender to the Blood Demon Sect!"

The other disciples immediately dropped to their knees, their hearts pounding and voices trembling as they cried, "Greetings, Blood Prince!"

Despite the fear in their voices, there were tens of thousands of them, and the sound of their cry formed a sound wave that rolled out in all directions.

Meng Hao didn't respond. Instead, he looked back at Chen Fan. Chen Fan's face was downcast, filled with an expression that betrayed his lack of interest in life. To him, life was a pain from which he wished to extricate himself.

Meng Hao's heart twinged with pain as he thought back to the Eldest Brother that existed in his memories. That person didn't look like this. That person wholeheartedly sought after the Dao and had lofty ambitions. Although at times he could be a bit stuffy and uptight, he was a hero who never hesitated for even a moment to stand in front of Meng Hao and protect him from any danger.

That Chen Fan viewed Meng Hao as a Junior Brother, someone he needed to care for after their sect vanished. He was an Elder Brother who even worried about Meng Hao finding a wife.

"Elder Brother...." said Meng Hao, his voice soft.

Chen Fan was silent for a moment before slowly looking up at Meng Hao. After a moment, he forced a smile onto his face.

“Junior Brother, you’ve grown up.... I can finally stop worrying.... Do you have some time right now? If you do, let’s drink a bit.”

Meng Hao immediately nodded, waving a hand to dismiss the Solitary Sword Sect disciples and the Blood Demon Sect disciples. All of them left the sect and waited outside, cross-legged.

The entire Solitary Sword Sect was quiet. Meng Hao and Chen Fan sat down on the mountain peak, beneath the strange boulder. Chen Fan produced a flagon of alcohol, which he handed over to Meng Hao.

A complex look could be seen in Meng Hao’s eyes, but he wasn’t sure how to even begin to give advice, so he simply accepted the flagon and took a long drink.

The alcohol was strong and burned like fire as it slid down his throat.

Chen Fan looked at the boulder and softly said, “She’s your sister-in-law.”

Meng Hao sat there quietly.

As Chen Fan continued, tears began to stream down his face.

“We promised each other that since the path to Immortality was filled with so many obstacles and unforeseen twists and turns, it would be better spend our lives with each other.

“She’s sleeping now, and might not wake up in this lifetime. But then again, maybe she will.... I’ll stay here to accompany her. That was our agreement.

“I let down my master. I was unworthy of him....” Chen Fan looked like an old man. More and more tears poured down his face.

He rarely wept, not even when he and Shan Ling were captured and brought back to the sect. When Shan Ling made the decision to rest in sleep, there were tears in his heart, but they wouldn’t come out. The first time he truly cried was when his master accepted the punishment for him.

The second time he cried was when his master died.

The third time was here, in front of Meng Hao.

“Elder Brother....” began Meng Hao, but he wasn’t sure what he should say, so he stopped talking. After a moment, a determined look appeared in his eyes. He suddenly raised his right hand, and a drop of blood slowly formed on the tip of his finger.

When the drop of blood appeared, his face went a bit pale. A scintillating, blood-colored glow appeared, and Chen Fan’s eyes went wide. After a moment, his eyes flashed in realization, and he shot to his feet.

His expression stern, he cried, “Junior Brother! What do you think you’re doing!? Stop this instant!”

“Elder Brother, I can’t do very much to help you. The only thing I can do is help you to restore your cultivation base. That way, your longevity will be increased, and you can... you can have more time to stay with your beloved.” With that, he gestured with his finger. His lifeblood instantly shot forward and merged into Chen Fan’s forehead.

Chen Fan trembled. Years ago, his Nascent Soul had been damaged, cracked; at this moment, however, time seemed to run in reverse. His Nascent Soul absorbed the blood, and the cracks sealed up.

The blood didn’t just contain some of Meng Hao’s life force, it also contained some of the power of his Eternal stratum. It was that power that enabled Chen Fan’s cultivation base to be restored.

Of course, Meng Hao only had a few such drops of lifeblood. If he parted with too many, that which was Eternal within him would be no more.

But Chen Fan was his Elder Brother. The friendship that had formed between the two of them, and everything that had happened since then, made it so that Meng Hao didn’t even hesitate. If he didn’t give his lifeblood to Chen Fan, that would mean... that he wasn’t Meng Hao.

Chen Fan started trembling, and after a moment passed, coughed up a huge mouthful of blood as his Nascent Soul instantly reappeared like new. Now that he had a Nascent Soul again, his cultivation base surged, and his

salt-and-pepper hair turned black.

His aged features once again became young and heroic, and he no longer looked like an old man. He was middle-aged and bursting with energy.

Now he looked more like the Chen Fan that Meng Hao remembered.



Official ISSTH Chen Fan artwork

Chen Fan gaped at Meng Hao. “Junior Brother, you....”

“There’s no need to talk about it,” said Meng Hao softly. “You’re my

Elder Brother....”

Chen Fan held his tongue, and after a long moment passed, slowly nodded. He picked up the flagon of alcohol, looked at the boulder, and began to drink.

The sky gradually grew dark, and eventually the moon rose. When the dawn sun peeked its head over the horizon, Meng Hao took the initiative to start a conversation. He and Chen Fan began to chat about the Reliance Sect, and all the things that had happened after that in the Southern Domain. They talked about all the wonderful things from the past.

When the sun was high in the sky, Meng Hao rose to his feet.

“Elder Brother, I need to go now.... If you ever grow weary of being here, you can always find me in the Blood Demon Sect.”

Chen Fan didn’t respond at first. He looked at the boulder, and the woman who rested inside with her eyes closed.

“You’ve grown up,” he said softly, “and your Elder Brother has gotten old.... Don’t worry about me. You follow your path.... and I’ll follow mine. I’ll stay here with her until the day I close my eyes for good.

“When that day comes, Junior Brother... can you please bury me here? That way I can watch the sun rise and set with her forever. If there is another life after this one... I’ll find this place again. Life after life... I’ll wait, until the day she wakes up.” He turned to look deep into Meng Hao’s eyes.

“Junior Brother... take care of yourself. Your Elder Brother isn’t good at much, so all I can do... is pray that you find happiness. I hope that your path... leads you to greatness!”

Meng Hao stared at Chen Fan, and his face was filled with a variety of complex emotions. He also had an indescribable feeling in his heart that led him to believe he would never forget that person from the Reliance Sect who was so focused on pursuing the Dao. He would never forget the person standing in front of him to protect him. He would also never be able to forget... the Elder Brother from now, who stood there softly

murmuring his story.

“Elder Brother... take care of yourself,” Meng Hao said quietly. He clasped hands and bowed deeply, then turned and left, sighing inwardly.

Chen Fan sat down cross-legged and watched Meng Hao leave.

“Ling’er, he’s my Junior Brother. In my heart, he’s family.... I don’t have much family, just him and Junior Sister Xu. Only those two.

“If you still have some awareness of the outside world, then let’s pray together that they find happiness....”

Meng Hao flew out of the Solitary Sword Sect. As soon as he appeared, the Solitary Sword Sect disciples and the Blood Demon Sect cultivators rose to their feet, their expressions that of deep respect.

Meng Hao looked over the Solitary Sword Sect and then said, “Produce strands from your souls and swear blood oaths. After that, you may remain here and become an auxiliary branch of the Blood Demon Sect. Everything will remain as it did before, although your jade slips, ancient records, and legacy items will all be handed over to the Blood Demon Sect.

“Henceforth, there is no Solitary Sword Sect in the Southern Domain, only an auxiliary branch of the Blood Demon Sect.

“The man who sits beneath the boulder on the mountain top is my Elder Brother Chen Fan. No one is allowed to step even half a pace onto that mountain. No one may disobey him in the slightest.”

The Solitary Sword Sect disciples voiced their agreement. From the moment they had agreed to surrender, they were prepared for something like this to happen. Their soul strands and blood oaths were organized by the Blood Demon Sect, then transformed into a soul slip, which was given to Meng Hao. Next, the magical items and ancient records in their treasure house were removed, as well as their legacy items.

Finally, some Blood Demon Sect disciples were stationed in the sect permanently. After that....

Meng Hao flicked his sleeve, and the Blood Demon Sect took to the

skies.

Their next target was... the Golden Frost Sect!

As for his second true self, he had already vanished, sent to a different location by Meng Hao.

Chapter 756: Crazy Fatty!

In the Golden Frost Sect, it didn't matter that the whole sect had been sealed. The disciples were still faced with difficult decisions.

Should they continue to defend their position, or should they leave the Southern Domain...?

Should they surrender to the Blood Demon Sect, or die in battle...?

The destruction of the Black Sieve Sect was nothing astonishing. However, the Solitary Sword Sect's surrender had been witnessed by hundreds of thousands of Southern Domain cultivators. Word had long since spread, and even the sealed-off Golden Frost Sect had gotten the news.

It didn't take very long at all for the Golden Frost Sect to grow incredibly alarmed. Of course, the least alarmed of all was Li Fugui. However, despite his lack of alarm, he was still quite nervous. Recent days found him sighing with distress, and at a distinct loss.

The Golden Frost Sect had treated him well, very well, from the very beginning. He had been given many beautiful beloved companions, which left him exhausted, but happy.... On the other hand, Meng Hao had been his brother ever since their days in the Reliance Sect.

They had joined the sect together as Outer Sect disciples. They had caught wild chickens to eat, and had even run the general store together. Meng Hao had looked out for him, and that was something he would never forget.

The two of them were truly brothers.

Now, though, he was in an awkward predicament, and was actually somewhat confused about what to do. His brother was on the way to destroy the Golden Frost Sect, and he wasn't sure how to handle the situation.

A few days after the surrender of the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect's only Spirit Severing expert, along with Li Fugui's master,

personally came to him to discuss the matter.

“Sue for peace?” said Fatty, gaping in shock at the Spirit Severing Patriarch, who looked quite exhausted.

“You’re on good terms with Meng Hao. He’s the type of person who... despite being cruel and merciless, capable of carrying out horrendous massacres, and with an unfathomably high cultivation base, is still... someone who cares about past friendships.

“We can verify that from the news about the Solitary Sword Sect. Based on what happened with Chen Fan, it’s possible to tell a little bit about what Meng Hao is thinking.

“Li Fugui, think about it. How has the sect treated you ever since you joined? We’re now facing imminent catastrophe. Hopefully, you can step forward bravely and use your friendship with Meng Hao to help us weather this storm!

“The Golden Frost Sect is willing to surrender. Our only request is that we don’t become an auxiliary branch, but rather, allies!

“We will do everything in our power to comply with the Blood Demon Sect, but we want to preserve our core Daoist teachings and doctrines, so that our sect will not be wiped away from the Southern Domain. Perhaps years from now, we can once again rise to prominence. We must fight for that chance.”

The Golden Frost Sect’s only Spirit Severing Patriarch clasped hands and bowed deeply to Li Fugui. Li Fugui’s master stood off to the side, looking at him.

Li Fugui was quiet for a moment before nodding seriously.

Another day of nervousness passed for the Golden Frost Sect. Finally, the clouds seethed outside of the sect’s grand spell formation, and tens of thousands of beams of light appeared. They were like a towering sea of blood, bright red as they shot toward the Golden Frost Sect.

These were the Blood Demon Sect disciples. They had destroyed the Black Sieve Sect and forced the Solitary Sword Sect into compliance. Now,

they turned toward the Golden Frost Sect, their hearts filled with the desire to kill.

Behind them were the rogue cultivators, even more than before. Hundreds of thousands were following the Blood Demon Sect through the Southern Domain to bear witness.

Outside of the Golden Frost Sect was an area where the air did not ripple with the distortions of a defensive spell formation, nor was there any enshrouding fog. Instead, an illusion barrier protected it, revealing only the image of a barren mountain.

As soon as the Blood Demon Sect disciples appeared on the scene, and before they could even react, a beam of light could be seen, and Fatty's round figure was there on the mountain.

"Don't attack, don't attack, it's me!" he called out at the top of his lungs. Seeing the tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples, and the hundreds of thousands of rogue cultivators behind them, left Fatty completely frightened.

Meng Hao looked at Fatty, and then glanced over at the Golden Frost Sect. It only took him a moment to figure out what the Golden Frost Sect was planning. Inwardly, he had already been experiencing some doubts regarding how to handle them.

Fatty was here, and Meng Hao knew that no matter what he did to the Golden Frost Sect, it would affect Fatty negatively.

Seeing Fatty suddenly appear, Meng Hao waved his sleeve, causing the air around him to distort. He vanished, then reappeared in front of Fatty. They were then surrounded by a blurriness that prevented anyone from seeing clearly what was happening.

A faint smile appeared on Meng Hao's face. He looked over Fatty's rotund figure, then laughed out loud. Fatty heaved an inward sigh of relief, and the two of them embraced.

Unfortunately, it didn't take long for Meng Hao's smile to turn wry.

"Your belly... is too huge," he said. Fatty was so fat that it made it hard to

hug him.

“Yeah, I got fat again,” said Fatty, smiling and rubbing his head. “Recently I’ve been thinking of trying to lose some weight.” He looked past Meng Hao toward the tens of thousands of murderous-looking Blood Demon Sect disciples.

“So, um.... Eldest Brother Meng Hao, what do you say we get down to business?” Fatty looked extremely nervous.

“Oh?” replied Meng Hao, blinking and looking back at Fatty with an enigmatic smile.

Fatty sighed and then just directly explained. “The sect’s Spirit Severing Patriarch sent me here to sue for peace. How about... we don’t fight!? The sect will surrender as long as they can preserve their core Daoist teachings and doctrines....”

As the two of them chatted, the disciples of the Golden Frost Sect looked on nervously from within their sect, wondering what the result would be.

“I wonder if Elder Brother Li will succeed or not...?”

“Meng Hao really values friendship. He shouldn’t have a hard time convincing him.”

“You can’t say for sure. Meng Hao is the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect. He’s killed countless people, and is completely cruel and ferocious. There’s no way he’ll agree to our demands so easily.” Even as they discussed the matter, Meng Hao was listening to Fatty make his demands. An even wider smile broke out on Meng Hao’s face.

“Fatty, you’re working so hard to represent the sect and sue for peace, but what has the sect offered you in return?”

Fatty gaped for a moment, then suddenly slapped his thigh. A look of fury appeared on his face.

“Fudge! You’re right! Those bastards didn’t offer me anything!! Alright, Meng Hao, don’t agree to anything yet. I’m gonna go back to the sect and tell them that the negotiations didn’t go well. After they offer Young

Master Fatty something good, then I'll come back."

Meng Hao chuckled and shook his head. Then he flicked his sleeve, causing the blurriness around them to fade away. As it cleared, everyone in the outside world could see the two of them.

Meng Hao's face darkened, and Fatty's eyes gleamed. Realizing that it was time to put on the show, he flew into a rage and then roared, "Meng Hao, how could you be like this!?!?"

Burning with rage, he turned and headed back to the Golden Frost Sect.

The faces of the Golden Frost Sect cultivators fell, and their hearts began to thump.

Fatty angrily returned to the sect, and was immediately surrounded by anxious-looking disciples.

"I'm done with that fool! Done!" cried Fatty. "Meng Hao doesn't care at all about friendship! I'm through trying to reconcile with him!" Hearing Fatty's ranting caused the Golden Frost Sect cultivators to grow even more alarmed.

The only Spirit Severing Patriarch immediately strode forward and asked, "He didn't agree?"

"As soon as I brought up the matter of suing for peace, he asked me what authority I had to negotiate for the sect! On what authority?!?! I'm a Golden Frost Sect disciple, dammit! What an insult!" As he spoke, Fatty's eyes shifted back and forth craftily.

The surrounding Golden Frost Sect disciples had been suppressing themselves for too long now. They had placed all their hope on Fatty, and now that he had failed, they couldn't suppress themselves any longer.

"Well if he's going to be like that, then let's fight!"

"Yeah! It would be better to die in battle than be insulted like this! Even Elder Brother Li couldn't do anything about it. Let's fight!"

"FIGHT!!"

Their desire to go to battle soared, and soon, the entire sect was filled

with a murderous aura. People even began to rotate the sect's spell formations into battle readiness.

Fatty was stupefied. He thought he had made things pretty obvious, and was shocked that no one had picked up on his hidden meaning.

The Spirit Severing Patriarch stood there silently, looking at Meng Hao floating in midair off in the distance. He sighed inwardly. He had no desire to go to war; the Golden Frost Sect didn't even come close to matching up with the Blood Demon Sect. But now... what other options did they have?

Normally speaking, he would have picked up on the hidden message in Li Fugui's words just now. However, he was so anxious and alarmed that he simply didn't notice.

"If we're going to fight, then we should make the first move!" said the Spirit Severing Patriarch, gritting his teeth. "Fight now, and worry about everything else later!"

Fatty's eyes went wide, and his heart started to pound. Realizing that things were getting out of control, he quickly stepped forward.

"Actually..." he said. "I think there's still some hope...."

"Elder Brother Li, there's no need for further discussion. We're going to fight!"

"Yeah! Junior Brother Li, we've been pushed into a corner. The only option now is to fight!"

"We'll show them who the Golden Frost Sect is! We might be down and out now, but we still have the power to fight!"

Fatty was now extremely nervous. "Hey everybody, you need to listen to me! I think...."

"Li Fugui, there's no need!" said the Spirit Severing cultivator, his eyes cold. "I made an error in judgement. It seems we'll have to fight first before we can have a shot at turning this around. Disciples, heed my command...." He flicked his sleeve and was about to issue orders when, all of a sudden, Fatty lifted his head up and roared.

“Patriarch, give me one more chance! I, Li Fugui, will put my life on the line to secure peace for the sect!” He was so nervous that his throat was hoarse.

Immediately, everyone turned to look at him in shock, even the Spirit Severing Patriarch.

Li Fugui slapped his chest so hard that it stung, and tears welled up in his eyes.

“You’re an amazing kid,” said the Spirit Severing expert, clearly moved. “You... you really don’t need to put yourself in such danger. We will fight them, and show them the true power of the Golden Frost Sect! That’s our only hope!” With that, he prepared to give combat orders.

Fatty was trembling, and veins bulged out on his forehead. Once again, he let out a mighty roar.

“Don’t worry, Patriarch. I’m a disciple of the Golden Frost Sect. Even if I die the most cruel death, I will help the sect to pass through this crisis! This time I’ll just tell that Meng Hao that I’m a disciple of the Golden Frost Sect, and its future Golden Prince. If he doesn’t agree to our terms, I’ll kill myself right in front of him!” With that, he flew up into the air, his face calm and unflinching.

A tremor ran through the Spirit Severing Patriarch, and the other disciples were completely moved to see Fatty’s tear-soaked face and calmness in the face of death.

“Regardless of whether or not you succeed,” said the Spirit Severing Patriarch, “you are now the Golden Prince of the Golden Frost Sect!!” By this point, he felt that something fishy was going on, but considering the crisis they were in, he couldn’t focus too much on that.

Fatty immediately started to get excited. In his opinion, it was the time to push things a bit further, so he took a deep breath and then ripped off the top of his robe, revealing his rolls of fat. His expression serious and filled with the determination to die for his sect, he cried out, “Patriarch, please bestow me with a titular tattoo!

“Please carve the characters ‘Golden Prince of the Golden Frost Sect’ onto my back!”

The Spirit Severing Patriarch stared in shock, and his face twitched.

Chapter 757: Calamity for the Li Clan!

As soon as the words left Fatty's mouth, all of the Golden Frost Sect disciples stared in shock. The Spirit Severing Patriarch's face twitched, and then he took a deep breath and, with effort, spoke as if he were very moved.

"What an amazing kid. Amazing!! The sect will never forget you! You are our hero!"

"Very well, I'll bestow the tattoo unto you!" With that, the Spirit Severing Patriarch waved his right hand toward Fatty, causing the characters 'Golden Prince of the Golden Frost Sect' to appear on his back.

The characters were carved... quite deeply, causing intense pain that made Fatty clench his teeth, and even squeeze out some tears. However, he didn't make a sound. Once the characters were inscribed, he took a deep breath, and then swept his fellow disciples with a meaningful gaze.

"I'm going now," he said, "and perhaps I won't return. Even if I die, I will still belong to the Golden Frost Sect, whether in flesh and body, or in spirit and soul!"

"Fellow disciples! My beautiful, beloved companions! I'm leaving now!" With that, he flew out of the sect.

As he shot through the air, quite a few disciples had unsightly looks on their faces, and one even began to give voice to suspicions.

"I'm not sure, but wasn't Junior Brother Li acting a bit weird just now?" he asked.

In response to his question, there were a few disciples who frowned and were about to respond, when the Spirit Severing expert snorted coldly.

"Li Fugui is willing to risk his life for the sect, and even requested that I give him that tattoo...." After mentioning the tattoo, the Spirit Severing Patriarch paused momentarily, struggling with himself internally. Although he hadn't picked up on any of the clues at first, he had lived for many years. In the end, how could he not have seen through Fatty's

incongruous behavior?

It only took a moment of thought for him to thoroughly understand that Fatty was milking the glory for all it was worth. Although the Spirit Severing Patriarch didn't really approve, considering the current situation, he couldn't very well say anything.

Not only was he forced to hold his tongue, he also had to help cover for Fatty's earlier conspicuousness and make the story seem more convincing. As he realized this, he couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

"Anyone who has any suspicions can go take his place if they want!" he continued.

When he thought back to how he had bestowed the tattoo, the Spirit Severing Patriarch couldn't help but think that the whole thing seemed so fake.... "Why couldn't Li Fugui put on a more convincing performance?" he thought. "Damn it all, what the hell is a titular tattoo anyway...y-y-you...!"

However, considering the relationship Fatty had with Meng Hao, he couldn't risk offending him. Therefore, he began to consider coming up with some good, justifiable reasons as to why he had bestowed the tattoo, reasons that everyone would believe.

Even as the Patriarch was wrestling with such thoughts, Fatty was flying out of the sect, his face as calm and unflinching as ever. Inside, however, he was grinning ear to ear.

"Hahaha!" he laughed inwardly. "Grandpa Fatty outsmarts them again! Especially that titular tattoo thing! It completely sets the matter in stone. In the future, if anyone dares to deny that I'm the Golden Prince, all I have to do is take my shirt off!" Feeling quite pleased with himself, he flew toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao waited, hovering in mid-air. When he saw the shining white ball of flesh flying through the air toward him, he gaped. Staring quizzically at Fatty as he arrived, he waved his hand, causing the area around them to blur. Then he noticed the characters tattooed on Fatty's back.

“Well? What do you think?!” said Fatty, his expression one of wild joy.

Meng Hao stared for a moment, then let out a long sigh.

“What’s wrong?” asked Fatty, not looking very pleased. He subconsciously produced a flying sword and started to file at his teeth.

“How can you have such low ambitions?” said Meng Hao with a wry smile. “Why didn’t you have them write ‘Sect Leader of the Golden Frost Sect?’”

Fatty suddenly stopped filing his teeth, and his eyes went wide. He let out a roar, and his eyes went bloodshot.

“Dammit! DAMMIT! How come I didn’t think of that?! This won’t do. Meng Hao, don’t agree to the terms yet. Hold on a moment, I’m going back to the sect!” He turned, and was just about to speed back to the sect when Meng Hao reached out and grabbed his arm.

Meng Hao looked speechlessly at him. Then he thought back to how bumbling Fatty had been back in the Reliance Sect, and he suddenly understood everything.

“Golden Prince is fine,” he said quickly. “Look at me, I’m a Sect Prince, too.” Worried that Fatty would continue to mess things up, he quickly projected his voice to fill the entire Golden Frost Sect.

“Golden Frost Sect, considering that Li Fugui has become your Golden Prince, I will exempt you from the death penalty for your act of besieging the Blood Demon Sect. From now on, you are a part of the Blood Demon Sect!

“I shall permit you to retain your core Daoist teachings and doctrines, but you must immediately provide soul strands and blood oaths!”

In response to his words, the Golden Frost Sect’s spell formations opened up to reveal the sect. The Spirit Severing Patriarch, as well as tens of thousands of disciples, all flew out and bowed to Meng Hao.

“We will obey the decrees of the Blood Demon Sect!”

The Golden Frost Sect surrendered, and its members gave soul strands

and blood oaths. Fatty became the sect's Golden Prince, and although some people didn't approve, no one dared to say anything. After all, the threat posed by Meng Hao was far too great.

In any case, their discontent was not severe. Had Meng Hao personally forced them to raise Fatty to Golden Prince, the situation might have been different. In any case, resolving the issue of the Golden Frost Sect in this way was not the most ideal method for Meng Hao, but he could accept it.

Unfortunately, he felt a bit guilty for the Blood Demon Sect disciples. They had come to exact revenge, but in the end, hadn't been able to kill anyone. Their fury and resentment could only fester in their hearts, with nowhere to vent it.

Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes.

"Next, the Li Clan!" he shouted.

He had never had any good impressions of the Li Clan, especially towards Li Daoyi, whom he had met many years before. If one didn't consider their tangential relationship, then the only other person from the Li clan that Meng Hao had anything to do with would be the Li Patriarch inside the blood mask, who had been turned into a Soul of Lightning.

Meng Hao turned to the Blood Demon Sect cultivators behind him, to the disciples who had suppressed their killing intent for too long, and said, "There will be no surrender for the Li Clan!"

With that, he flicked his sleeve and flew up into the air. The tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect cultivators turned into beams of light as they followed him, consumed by their desire for carnage. In the battle for the Blood Demon Sect, they had narrowly escaped with their lives, and the majority of their comrades had died. The resulting desire for revenge now burned hot and deep.

This was an enmity that could only be washed away with blood!

The Black Sieve Sect had essentially been empty. The Solitary Sword Sect surrendered. The Golden Frost Sect had Li Fugui. They could understand Meng Hao's decisions, but their desire to kill had been held back for too

long, and needed a release.

The place it would be released was none other than the Li Clan!

There was no peace and quiet in the Li Clan; everything was abuzz with activity. There were tens of thousands of clan members left alive, and the sole remaining early Dao Seeking Patriarch had been awakened from sleep to take charge. They were attempting to teleport the entire clan out of the Southern Domain.

Originally, they had assumed that sealing the clan off from the outside world would be sufficient to prevent reprisals from the Blood Demon sect. However, the Solitary Sword Sect's spell formations had crumbled, which destroyed their hopes. As of that moment, they suddenly realized that... the Li Clan could by no means remain in the Southern Domain.

They considered surrender, but once the Golden Frost Sect did that very thing, the Li Clan's Dao Seeking Patriarch realized that a great catastrophe was heading their way.

"The Blood Demon Sect mobilized to exact revenge," said the Patriarch. "There was no slaughter carried out at the Black Sieve Sect, Solitary Sword Sect, or Golden Frost Sect.... That means that the Li Clan is in grave danger!" It was without hesitation that preparations began to teleport the clan out of the Southern Domain.

Unfortunately, at almost the same moment that their teleportation portal began to rotate, a massive rumbling filled the air, and an enormous parasol formed of magical symbols appeared above the clan.

The parasol shone with boundless radiance as it immediately exploded, causing formless ripples to emanate outward. The ripples enveloped the Li Clan, not to destroy it, but to seal it.

Having been sealed, the Li Clan's teleportation portals immediately ceased functioning.

The seal was formed by the power of a peak Dao Seeking divine will, and in just a twinkling, spread out for hundreds of kilometers in every direction.

This area was like a world unto itself, cut off from everything else.

Unless the Li Clan had another peak Dao Seeking expert, then even with the aid of some special magical items it would be extremely difficult for them to break the seal without expending a great deal of time.

Furthermore, Meng Hao's second true self now floated cross-legged in midair above the sect, eyes closed in meditation, completely ignoring the Li Clan down below.

He had been dispatched to the Li Clan directly from the Solitary Sword Sect, sent here by Meng Hao specifically to prevent the Li Clan from attempting an escape upon learning of what had happened.

Although the second true self sat there with eyes closed, his body emanated the pressure of peak Dao Seeking. All of the Li Clan members within the area of the seal were trembling in terror. It was a dread that came from the depths of the heart, and it quickly infected the entire clan.

"Meng Hao!" said the early Dao Seeking Li Clan Patriarch, who happened to be their 9th Patriarch. He flew out from the Clan estate, flicking his sleeve to cause a scroll painting to appear.

The scroll painting depicted a woman whose eyes were closed in meditation. At first glance, she seemed indescribably beautiful and striking, but upon closer inspection her features were somewhat indistinct. As soon as she appeared, shocking ripples spread out in all directions. The 9th Li Clan Patriarch performed an incantation gesture, causing the ripples to surge through the air in an attack on Meng Hao's second true self.

Booms echoed out, and the air distorted. Meng Hao's second true self slowly opened his eyes to reveal somber coldness. He looked down at the 9th Li Clan Patriarch, gave a cold snort, and pointed downwards.

The gesture instantly caused the city below to begin to quake. Signs of withering appeared within all of the cultivators; it almost seemed as if the natural law of the world inside the sealing area had changed.

The face of the 9th Li Clan Patriarch fell, and he cried out inwardly. Then he bit his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood, which was then

absorbed by the scroll painting.

“Ancestor, save me!!” he cried miserably.

As his voice rang out, the scroll burst into flames, and the woman inside opened her eyes!

When she spoke, her voice was raspy and yet strangely magnetic. “The Li Clan is not originally from Planet South Heaven, but rather, Planet North Reed. If you insist on slaughtering these people, Fellow Daoist, the Li Clan will not rest until you are dead.

“I won’t hold you accountable for your lack of knowledge about the origins of the Li Clan. Simply sever your arms as punishment. Furthermore, dig out both of your eyes.... That is the punishment for anyone not of the Li Clan who lays eyes on me.

“Now, as to whether or not you try to wipe these Li Clan members out, the choice is up to you.”

Chapter 758: [This chapter actually has no title in the original Chinese]

The eyes of Meng Hao's second true self gleamed with killing intent. Although the soul of the second true self was not Meng Hao's, thanks to the hidden power within the fleshly body, as well as Meng Hao's divine will, he could control him as if it were his own body.

"Screw off!" said the second true self, his voice cold.

The words did not come with a thunderous roar, nor were there any boundless ripples. There was only monstrous coldness that spread out in all directions, causing everything for hundreds of kilometers to freeze over.

Within the flaming painting, the woman's eyes widened.

"You really don't know what's good for you!" she exclaimed through gritted teeth. She lifted her right hand, causing a tempest of flame to appear, which immediately shot out in all directions to attempt to fight against the region set up by the second true self.

The second true self snorted and then closed his eyes, completely ignoring the rumbling that filled the air. He had completely sealed down everything, making it impossible for the Li Clan to flee.

Time passed, and the Li Clan only continued to grow more panicked. No matter what techniques they attempted to use, they were incapable of teleporting away, nor could they break through the seal created by the second true self. Even the face of the woman on the screen was beginning to look unsightly. After all... she was only a strand of divine will, and even if she were stronger than she was now, she was still nothing more than a scroll painting, with a cultivation base at the mid Dao Seeking level, falling short of the peak.

After all, the Li Clan of South Heaven was merely one of many offshoot branches of the main Li Clan on Planet North Reed. If it weren't for the fact that they had some unique ties to the main clan, they would already

have died out. As for their previous heights of glory and their present state of decline, in terms of the complex inner workings of the Li Clan as a whole, it actually didn't amount to much.

Three days later, rumbling continued to fill the air just as it had the entire time. The woman in the scroll painting was more than half burned away, having gone all out with the power available to her as a divine will clone to bolster the Li Clan's frantic efforts to break through the seal. As a result, cracks were finally becoming visible in it.

It was at this point that suddenly, tens of thousands of beams of light appeared off in the distance. They shot through the air like a red cloud, radiating killing intent.

It was the Blood Demon Sect's tens of thousand of disciples who had all been holding themselves back for so long. In the lead was Meng Hao, flanked on the left and right by his Dharma Protectors.

As he neared, the eyes of the woman in the scroll painting glittered; she could tell at a mere glance that this was the true self of the clone.

Her eyes flickered with killing intent, and she was just about to say something, when coldness burst out of Meng Hao's eyes. Without so much as a word, he waved the index finger of his right hand, and the Golden Frost Sect Patriarch and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch shot toward the Li Clan, eyes shining with a glow like blood.

At the same time, the tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples exploded with a blood-colored glow as they finally unleashed the rage that had been pent up this entire time.

"Kill them!!"

"Spare no one! Kill them all!"

The tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect Disciples recalled the bitter images from the battle outside their own sect, and their eyes turned red. Bloodthirsty and mad with rage, they charged the Li Clan. In response, the tens of thousands of Li Clan members began to fight back in desperation, looks of hopelessness on their faces.

This was a battle where no quarter would be given; its sole objective was to wipe out an entire clan.

Off in the distance, the hundreds of thousands of rogue cultivators were shaken by what they saw.

“The killing has started....”

“The Blood Demon Sect’s revenge is now truly being carried out!”

“The Li Clan... will be no more in the Southern Domain.”

“The Li Clan is going to be wiped out, and the Wang Clan was mysteriously destroyed in a single night. The only clan left in the Southern Domain will be the Song Clan!”

“Of the five great sects, the Black Sieve Sect was eradicated and the Solitary Sword Sect surrendered and lost their core Daoist teachings and doctrines. It was only because of Li Fugui that the Golden Frost Sect maintained theirs, but they will not be able to return to their former glory for many years. That just leaves the Violet Fate Sect....”

The slaughter intensified as the shocked rogue cultivators looked on. The left and right Dharma Protectors had lost their conscious wills, and attacked with shocking power. The woman in the scroll painting was defeated in exchange after exchange, and the 9th Li Clan Patriarch’s face was ashen. Blood sprayed from his mouth as his fleshly body was destroyed by the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch. His Nascent Divinity flew out at top speed.

“3rd Patriarch!!” he shrieked miserably.

Unfortunately for him, the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch was not aware of what was happening, and his only reaction was to attack again.

The Li Clan members fought back miserably, but were incapable of standing up to the elite cultivators of the Blood Demon Sect.

Thousands were killed just in the initial salvo.

The battlefield was soon soaked with blood, with slaughter being carried about constantly. Meng Hao didn’t attack, nor did his second true self.

They merely observed the battle.

By now, Meng Hao was starting to grow weary of the bloodshed. In all the years since he had begun to practice cultivation, he had never killed so many people.... Even during the migration in the Western Desert, he had not seen such endless slaughter.

He felt a great weariness in his heart, and his expression was somewhat blank.

His ears were filled with the din of slaughter, bloodcurdling screaming, curses uttered moments before death, and battle cries. Despite the sheer volume of these sounds, all of it seemed to transform into a drone that came from very, very far away.

He suddenly realized that he reeked of blood. He could even sense that his heart was changing color... and was almost black.

It was the result of the accumulation of murderous desires and too much killing. When his heart became completely black, Meng Hao knew that would probably mean... that he had reached the point where the excessive killing didn't bother him any more.

But was all of this what he really wanted?

He suddenly missed his days back in the Demon Immortal Sect, back during the Western Desert migration, back in the Southern Domain as an alchemist, and even his naive life in the Reliance Sect.

But now, he was surrounded by killing, and he was exhausted because of it. When he closed his eyes, he could sense the countless vengeful spirits of the people he had killed, swirling around inside of him. They engulfed him, transforming into an intense, resentful miasma that was like a curse. A never ending curse.

Meng Hao stood there, taciturn and silent.

He really was... very tired.

"Perhaps this is why I have been unable to push the Blood Demon Grand Magic past the fourth level," he thought with a sigh.

“After all, I am still not the Devil that Patriarch Blood Demon wishes me to be.... I simply can’t be that cruel and merciless. I just can’t kill and kill without being shaken inwardly.”

After reaching the fourth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, he had tried on multiple occasions to achieve enlightenment regarding the fifth level, but all to no avail. It was as if he had reached the end the road.

He looked out at the bloody carnage and the twisted expressions of those that were caught up in the slaughter, and the weariness and exhaustion within him surged even higher. Finally he had his answer.

“Perhaps, deep in my heart, I’m simply not truly willing to allow myself to become completely blackhearted. I don’t want my happiness to come from the ghosts of those who I have killed. I don’t want my path to be filled with slaughter. In that case... I guess I’ll never reach the fifth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic in this lifetime.

“The fifth level requires even more killing. It requires innumerable souls.... It requires more and more vengeful spirits to gather around me to successfully cultivate the magic.

“Only if I concede and become a Devil can I fully embrace the Blood Demon Grand Magic. At all times, regardless of the circumstances, I must embrace the colors of red and black.

“That is the only way. And it is a way... that I cannot accept.” He stood outside the Li Clan looking at rivers of blood, mountains of corpses, and ruins. Booms filled the air as cultivators from both sides fought back and forth ferociously, almost as if they had lost any semblance of reason.

It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly came to a realization....

The battle didn’t last very long. With the left and right Dharma Protectors in action, it barely took two hours before the Li Clan’s fate was sealed.

The woman in the scroll painting could not be killed. She was a strand of divine sense that would return to her true self on Planet North Reed upon the painting’s vanishment. As she began to fade away, her cold voice

echoed out.

“You chose the path of extermination! From now on, if you step foot outside of Planet South Heaven, the Li Clan will hunt you down wherever you go in the Ninth Mountain, for as long as it takes!”

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with coldness. His second true self waved its right hand toward the woman in the scroll painting and the fading of her figure was suddenly arrested, and the flames which burned around her died down a bit.

The woman gaped in shock, during which time Meng Hao pointed out his right index finger.

Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!

Demon Sealing, Seventh Hex!

The combination of these two great hexing magics being unleashed at the same time caused the woman to tremble violently. She was formed from divine will, but all of a sudden, she found herself severed from the divine will of her true self.

“What are you doing!?!?” she cried in shock, her face falling.

Next, Karma enmeshed her, and strands composed of the five elements sealed her inside. Meng Hao lifted his hand, and the woman’s body gradually began to shrink. In the blink of an eye, she became a glowing white sphere which floated down to land on his palm. He immediately crushed it.

A boom echoed out as Karma was shattered. The woman let out a bloodcurdling scream as she was completely destroyed along with her Karma.

Now, she was completely incapable of returning to Planet North Reed and her true self.

“Court death, and you just might succeed,” said Meng Hao coolly. He opened his hand, and countless glowing particles rose up into the air. Meng Hao could now sense another vengeful spirit circulating around

him.

No one could see the venomous stares; Meng Hao was the only one who could sense them.

Meanwhile, on one of the four great planets that circulated the Ninth Mountain, Planet North Reed, there was a continent that covered half of the entire planet. The entire continent belonged to one clan, and that was the Li Clan!

According to some legends, this Li Clan was founded by the descendants of Lord Li of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. As to whether or not that was true, it was impossible for any gossipers to determine. Although, if it were true, why hadn't Lord Ji exterminated this Li Clan?

In the vast lands of the Li Clan was a towering altar, the design of which was very unique; it was shaped like an enormous trident. At the very tip of the trident, a woman sat cross-legged in meditation. She had very long hair that hung down her body, and she was exceptionally beautiful, almost celestial.

Suddenly, her eyes snapped open to reveal a sharp, but confused light.

"The divine sense clone I left behind for my younger brother's clan on South Heaven just died...."

Chapter 759: The Northern Reaches Mobilizes

The Li Clan was destroyed.

Not a single clan member was left behind. All were killed. It was nothing Meng Hao could do to stop. Nearly seventy percent of the disciples of the Blood Demon Sect had died. Although there was a certain coldness between disciples of the sect, this was war, and when fellow disciples passed away, the survivors would pay any price to exact vengeance.

Vengeance became an obsession!

The Solitary Sword Sect was the first to surrender, so the Blood Demon Sect disciples could choose to endure.

Because the Blood Prince's dear friend was a member of the Golden Frost Sect, they were able to hold on to survival.

But when it came to the Li Clan, they could endure no more. Perhaps the Blood Demon Sect disciples did not hate the Li Clan any more than the others, but they needed to kill. They needed their revenge. They needed an outlet for their obsession.

The Li Clan was awash with rivers of blood. What had once been glorious, was now in ruins. In the years to come, the clan would eventually turn into nothing more than barren dirt.

Of course, many mortals live in the Li Clan's headquarters. However, the Blood Demon Sect had not sunk to the level in which they would massacre mortals, so they were left alive.

Finally, the Blood Demon Sect disciples left. They returned to the Blood Demon Sect, and at long last, the slaughtering was over in the Southern Domain. Peace and quiet returned. However, all of the Southern Domain's cultivators were well aware... that from now on, the Blood Demon Sect was not just the number one sect in the Southern Domain, it was... the ruler!

There was no power that could resist them. The Blood Demon Sect now

had... four peak Dao Seeking cultivators!

Patriarch Blood Demon, Patriarch Golden Frost, the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, and the fourth member, Meng Hao's clone!

With four peak Dao Seeking experts, the Blood Demon Sect had the power to sweep unhindered across the Southern Domain. They were even comparable to some of the true super sects of the Eastern Lands.

Furthermore, the level of power they had displayed recently was just the tip of the iceberg.

After the destruction of the Li Clan, the Southern Domain was once again stable and quiet. Unfortunately, the overall number of cultivators in the land as a whole had been significantly reduced. There were even some areas that were noticeably empty.

Meng Hao didn't immediately go back to the Blood Demon Sect. First, he went to the Violet Fate Sect, which of course sent the entire sect into a stir. When he arrived outside the main gate, he looked up silently at the enormous statue of Reverend Violet East.

The Violet Fate Sect was silent for a short while, and then the East Pill Division and the Violet Qi Division appeared in solemn, ceremonial form. Meng Hao saw many familiar faces, and he sighed.

His desire had not been to reunite with the Violet Fate Sect in such a way. This type of meeting... made him feel like a stranger.

The elderly Violet Fate Sect Sect Leader strode forward, an old man who was very familiar to Meng Hao. He looked very nervous as he clasped hands and said, "Blood Prince, your gracious presence is a bright light shining down upon our humble sect. Please, come in!"

The Violet Qi Division and the East Pill Division made similar welcoming declarations. Among their number was the sect Elder from years ago who had identified Meng Hao's incredible latent talent. He saw Violet Furnace Lords Lin Hailong and An Zaihai, as well as the man he had become entangled with all the way back in the State of Zhao, Wu Dingqiu. 1

All of them approached Meng Hao and clasped hands in respect.

Hanxue Shan made an appearance, but not Chu Yuyan.

The respect shown to him by the Violet Fate Sect made Meng Hao sigh in his heart. He couldn't help but speak up and ask them not to treat him in such a way, but unfortunately, he could not change the murderous air which swirled around him. The events that had occurred in the Black Sieve Sect, the Solitary Sword Sect, the Golden Frost Sect, and the Li Clan had struck fear into the entire Southern Domain. It all turned into something like a palpable pressure which radiated out from Meng Hao.

He could tell that Wu Dingqiu was nervous, and could sense the fear in the hearts of An Zaihai and the other Violet Furnace Lords. Even Hanxue Shan seemed reluctant to approach him.

There were other familiar faces, and it was the same with all of them. Apparently, his murderous aura was too strong, like a stabbing needle that prevented people from getting near him.... Meng Hao stood there, silent, his heart twinging painfully.

"After someone gets too powerful," he thought, "must he grow apart from the people he used to know...?" Meng Hao suddenly felt very lonely. It was the kind of isolated feeling that came when you were with your friends, then suddenly realized that you felt as if you were all alone in the vast world.

Meng Hao thought of Chen Fan and Fatty. For some reason, he even thought of Grand Elder Ouyang from the Reliance Sect, and Sect Leader He Luohua. Throughout the hundreds of years, Meng Hao had never run into them. 2

Feeling both like a friend and a stranger, Meng Hao entered the Violet Fate Sect.

Normally, the peak Dao Seeking Patriarch of the Violet Fate Sect would never appear in public, but now that Meng Hao had arrived, he emerged from secluded meditation.

He was a middle-aged man with an ancient, transcendent air. He was

skinny, and had no brilliant glow in his eyes, but his peak Dao Seeking aura was not weak. He peered out from within the temple, watching Meng Hao approaching with Violet Fate cultivators crowding around him.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, please have a seat.” With a slight smile, the man waved his hand, causing a long table to suddenly appear in the center of the temple’s main hall. Alcohol and spirit fruits could be seen on the table, and off to the side were floating figures playing beautiful music.

The rest of the Violet Fate Sect members stopped outside of the temple hall. They clasped hands and bowed deeply, then slowly left. Soon, only Meng Hao and the middle-aged man remained.

“Patriarch, there’s really no need for all of this,” said Meng Hao.

“You’re a guest, Fellow Daoist,” the man said with a smile. “Even though you used to be a disciple of the Violet Fate Sect, now that you’ve come in this fashion, how could I not entertain you? Please, have a seat.”

Meng Hao stepped forward and then sat down at the table. With a smile, the middle-aged man sat down across from him.

“I am Sun Tao, and to be honest, I’m not a Patriarch. I am simply an apprentice alchemist, so there’s no need for you to address me as Patriarch. Actually, to be most correct... I should actually call you Young Lord.” The man laughed and then poured Meng Hao a cup of alcohol.

Meng Hao stared at him in shock.

“In the past, I was apprentice alchemist to Reverend Violet East.” Sun Tao looked at Meng Hao for a moment, and then smiled. “In fact, I still am.”

At this point, Meng Hao’s eyes glittered.

“It is neither necessary nor proper for you to ask the question that is on your mind,” continued Sun Tao. “I know exactly why you have come here. Unfortunately, your master is in secluded meditation, and cannot come out....”

Meng Hao’s heart trembled. The reason he had come to the Violet Fate

Sect was because he wanted to see his master. They had been separated for many years, but he had never forgotten the three kowtows.

“Your master sent me here to explain something to you,” Sun Tao went on. “When practicing cultivation... one must cultivate the heart!

“As long as the heart is there, it doesn’t matter if it is red or black. Your will is the most important factor. Your will is like a blade, and that blade... can still be used in your Third Severing. There is no need to be swept up with confusion.

“Life is a series of decisions. Whether you make the correct decisions or not doesn’t matter. The important thing is to keep going forward. Years later, when you look back, perhaps you’ll find that the incorrect decisions you made... weren’t really incorrect. Similarly, the correct decisions... might not necessarily have been correct.

“Why struggle with frustration? Why proceed with confusion? In all things... resolution only comes from continuing to move forward.

“Following this line of reasoning, if there is no such thing as ‘incorrect,’ then how can the ‘correct’ exist? Similarly, if there is no ‘correct,’ then how can the ‘incorrect’ exist?

“Another matter,” said Sun Tao, gazing at Meng Hao. “The Dao of alchemy is a great Dao. Your master wished me to remind you to never abandon it. Although it might not be of much use to you in your cultivation here in the lands of South Heaven, your future path... will take you far away from here.

“At that time, the Dao of alchemy... will be of incredible assistance. It will ensure that regardless of whatever hardships you face, your alchemic flame will never be extinguished.”

Meng Hao sat there silently. After a long moment, he lifted his glass and took a long drink of alcohol. Then he stood, clasped hands, and bowed deeply to Sun Tao.

“Many thanks for the enlightenment, senior,” he said. “Please pass word to my master that I will never forget his teachings!”

Sun Tao remained seated, but gave a slight nod in response. Meng Hao took a deep breath and then turned to leave the temple hall.

At the same time, in an Immortal's cave in the number one mountain peak of the East Pill Division, a white-haired old man sat cross-legged in meditation. The air around him twisted and distorted as if due to a great Dao.

His eyes opened a crack as he looked out at Meng Hao leaving the main temple, and an expression of contentment could be seen on his face.

As soon Meng Hao emerged from the temple hall, the Violet Fate Sect Leader, Elders, and others hurried forward. At the same time, Meng Hao suddenly stopped in place and turned his head to look toward the mountains of the East Pill Division.

After a long, long moment, he looked back at the Sect Leader. "I'd like to visit my old Immortal's cave," he said. The Sect Leader immediately nodded, and the group escorted him to the East Pill Division.

Almost as soon as he entered the East Pill Division, a strange expression appeared on Meng Hao's face.

He had just caught sight of... an iron spear!

After all these years, the spear was still here in the Violet Fate Sect.... It was stabbed into the ground, surrounded by an ornate barricade. The spear had now become a landmark in the Violet Fate Sect.

Seated cross-legged by the spear were two old men. Despite their age, Meng Hao still recognized them. They were none other than.... Lu Song and Qian Shuihen. 3

As of now, they were both Core Formation cultivators and Honor Guards of the Violet Fate Sect. The moment Meng Hao laid eyes on them, they rose to their feet, expressions of deep respect on their faces. They immediately clasped hands and bowed deeply to Meng Hao.

"Greetings, Senior Meng."

The Violet Fate Sect Leader laughed heartily. "Hahaha! Blood Prince, do

you still remember this spear? It was originally brought back to the sect by Wu Dingqiu. This area is now a famous place in the sect.”

“Senior Meng, you can rest your heart at ease,” said Lu Song excitedly.

“Yes, senior, we will definitely care well for the spear!” agreed Qian Shuihen.

Lu Song and Qian Shuihen had long since forgotten their resentment from years ago. Now, they viewed Meng Hao with almost feverish adoration. In fact, everything that had happened between them and Meng Hao years ago was a source of pride for both of them.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and then rubbed his bag of holding. Only he knew that inside was a gold spear that he still hadn’t found a chance to con someone with.... 4

Off to the side, Wu Dingqiu shuddered. Grumbling inwardly, he was just about to edge backward when Meng Hao suddenly looked over at him.

A tremor ran through Wu Dingqiu, and he immediately plastered a smile onto his face. However, his heart was pounding, and he could not stop cursing Eccentric Song for instigating the spear incident.

Even as Meng Hao was in the Violet Fate Sect, reminiscing about old times, a desolate and frightening scene was playing out on the border of the Northern Reaches, near the Milky Way Sea.

Nearly a million cultivators were standing at combat readiness near the shore. They were divided into more than ten battalions according to the various sects and tribes they were from.

There were also numerous 300-meter-tall beasts, shackled so tightly with iron chains that they couldn’t free themselves no matter how fiercely they struggled.

Up in the sky were countless vicious flying beasts that emitted piercing cries as they circled about. Their wings cast enormous shadows down below as they nearly blotted out the entire sky.

Further off in the distance were dozens of roaring giants as tall as

mountains that wielded bone cudgels.

Even further off in the distance were dark clouds that circulated about, apparently concealing countless savage and evil spirits.

This was the army of the Northern Reaches which had gathered next to the Milky Way Sea. Apparently... they were waiting for something!

Most shocking of all were the eleven unbridled and lofty auras which roared high into the sky. These auras... were all peak Dao Seeking auras!

*

1. Wu Dingqiu was the one who made the bet with Eccentric Song in chapter 48, and was involved in the incident with the spear. He last appeared in chapter 717 when Meng Hao went to the Ancient Dao Lakes.
2. Grand Elder Ouyang and He Luohua last appeared in chapter 43, although they were mentioned a couple times throughout the story when Meng Hao thought back to the State of Zhao.
3. Lu Song and Qian Shuihen were the disciples who got sucked into Meng Hao's spear scam in chapter 55. Both of them made appearances later on at the Song Clan, and also during Meng Hao's time in the Violet Fate Sect.
4. I think many of you still remember the gold spear that Meng Hao had made in chapter 46. It was part of a set of three, one being iron, another silver, and the third gold.

Chapter 760: Your Mother Was Here

Storm clouds were gathering.

Up above the Violet Fate Sect, dark clouds formed in thick layers. Flashes of lightning could be seen, accompanied by the rumble of thunder.

The rain would soon begin to pour down.

When it came to weather like this, with rain or snow, most sects would do nothing to shield the sect from the elements. Instead, they would allow the rain and snow to fall onto the sect itself. They believed that rain and snow were part of the Dao of living things, and that by experiencing such weather, the spiritual energy in the sect would thrive.

By preventing the rain and snow from entering the sect, the sect might have the appearance of an Immortal paradise but, in fact, it would lose some of its connection with nature.

Meng Hao glanced one more time at the iron spear, then cleared his throat and spoke a few polite words. Then he headed further into the East Pill Division, toward the small mountain that had once been his home. Throughout all the years that had passed, no one had ever been allowed to occupy the mountain. It was as if the mountain had been reserved for him for all eternity.

From this detail, he could tell that, as far as his master Pill Demon was concerned, Meng Hao... would always be a disciple of the Violet Fate Sect.

When Meng Hao entered his old Immortal's cave, the Violet Fate Sect Leader, Elders, and others could all see the reminiscence in Meng Hao's eyes, and they discreetly took their leave. Meng Hao was left alone in his old residence.

Before long, the thunder overhead grew louder and the rain pattered onto the ground as it began to fall in earnest. A fine mist was kicked up, but it didn't rise too far before it was seemingly beaten back down by the oncoming rain. Small rivulets of water could soon be seen.

Everything grew hazy as the sheets of rain descended. The entire scene

was one of charm and peacefulness.

Meng Hao stood at the door of his Immortal's cave, looking out at the rain, thinking about his days as an alchemist.

Time passed. The sky grew dark, and the rain continued to fall harder and harder. Meng Hao stood there for a long time, expecting... a certain someone to appear. However, by the time the glow of dawn appeared in the sky, she hadn't.

Meng Hao smiled and shook his head silently.

As the sun rose, the rain ceased. The sky was clear, and the moisture left behind by the rain made the air thrum with exuberant life force. Meng Hao walked out of his Immortal's cave and prepared to leave the Violet Fate Sect.

On his way out, he visited Bai Yunlai and gave him a hefty sum of spirit stones and medicinal pills.

He also went to see Hanxue Shan and some of his other old acquaintances. He gave gifts to all of them, even... Chu Yuyan.

After a moment of silent consideration, he left her a jade slip with a strand of his divine sense, which would protect her in a moment of deadly crisis. He gave the jade slip to Hanxue Shan and asked her to pass it along to Chu Yuyan. With that, he flew up into midair, then transformed into a beam of colorful light that shot off into the distance.

In the moment that he left, Chu Yuyan sat in her Immortal's cave in the East Pill Division, gnawing on her lip as she looked up into the sky.

"You made your choice, and I have my pride!" she murmured softly. Eventually, Hanxue Shan came. She hesitated for a moment before offering the jade slip to Chu Yuyan.

Chu Yuyan was silent for a moment. At first, she didn't want to accept the gift, but in the end, she couldn't control herself. She lifted her hand up and took the jade slip.

Hanxue Shan gave a slight sigh and then left.

Chu Yuyan trembled as she held the jade slip in her hand. It was hard to say when, but at some point, tears began to roll down her cheeks.

Meng Hao left the Violet Fate Sect and flew through the boundless sky over the familiar lands of the Southern Domain toward the Song Clan!

The Song Clan was in the south, in a special area that did not suppress the cultivation base of cultivators, but made it impossible for them to absorb the spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth.

Years ago, Meng Hao had no way to understand why the Song Clan was like that. However, considering the current level of his cultivation base, he now knew that it was a feature created by a peak Dao Seeking expert.

Dao Seeking cultivators could form their own personal natural laws, which grew more and more powerful as they approached the peak of Dao Seeking. Eventually, such natural law could create special regions, just like the Song Clan.

When Meng Hao entered the territory of the Song Clan, the entire clan was thrown into a commotion. The Song Clan Patriarch, who had been in secluded meditation under the surface of the clan, immediately opened his eyes and went out to meet Meng Hao.

The clan would not allow the slightest bit of disrespect to be shown to Meng Hao. In fact, there was not a single cultivator in the entire Southern Domain who would treat Meng Hao disrespectfully now.

Perhaps Meng Hao himself was not incredibly strong, but his second true self was a peak Dao Seeking cultivator, and Meng Hao was the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect.

The entire Song Clan arranged a grand banquet to honor Meng Hao, the scale of which was completely unprecedented. As he sat there, Meng Hao looked around at the Song Clan and mused that this was his second time visiting this place.

The first time was for the Song Clan's search for a son-in-law. That was when he had acquired good fortune and met... Shui Dongliu.

The Song Clan Patriarch sat next to Meng Hao and couldn't help but

sigh emotionally.

Even more emotional than the Patriarch, however, was Eccentric Song.... He was still a Nascent Soul cultivator, and he sat in a position not too far away from Meng Hao, his head bowed, fearful that Meng Hao would look his way.

Despite his bowed head, Meng Hao still noticed him.

“Fellow Daoist Song,” he said coolly, “How are all those wild beasts that you collect?” After all, Meng Hao had never viewed himself as the type of person to hold a grudge....

Eccentric Song shivered, and thought back to what he had witnessed Meng Hao do back at the Ancient Dao Lakes. After it was all over, Eccentric Song had assumed everything was water under the bridge, but now that Meng Hao was actually in the Song Clan, he was more nervous than ever.

As soon as Meng Hao asked his question, Eccentric Song lurched to his feet and clasped his hands toward Meng Hao, bowing repeatedly. His face was covered with a flattering smile that was even more unbearable to look at than if he had begun to cry.

“Senior, I am honored by your concern. However... I don’t collect wild beasts any more....”

“Oh....” replied Meng Hao. As he gazed at Eccentric Song, he noticed the pleading look in the man’s eyes.

Meng Hao smiled slightly and then looked away.

Eccentric Song heaved a sigh of relief and quickly sat down, whereupon he picked up his glass and took a long drink of alcohol. Although his fear had been allayed, moments ago he had been frightened to death. He had long since heard stories of Meng Hao’s shocking, murderous air. Meng Hao could kill without blinking an eye. He had exterminated Dao Seeking experts, and slaughtering Spirit Severing cultivators was as easy to him as killing dogs. As for Nascent Soul cultivators... he could blot them out of existence by simply breathing.

Meng Hao's presence, and the fact that he was sitting next to the Song Clan Patriarch, left Eccentric Song completely terrified. Ever since Meng Hao returned to the Southern Domain, Eccentric Song had begun to regret his past actions. Then the Blood Demon Sect rose to prominence, and his fear grew.

"I absolutely, positively, without a shadow of a doubt should NOT have provoked that jinx all those years ago.... Who would have ever guessed that the brat would eventually become so terrifying.... Aiiiii, nobody could have predicted it." Sighing, Eccentric Song thought back to the events in the State of Zhao, and how Meng Hao had slaughtered a path all the way to the top of the mountain with the iron spear. Eccentric Song almost seemed to be in a trance as he remembered all the spirit stones and medicinal pills that were taken away.

"Although," he thought, "how many people in the Southern Domain can say that they caused that jinx, Meng Hao, to flee from them? I guess this just goes to show how great I am." Now that he thought about it, Eccentric Song felt a bit pleased with himself. "Besides, it was that old bastard Wu Dingqiu who instigated the whole incident!"

There was another person at the banquet who sighed emotionally, and that was Song Jia's mother. As for Song Jia, she sat next to her mother, her expression indifferent. Her mother was the one with the excited expression.

"According to what that woman said all those years ago," she thought, "Jia'er can become Meng Hao's maidservant.... Not bad, actually! How do I bring it up to him, though?" She frowned and then looked over at the Song Clan Patriarch, only to find that he was looking at her. 1

She immediately understood what he was thinking, and abandoned her previous plan.

The banquet lasted for a few hours. Meng Hao's primary objective in coming to the Song Clan was to reassure and pacify them. After all, the Blood Demon Sect was now the greatest power in the unified Southern Domain. The Song Clan had maintained neutrality, so it was necessary for

the Blood Demon Sect's Blood Prince to personally visit them.

There was no need for formal agreements. Meng Hao's visit was enough to explain the stance of the Blood Demon Sect. Similarly, for the Song Clan Patriarch to personally entertain him showed the Song Clan's attitude.

As evening fell, Meng Hao politely refused the Song Clan's urgings that he stay behind for longer. When he rose to leave, his gaze fell upon Song Jia, and he hesitated for a moment before producing a jade slip.

The jade slip contained a strand of divine sense similar to the one he had given to Chu Yuyan. Meng Hao knew that he was beholden to Song Jia. His youthful hot-headedness had influenced her search for a husband, and was the reason she had never married. Meng Hao had always felt like he owed an apology for the matter.

Considering that he had personally gifted her with the jade slip, and also helped her in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect, he finally felt as if there was some resolution to the matter.

Song Jia accepted the jade slip and bowed her head in thanks, her expression as calm as ever.

Off to the side, the Song Clan Patriarch smiled as he looked on, and his eyes glittered. Finally, he laughed heartily and then escorted Meng Hao out of the Song Clan ancestral mansion.

"Patriarch, there's no need to see me out," said Meng Hao. "If I have some free time in the future, I'll come back to visit." He clasped hands, then made to leave.

"Meng Hao, my young friend," said the Patriarch with a laugh, "there's no need for such formality. Actually, we're already like family, right? My little granddaughter Song Jia has long since become your maidservant, so there's no need for you to treat the Song Clan as if we're strangers."

"Maidservant?" said Meng Hao, stopping in his tracks. He looked back at the Patriarch with a strange expression.

"Oh? You didn't know, young friend?" The Song Clan Patriarch could tell

the truth from Meng Hao's expression, but he feigned astonishment nonetheless. "Back during the Song Clan search for a son-in-law, your mother came personally to ask us to make my little granddaughter your maidservant."

Meng Hao's heart began to pound with great waves of shock. However, after practicing cultivation for so many years, he was not the novice he had been years ago, and his expression remained the same as ever. However, a profound gleam appeared deep in his eyes as he looked back at Patriarch Song.

"Patriarch, there's no need to beat around the bush," said Meng Hao.

Considering Meng Hao's countenance, Patriarch Song's expression became solemn.

"Well, I'm not entirely sure if it was your mother, young friend. After the incident occurred, I realized that there are two possibilities. Either it really was your mother, or... it was the mother of the Resurrection Lily!

"I have no way to determine for certain, but what I can tell you for sure is that she is an Immortal. As to whether she is a false Immortal or true Immortal I don't know.... However, she definitely came from the Eastern Lands!" Patriarch Song slapped his bag of holding to produce a jade slip, which he handed to Meng Hao.

"This is her likeness, which I inscribed onto this jade slip from my memory."

Meng Hao silently accepted the jade slip. He almost didn't dare to look at it. Taking a deep breath, he sent his divine sense inside, whereupon he saw the image of a woman. Instantly, towering waves of shock filled him.

Even if his composure were even stronger, it would still be shattered nonetheless. He suddenly felt as if a hundred thousand thunderclaps were exploding in his ears. His body trembled, and his eyes shone with intense attachment and obsession.

He had long since stopped trying to track down information about his parents. He had long since assumed that his childhood dream of traveling

to the Eastern Lands was something of the past.

But now, he had an intense impulse to immediately go to the Eastern Lands to ask... WHY?!

That was because the woman in the jade slip....

Looked exactly like the image of his mother that existed in his memories!!

*

1. The incident with “that woman” occurred in chapter 190.

Chapter 761: An Old Friend....

Meng Hao's hand slowly tightened around the jade slip.

Although he kept his thoughts concealed deeply in his heart, and would not easily reveal them, Patriarch Song had practiced cultivation for many years, and was able to pick up on some clues from the motion of Meng Hao's hand. He knew that his gamble had paid off.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, then clasped hands and bowed deeply to Patriarch Song.

"Many thanks!" he said.

He said nothing more than those two words, but to Patriarch Song, that was enough. He nodded and clasped hands in return.

"Meng Hao, my young friend, if you ever go to the Eastern Lands, the Song Clan's branch there may be able to provide you with some assistance."

Meng Hao nodded, then, without another word, transformed into a beam of light that shot off into the distance.

Patriarch Song watched him fly off. After a long moment, when Meng Hao was no longer visible, he turned and headed back into the Song Clan ancestral mansion.

As Meng Hao flew through the air, a complex expression could be seen on his face. Images from his childhood appeared in his mind, which had not faded after the passing of years, but were clearer than ever.

"Mom, dad... just... why?"

"Why did you have to leave? Why did you leave me behind? Why?! Why would you come to the Song Clan... and not tell me?! You were obviously there!"

"WHY?!?!"

Meng Hao felt as if his heart was being stabbed with a knife. These questions had been buried in his heart for far too long, with no answers.

The answers... were in the Eastern Lands!

Finally, Meng Hao sighed and regained his composure. He was a powerful expert who had practiced cultivation for hundreds of years. The only thing that could cause him to lose control was the matter of his father and mother.

“The Eastern Lands,” he thought. “It was always my dream to go there.... That... is where I MUST go!” Decisiveness appeared in his eyes. He took a deep breath and then sped onward.

As evening deepened, he shot forward at top speed. He had called upon the Song Clan and visited the Violet Fate Sect. Now, it was time to return to the Blood Demon Sect and spend the rest of the hundred years with Xu Qing.

Even as he continued along, his gaze was suddenly drawn to something that was happening off in the distance.

“So, it’s him....” he thought, surprised.

Currently, he was in the border region between the Song Clan and the Blood Demon Sect. Fifty kilometers or so from his current position, three streaks of light sped through the air.

Clearly, there were two cultivators chasing a third cultivator. The target was a middle-aged man who wore a blood-stained white robe. From the look on his face, he had experienced many things. He seemed exhausted, and even more so, full of grief.

It was easy to see that once upon a time, he had been incredibly handsome. Now he looked old, but still carried himself with an extraordinary, heroic spirit. However, the years had not been kind to him, and he had undergone a baptism of ruthlessness. Now, his life was one of pain.

“Wang Tengfei, where do you think you can run to now?!”

“You used to be a top Chosen of the Wang Clan, but now you’re nothing more than a stray dog! All you know how to do is run away!”

“What are you running for? Come on, show us some of your skills from all those years ago. You used to be the pinnacle of arrogance! You chased me and my brother for years trying to kill us. Now we finally get to meet again, and you’re running away?!”

“Hahaha! Of course he’s running. There’s no Wang Clan in the Southern Domain anymore! It was wiped out in a single night! Wang Tengfei just got lucky and escaped death! Unfortunately for him, he ran into us here! Wang Tengfei... you’re dead!”

The person being chased was none other than Wang Tengfei!

The pursuers were two middle-aged cultivators with late Core Formation cultivation bases, only half a step away from the Nascent Soul stage. As for Wang Tengfei, he was also in the late Core Formation stage. However, he was clearly wounded, and could do nothing more than flee from his two opponents.

His face was ashen, and filled with intense grief. Apparently, the words spoken by his pursuers stabbed deeply into his heart. After the Wang Clan was destroyed, he had experienced far too many slanderous insults. He had once been Chosen, but in the blink of an eye had turned into an outcast. Originally, he told himself that he could get used to this new situation, but every time he heard words such as those being hurled at him now, they hurt deeply.

It felt as if people were digging his heart out of his chest, and it made the pained expression on his face grow even more intense.

He had been there that night when the Wang Clan was wiped out. He had personally witnessed the Patriarch’s insanity as he slaughtered one clan member after another. That night, it felt as if the sky had fallen.

His father and mother died. His grandfather died. Everyone died, one by one.... As for himself, he had been consumed by terror and sorrow. And then, his older brother... the older brother who he had always wanted to surpass, struck him on the head with a palm.

That palm swept through him like thunder, rendering him unconscious. The last thing he remembered was his brother murmuring in his ear, “Hey

kid, you need to stay alive....”

When Wang Tengfei woke up, he opened his eyes to find himself in a sea of blood. He was surrounded by the corpses of his fellow clan members. Laying directly on top of him... was the body of his older brother.

His brother had covered him with his own corpse, using the aura of death to hide Wang Tengfei. That was how Wang Tengfei... managed to escape the disaster caused by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, who in his demented state had not bothered to search very carefully. 1

At that point, Wang Tengfei had begun to weep.

He had nothing. No clan. No family. Everything was gone.

He felt like he was the only person alive in the entire world. Bitterly, he had crawled to his feet and began to wander....

He was alive, but it was as if he had already died. People who had once been his friends now looked at him with cold mockery. The constant ridicule was a vast difference from how he had been treated in the past, and it caused the trembling Wang Tengfei to come to a realization.

All he could do was bow his head and bitterly accept the ridicule.

He wanted to find the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, and ask him... why?!

Why did you eradicate the entire Wang Clan, sir?!

WHY?!

It turned into the only reason for Wang Tengfei to continue living. He began to search the entire Southern Domain, using his bloodline connection to try to find the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Even if he died in the process... he would get his answer!

It was finally in this area that he had sensed the presence of the 10th Patriarch. He had started a thorough search, but before he could track him down, ran into these two people who he had previously disdained as being unworthy to even be looked at. They were nobodies whom he and his subordinates had hunted down and tried to kill over some magical item.

Now, he could only flee from them.

Wang Tengfei's two pursuers performed incantation gestures, causing two flying swords to speed out. Glittering, they shot toward the ashen-faced Wang Tengfei, who quickly produced a small drum that he tossed behind him. It rapidly expanded and reverberated with a pounding sound as the two swords neared it. The items collided and...

Boom!

As the explosion reverberated out, Wang Tengfei spit out blood. His face was pale white as he braced himself and pushed forward at top speed. He didn't take the time to try to retrieve the drum. The two pursuing cultivators laughed as one of them took the drum. Then they shot forward in pursuit once again, their eyes shining with greed and killing intent.

They continued to fight back and forth, and Wang Tengfei continuously coughed up blood. The sword glow beneath his feet began to fade, and a look of despair could be seen in his eyes. To him, the whole world seemed...to have turned gray.

"You used to be so arrogant, didn't you?!"

"Back then you were so high and mighty. You looked down on everyone else as if they were bugs, and you were the Chosen of Heaven! Where is your arrogance now, huh?!"

"Wang Tengfei, you're dead! If you get reincarnated, then remember not to be so arrogant in your next life!"

The two pursuers' eyes flashed with killing intent, and they attacked simultaneously, unleashing their most powerful divine abilities. Sword qi swirled, and a massive palm rumbled out toward Wang Tengfei.

Wang Tengfei smiled bitterly. He knew that he couldn't escape, so he suddenly turned in place and started to laugh. He had had enough of life, and should have died with the rest of his clan anyway. He was just about to throw caution to the wind when....

Suddenly, a sigh could be heard echoing throughout the land.

Once they heard the sigh, Wang Tengfei's two pursuers stopped, and their faces went pale. They instantly began to tremble as they looked behind Wang Tengfei.

"Blood... Blood Demon Sect. The Blood Prince!!"

"It's Meng Hao!"

Meng Hao floated down from behind Wang Tengfei until he stood between him and the two pursuers.

"This person is an old friend of mine," he said. "Fellow Daoists, would you mind giving me a bit of face?"

The two pursuers gasped, and their hearts filled with terror. They immediately clasped hands and bowed with the utmost respect.

"Senior, we didn't know that Wang Tengfei was an old friend of the Blood Prince. Please don't be offended, your excellency."

"We'll, we'll be leaving now...."

The two cultivators were completely shaken. There wasn't anyone in the Southern Domain who was unfamiliar with Meng Hao's face. They didn't care a whit about Wang Tengfei, but as for Meng Hao, he was terrifying to the extreme. Even as they spoke, the two men backed up, trembling.

Wang Tengfei gaped at Meng Hao's back, then saw the expressions on the faces of the two men, and felt stabs of pain in his heart. Such expressions were the type that would fill the faces of people who looked at him, the kind of expressions he savored back before the Wang Clan was eradicated. But now....

Wang Tengfei's face distorted. He felt as if a blade was stabbing through his heart as he glared angrily at Meng Hao. His hatred for Meng Hao ran deep, and even before the destruction of the Wang Clan, he had dreamed of personally slaying him.

He hated Meng Hao for taking away his legacy. He hated Meng Hao for taking away his fiancé. He hated Meng Hao for all his success. In Wang Tengfei's mind, everything that Meng Hao had achieved, should have been

his!

In recent days, whenever he heard stories of Meng Hao, he felt like his heart was being crushed. He almost felt as if he would go insane. His hatred ran all the way to his very marrow!

“I don’t need your help!” he cried out. “Kill me, alright? Just kill me! KILL ME!

“I’m done with living, Meng Hao. You wanna kill me? Fine! You don’t have to pretend! Come on! Wang Tengfei’s spirit is indomitable! I’m standing right here. Come on, kill me!

“You took away all my good fortune! You took away all my opportunities! You even took away my fiancé. I will NOT live under the same sky as you, you charlatan! You lowlife! Come on, kill me!

“You were NOTHING back in the Reliance Sect. I could have killed you with the wave of a finger. If Grand Elder Ouyang hadn’t interfered, I would have cut you down!

“I am Chosen! Chosen of the Reliance Sect! Chosen of the Wang Clan! And you? You’re... an insect!!”

Wang Tengfei started to laugh maniacally. He had repressed himself for too long, and now he hysterically shouted out all his grievances.

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1. Although he is not mentioned by name, Wang Tengfei’s brother was Wang Lihai, a recurring character who appeared in the Blood Immortal Legacy Tournament arc, the Dao Geyser arc, and the Demon Immortal Sect arc, and perhaps some other places that are currently skipping my mind.

Chapter 762: 10th Patriarch

Wang Tengfei's hysterical screaming did nothing more than cause Meng Hao to frown slightly. However, the other two cultivators' faces went deathly pale, and their hearts began to pound with fear.

They suddenly recalled an event that had caused a minor stir in the Southern Domain, the matter of the love triangle involving Meng Hao, Wang Tengfei, and Chu Yuyan.

"Not good! These two used to be rivals in love!!"

"Dammit, we happened to run into both of these guys, and then heard some things we weren't supposed to..." The two cultivators' faces fell, and they backed up nervously. Seeing that Meng Hao wasn't paying attention to them, they fled at top speed, cursing the fact that they couldn't sprout wings.

"Come on, kill me! KILL ME!" raged Wang Tengfei, his eyes bloodshot. He even began to approach Meng Hao, until he was right in front of him.

"Didn't you want to kill me back in the Reliance Sect, Meng Hao? I remember your fingernails sticking into the flesh of your palms, and the blood dripping down. Back then you were an ant, and I was Chosen! 1

"Now look at me! I bet you're happy, aren't you. Very happy, right? Come on, kill me!!

"I've lived enough already. My clan is gone, my clan members are gone, my family is gone. My older brother gave his life for me, but what's the point? At least dying at your hand will release me from my worldly cares!

"Why haven't you made a move yet? Kill me!!"

A complicated expression could be seen on Meng Hao's face as he looked back at Wang Tengfei. He had long since learned of what had happened to the Wang Clan. As for everything from the past, it was nothing more than that, the past.

"I'm a Wang Clan Chosen. When I was a child, a drop of blood from a Flying Rain-Dragon fell from the skies. I followed my instincts and

intuition, and after paying a huge price, finally found the Reliance Sect!

“The Flying Rain-Dragon legacy belongs to me!! But you took it away! You took away my legacy! And you took away my Inner Sect qualifications in the Reliance Sect too! You destroyed any chance I had of getting the Sublime Spirit Scripture!

“Then you even took my fiancé away from me! Chu Yuyan was MY fiancé! But she dissolved our engagement... all because of YOU!

“Do I owe you a debt from my previous life or something, Meng Hao? Why? Over and over again, you took away EVERYTHING!!” As Wang Tengfei screamed and yelled, tears began to stream down his face.

“Now you have everything that belongs to me. I should be the number one person in the Southern Domain. I should be on top. And you... you should be like I am now!

“Everything you have... was taken from me! And now, here you stand in front of me, the winner again. You’re gonna save me?! You’re not saving me. I don’t need your pity or compassion, I just need you to kill me!!

“Don’t give me that look, Meng Hao,” he said, tears streaming down his cheeks. “I’m Wang Tengfei!” After the destruction of the Wang Clan, Wang Tengfei had been the subject of endless ridicule. It was a pain that he could handle. There was only one thing in the world that he couldn’t abide. A single person.

Meng Hao!

He would rather die than see pity and perplexity in Meng Hao’s eyes. He was Wang Tengfei! If he had to die, fine, but he would die with pride!

Meng Hao sighed, then shook his head. When he recalled everything that had happened between him and Wang Tengfei, he knew that he had acted a bit impulsively.

He had been young and hot-headed, and now that he looked back, he realized that... many of the things he had done were a bit excessive. For example, the matter with Chu Yuyan.... Perhaps... if he hadn’t deliberately sabotaged Wang Tengfei and Chu Yuyan, the two of them would still be

together today, happy and content.

At least they would be better off than they were now.

Meng Hao didn't say anything. He produced a jade slip and imprinted it with some divine sense, then tossed it over to float in front of Wang Tengfei.

"Take this," he said softly. "If you get into grave danger, it can save your life a single time. You and I... are old friends. I truly hope... that you can find your way." With that, he turned to leave.

Wang Tengfei stared in shock at the jade slip hovering in front of him. Then he lifted his head up and began to laugh madly as more tears poured down his face. He didn't want goodwill from Meng Hao. He didn't want to be weak in front of the person he had once hated more than anyone in the world. After the destruction of the Wang Clan, he had experienced many things, and had come to experience the hypocrisy of the world.

Former good friends kicked him when he was down. Past companions avoided him as if he were a poisonous vermin. Such pain was something he could accept. If past enemies tried to kill him, at least he could self-detonate and end in common ruin with them.

How could he ever have imagined that the person he hated the most... would be the only person to treat him kindly after his fall from the top?

He didn't want to accept it, and could not accept it. His hysteria was a way to vent. His tears were an expression of sorrow.

He waved his hand, sending the jade slip clattering to the ground.

"I'm Wang Tengfei! I don't need your sympathy!!"

Meng Hao stopped and looked back, then sighed again. He was just about to leave when suddenly, he heard a long cry coming from within the nearby forest.

The cry caused colors to flash through the sky, and sent the clouds churning. A figure emerged from the trees who emanated an aura that exceeded the peak of Dao Seeking.

“Hahaha! Immortal Ascension, Immortal Ascension.... Hahaha! I will become Immortal!” It was a deranged old man with unkempt hair, tattered clothing, and filthy skin.

Meng Hao’s pupils constricted, and killing intent flickered in his eyes. His second true self suddenly materialized next to him, and took a step forward.

The deranged old man look very different from before, but Meng Hao could still tell that he was... the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch!

Meng Hao had previously made some inquiries about the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. He knew that the Patriarch, in his madness, had destroyed the Wang Clan, then gone completely insane. However, this was the first time he had personally encountered him in the Southern Domain.

“Patriarch!!” cried Wang Tengfei.

“10th Wang Clan Patriarch!” growled Meng Hao grimly. He raised his hand and pointed a finger, causing his second true self to shoot through the air toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Rumbling explosions filled the air as the two of them instantly began to fight. As for the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, Immortal qi swirled around him. His hair was completely disheveled, and his aged face was filled with a confused expression.

“Immortal Ascension. I will become Immortal....” Laughing foolishly, he waved his hand, causing the air to distort. Powerful cultivation base ripples spread out as he battled with Meng Hao’s second true self.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort and flew out. He had a Dao Seeking fleshly body, as well as the Lightning Cauldron, which he produced as he closed in on the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Booms echoed out as Meng Hao and his second true self fought back and forth with the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. The wind screamed, and the land quaked.

“Sever!” Meng Hao’s second true self let out a cry and sent the Wooden Time Sword slashing out. Tens of thousands of years of Time power swept

out like a great river. However, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was no ordinary peak Dao Seeking cultivator. He had Immortal qi, and an Immortal aura which he sent out to resist the Time power. A boom echoed out, and the second true self fell back. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's face went pale, and all of a sudden, the confusion in his eyes began to be replaced with clarity.

"Meng... Hao...." he said, staring fixedly at Meng Hao. His voice was hoarse, and he spoke haltingly as he regained his senses.

"Patriarch!!" shouted Wang Tengfei urgently, flying toward the 10th Patriarch.

"Teng... Fei...." said the 10th Patriarch, looking over at Wang Tengfei. Suddenly, his expression was one of extreme pain. He lifted his hands up to clutch at his head, and then let out a miserable shriek. "Don't come near me!

"The Wang Clan.... I'm guilty, guilty.... I killed everyone in the Wang Clan. I killed everyone.... All to become Immortal. All for Immortal Ascension. Was it worth it...? WAS IT WORTH IT?!?!" The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch lifted his head and let out a mad howl, and his face was distorted by intense bitterness.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed as he stood off to the side with his second true self. They did not attack, but simply looked on, eyes flickering with killing intent.

"I'm guilty... I was the one who personally slaughtered all of my fellow clan members...." The 10th Wang Clan patriarch howled, and tears streamed down his face. He felt as if his heart were being crushed. He felt regret, helplessness, and insanity swirling around inside his head. The faces of the clan members he had personally killed began to appear around him, and he trembled. His face was awash with indescribable agony.

He suddenly turned to look at Meng Hao, head in hands and his eyes bright red. "You. It was all because of you!"

Every so often, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch would regain clarity.

Whenever that happened, it was a time of unspeakable guilt and pain. His heart would fill with horror and regret, and the madness that arose from knowing that his hands were stained red with the blood of his fellow clan members, made him want to die.

But his cultivation base had reached the point that dying... was not easy.

He made to charge Meng Hao, but Meng Hao dodged to the side, his eyes flickering with coldness. He did not attack, and yet the enmity in his eyes grew deeper. A cold smile appeared on his face.

“Want to die?” he asked. “It won’t be that easy! How could I let you die? Death squares all accounts, so letting you die would simply be releasing you from your pain and bitterness. I think I’d rather just let you continue living in your madness. Every so often you will wake up and be wracked with guilt and pain! That is the vengeance you deserve!”

The hatred in Meng Hao’s eyes burned. He detested the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. If it weren’t for him, Xu Qing would not be in her current situation. He would not have faced so many deadly crises. In fact, considering what had happened in the Rebirth Cave, he truly had died already.

Such enmity was not something that a mere death could wipe away. To force the Wang Clan Patriarch to live a life of suffering... that was true vengeance!

Meng Hao laughed coldly as he backed up. However, it was at this point that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s face once again began to fill with a blank look. He began to smile foolishly, as if amnesia was beginning to wash away all the pain.

But Meng Hao couldn’t allow him to so easily forget.

He raised his hand and pointed out his finger.

The Seventh Demon Sealing Hex. Karmic Hexing!

He didn’t fully employ the art. Instead, he just used the Karmic magic to cause the 10th Patriarch to be tormented by Karma even when he was in a state of senselessness. He infused the Karma Threads with the lives of the

clan members that had been killed. Now, they would constantly pester him, reminding him of his bloodstained hands. He would now always be plagued by the memories of what he had done.

Rumble!

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's Karma Threads were thrown into chaos. His body trembled, and his eyes filled with tears. Although his expression was blank, he let out a roar of madness. Pain stabbed at his heart, and he lost control.

"Immortal Ascension.... D-d-don't get near me! My soul.... Kill.... Kill.... Kill you all.... Little brother, don't get near me.... AGGHHHHHH!! Immortal Ascension...."

*

1. When Wang Tengfei almost killed Meng Hao in chapter 18, Meng Hao's fists clenched so hard that his fingernails dug into his palms and then broke off.

Chapter 763: The Deepest Love

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was already insane, but as of this moment, he had sunk even further into insanity. He was insane, and yet lucid, unable to control his body or his consciousness. The only thing he could do was constantly relive the destruction of the Wang Clan.

As of this moment, he could no longer forget the things which he so wanted to forget.

From the methods Meng Hao used, it was clear how deeply he hated him.

After finishing his work, what Meng Hao acquired was not a feeling of happiness, but rather, deep exhaustion. It was an exhaustion that stemmed from the heart, and it caused him to sigh.

He turned to leave. He wanted to be far away from this place. He had no further desire to see the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Exacting further revenge was meaningless. Xu Qing had less than a hundred years to live before she needed to travel to the underworld to be reincarnated.

Meng Hao felt blank. He was just turning to leave when Wang Tengfei, his eyes filled with determination, smiled bitterly and took a deep breath. He suddenly flew directly toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, who hovered in mid-air, his head in his hands, tears streaming down his face.

“Immortal Ascension.... Kill.... Kill....” He was completely immersed in the memories of slaughtering his fellow clan members. His soul seemed to be imprisoned in that particular day, forever doomed to repeat what he had done.

“Patriarch!” cried Wang Tengfei. As soon as he neared, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s eyes gleamed with a fiendish glow.

“Soul.... Soul.... My soul....” he said, staring fixedly at Wang Tengfei. To him, the souls of fellow clan members were an irresistible temptation. He was attracted to them on an instinctual level, as he believed them to be something he needed to mend his own soul.

It was an instinct he had no control over. His body flashed as he shot toward Wang Tengfei, whereupon his hand snaked out to latch onto the top of his head.

Wang Tengfei did nothing to evade him. He allowed the 10th Patriarch to near, allowed his hand to latch onto his own head. There was even a cracking sound as fingers pierced into his skull.

To Wang Tengfei, the intense pain didn't really matter.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's eyes glowed with avarice and madness as he prepared to extract Wang Tengfei's soul and use it to try to mend his own.

Meng Hao's mind reeled, and he spun around, his eyes flashing. He lifted his right hand, and his second true self immediately shot toward Wang Tengfei.

"Meng Hao!!" Wang Tengfei cried, his face twisted and ashen. His body shook as it began to wither; apparently, all of the essence of his life force was being sucked away as soul nourishment. "This is my choice! This is the whole reason I've been searching for the Patriarch!

"Don't interfere! This is Wang Tengfei's choice!" His body quivered as his legs were sucked dry. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's eyes gleamed with a strange light, and his right hand tightened.

"My life has no meaning. I'd rather die at the hands of the Patriarch than be killed by some other person. Let my soul help to restore his soul!

"Meng Hao, I don't need you to come save me. There's no need! Let me... die in a way that has meaning!

"I think this is the most meaningful thing I've ever done in my entire existence. My family, my parents, my big brother, all my clan members... they've already given their souls. I'm the only one left... and now... it's my turn!

"I can't chose to keep living, Meng Hao, but I can choose how to die.... Just leave me alone, don't save me. This is a Wang Clan affair, and it has nothing to do with you!" Wang Tengfei trembled as the rest of his body

withered up. His life force was pouring into the 10th Patriarch's soul, causing strands of white mist to rise up from the places where the fingers had pierced him.

An expression of struggle could be seen on the face of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. However, the instinct to absorb his fellow clan members did not go away, and he continued to suck away the life force. Wang Tengfei's body began to fall apart, and vast quantities of white mist rose up out of his head. His soul.

His eyes faded, and he seemed to age. It seemed like he had reached the end of his life. He was no longer the perfect, handsome young man that Meng Hao remembered. He was grotesque, nothing more than skin draped over a skeleton.

"Meng Hao, back then... it was all my fault.... I just realized it too late. It wasn't until my clan had been exterminated that I realized... how aggravating I must have been to everyone.

"No wonder Yuyan left me.... She was right.... Meng Hao, my hatred for you is mostly just jealousy and envy. Everything I said after you saved me earlier.... Actually, I just didn't want to admit that after everything changed for me, you were the only person who treated me better than before....

"Meng Hao...." Wang Tengfei looked at Meng Hao, and he seemed reluctant to part with the world. The look in his eye was the same look of wild ambition that had existed before, and the same pride.

"Meng Hao, I... have one last request. Can you... please treat Chu Yuyan well?!?!"

"She's a good girl, and I don't deserve her. She might seem detached, but inside, she's very weak...

"Meng Hao, since you have my legacy, and since you took my good fortune, well then, you... must definitely... keep on going! Reach the pinnacle! Leave Planet South Heaven and climb to the highest heights....

"That's my dream. You... must keep on going!" Wang Tengfei chuckled as he realized that he didn't actually hate Meng Hao. Along with his

laughter, he suddenly seemed to relax. Apparently, he was losing himself in the wonderful times of the past, in the perfect simplicity of the Reliance Sect.

He smiled, and then his head sagged and his life ended....

His soul was completely extracted by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, who then placed it into his mouth. More tears streamed down the Patriarch's face as he violently chomped down on the soul and then swallowed it. Then, he lifted his head up and roared.

"Immortal Ascension.... Immortal Ascension.... Kill. Kill...." Roaring, he barreled off into the distance, weeping and howling miserably.

Meng Hao stood there agape. After it was all over, he closed his eyes for a long time. When he opened them, exhaustion could be seen. After seeing the determination in Wang Tengfei's eyes, he understood. Even if he and Wang Tengfei hadn't run into each other this day, once Wang Tengfei found the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, he would still have done the exact same thing.

Because the blood of the Wang Clan coursed through his veins, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch would still have pounced on him and instinctively sucked out his soul. Nobody could do anything to change that. As for Meng Hao, all he had done was force a bit of lucidity onto the Patriarch, to ensure that he would eternally regret his actions.

In the end, who was really at fault...?

Was it Meng Hao? He was also a victim. Was it the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch? Perhaps his pain was greater than anyone's.

The Wang Clan members were completely innocent. As for Wang Tengfei, his decision was solemn and stirring.

Who was at fault...? It was an unanswerable question that ran in circles. If blame truly needed to be assigned somewhere, perhaps... greed was the answer.

If the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch had not lusted after Meng Hao's Perfect Dao foundation... then perhaps none of these things would have

happened.

“Karma is a cycle with many twists and turns...” murmured Meng Hao. All of a sudden, his understanding of the cause and effect of Karma deepened. However, this understanding had come at a terrible price.

Meng Hao sighed dejectedly, then slowly turned and made his way off into the distance.

Wang Tengfei’s final choice was something Meng Hao could never have predicted. As he flew through the air, he suddenly recalled the first time he saw Wang Tengfei back in the Reliance Sect.

He thought about their first battle, and the Flying Rain-Dragon legacy. Then there was the contest to get into the Inner Sect, as well as all the events that played out in the Southern Domain. Everything seemed to have occurred so long ago. Right now, Meng Hao knew... the most profound memory of Wang Tengfei would be the words he had spoken moments before he died, and the expression on his face.

“And that was Wang Tengfei!” he murmured softly.

He finally returned to the Blood Demon Sect, exhausted, immersed in enlightenment regarding Karma, and with hands stained red with blood. The first place he went was Blood Prince Gorge.

He found Xu Qing, and then wrapped his arms around her for a long, long time. He buried his head in her fragrant hair, and said nothing.

Xu Qing seemed to understand. She held him, softly patting his back in comfort.

He felt tired out. First was the emotional tale of Chen Fan, and then the news about his mother. Finally... there was Wang Tengfei and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, and his understanding regarding the gravity of Karma.

“Xu Qing, I want to sleep,” he said softly.

“Sleep then,” she replied gently. “I’ll stay here with you....”

He closed his eyes.

Xu Qing held him. She sat down outside the log cabin in Blood Prince Gorge, and he lay across her legs and slept.

She looked down at him, and twirled a strand of his hair around her finger. The expression on her face was one of pity, and deep love.

Meng Hao slept for two days. When he finally opened his eyes, it was night. Up above in the darkness, the canopy of stars twinkled brightly, but they couldn't come close to matching the beauty of Xu Qing's eyes. They were neither as warm and resplendent as her gaze, nor as soft and entrancing as her expression.

Meng Hao looked into her eyes, and she looked back.

Suddenly, something seemed to click inside Meng Hao's head.

"The deepest expression of love is simply to stay with someone...." he murmured. He suddenly understood why Elder Brother Chen Fan chose to stand guard over that boulder instead of leaving to practice cultivation. To Chen Fan, simply staying with his beloved was an expression of love.

Meng Hao also understood why Wang Tengfei chose to die. To him, it was more important to stay with his clan members, and his Patriarch. That... was his expression of love.

It didn't matter if you spoke of love for friends, love for family, or romantic love.... The deepest expression of love was simply to stay with someone.

You stay with me, I'll stay with you.... That was love.

For himself, the fact that Xu Qing chose to stay with him made him realize what the meaning of love really was.

"Xu Qing," he said, looking at her earnestly, "let's... have a bonding ceremony. Let's get married."

A tremor ran through Xu Qing; her eyelashes trembled and her heart began to pound. To any woman, a wedding is one of the most important occasions possible in life. Xu Qing's cheeks flushed, but she didn't avoid Meng Hao's gaze. She looked back at him and then slowly nodded.

Chapter 764: The Wedding Stirs the Southern Domain

Meng Hao's grand wedding!

It only took a few days for news to spread from the Blood Demon Sect throughout all the lands of the Southern Domain. Soon, every cultivator in the Southern Domain was talking about it. Within a period of ten days, the whole continent was in an uproar.

Meng Hao's name was now irrefutably famous and illustrious, like a grandiose rainbow, stretching to the far reaches of the sky.

Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect!

Peak Dao Seeking clone!

Formerly known as Grandmaster Pill Cauldron!

Because of his various identities, Meng Hao's grand wedding became the focus of attention of all Southern Domain cultivators. In the past, there had never been a wedding that caused so much of a commotion, and likely, there would never be another like it in the future.

The news was like a gale-force wind that swept across the Southern Domain, causing innumerable minds to tremble. Countless cultivators shook with the desire to be able to personally attend.

In fact... those who did qualify to attend were the subject of intense admiration and envy.

"Did you hear? The Blood Demon Sect's Blood Prince, Meng Hao, is getting married on the fifteenth of next month!"

"Yeah, of course our sect heard about the grand wedding of his excellency Meng Hao. Our Patriarch even came out of secluded meditation to personally prepare a wedding gift!"

"I bet all the most powerful experts in the entire Southern Domain will be gathering at the Blood Demon Sect."

“Your news is out of date! My master already found out that his excellency Meng Hao’s grand wedding isn’t going to be at the Blood Demon Sect. It’s going to be on the border of the Southern Domain, at some big lake!”

Meng Hao’s wedding was the news everyone was discussing. All the various sects and clans sprang into motion to prepare valuable and remarkable gifts for the wedding.

The wedding date was the fifteenth of the following month, and the location, a lake on the border of the Southern Domain, was unique enough that people quickly began to analyze its significance.

“That’s... where the State of Zhao used to be!”

“A few hundred years ago, the State of Zhao mysteriously disappeared. The only thing left behind was a huge hole in the ground. As time passed, it filled up with water and turned into a lake....”

“That’s right. The exalted Meng Hao and his beloved, Xu Qing, are both from the State of Zhao. How fitting for the bonding ceremony to be held there!”

Even as the discussion raged, the tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples excitedly left the Blood Demon Sect and happily headed toward the location of the bonding ceremony, that enormous lake.

After arriving, they would immediately get to work constructing the necessary buildings and decorate the entire region, turning it into something grand and palatial!

Meng Hao’s wedding was a major event for the Southern Domain, and even more important as far as the Blood Demon Sect was concerned. After the determination Meng Hao had shown by putting his life on the line in the war with the four allied powers, all the disciples of the Blood Demon Sect burned with fanatical devotion for him.

Therefore, the Blood Demon Sect disciples, down to the last one, were determined to ensure that not the slightest negligence be shown in the preparations.

Meng Hao was aware that it was impossible to keep his marriage to Xu Qing a secret. It was the most important event in their lives, and they would become bonded cultivators. It was necessary to inform the Southern Domain. As for the people who attended the ceremony that day, all of them would be distinguished guests.

Thus, Blood Demon Sect disciples sent out invitation cards to the various sects and clans. Any sect or clan who received one would be filled with excitement and incredible pride.

However, there were some locations that deserved exceptional treatment. Meng Hao took Xu Qing there personally to deliver invitations.

The first stop was the Violet Fate Sect. The Violet Fate Sect's peak Dao Seeking Patriarch, Sun Tao, happily appeared to accept the invitation.

After a polite exchange, Meng Hao glanced in the direction of the main peak of the East Pill Division. He and Xu Qing both clasped hands and bowed deeply toward Grandmaster Pill Demon's secluded meditation location.

Almost at the same moment that Meng Hao bowed, an ancient voice rang out in joyous laughter from the mountain.

"Hao'er, master will emerge on the day of your wedding. I will be the official witness!"

Meng Hao trembled and raised his head to look in the direction of the main mountain peak. Next to him, Xu Qing smiled shyly and bowed her head.

"Many thanks, master!" Meng Hao said softly.

When he and Xu Qing left, something happened that Meng Hao didn't notice, although Xu Qing did. On one of the mountain peaks in the East Pill Division stood a woman. She looked sad as she stared silently at Meng Hao and Xu Qing.

It was Chu Yuyan.

Her body shivered slightly in the stiff mountain breeze that fluttered her

garments. She looked like a goddess, but in that moment, her heart felt as if it were sinking into a pit of ice. She felt coldness engulfing her, and pain stabbed through her.

She stood there bitterly, and tears streamed down her face.

Meng Hao didn't see those tears, but Xu Qing did.

Xu Qing held her tongue as she turned and left with Meng Hao.

On another mountain stood Hanxue Shan. She wasn't happy either, and she kicked a rock that lay in front of her. The man who stood next to her, Ye Feimu, was even less happy than she was. He glanced over at Hanxue Shan, a complex expression in his eyes. He said nothing as he remained standing at her side.

Meng Hao and Xu Qing also paid a personal visit to the Song Clan. Because of the matter of the Song Clan Patriarch giving him the jade slip, Meng Hao knew that he owed the Song Clan a favor.

Patriarch Song would never say anything about it, of course, but the matter was extremely important to Meng Hao.

Patriarch Song laughed heartily as he accepted the invitation. Then, he looked at Meng Hao and Xu Qing with a long sigh. After Meng Hao and Xu Qing flew off into the distance, a certain woman inside the Song Clan cut a lonely figure as she stood there, by herself. She sighed, but in her heart, she truly wished for Meng Hao and Xu Qing to find happiness.

That woman was Song Jia.

The next stop was the Solitary Sword Sect. As soon as they entered, the Solitary Sword Sect disciples bowed with extreme respect. They clustered around Meng Hao almost as if he were a Patriarch as they escorted him into the sect.

Chen Fan was still sitting cross-legged next to the boulder, meditating. When he opened his eyes and saw Meng Hao and Xu Qing, he smiled happily.

"Congratulations, Junior Brother. Finally you'll get to hold a beautiful

woman in your arms. You know, I could tell way back in the Reliance Sect that you had some feelings for Junior Sister Xu.

“At long last, you two are getting married. Well, I think you’re a match made in heaven!

“It’s too bad we can’t find Grand Elder Ouyang and Sect Leader He. Although, if they’re still in the Southern Domain, they’ll surely hear about the wedding.”

Chen Fan was very happy to see Meng Hao and Xu Qing, and he laughed more that day than he had in decades.

They visited with Chen Fan for a whole day. Before leaving, Meng Hao and Xu Qing clasped hands and bowed to the boulder which contained Shan Ling, the wife of their brother Chen Fan. In response, the boulder glowed faintly, as if it were wishing blessings upon them.

Finally, Meng Hao and Xu Qing went to the Golden Frost Sect. Fatty was ecstatic. Not only did he wink salaciously at Meng Hao, he had all of his more than one hundred beloved companions come out in quite a flaunting display.

The more than one hundred women extended greetings in tittering, melodic whispers. Meng Hao had a strange expression on his face, and although Xu Qing appeared to be smiling, she looked at Fatty with a gaze that showed that she was not amused.

Fatty didn’t notice, and proceeded to regally instruct Meng Hao to be more like himself and collect a few more beloved concubines....

“Li Fugui,” Xu Qing interrupted coolly, “don’t forget that it was me who brought you to the Reliance Sect that year.”

Fatty was taken aback. Then he saw Meng Hao’s awkward smile, suddenly shivered in realization, and then quickly changed the topic of conversation.

They stayed at the Golden Frost Sect for a night, and then left.

They didn’t return to the Blood Demon Sect or the lake. Meng Hao took

Xu Qing to travel through the Southern Domain like mortals. They didn't fly, they walked, through mountains and past rivers. During the days they strolled along together, and at night they slept in each other's arms. They walked through deep mountain ranges and across vast plains, gracing them with the traces of their passage.

Occasionally they would encounter people, all of whom would immediately clasp hands in greeting. Soon, word began to spread through the Southern Domain of the Beatific Sweethearts.

During that month, they traveled to many places. Xu Qing laughed happily as she accompanied Meng Hao. Meng Hao stopped worrying about cultivation and the future. He focused on relaxing and enjoying Xu Qing's company.

When the month was up, and their traveling finished, they proceeded toward the enormous lake that occupied the spot where the State of Zhao used to be.

The land there had undergone a complete transformation, and now looked like a celestial paradise. In the center of the lake, upon the rippling water, sat an island with jade buildings which had been ringed with ornamental statues and carvings. It was not excessively opulent, but held a great deal of charm.

That was where they settled down to wait for the half month until... the day of the wedding!

The sound of laughter rang out as tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples bustled about in the area surrounding the lake, using magical techniques to completely change the entire area. Occasionally, the disciples would look over their shoulders toward an island in the middle of the lake, and their faces would fill with fanaticism and benediction.

Soon, Southern Domain cultivators began to show up and gather in the area as they awaited the big day.

Meanwhile, in the central region of the Southern Domain, in a very ordinary town, was a street food stall that sold noodles. Two old men would set up the shop in this particular location around this time every

year. Their noodles were quite famous in the area.

One of the old men had a stooped back, white hair, and a kindly expression. The other looked to be a bit younger, but still had quite a few gray hairs on his head. When he was younger, he had obviously been quite handsome.

The two men would often lounge together and watch the sunset while smoking from long-stemmed pipes. They usually sat together in silence and didn't chat much.

Day after day, year after year, that was how they spent their time. When they moved to this place, they were middle-aged, but as time went by, they had become old.

On one particular evening, when the evening was being replaced by night and the twinkle of lamplight began to spread throughout the town, the stooped old man suddenly put his pipe down.

"Should we go?" he asked, his voice hoarse.

The other old man next to him also put down his pipe.

"You were the one who took a liking to him all those years ago. You paid quite a heavy price for the kid without a word of complaint. Now he's famous. Probably couldn't be any more famous, actually. When the wedding day comes... maybe I could decide not to attend, but you... could you really stay away?"

The stooped old man laughed and then stood up. "Alright, it's settled. We're going. I could tell as soon as I looked at that pup that he had potential!"

"Well, fine," said the other man. "Neither of us have much longevity left. Let's go see all the kids, then we will have accomplished everything and can die content."

The two old men exchanged a glance, then disappeared laughing off into the night.

These two were none other than Grand Elder Ouyang and He Luohua

from the Reliance Sect. All those years ago, Grand Elder Ouyang had already been running low on longevity; the fact that he was still alive now indicated that he had run into some sort of good fortune since then.

Similar scenes played out in the Black Lands.

Meng Hao's grand wedding had sent all the lands astir.

Chapter 765: Seventh Year Tribulation!

The great tribes in the Black Lands were also focusing on the Southern Domain right now. The matter of the four allied powers besieging the Blood Demon Sect, and the following events in which the Blood Demon Sect unified the Southern Domain, were all well-known.

When Meng Hao's name rose to prominence, the Golden Crow Clan in the Black Lands was especially excited. When news arrived of Meng Hao's grand marriage, the Clan Chief personally led quite a few clan members out of the Black Lands to attend the ceremony and offer wedding gifts.

The other great tribes also did the same.

Last but not least, the Church of the Golden Light called out their signature catchphrase as they ran toward the Southern Domain, surrounded by a swirling fog.

Meanwhile, in the Eastern Lands, in the Fang Clan ancestral mansion, was a tall tower. It looked very similar to a Tower of Tang, although it was roughly thirty meters taller. 1

It was thirty meters taller than each and every one of the other Towers of Tang throughout the Southern Domain.

Within the tower stood a man and a woman who were in the middle of a fierce argument. Tears streamed down the woman's face as she looked off in the direction... of the Southern Domain, and Meng Hao.

"We left him before his seventh birthday.... He faced grave danger so many times in the Southern Domain, and we didn't help him. We didn't even dare to get near him.... I shouldn't have gone to see him at the Song Clan, but... he's my son! He's OUR son!

"His Dao foundation was stolen in the Milky Way Sea, and I knew we couldn't go help him, but that didn't do anything to alleviate the stabbing pain in my heart. Then Xu Qing gave up so much for him in the Rebirth Cave. I saw everything that happened. Everything! I like that girl....

"Now, he's getting married, and I'M GOING!" The woman looked over at

the man, her eyes flashing with determination.

The man was trembling, and sadness filled his eyes. His heart also felt stabs of pain. However, there was nothing he could do other than endure them, and place all of his hopes on what would happen in the future.

“Just wait a little bit longer, Lili 2,” the man murmured. He trembled, and gripped the column next to him until his knuckles turned white. “Can’t you just wait a bit longer...? We suffered untold hardships to bring him here and give him a chance to live. Once he reaches Dao Seeking, then the danger will be past. Dao Seeking, that’s all.

“Just a little more waiting. The day he enters Dao Seeking, we’ll go together. We’ll explain everything, together!” Deep love could be seen in the man’s eyes as he looked off into the distance.

“We can’t make any mistakes,” he continued. “If we fail this time... Lili, the fourth life, the Seventh Year Tribulation. Can you really bear such pain again?

“I’m his father, and he is our child. It was for him that both of us swore Dao oaths to guard the gate of South Heaven for 100,000 years, and not step foot out of South Heaven for that entire time. All of that was for this one chance. Just keep waiting....” The man closed his eyes. For his son, he would gladly sacrifice his life, his everything.

“Seventh Year Tribulation....” More tears streamed down the woman’s face as she recalled the bitter memories of the past. “But so many years have already passed....”

“Spirit Severing stabilizes the soul, and Dao Seeking lays the blood to rest,” the man murmured, and it was hard to tell whether he was talking to the woman, or to himself. “Every day before Dao Seeking is another day that the Seventh Year Tribulation... remains unneutralized. His body is already at Dao Seeking, all that remains is his cultivation base.... Soon. The day will come... soon.”

The wedding day approached. When the bonding ceremony was only five days away, more than a million cultivators had already amassed in the Northern Reaches, adjacent to the Milky Way Sea.

Vicious beasts, wicked spirits, powerful experts.... It all transformed into something like a cyclone that could sweep across everything in astonishing fashion.

Dao Seeking Patriarchs from various clans, tribes, and sects flew up into the air, eleven astonishing figures who then stared out at the Milky Way Sea, toward the Southern Domain which lay beyond the horizon.

“The chance for Immortality lies in the Southern Domain!”

“The Southern Domain has just faced incredible misfortune. They are at their weakest now, and could never imagine that our army would appear now!”

“This is an incredibly rare opportunity!”

“In this war, we will exterminate their Dao Seeking experts, slaughter their Spirit Severing cultivators, eradicate all of their Nascent Soul disciples! As for Core Formation, they don’t really matter.”

“Shatter their foundation, cut off their chance for Immortality, and then we can occupy the Southern Domain! We can gain enlightenment about Immortal destiny, and we can become Immortals!”

“In this war, we, the allied forces of the Northern Reaches, with the help of the Resurrection Lily, will definitely seize control of everything!”

“Strike fast and hard! Don’t give the Eastern Lands a chance to interfere!”

These eleven Dao Seeking experts were all adorned in different attire. Some were covered in tattoos. Others were festooned in bone accouterments that emanated black light. Some wore Daoist robes. However, all of them possessed incredible power.

They hovered in midair looking out at the Milky Way Sea. Suddenly, an incredible roaring filled the air. There was no wind, but massive waves still rolled out across the sea.

The Milky Way Sea’s Fourth Ring, Third Ring, Second Ring, all of the areas in the entire sea outside of the Inner Ring, were covered with huge

waves. The disciples of the three great sects in the Third Ring were completely astonished.

The cultivators who lived on the various islands in the sea could hear the roaring, and were shocked.

This was not the ordinary roar of the sea, but rather, was filled with a monstrous, murderous air. The water surged up, as if some colossal creature was attempting to rise up from the depths of the sea!

As everyone looked around in astonishment, deep in the dark recesses of the Second Ring, a gargantuan Resurrection Lily was writhing like mad. This... was the source of the roaring that filled the Milky Way Sea.

Rumbling echoed out constantly as the gigantic Resurrection Lily suddenly began to grow, almost without limit. It only took the space of ten or so breaths of time for massive tentacles, each thirty meters thick, to rise up from within the Second Ring. Seawater poured off of them as they shot up over the sea.

The tentacles emitted a shocking aura as they sped through the air. At the same time, countless smaller tentacles spread out along the seafloor. When they reached the waters of the Third Ring, they too shot up into the air.

More tentacles spread out, piercing into the Stormwind Divide that separated the Third and Fourth Rings.

If you could stand in a position high up in the sky where the entire Milky Way Sea was visible, you would be able to see that more than 100,000 tentacles were spreading out. It appeared as if... a fearsome presence lurked beneath the waters.

Of course, it was none other than the Resurrection Lily!

The Resurrection Lily grew rapidly, growing larger until finally, to the astonishment of all the cultivators, it rose up completely from the water. The tentacles merged, braiding together.

They formed... a bridge!

It was a bridge, one side of which was formed from fifty thousand tentacles, more than 1,500 kilometers across. Shockingly, this part of the bridge neared the Southern Domain, but didn't touch it.

The other side of the bridge arced out to connect to the Northern Reaches!

In the very middle of the two sides was a huge Resurrection Lily that was so large you could scarcely see from one side to the other, dripping vast quantities of water as it rose up.

The scene was indescribably shocking and astonishing. A gigantic flower had risen up to form a bridge with its branches and leaves, a bridge that connected two great continents!

The greatest difficulty in waging war between these regions was the problem of transporting the troops. But now, that problem had been solved, and the great war could begin at any time.

Rumbling filled the air as the Resurrection Lily bridge appeared. The more than 1,000,000 Northern Reaches cultivators lifted their heads up and roared. The eleven Dao Seeking experts waved their hands, and the cultivators headed directly toward the Resurrection Lily bridge.

The evil spirits were behind the cultivators, followed by the mountain-like giants, as well as countless wild beasts. All of them charged onto the Resurrection Lily bridge, where they used all the speed they could muster, as well as some of the built-in teleportation features of the bridge, to proceed forward. Soon, the distance between them and the Southern Domain was rapidly reduced.

They would only need a few days to reach the Southern Domain.

The wedding day got closer.

The big lake that used to be the State of Zhao was now decorated with lanterns and brightly colored decorations. Tables were set up all around, and Blood Demon Sect disciples circulated to entertain the guests.

The sounds of happy laughter and cheerful voices permeated the air.

Chen Fan arrived, as did Fatty, along with one after another of Meng Hao's friends from the Violet Fate Sect, who had all rushed to the location as fast as possible. Xu Qing's smile grew more and more beautiful. When she looked at Meng Hao, the warm look in her eyes seemed like it could thaw even the coldest ice.

Meng Hao was also smiling, although sometimes he seemed to be at his wits' end, not quite sure what to do or where to go. Thankfully, the Blood Demon Sect's Spirit Severing Patriarchs were familiar with weddings, and they did their best to manage affairs properly. There was also Fatty, who had already been formally united with more than a hundred beloved concubines. With all of their advice and help, Meng Hao was kept quite busy with all the formalities.

In the end, Chu Yuyan eventually came. She arrived with a smile that seemed sincerely congratulatory. However, deep in her heart she felt frustration and disappointment. When Meng Hao ran into her, he opened his mouth to say something, but in the end all he could do... was sigh.

Xu Qing pulled Chu Yuyan off to the side, where they began to confer quietly.

Hanxue Shan and Song Jia also came. Soon all the women, along with Fatty's beloved concubines, made their way to the island in the center of the lake, after which the twitter of their voices could often be heard floating out from within.

A few days later, the big day arrived, and wedding bells tolled cheerfully.

Starting at dawn, countless honored guests flowed in from sects and clans all over the Southern Domain. Soon it became apparent that there weren't enough banquet tables, even though they had prepared more than 100,000. There was standing room only, and everyone was packed tightly together as far as the eye could see. There were even cultivators hovering in the air far off in the distance. Even if they couldn't have a seat, they still wanted to watch the bonding ceremony and cheer in congratulations.

Spirit Severing cultivators and Dao Seeking experts were all present! As the wedding bells rang out, a violet streak appeared in the air. It was an

old man in a violet robe, ancient and dignified. However, a kind smile covered his face, and the aroma of medicinal pills wafted around him. As soon as Meng Hao caught sight of him, a tremor ran through his body, and he flew up into the air. In front of all the other cultivators present, he clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“Greetings, master!”

The old man was none other than Pill Demon. He looked at Meng Hao contentedly, and with love. Laughing, he helped Meng Hao to straighten up.

“Today is your grand wedding, and I’m here to bear official witness.”

*

1. As I’ve mentioned before, I convert the ancient Chinese measurements into metric. The tower is nine “zhang” taller, and as we all know, nine is a significant number in Chinese culture and ISSTH.
2. “Lili” is a repetition of the character Li 丽, from Meng Li’s name.

Chapter 766: Grand Wedding!

The Church of the Golden Light arrived!

The disciples approached the wedding site in formation, surrounded by billowing fog.

The Golden Crow Tribe arrived!

All sects and clans dispatched members to attend, to bear witness to the first grand wedding ceremony to occur in the Southern Domain in many years.

It was unprecedented and unrepeatable.

The wedding guests surrounded the huge lake. Hundreds of thousands of cultivators had arrived, perhaps nearing eighty percent of the population of the Southern Domain.

It was impossible to take them all in with a single glance. Everywhere you looked was densely packed with people, and based on the mass of wedding gifts that had been delivered, it was possible to see the incredible wealth of the Southern Domain.

Grandmaster Ouyang and He Luohua arrived. They stood in the crowds, unable to get very close. However, from afar, they could see Meng Hao and Xu Qing, as well as Fatty and Chen Fan. The two old men's faces broke out with benevolent smiles.

They were happy, and also proud of themselves. They knew that these Chosen of the Southern Domain were all former members of the Reliance Sect!

Tribes of the Western Desert also came, most of whom Meng Hao was familiar with, or the other way around. Even though there were hundreds of thousands of people present, there was no chaos. Fatty and the Blood Demon Sect disciples kept everything orderly and yet also colorful and dramatic.

The atmosphere was cheerful and happy; the sound of laughter and chatting filled the air.

The powerful experts had gathered. This wedding was definitely one of the grandest and most important events to ever occur in the history of the Southern Domain.

When she made her appearance, Xu Qing was incredibly beautiful. She wore a red wedding gown, and Meng Hao stood next to her. All the onlookers began to cheer and call out blessings and well wishes.

“Congratulations to the exalted Meng Hao and goddess Xu Qing on their marriage!”

“Congratulations! May you live to a ripe old age in conjugal bliss and love each other for all time!”

“Congratulations....”

The sound rolled out like waves in all directions. Meng Hao’s heart was pounding; even he couldn’t stop himself from getting nervous. He also wore a long red robe, and his handsome features were filled with happiness.



Official ISSTH art of Meng Hao and Xu Qing on their wedding day

He held Xu Qing's hand as they floated there in midair, the center of all attention.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and squeezed Xu Qing's hand. "Ladies and Gentlemen. Fellow Daoists. Many thanks to you for coming to witness my and Qing'er's bonding ceremony."

With that, Meng Hao and Xu Qing clasped hands to the crowds.

Xu Qing's face was flushed, and her heart thumped rapidly. At a time like this, any woman would feel the same. Moments like these are when women are the most beautiful, the most nervous, and the most excited.

The entire Southern Domain had come to bear witness to Meng Hao and Xu Qing's entrance into a binding agreement for life.

Rumble!

An incredibly loud sound filled the air as ten Spirit Severing experts suddenly flew up into the air. They unleashed spectacular divine abilities that, from a distance, transformed into ten beautiful balls of flame.

The color of the sky instantly changed, and all the cultivators down below stared up in awe at the beautiful sight.

The cultivation bases of the ten Spirit Severing experts exploded out as they caused the brilliant, colorful divine abilities to surge with power. Boundless light shone out, making it seem like there were ten suns up in the sky.

As the rumbling echoed out seemingly without end, the ten Spirit Severing experts continued to fuel the divine abilities, causing ripples of magic to constantly flow out above the crowds.

Immediately, a buzz of conversation rose from the crowd as they watched the spectacle, their hearts trembling.

"Heavens! He really does deserve to be the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect. Despite their status, ten Spirit Severing experts are willing to put on a performance by summoning fireballs!"

“In all the Southern Domain, only Meng Hao could pull something like this off!”

“When the day of my bonding ceremony comes... if I could get some Core Formation cultivators to do something similar, that would probably be the most incredible thing in my entire life!”

Anyone who was watching closely was able to see that this was just the beginning.

The divine abilities of the ten Spirit Severing experts suddenly changed. Shockingly, the fireballs began to connect together to form a long dragon and a colorful phoenix.

The dragon and the phoenix were auspicious symbols that could bring prosperity and good fortune. They swirled through the sky in astonishing fashion, looking extremely lifelike.

Next, a thousand Nascent Soul cultivators flew up, stabilized themselves in midair, then closed their eyes and summoned their life force fire to create a thousand flickering candles.

Candlelight illuminated Heaven and Earth, creating a resplendent and indescribably beautiful atmosphere.

The display still wasn't over. After the appearance of the thousand Nascent Soul cultivators, ten thousand Core Formation cultivators flew out. They circled about in mid-air, unleashing magical techniques that seemed to create the outline of a staircase that stretched up into the sky.

The staircase glittered like a magical treasure, and was completely astonishing. The glittering light from the candles made it seem like even the Heavens were participating in the wedding ceremony. The dragon and the phoenix crisscrossed through the air, occasionally letting out piercing cries. The atmosphere at the wedding ceremony seemed to have reached a pinnacle.

Just when many people assumed that the pomp was over, two colorful beams of light shot into the air. They were two old men who, although they had blank expressions on their faces, immediately caught the

attention of the crowds.

They were... the Golden Frost Sect Patriarch and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch!

They were the peak Dao Seeking left and right Dharma Protectors of the Blood Demon Sect. As soon as they appeared in midair, they performed incantation gestures and then flicked their sleeves. Immediately, at the top of the seemingly never-ending staircase that rose up into the sky, the air began to twist and distort as it turned into an Immortal's temple palace.

The Immortal's temple palace was enormous and dignified. Every tile that decorated its surface glowed like a magical treasure. This was an illusion summoned by the power of two peak Dao Seeking eccentrics' cultivation bases.

If that were all there was to it, it might not have been a huge deal. However, in the instant that the temple palace appeared, a rainbow descended from up above the palace, causing its beauty to increase exponentially.

It was then that cranes appeared, as well as innumerable other auspicious creatures. They flew gracefully through the air, calling out blessings. The entire scene was almost like a dream.

Down below, the cultivators gasped. This was the first time a display like this, a show of such extravagance, had been witnessed in the Southern Domain.

It was at this point that Patriarch Song laughed, and then said, "Young friend Meng Hao, please allow me to add a bit of cheer to your grand wedding!"

He lifted his arm and pointed up into the sky, immediately causing energy to surge out.

Up above, a brilliant glow shot out in all directions. Countless motes of light appeared, each of which transformed into the image of an Immortal goddess. In the blink of an eye, they appeared on the temple palace, on the rainbow, on the staircase, above the candle flames. In unison, they clasped

hands and bowed deeply to Meng Hao and Xu Qing.

They acted like bridesmaids, and at that moment, the illusion up in the sky became even more realistic. That was because in each of the Immortal goddesses' hands could be seen a spirit fruit. All of the spirit fruits... were real!

This was the wedding gift of the Song Clan.

In the group from the Violet Fate Sect, peak Dao Seeking expert Sun Tao chuckled. All of a sudden, his voice rang out.

“Young Lord, allow me to add some cheer to your grand wedding as well!” With that, he spit out a mouthful of qi, which shockingly transformed into a gigantic pill furnace that came to rest outside the temple palace. Wisps of medicinal smoke began to rise up out of the furnace, swirling around the area. Within the wisps of medicinal smoke were numerous imperial bodyguards wearing golden armor.

In total, there were 10,000 bodyguards who spread out in the area, emanating shocking energy. All of them turned toward Meng Hao, stabbed their swords down in front of them, and then dropped to their knees to kowtow.

The cultivators down below were almost in a frenzy.

Four peak Dao Seeking experts had lent their hands to the affair, along with the magical images of the ten Spirit Severing experts, the burning candles of a thousand Nascent Soul cultivators, and the treasure-like staircase of ten thousand Core Formation disciples. It was a scene that thoroughly astonished all of the cultivators down below.

“This is unheard-of! Completely unheard-of!”

“Immortal goddesses as bridesmaids, Immortal soldiers as groomsmen, an Immortal's palace as the temple, a rainbow to add blessings, an auspicious dragon and phoenix summoned by Spirit Severing cultivators, wedding candles provided by Nascent Soul cultivators. Everything provided by cultivators....”

“I'll never forget this bonding ceremony even after I die!”

“How incredible to be able to see something like this!”

Everyone was in a huge stir!

A kind smile appeared on Pill Demon’s face as he stood next to the Immortal’s palace, looking down at Meng Hao and Xu Qing.

“Let the ceremonies begin! There is no need to be concerned too much with trifles. However, you must still climb the treasured staircase, pass the burning candles, and ascend to the Immortal’s palace.”

Meng Hao took a deep breath and squeezed Xu Qing’s hand. It was trembling, and a bit sweaty. They exchanged a glance, and could see both nervousness and warmth in each other’s eyes.

They smiled, and then flew forward to the staircase. The Immortal goddesses bowed as they passed, and the Immortal soldiers kowtowed. They ascended the stairs, passed the candles and the circulating dragon and phoenix. Finally... they stepped onto the rainbow. The cranes and auspicious beasts clustered around them as they stood in front of the Immortal’s palace temple.

They turned, and from their vantage point they could look out to see the Milky Way Sea, and look down to see the hundreds of thousands of cultivators down below, all of whom were cheering and shouting. The sound of it echoed out in all directions, shaking Heaven and Earth.

The sound of it even managed to make its way all the way to... the Milky Way Sea!

By this point, the bonding ceremony could be considered half finished. The next part was the most critical part, the part where Pill Demon would begin to officiate!

Pill Demon looked at Meng Hao and Xu Qing, and then his voice boomed out, “It is my pleasure to announce...”

Down below, the crowds cheered wildly.

However, before Pill Demon could finish, even as the crowds were cheering, Meng Hao’s expression suddenly flickered. A sharp light

appeared in his eyes as he looked out at the Milky Way Sea.

Although it appeared to be normal, something had abruptly caused him to shake with fear. It was as if some shocking danger was lurking in the Milky Way sea, as if an enormous gaping mouth full of teeth were approaching.

In the same moment that Meng Hao looked out toward the Milky Way Sea, all of the peak Dao Seeking experts felt similar trembling in their hearts. They, too, looked out toward the sea.

Although everything looked normal, Meng Hao blinked his right eye nine times and circulated the qi of Immortal Shows the Way. His view of the world blurred, and then grew clear. Now, he was able to see two different worlds.

The first world was the normal Milky Way Sea. In the second world... the sea was in a fury, waves surging and roaring. An enormous, shocking bridge formed from a Resurrection Lily could be seen!

On top of the bridge were hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators, surging forward with towering murderous intent!

Among the Northern Reaches' cultivators was an enormous stone cauldron, supported on the backs of ten thousand cultivators. The cauldron seemed ancient, and its insides were filled with pitch-black dirt. Shockingly, a single stick of incense could be seen sticking up out of the soil!

The incense stick was small, far smaller than the huge cauldron, and was easy to miss.

However, the feeling it gave off was one of complete terror and evil. Even the peak Dao Seeking experts of the Northern Reaches seemed to fear it.

The forces from the Northern Reaches drew closer and closer. As of this moment... they had almost reached the lands of the Southern Domain!

Chapter 767: The Northern Reaches Invades!

“Northern Reaches!” thought Meng Hao, his pupils constricting.

Currently, the other peak Dao Seeking experts were unable to see what Meng Hao was seeing. Except for... Pill Demon. His eyes began to shine with golden light, and his face fell.

The cheers were still echoing out through the air as all the cultivators down below awaited Pill Demon’s words of officiation, and the final moments of the wedding ceremony.

However, Meng Hao and Pill Demon’s hearts froze up and, as of this moment, were sinking to the lowest depths!

From the expression on Meng Hao’s face, Xu Qing could immediately sense that something was wrong. “What’s wrong...?” she asked, nervously gripping his hand.

“The Northern Reaches... are invading us,” he said quietly, clasping her hand tightly.

Although none of the cultivators below could hear what he said, the nearby peak Dao Seeking Patriarchs’ faces suddenly fell.

“That’s....” Pill Demon’s eyes went wide as he looked at the enormous, shocking bridge that stretched out over the Milky Way Sea, as well as the enormous cauldron which drew nearer and nearer.

Pill Demon’s face flickered. Worried that panic would ensue, he kept his voice low as he said, “Meng Hao, look closely. Do you see that stone cauldron with no decorations, filled with pitch-black soil? Is there... an incense stick... sticking out of the soil?!?!”

Even as Pill Demon spoke, the cheering cultivators down below suddenly grew quiet. Expressions of confusion appeared on their faces, and soon, everyone began to realize that Pill Demon was looking at the Milky Way Sea.

In response to Pill Demon's question, Meng Hao blinked his eye nine more times. Instantly, his view of the Milky Way Sea zoomed in, and he confirmed that there was indeed an incense stick in the black soil that filled the enormous cauldron.

"Yes," he said, nodding his head.

Pill Demon's face went ashen, and his pupils constricted. He immediately flew up into the air, and called out in a loud voice: "Southern Domain cultivators, all of you must immediately unleash the power of your cultivation bases and interfere with the flow of spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth. Create a barrier immediately. HURRY!

"Patriarch Song, apprentice alchemist and Meng Hao, come with me. Bring Patriarch Golden Frost and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch!!

"We must not under any circumstances... allow that stone cauldron to touch the lands of the Southern Domain!" roared Pill Demon as he shot toward the Milky Way Sea. "That is none other than Hellwither Nineruins Incense, refined from the flesh and blood of a true Immortal!! It is the most malicious of curses; if it even touches the land, the curse will spread out to all cultivators born in the Southern Domain! Their fleshly bodies will wither, and their cultivation bases will decline! There is no cure or antidote, and it is impossible to flee, not even by leaving the Southern Domain. Anyone born in the Southern Domain will be cursed!"

Patriarch Song's face fell, and Sun Tao of the Violet Fate Sect had a similar reaction. Without hesitation, they followed along at top speed.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed with killing intent. Today was his grand wedding, the most important day in his life. Xu Qing had less than a hundred years of longevity, and all he wanted was to give her a magnificent wedding. Unfortunately, they had been interrupted halfway through.

The arrival of the Northern Reaches cultivators was completely unforeseen. How could Meng Hao not be enraged?

He looked at Xu Qing, and although her heart was filled with concern, the only thing that could be seen on her face was a gentle expression.

“The wedding ceremony isn’t over yet,” she said softly. “I’ll be waiting here for you.”

Meng Hao nodded, then flew up into the air. His second true self materialized next to him, and Patriarch Golden Frost and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch emerged from within the Immortal’s palace. In the blink of an eye, they all transformed into beams of light that shot toward the Milky Way Sea.

The Spirit Severing cultivators who had formed the dragon and phoenix immediately appeared. The power of their cultivation bases surged out, causing the air to distort. Down below, the hundreds of thousands of other cultivators, still reeling in shock because of the sudden developments, also unleashed the power of their cultivation bases. It only took a moment for the air to distort, and a violent windstorm to rise up.

Meanwhile, the Northern Reaches cultivators on the Resurrection Lily bridge over the Milky Way Sea realized that they had been discovered. With no further need to conceal their presence, rumbling filled the air, and the appearance of the Milky Way Sea instantly changed!

It no longer looked sunny and calm. Instead, massive waves surged across its surface, as well as numerous corpses. Those corpses were none other than Milky Way Sea cultivators.

Also fully visible was the ferocious-looking Resurrection Lily bridge, as well as the million Northern Reaches cultivators, stretching out in formation like a huge dragon.

“Within a month, the Southern Domain will be destroyed!” a cold and ancient voice rang out. It was an old man within the Northern Reaches forces. He wore animal-hide clothing, and a necklace of bone teeth was strung around his neck. He flew up into the air, followed by three shocking figures.

Of those three people, two were old men and one was a boy.

The two old men looked exactly alike, except that one wore all black clothing and the other wore all white. Astonishingly, their cultivation bases were at the peak of Dao Seeking. As for the boy, he held a Cinnabar

Fruit in his hand, which he would occasionally gnaw at. A red glow could be seen in his eyes, and he was surrounded by a thick, murderous air. He was also at the peak of Dao Seeking.

These four people were the Patriarchs leading the first wave of the Northern Reaches army. A few days behind them was the second wave of hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators.

The first wave was so close that they could see the mountains of the Southern Domain, as well as the six bright beams of light that were shooting through the air.

At the same time, they also noticed the shocking windstorm created by the cultivation bases of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators, which rose up into the sky, emitting shocking power.

“These Southern Domain cultivators are clever. They actually sensed us ahead of time, and knew exactly when we would arrive.”

“Not only did they know the time, they also knew the place, and are in combat readiness! They’ve even combined the cultivation bases of several hundred thousand cultivators into a windstorm! They hope to reduce the power of our sacred balm!”

“From their reaction, it seems they actually know about our plan! Thankfully, we’re thoroughly prepared. It’s too bad the sacred balm is most effective when they are scattered!”

“Of the six people approaching, four are at the peak of Dao Seeking. One is early Dao Seeking, and the third, the red-robed youth... it seems he’s only a Second Severing cultivator?”

“Whatever, it doesn’t matter, we’ll stick to the plan and sacrifice our sacred balm!!”

The four Northern Reaches Patriarchs exchanged glances, and then the old man with the bone-tooth necklace snorted coldly. He produced a red medicinal pill which was covered with bizarre magical symbols, which he immediately consumed. Then he stretched his hands out and lifted his head back to let out a wild roar.

“Dragonfish Transformation!”

At the same time, his body instantly began to expand and grow scales. In the blink of an eye, he was dozens of meters tall and bulging with muscles. Shockingly, the bone teeth around his neck shot out to swirl around him in a spherical spell formation!

Rumbling filled the air, along with a roar from within the spell formation. Suddenly, a huge black crocodile emerged, three hundred meters long!

The crocodile slapped its tail down, causing ripples to spread out. Immediately, the 10,000 cultivators bearing the huge stone cauldron flew forward and landed on the crocodile’s back.

The crocodile let out a roar, and its eyes began to glow red as it charged forward toward the Southern Domain.

As for the several-meter-tall old man, his body emanated savage energy as he followed, acting as an escort to the crocodile.

Behind him, the two old men, who looked identical except for the contrasting black and white clothing, both swished their sleeves. Shockingly, they began to emanate an incredible aura of death. Even more astonishing, two hopping vampires appeared behind them, also wearing contrasting black and white clothing! 1

The two hopping vampires had long teeth and vicious expressions. They wore hats, and moved in leaping motions along with the two old men as they escorted the stone cauldron.

Last, was the young boy. As he advanced, a giant emerged from the forces atop the Resurrection Lily bridge. It wielded an enormous wolf-tooth club, and roared as it shot forward, kicking up a huge wind. The boy flew up to stand on its shoulder.

He had eaten almost half of the Cinnabar Fruit, and held the other half in his hand, rubbing it occasionally.

The crocodile in the lead position had bright red, glowing eyes. It roared as it advanced at top speed, transforming into what almost looked like a

black lightning bolt. As it neared the Southern Domain, Pill Demon, Patriarch Song and the apprentice alchemist Sun Tao rushed to meet it.

There was no talking. As soon as they met, the fighting began.

BOOM!

Sun Tao summoned a pill cauldron that emanated medicinal smoke. Within the smoke appeared countless warriors in golden armor that immediately blockaded the entire area.

Patriarch Song gave a cold snort and performed an incantation gesture. Instantly, the spiritual energy in the area faded, and a copper coffin appeared, the precious treasure of the Song Clan.

As for Pill Demon, he shot directly toward the stone cauldron.

The crocodile roared, as did the several-meter-tall old man next to him. Suddenly, the old man flickered and appeared directly in front of the crocodile, then punched out.

“Piss off!” he cried.

BOOM!

The fist strike was backed by the power of his fleshly body. It shattered the air as it screamed toward Sun Tao’s golden warriors. Immediately, the warriors began to wither and collapse into pieces.

The old man was extraordinarily strong. Natural law swirled around him, making the entire area around him his own. He barreled forward, smashing through the barricade, followed by the crocodile.

Meanwhile, the old men in the black and white clothes closed their eyes. Their bodies grew blurry, and astonishingly, they merged with the two hopping vampires behind them. The eyes of the hopping vampires suddenly began to glow with intelligence. As they leaped forward, their death aura rose up into the air, transforming into a vortex. Countless pale-white arms then stretched out from within the vortex. One of the hopping vampires shot toward Patriarch Song, the other headed to block Pill Demon.

The last to make a move were the boy and the mountain-like giant. The giant brandished its wolf-tooth club, and the boy pointed out, causing Sun Tao's face to fall. All of a sudden, a huge blister bulged out of the boy's forehead. It was bright red, and looked exactly like a Cinnabar Fruit.

A battle between peak Dao Seeking experts exploded out in the blink of an eye. Booms filled the air as Meng Hao approached, followed by his second true self and the left and right Dharma Protectors.

"Hao'er," said Pill Demon urgently. "Block that stone cauldron! Don't let it touch the ground!"

Having sized up the battle, Meng Hao's eyes flashed, and he shot like lightning toward the crocodile.

The several-meter-tall old man in front of the crocodile had a fleshly body that could crush enemies like dried weeds. When he saw Meng Hao approaching, he completely ignored Meng Hao and focused on the three peak Dao Seeking cultivators next to him.

"SCREW OFFFFFF!!" roared the old man, punching out into the air.

Chapter 768: Hellwither Nineruins

Boom!

The old man's punch gave rise to an enormous vortex, the center of which was black, like a black hole. A terrifying gravitational force exploded out, distorting the air as it shot toward Patriarch Golden Frost.

Patriarch Golden Frost's expression was blank, but he had a peak Dao Seeking cultivation base. He waved his hand, causing mist to billow out, which then formed together into a mist sword that shot toward the vortex.

The 3rd Li Clan Patriarch glided through the air, the glow of spell formations swirling beneath his feet. As he shot through the air, he left behind sealing marks that emanated powerful ripples. In the blink of an eye, he had circled completely around the old man and the crocodile, surrounding them with sealing spells.

Meng Hao's second true self waved his right arm. His eyes glittered as the Wooden Time Sword circled around him, and a river of Time power swept out. He advanced, stepping through the air to appear right next to the crocodile, whereupon he reached his hand out toward the stone cauldron.

As for Meng Hao, he slapped his bag of holding to produce the lightning cauldron, then cast a cold glance toward the old man in the animal skin garments, and waited for the right opportunity.

The old man's face was vicious as he lifted his head up and roared. Again, he grew larger, and a mocking smile twisted the corners of his mouth. It was at this point that he actually... self-detonated!!

This sudden and unexpected self-detonation of a peak Dao Seeking cultivator was something that nobody in the area could have predicted and prepared for. Such a gambit was something that was fundamentally inconceivable.

And yet... it happened!

As his fleshly body exploded, roaring filled the air, and shocking ripples

surged out in all directions. All the natural law in the area was disturbed, and everything was locked down, making teleportation impossible.

Patriarch Golden Frost and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch quickly fell back and used their full power to fight back against the power of the self-detonation. Meng Hao's second true self had no choice but to do the same and evade.

As for the crocodile, it transformed into a black lightning bolt that shot forward at incredible speed toward the Southern Domain. In the blink of an eye, it was in midair, just about to slam into the ground.

The stone cauldron on its back began to emanate black light. The black soil inside the cauldron began to squirm and writhe, and the incense stick... began to spontaneously combust!

Smoke swirled up, and the faces of all the Southern Domain cultivators fell.

Pill Demon, Patriarch Song and Sun Tao of the Violet Fate Sect all shot back toward it at high speed in an attempt to block it. The old men dressed in black and white laughed and flew forward in pursuit.

As for the young boy who continuously stroked the Cinnabar Fruit, he also followed. In the blink of an eye, the entire group was above the Southern Domain, getting ready to attack.

When Meng Hao saw the crocodile descending toward the ground, his hand shot up and he pointed forward.

Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

Immediately, invisible Demonic qi formed together. It wrapped around the crocodile, which suddenly stopped in place. It struggled to free itself, but before it could, a golden vortex appeared around it.

Blood Demon Grand Magic!

The golden vortex spun round and round, causing qi and blood, as well as cultivation base, to be sucked out of the crocodile. At the same time, Meng Hao shot forward at top speed. It only took a moment for him to

close in on the stone cauldron, and then reach his hand out in preparation to grab it.

“Looking to die?!” said the two old men in black and white. With cold snorts, they descended upon Meng Hao, although Patriarch Song and Sun Tao immediately moved to intervene.

The boy who stood on the giant’s shoulder laughed coldly, tossed the remaining half of the Cinnabar Fruit off to the side, then flew into the air to charge toward Meng Hao.

At this point, the left and right Dharma Protectors immediately approached with all the speed they could manage.

A truly chaotic battle was unfolding!

Meng Hao was almost on top of the crocodile, and was just about to make contact with the cauldron when suddenly, his eyes widened. A strange feeling arose within him, something he could sense only because of his status as a Demon Sealer; it felt as if some terrifying crises were just at hand.

It wasn’t just him who felt it; his second true self also had a similar feeling, which Meng Hao could sense through their connection.

It was at this point that a withered hand suddenly burst out from the soil inside the stone cauldron. The hand was clenched into a fist which punched out toward Meng Hao’s grasping hand.

An ancient voice echoed out from within the stone cauldron: “Measly Spirit Severing cultivator! Screw off!!”

A huge boom exploded out!

Meng Hao could sense an incredible power rushing toward him like floodwaters. Cracking sounds immediately sounded out from his body. If he didn’t have a Dao Seeking fleshly body, this punch would have severely injured him.

However, his Eternal stratum immediately went to work healing him. Not only did he not fall back, his eyes began to radiate a murderous air.

His right hand reached out and grabbed the withered fist, then wrenched at it violently.

BOOM!

The soil in the stone cauldron exploded out as an old man wearing animal hide garments was jerked out by Meng Hao. When he appeared, the crocodile's body began to wither even faster. Part of its life force and cultivation base was being absorbed by Meng Hao, but the majority was being sucked up by the old man. As he absorbed the power, he rapidly returned to his previous several-meter-tall appearance.

He... wasn't dead after all!

What had self-detonated was not his true self, but a clone!

"Dao Spirit Pill!!" exclaimed Pill Demon, his eyes widening.

Dao Spirit Pills were rare in the lands of South Heaven. It was a type of ancient medicinal pill, few of which existed. When a Dao Spirit Pill fused into a cultivator's aura, it produced an incarnation which could not exist for a very long time, perhaps enough time for an incense stick to burn.

The self-detonation had been caused by none other than the Dao Spirit Pill incarnation!

As soon as the old man in animal skin clothing was wrenched out of the soil by Meng Hao, a look of shocked surprise could be seen in his eyes. However, the expression quickly turned into one of ferocity as he punched out with his left hand.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered with coldness as he also punched out!

A huge boom could be heard, and blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth. He shot backward through midair and then exploded. However, even as the blood and gore began to shoot out, they pulled back together to reform his body.

The old man in animal skin clothing laughed loudly and said, "I am the High Priest of the Imperial Bloodline Clan of the Northern Reaches! Fellow Daoists from the Southern Domain, you might be fast, but are you

fast enough to stop THIS?!”

He reached out and grabbed the stone cauldron, hauled it up into the air, and then threw it toward the ground.

The stone cauldron moved with incredible speed. In only a moment, it was less than a thousand meters from the ground.

Patriarch Song, Sun Tao and the left and right Dharma Protectors pursued as fast as they could. They wanted to teleport, but the self-detonation of the old man's clone had sent the area into chaos, making teleportation impossible.

That was his plan all along, and it was working perfectly!

The two men wearing black and white, as well as the young boy, did everything in their power to prevent the stone cauldron from being blocked. All they needed to do was delay for a few moments. Considering their opponents were of the same stage as them, that was no difficult task!

When Meng Hao's body finished forming back together, his were eyes calm. His second true self neared, and they both flew out together. As the second true self unleashed a river of Time power, Meng Hao produced the lightning cauldron and then pushed down on it, simultaneously looking at a boulder down on the ground.

A boom rattled out from the lightning cauldron, and lightning crackled, causing everyone to look over.

However, the instant in which they caught sight of Meng Hao... he vanished! In his place was an enormous boulder!

At the same time, Meng Hao appeared in the previous location of the boulder, down on the ground. He then shot up into the air and grabbed hold of the stone cauldron!

“Impossible!!” The old man in animal skin clothing stared in disbelief. It wasn't just him, the old men in black and white clothing, as well as the young boy, all stared with wide eyes. They almost couldn't believe that a Spirit Severing cultivator would be able to do something like this.

Furthermore, the smoke from the incense stick swirled out and entered into Meng Hao's body to wither it. However, his Eternal stratum completely suppressed that power.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with determination. He could not allow the thing to continue to burn, so he reached out with his right hand to extinguish it. However, even as he grabbed the burning head of the stick between his fingers and squeezed, an incredible power radiated out. Once the incense stick was ignited... it could not be put out!

"Fine, I don't need to put it out...." thought Meng Hao, his eyes radiating coldness. With that, he produced the lightning cauldron, and then looked around. A moment later, his eyes came to rest on the crowds of Northern Reaches cultivators still above the Milky Way Sea.

"NOOOO!!" howled the Northern Reaches experts, turning to shoot toward Meng Hao.

They were a bit too slow. The lightning cauldron rumbled, and lightning flashed. Meng Hao's body vanished, to be replaced by a confused looking Northern Reaches cultivator.

As for Meng Hao, he was now above the Milky Way Sea, in the middle of the crowds of Northern Reaches cultivators. He immediately tossed the stone cauldron down toward the cultivators on the bridge.

His incredible speed made it impossible to obstruct his way. Rumbling sounded out as the cauldron descended and then exploded. Utilizing the force of the detonation, the incense stick burned all the way to the end, releasing boundless strands of gray smoke. The smoke seemed to be sentient, and hungry for flesh and blood. It immediately began to search for nearby bodies, then started boring into the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators. Some of them even bored into the Resurrection Lily, causing some sections of the bridge to turn gray.

Miserable shrieks could be heard as the horrified Northern Desert cultivators found smoke burrowing into them and withering their bodies before they could even step foot into the Southern Domain.

Meng Hao heaved a sigh of relief, but the sense of danger he felt did not

dissipate. Instead... it grew stronger to the point where his scalp was numb!

“What’s going on?!” he thought, shooting up into the air as gray smoke swirled toward him. Suddenly, Meng Hao caught sight of something far off in the distance. It was a half-eaten Cinnabar Fruit, falling towards the ground. When he saw it, his eyes went wide.

It was almost impossible to tell, but the Cinnabar Fruit... was burning!!

If you looked closely, you could tell that hidden almost undetectably inside of the Cinnabar Fruit was an incense stick!

Pill Demon also could sense that something wasn’t quite right. The incense smoke that he saw was just like the Hellwither Nineruins Incense that he remembered, but he still had the feeling that they had overlooked something.

His face flickered as he looked around and then suddenly saw... the Cinnabar Fruit that the Northern Reaches boy had casually tossed away!

“NOT GOOD!”

The Cinnabar Fruit itself didn’t seem to be anything extraordinary; the only noteworthy thing about it was that it had been bitten in half. It hadn’t fallen at a high speed, and because of that it had been difficult to detect. By the time it was discovered, it had already landed on the ground.

A rumbling sound could be heard as the Cinnabar Fruit shattered into pieces. Hidden inside it was half of an incense stick, much smaller than the incense stick in the stone cauldron. However, it was burning, and as soon as it touched the ground... the ground turned gray. Then, the grayness spread out rapidly. There was no way to stop it.

Meng Hao’s face fell!

Chapter 769: The Power of the Curse!

Hellwither Nineruins was refined from the blood, flesh and fat of a true Immortal. By congealing the deep rancor felt by true Immortal in the moments before death, a powerful curse was formed. As long as it didn't touch any land, its power was ordinary. However, once it touched the land, the power of the curse would be unleashed on all living things that were born in that land.

It only had one fatal flaw, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say a weakness. While it was true that it used the refined rancor of a true Immortal's flesh and blood to curse the land, the curse couldn't be sustained for very long. At the most, it would last for three months before the land naturally purified itself!

Unfortunately, three months was enough time for all of the cultivators in the Southern Domain to be completely withered up and weakened to the point of death. For those who didn't die, their cultivation bases would be significantly reduced.

The best way to use it was to enact the curse the moment the army arrived. Then, the Northern Reaches army could slaughter their way in like a thunderbolt, and quickly eliminate the foundation of the Southern Domain.

The Northern Reaches placed significant importance on the war with the Southern Domain. Because of that, the Imperial Bloodline Clan had spared nothing, not even the final remnants of its Hellwither Nineruins Incense, of which there was not one piece, but two.

One of the incense sticks had been used in an overt attack, the other in a sneak attack. That way... they hoped to ensure that at least one of the incense sticks touched the ground of the Southern Domain.

The Northern Reaches only had two chances!

And both of those chances were due to... the bizarre treasures of the Imperial Bloodline Clan!

The Imperial Bloodline Clan... could actually trace its origins back to the Southern Domain. However, long ago, they were suppressed by Lord Ji when he unified the four great planets and became the Lord of the Ninth Mountain.

As for the Imperial Bloodline Sect of the Northern Reaches, they were actually actually a branch of the Imperial Bloodline Clan, with the same bloodline. The only difference was that, instead of following the Imperial Bloodline's internal family hierarchy, its structure was set up in the form of a Sect. Furthermore, they had sent out a big announcement to attract outsiders to join, and thus increase their overall power.

Under normal circumstances, the Northern Reaches would not dare to use such a bizarre treasure right under the noses of the Ji Clan in the Eastern Lands, not even with the Southern Domain in chaos.

But now... the true Immortality destiny had appeared. During this period of time, whoever came out on top in the struggle for the Immortality destiny would be able to achieve true Immortal Ascension. Using a special technique, the Imperial Bloodline Clan was able to determine that the source of the Immortality destiny... was in the Southern Domain!

That was why they attacked with such madness!

By occupying the Southern Domain, they could control the source of the Immortality destiny.

Currently, miserable shrieks could be heard coming from the crowds on the Resurrection Lily bridge. The first wave of hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators screamed as their bodies were withered, and their cultivation bases dropped.

They were sustaining significant losses before they even stepped foot into the Southern Domain. That caused the four peak Dao Seeking leaders that had come with this first wave to go mad.

Their hatred for Meng Hao instantly exploded to monstrous heights.

However, the lands of the Southern Domain were still in imminent danger!

In the blink of an eye, the grayness of the Hellwither Nineruins Incense spread out rapidly, and it wouldn't take long for it to cover the entire Southern Domain.

It was a deep gray, almost black. Plants and vegetation withered and died as far as the eye could see. Wild animals screamed miserably and tried to flee, but rapidly weakened and then fell to the ground, trembling, eyes filled with despair.

Up in midair, Patriarch Song's face went pale white. Even though he was floating above the ground, his body instantly began to emanate black smoke. The same thing happened to Sun Tao, the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, and Patriarch Golden Frost.

Black smoke curled up as their flesh and blood began to rot. It was the same with Pill Demon.

"Hellwither Nineruins Incense...." said Pill Demon with a bitter chuckle. "The Northern Reaches want to cut off our Southern Domain cultivators' foundation. This curse... even if we flee the Southern Domain at top speed, it won't do any good. Anyone born in these lands will be incapable of fleeing.... This curse is so potent!" Even as he spoke, black smoke rose up from his body in wisps, and the grayness spread further.

"If only we could stop the curse from spreading... but how?!" It was in this moment that Pill Demon, his face twisted with sorrow, looked over at Meng Hao, who was trembling with rage, his eyes bloodshot. Pill Demon gaped. "Hao'er... you're... you're not affected by the curse!!"

Meng Hao's body wasn't emanating any black smoke at all.... Earlier, before the Hellwither Nineruins Incense touched the ground, it had affected him. But now that the Southern Domain had been cursed, only people who were born there would be affected. However, Meng Hao... didn't seem to be affected at all!

As for his second true self, it had been created using his own fleshly body, so it was the same.

Meng Hao didn't have time to think about why the curse wasn't affecting him. His eyes were shot with blood as he flew down toward the

ground. He could see that there was nothing he could do to stop the rapid spread of the curse. He could also see that the grayness of the curse had already reached the location of the wedding ceremony. Everything was turning gray.

At the site of the wedding, hundreds of thousands of cultivators were combining their cultivation base power to form a windstorm in a desperate attempt to fight back. The purifying effect of the windstorm was somewhat effective in reducing the power of the curse, but could not completely block it.

Black smoke was already starting to roil up in shocking fashion.

By now, the four Northern Reaches peak Dao Seeking experts had noticed that Meng Hao was wearing garments that cultivators normally wouldn't wear. They also saw the wedding decorations off in the distance. Finally, they understood.

"Don't tell me that the Southern Domain cultivators were actually gathered here to attend this guy's wedding!" said the old man in the animal skins. His eyes flashed with a bright light.

The two men who looked like animated corpses smiled ruthlessly. "Hundreds of thousands of cultivators gathered for a cultivator bonding ceremony!" said one of them. "It's destined to be soaked with the color of blood!"

"Hahaha!" laughed the young boy. "A wonderful Red Wedding!" 1

"It's too bad they're all gathered together, though. If they were scattered out across the land, the Hellwither Nineruins could spread out with even greater impact. Now... it seems it will be a bit weaker."

Meng Hao shot at top speed back toward the site of the wedding. He immediately burst through the windstorm to appear above the island in the lake.

Xu Qing, Chu Yuyan, everyone was all sitting cross-legged, pouring the power of their cultivation bases into the windstorm to fight back against the curse.

Xu Qing's body was trembling especially hard. Because of her unique situation... the curse affected her even more severely than the others!

As soon as Meng Hao saw Xu Qing, his eyes filled with resolve. He stretched out his right hand and slammed it hard onto the surface of the ground. Immediately, the fourth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic spun into motion.

Instead of absorbing blood or cultivation bases, he would use the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex to try to absorb the curse power of the Hellwither Nineruins!

Meng Hao wasn't sure if it would work, but he could think of no other options. The Northern Reaches had invaded on the day of his wedding. A joyous occasion had become lifeless. This was something he could not accept!

His heart quivered, and he was on the verge of insanity. The Blood Demon Grand Magic spun rapidly, a golden vortex that encompassed him, the island, and the entire lake.

It rotated rapidly, causing the lake water to also spin around. However, although it seemed as if the Hellwither curse was being affected at first, it suddenly seemed to completely ignore Meng Hao.

"Get over here!!" he roared. He ripped open a huge gash in his right palm, sending bright red blood splashing down onto the ground. At the same time that the blood entered the soil, the Blood Demon Grand Magic reached the pinnacle of its speed. Finally, the Hellwither curse was affected and started to near him. However... it was going far too slow!

"Second true self!" he cried. His second true self shot down from up above and landed behind him. He sat down cross legged, then stretched his right hand out and placed it on the middle of Meng Hao's back.

By combining his own power with that of his second true self, Meng Hao was able to push the fourth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic even faster.

RUMBLE!

It was like flinging a drop of water into a hot frying pan. The water in the lake boiled, with Meng Hao at the center. The Hellwither curse power that filled the land immediately began to surge toward Meng Hao.

It followed his blood and flesh to his palm, where it entered his body. He instantly began to tremble, and his hair turned white. His body also started to wither as vast amounts of curse power gathered together within him.

He was forcing the curse to fuse into him!

The Eternal stratum immediately surged into action as he used his own body to attempt to purify the land of the Hellwither curse. Any other person would be incapable of doing this. Meng Hao only had such a chance because he had the Eternal stratum.

Rumbling surrounded him as the Eternal stratum restored his body. As soon as it happened though, more curse power began to wither him away. It was a vicious cycle; in the short space of a few breaths of time, the Eternal stratum restored his body countless times.

Everything rumbled as the grayness in the area... began to change. From up above in the sky, it was obvious that Meng Hao was like a black hole into which the grayness of the curse power was being sucked, cleansing the land.

The four peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches were completely shocked.

“Impossible!”

“Who is he?!?! That peak Dao Seeking cultivator is his clone!”

“He was clearly not affected by the curse! He wasn’t born in the lands of South Heaven 2! But his physical body... is actually... so powerful that he can can affect the Hellwither curse by himself!”

In all their years of cultivation, they had never encountered a cultivator as fearsome as this.

“Inhuman!” In their shock, they flew forward in an attempt to stop Meng Hao. However, how could Patriarch Song and Pill Demon possibly let them

do as they pleased? After all, they had now seen a ray of hope. Along with Sun Tao, Patriarch Golden Frost and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, they flew forward, using their full strength to block the way.

Booms echoed out and the four Northern Reaches cultivators howled. However, they could do nothing to break through and had no way to interfere with Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's body trembled visibly as it was continuously withered away and then restored. The severity of the pain was enough to cause all but the most strong-willed person to pass out.

He gritted his teeth and continued on doggedly. However, then he looked over and saw Xu Qing sitting there, shivering even more violently than before.

“Too slow! I need to go faster!!” He pushed his left hand down onto the ground.

RUMBLE!

Curse power surged madly toward his two hands, furiously pouring into his body.

The grayness of the land was gradually fading away!

*

1. Yes, this is the same term used to describe the Red Wedding in Game of Thrones, at least in the TV show. It literally means “blood-colored wedding,” but considering it appears to be a direct reference to THE Red Wedding, I think this is the best way to translate it. Incidentally, Game of Thrones is also popular in China. Some people download it, others watch the subtitled, edited version which is available to view streaming online. That version is mostly edited for sex, not violence.
2. Questions have been directed to me in the comments section, on Reddit, and via e-mail, so I'm adding this footnote. The original Chinese says “South Heaven” in this part. It is not a typo.

Chapter 770: That Laughter....

The ground quaked, and the gray color had faded by ten percent!

Up in midair, the four Northern Reaches Dao Seeking experts were in the midst of magical combat with Patriarch Song and the others. When they saw the color changing down below, they were astonished.

“Ten percent!”

“Dammit! How could he be so inhuman? He used his own body as the vessel to absorb ten percent of the curse power!!”

Meng Hao trembled as the curse power filled him. His flesh and blood constantly withered, and his Eternal stratum continuously restored him. Within a brief span, this cycle had already been repeated innumerable times.

It was an even more brutal sight than what had occurred when Meng Hao stood outside the Blood Demon Sect’s shield while fighting the four allied powers.

Blood oozed constantly out of the sides of his mouth, and even his eyes leaked black, viscous blood. His face was as pale as a corpse, and yet his hands remained planted firmly on the ground. The Blood Demon Grand Magic spun rapidly as it sucked the curse power from the ground.

His second true self was also trembling as he used all the strength he could muster to raise the gravitational force of Meng Hao’s Blood Demon Grand Magic to a shocking level.

The entire island was surrounded by a gray whirlwind, which emitted shocking rumbling sounds as it rotated, covering the entire lake and spreading out into surrounding areas. The endless curse power that had spread off into the distance was gradually sucked into the Blood Demon Grand Magic, and then into Meng Hao’s body.

The intensity of the pain that stabbed through him was impossible to describe. The cycle of withering and recovery seemed like the most vicious and painful torture imaginable. Soon, Meng Hao’s hair couldn’t be

restored, and was no longer black. Instead, it was gray, and turning whiter by the moment.

“Have to go even faster!” thought Meng Hao. He gritted his teeth and then spat up a huge mouthful of blood. His body swayed back and forth, but his ten fingers were firmly planted on the ground as he sucked in curse power at an incredible speed.

Twenty percent!

Thirty percent!

The color of the curse was changing throughout the entire Southern Domain. In a short moment, Meng Hao seemed to have been reincarnated a hundred times. It was almost like his body didn't belong to him any more; only his will remained as steadfast as ever.

Up in the sky, the four Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches were completely astonished, and couldn't help but gasp. They could scarcely believe what they were seeing.

The fact that someone could do this, could use their own body to resist the Hellwither Nineruins curse, and even absorb it, was beyond their imaginations. In fact, had any one of them been in that position, it would have been impossible for them to do the same.

From their perspective, Meng Hao was taking a huge, suicidal risk.

“Crazy! That guy's crazy!”

“How could he not be crazy!? Today is his wedding day, and now it's turned into a funeral!”

“He'll die for sure. There's no way his body can take it! He'll turn into a pool of blood that will be an even more noxious curse!”

“He's DEAD!”

As for the hundreds of thousands of cultivators who had come to participate in the wedding celebration, their bodies were still slowly withering. Although Meng Hao was frenziedly attempting to absorb the curse, as long as the curse was still there, everyone would still be under its

effects.

One face after another grew pale and aged. At the same time, Xu Qing... was trembling. She looked like a flower that would completely wilt at any moment.

Meng Hao's heart was filled with a grief and indignation that was like a pent-up breath of frustration which could not be exhaled. It surged through his body, and his eyes turned red. Within his mind, a single thought revolved....

He had to do everything he could to absorb the entire curse!

However... it was apparent that ability of his body to recover from the curse was slowly lessening. In fact, his skin was already beginning to shrivel and parch. His Eternal stratum, even were it stronger than it already was, would be incapable of infinite recovery.

"There really isn't anything truly Eternal in this world...." Meng Hao thought as blood flowed out from his mouth. He knew this, and knew that his Eternal stratum would be incapable of sustaining him in perpetuity. However, as before... he chose to continue to absorb the curse.

RUMBLE!

The color faded even more.

Forty percent!!

Not much time had passed, and he had already absorbed forty percent of the Hellwither Nineruins curse. As a result, he was filled with unspeakable pain.

His teeth were loosening in his jaw, and his skin was growing old. His bones were softening, and blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose and mouth. And yet to Meng Hao... none of that mattered!

He looked over at Xu Qing and took a deep breath. There was a vast amount of curse power built up in him already, to the point that the Eternal stratum couldn't dispel it. His vital organs were now beginning to wither and rot.

At this point, Xu Qing's eyelashes fluttered and she... opened her eyes.

She looked at Meng Hao and didn't have the energy to speak. However, anxiety, deep concern, and anguish could be seen in her eyes. It was an expression that broke Meng Hao's heart.

The wedding ceremony... had only been half completed.

Now, everything was gray... and the color of blood!

It should have been the happiest day of his life, but now... it was turning into a tragedy.

Meng Hao laughed. He lifted his head up to the sky and laughed. That laughter sounded maniacal, enraged, filled with intense discontent. Rumbling sounds could be heard from beneath his palms. His body was already nearly completely withered by the curse, and yet he continued to absorb it.

RUMBLE!

The ground changed color again.

Fifty percent!!

Boundless curse power rumbled toward him. Meng Hao was a black hole at the center of the windstorm, absorbing everything.

Blood poured out of his eyes, ears, nose and mouth. His skin was tearing, and he was now sitting in the middle of a pool of blood. The accumulation of curse power within him was reaching a peak.

The Hellwither Nineruins curse contained incredible powers of withering. It withered the land, and also caused the cultivation bases of all the cultivators born in that land to wither. Now, that power was building up inside of Meng Hao. The Eternal stratum could not wipe it away, causing Meng Hao to tremble violently.

It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly made unexpected progress. After all, he cultivated the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao. Within those seven characters was the 'withering' character!

As of this moment, he gained complete enlightenment of withering!

With the complete understanding of the 'withering' character, Meng Hao's body rumbled, and the curse power within him began to shrink. It condensed into his blood vessels, his soul, his flesh, and transformed into... a 'withering' character divine ability!

At that moment, Meng Hao sucked in a deep breath as the Withering Character Incantation combined with the Blood Immortal Divine Ability. In combination with the frenzied assistance of the second true self, massive rumbling sounds filled the air.

Sixty percent!!

The color of the curse throughout all the Southern Domain changed once again. Everything shook, and the four Northern Reaches peak Dao Seeking experts up above were further shocked.

"His body... his body is actually at Dao Seeking!!"

"There's something strange about the technique he cultivates. This guy... this guy's body can constantly regenerate!"

"He can actually absorb the withering power of the curse!!"

The four men only continued to be more and more astonished. In fact, even Patriarch Song and the others could hardly believe what they were seeing. The only one who wasn't surprised was Pill Demon. He looked sadly at Meng Hao, as well as the lands below.

He was Meng Hao's master, and he knew why Meng Hao was risking everything. Today was his wedding day, and his wife was on the same island he was.

"Unless he absorbs one hundred percent, the effects can't be completely reversed...." murmured Pill Demon.

When Meng Hao absorbed sixty percent of the curse, the withering effect on the surrounding hundreds of thousands of cultivators was visibly reduced. Although they were still trembling, the effects of the curse seemed to have eased up a bit. When they opened their eyes, what they saw... was Meng Hao, coughing up blood, his body slowly dissolving.

Sixty percent... was not enough!

Meng Hao produced the lightning cauldron and attempted to pour the curse power into it, but it didn't work. The lightning cauldron and the curse were two completely different things. He thought about using the Wooden Time Swords to afflict the curse with the passage of time, but doing that would also affect the curse power in the bodies of the Southern Domain cultivators.

Once the Time power activated, it might end things... but it would also cause the destructive power of the curse to be inflicted faster.

He thought of many other options, but none could resolve the problem.

The only thing left to do was to continue to absorb the curse power. He once again sent the Withering Character Incantation into operation. Once again the land rumbled, and the color changed.

Seventy percent!

The Withering Character Incantation was reaching its limit. With seventy percent of the curse power absorbed, even it was incapable of absorbing more.

Meng Hao had truly reached his limit.

His Eternal stratum was on the verge of fading away. His body couldn't handle any more withering from the curse. He was ancient now.

Tears rolled down Xu Qing's face.

The four peak Dao Seeking cultivators from the Northern Reaches had already been completely shaken by Meng Hao. However, now they could see that he had reached his limit, and they heaved sighs of relief.

"It's over. He's reached his limit. He can't absorb any more!"

"He absorbed seventy percent of the curse power and yet didn't die. The power of withering even seems to exist within him! As far as I can tell, this guy... is the number one figure in the entire Southern Domain!"

"To destroy the Southern Domain we must first destroy him! Damnation! There's only thirty percent of the curse power remaining!"

Back on the island, Meng Hao saw the tears on Xu Qing's face, and it seemed as if the entire world went completely silent.

He looked at her, and his life force ignited. His cultivation base exploded with power. The mark on his hand that had appeared in the past appeared once again.

He raised his head up and laughed. It was a shrill laughter that echoed out. Meng Hao was burning everything he had in one mad, desperate attempt to absorb more curse power.

"NO!" Xu Qing cried weakly, trembling. The moment she cried out was the same moment that Meng Hao made his final, crazed attempt.

The ground trembled and the color changed again, growing more faded. Eighty percent!!

After eighty percent of the curse power entered his body, Meng Hao attempted to absorb all the way to ninety. But then, his body trembled and he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. Some sort of massive power pushed back against his palms, and he was sent tumbling backward. Blood sprayed out. He was now... incapable of absorbing any more curse power.

"Impossible!!" thought the four Northern Reaches peak Dao Seeking experts.

Without Meng Hao to absorb it, the remaining twenty percent of the curse power suddenly exploded out to inundate the hundreds of thousands of cultivators.... Their cultivation bases surged with all the power they could summon as they fought back. The result was... the curse power was reduced by another ten percent.

As of now, ninety percent of the curse power had been wiped away. Only ten percent was left behind. That ten percent seemed to erupt with unprecedented power. The hundreds of thousands of cultivators all coughed up blood.

However, there was an intense, murderous look in the eyes of each and every one. To these cultivators, the remaining ten percent of the curse power was no catastrophe. It was something they could bear. Furthermore,

there was little weakening to their cultivation bases.

One by one, they stood up, and in their eyes was monstrous killing intent. In that moment, wild colors flashed in the sky, and the clouds churned. The four peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches felt their scalps going numb. They were completely shaken.

It was only Xu Qing, still clothed in her red wedding dress... who coughed up blood and continued to grow weaker. Because of her body's unique situation, even the ten percent of the curse power that remained could be fatal to her.

She suddenly began to topple over. Meng Hao, around whom swirled black wisps of death aura, immediately lurched forward and caught her in his arms. Filled with grief and rage, he carried her off into the distance, far from the raging war that was about to erupt.

He had saved the entire Southern Domain, but couldn't save his wife. In his insanity, Meng Hao began to laugh with grief. Laughter that sounded like weeping echoed out across the lands.

Chapter 771: Let Me Rest a Bit

An incredible silence suddenly filled the entire battlefield. After that, killing intent exploded up into the Heavens.

“KILL THEM!!” Hundreds of thousands of cultivators charged madly toward the Milky Way Sea, towards the hundreds of thousands of withering Northern Reaches cultivators.

The war... had begun!

Meng Hao left. And yet, not a single Southern Domain cultivator felt even the slightest bit upset because of that. They had attended Meng Hao and Xu Qing's wedding, as well as the invasion of the Northern Reaches. They had also experienced the Hellwither Nineruins curse.

The only thing they felt regarding Meng Hao was sorrow, as well as hope that he would eventually have the strength to continue on.

A huge massacre unfolded on the border of the Southern Domain.

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Meng Hao held Xu Qing; both were still wearing their red wedding garments. He held her in his arms, and she leaned up against his chest. A dark aura surrounded Meng Hao, and his body was incredibly withered. Tears filled his eyes, and his heart was torn to pieces. He felt as if he was being continuously stabbed with countless sharp blades.

A black aura also appeared on the withered Xu Qing. She had already died once, and although her body had been restored, it was only meant to survive for a hundred years.

The remaining ten percent power of the curse might not affect others very much, but to Xu Qing, well... it was something her body couldn't handle.

The remaining ten percent of the curse power was like exponential time power. Within only a few days, she would live out an entire lifetime.

Xu Qing suddenly forced her eyes open to look at her husband as he

held her. He was the most dear and important person in her entire life. Her voice weak, she said, "I want... to go back to the valley."

She didn't want Meng Hao to be unhappy, nor did she want to see him hurt even the smallest bit. She wanted to be happy with him forever, with no pain, and no sadness.

No matter what, as long as you are safe and sound, then I'm content.

"Alright, let's go back...." said Meng Hao with a nod. His heart trembled as he looked at her. He didn't want his grief to affect her, so a warm smile appeared on his face.

Except, it was a smile that was filled with silent tears.

"You did the right thing," she murmured. "They came to attend our wedding, and we shouldn't let the guests be harmed. We owe them now.... In the future, if I'm not here, make sure to pay everyone back." With that, she sunk into his chest exhaustedly and closed her eyes.

When she closed her eyes, Meng Hao stopped in place. After sensing that she was simply unconscious, he felt that he could finally unleash his grief. He looked up into the sky... and tears began to pour out.

He didn't want to alarm Xu Qing, so he held her very gently as they proceeded off into the distance. They passed over mountains and lands until they reached the Blood Demon Sect, Blood Prince Gorge, and their log cabin.

He went to seek advice from Patriarch Blood Demon, but the Immortal's cave was sealed with a blood-colored shield, preventing him from entering. Patriarch Blood Demon was asleep, and incapable of awakening.

Back in the valley, Meng Hao held Xu Qing, and his heart ached. Straightening her hair, he softly said, "We agreed to spend a hundred years together. After that you would be reincarnated, and I would go find you...."

Xu Qing opened her eyes and smiled at him. What she didn't see was that when he stroked his hand through her hair, it was filled with withered strands of hair that had fallen out.

Meng Hao saw, and he trembled. He quickly clenched his fingers, causing the hairs to vanish.

Xu Qing's face was pale. Her hair, like her life, was withering away. Her face was also slowly changing. She was no longer young and beautiful. Wrinkles were spreading out across her face.

The flow of time affected her body in a way that made it seem as if many years had elapsed.

As Meng Hao watched her pretty features growing older, he felt as if he didn't have a heart anymore. All he had was a feeling of emptiness, as if a painful black hole existed within his chest.

Xu Qing looked at the night sky, and the twinkling stars. Her voice soft, she murmured, "I wish... we could go back in time to the Reliance Sect. I could be your Elder Sister in the sect and you could be my Junior Brother...."

"I would take you to meet my family. I remember that before I was taken to the sect, I had a younger brother...."

"I wish... I could be with you forever...." She was growing weaker. She closed her eyes and slept.

Meng Hao could tell that Xu Qing's life force was reaching its end. Her fleshly body was withered, and it seemed as if it might vanish at any moment. She had no energy left, like a candle in the wind....

Xu Qing was aging. She no longer appeared to be in her twenties, but rather, middle-aged. However, to Meng Hao, she would eternally be that beautiful young woman to whom he had once given a Cosmetic Cultivation Pill.

"I won't let you wither away," he said softly. "We agreed to spend a hundred years together, and we will!" Eyes filling with a flame of unprecedented decisiveness, he reached down to stroke her cheek.

After a long moment, he closed his eyes briefly, then reopened them and extended his right index finger. From the look of it, it was now the only part of his body that hadn't been affected by the withering. That was because... it contained what little remained of his Eternal stratum.

He carefully sliced a cut into his finger and slowly squeezed out a few drops of blood onto Xu Qing's lips, blood which contained his Eternal stratum.

Her lips turned the color of blood, and it almost seemed they they were the only part of her body that had any color. It formed a stark contrast to her ashen skin. As the blood seeped into her mouth, her face suddenly wasn't old any more.

Meng Hao, on the other hand, trembled, and his body withered up a bit more. His Eternal stratum was now weakened, but in his heart, he felt hope.

However, after three days passed, Meng Hao realized that his Eternal stratum could not prevent Xu Qing from withering. Finally, he started laughing bitterly.

Xu Qing's hair was now mostly white, and her face looked middle-aged. She was skinny, and no longer beautiful like she used to be. However, the warmth in her eyes, and the curve of her smile, were things that Meng Hao would never forget.

Finally, she smiled and prevented Meng Hao from using any more of his Eternal stratum blood. It hurt her heart to see him doing such a thing, even more so than the thought of her imminent death.

"Just stay with me," she said. "Until the end. Take me to be reincarnated.... That's good enough.

"We agreed to a whole lifetime. So, it's just like... I'm going to sleep for a bit. When I wake up, I'll see you there. Right...?"

"Absolutely!" said Meng Hao, his voice quavering.

Days passed, and Xu Qing grew older. The time she remained awake every day lessened. Most of the time, she slept.

Meng Hao stayed by her side, and didn't take even half a step outside of the valley. He held her the entire time, held her in a way that said he never wanted to let her go.

As for his own body, as the days passed, the Eternal stratum gradually awoke and began to restore him. Even as the curse power was slowly expelled from within, Xu Qing continued to grow weaker.

Meng Hao tried every method possible to reverse the fading of Xu Qing's life force, all to no avail. He hated that his cultivation base wasn't high enough, and even more so, he hated the cruelty of the Northern Reaches curse.

His heart was already Devilish, but he had been suppressing it, almost as if with shackles. But now... the shackles began to loosen....

He could do nothing but watch over Xu Qing. He watched as her hair turned white, and her youth disappeared. She went from being middle-aged to being elderly. Although he could have changed her out of the red wedding dress, he didn't, and she still wore it.

At one point she forced her eyes open to look at him, but they were cloudy, and she couldn't see him clearly. "Chu Yuyan is a good girl," she murmured. "I told her that I can only stay with you for a hundred years, and that she should help me take care of you.

"Song Jia isn't bad either...."

Meng Hao didn't say anything. He looked at her, his eyes filled with grief as he slowly caressed her wrinkled face. What he saw was her former beautiful face that had changed in only a few days as he held her.

By now, the Devil in Meng Hao's heart was unshackled and awakening....

In those few days that passed, great changes occurred outside in the Southern Domain. In the battle on the shore of the Milky Way Sea, the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators all died. The Milky Way Sea was stained red with blood.

Then the second wave of the Northern Reaches' forces arrived. The hundreds of thousands of Southern Domain cultivators began to retreat. The battlefield grew from the border of the Southern Domain, to engulf fully half of the entire continent.

Fierce fighting raged every day. Among the hundreds of thousands of

Northern Reaches cultivators were seven Dao Seeking experts, which made it virtually impossible for the Southern Domain to hold their ground. They were constantly forced into retreat.

All of the Southern Domain's cultivators were mobilized. It didn't matter the sect or clan, everyone was called into action for this war of life or death!

It was without a doubt a fight to the death. The Northern Reaches' invasion was not one in which surrender was sought. They wanted the complete annihilation of the Southern Domain cultivators' foundation. Furthermore, because of the casualties suffered by the initial wave of attackers, the Northern Reaches cultivators harbored an even more intense and deep-seated hatred for the Southern Domain than they had in the beginning.

No one would rest until the other side was dead!

Sects were laid to waste and one clan after another was left in ruins. Eventually, the war focused on six different fronts. It was as if six mighty arrows had been shot from the Northern Reaches directly into the Southern Domain.

The third and fourth fronts eventually overlapped, and became the location of the largest concentration of cultivators. Hundreds of thousands of Southern Domain cultivators were there, as was the main force of the Northern Reaches army. The carnage was never ending, and the Southern Domain was in a state of constant retreat.

Severe casualties were inflicted every day, and bloody paths strewn with corpses stretched across the land.

Several days later, over half of the hundreds of thousands of Southern Domain cultivators in the third and fourth fronts were dead. The remaining 200,000 were now falling back to the Blood Demon Sect.

A final line of defense was being set up outside the Blood Demon Sect to resist the Northern Reaches' murderous assault.

Rumbling filled the battlefield, along with miserable screams and the

sound of fierce combat. The colorful lights of divine abilities filled the air, and the ground quaked.

The Northern Reaches had come with giants the size of mountains, who wielded enormous wolf-tooth clubs. They charged onto the battlefield in the vanguard, and even when their bodies had been covered with bloody wounds, they continued their awful massacre. Then there were the countless wild beasts and innumerable evil spirits that accompanied the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators. They were a powerful force of destruction that crushed everything in their path.

Chapter 772: No Regret Regarding the Grand Wedding!

The chaotic sounds of battle drifted into the Blood Demon Sect. All the remaining Blood Demon Sect disciples were outside, alongside the other Southern Domain cultivators, defending against the advancing Northern Reaches army.

The Southern Domain cultivators had no choice but to fall back to the Blood Demon Sect. As the Northern Reaches army advanced, this location had become something of a holy land for the Southern Domain.

The Blood Demon Sect was the most powerful sect in the Southern Domain!

The Blood Demon Sect had Meng Hao, who had saved the entire Southern Domain from the curse!

The Blood Demon Sect also had the legendary, incredibly powerful Patriarch Blood Demon.

Therefore, that was the location the forces from the third and fourth fronts retreated to. The Northern Reaches cultivators were happy to see this; they wanted to destroy the foundation of the Southern Domain. If they could take out the Blood Demon Sect, then they would be able to deliver the coup de grâce to the Southern Domain cultivators in one fell swoop.

The other fronts throughout the Southern Domain were also changing locations, getting closer to the Blood Demon Sect. From the look of things, they wanted to make the Blood Demon Sect the location of their final stand.

The Southern Domain... did not seem to have any hope of winning. By now, the Northern Reaches had mobilized the third wave of their army, which would arrive in only a few days from the Milky Way Sea.

That third wave army represented the ultimate power of the Northern Reaches.

Constant carnage could be witnessed in the area surrounding the Blood Demon Sect. Pill Demon, Patriarch Song, and in fact, all of the peak Dao Seeking experts in the Southern Domain, were there at what was essentially the primary battlefield of the war. They had been fighting and killing for so long that their eyes were completely bloodshot.

Patriarch Song had lost his right arm, as well as an eye. His aura was weak, and he had even been forced to start burning his life force.

Sun Tao from the Violet Fate Sect had lost his fleshly body, and was now nothing more than a Nascent Divinity. However, he was surrounded by swirling pill furnaces, and continued to fight nonetheless.

Patriarch Golden Frost was severely injured. As the battle had progressed, he had recovered some of his senses, and was no longer muddle-headed and ignorant. In the moment when he became lucid, he did not flee, but rather began to laugh bitterly.

“I have sinned!” he roared. “Sinned against the Southern Domain!!” With that, he began to fight even more frenziedly than before.

The 3rd Li Clan Patriarch did not recover his senses. He died fighting.

His death shook the entire battlefield. He was at the peak of Dao Seeking, and in the end, opted to self-detonate. Although he wasn’t able to kill any of the peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Domain, he did manage to severely injure three of them.

Pill Demon was completely exhausted, and also injured. At some point, a violet mark had come to appear on his forehead. Apparently, it was something that had previously been sealed, but now... he was experimentally unleashing it.

When the mark appeared, his cultivation base left the early Dao Seeking stage, passed through the middle stage and ended... by emanating the power of the late Dao Seeking Stage.

It was as if terrifying waves had been unleashed inside of him that rolled around constantly in an attempt to break out.

Even more Spirit Severing experts died.

The Northern Reaches suffered similarly large casualties. The war unfolded rapidly, and in a short period of time, rivers of blood flowed everywhere.

As the sound of battle and slaughter rumbled from the outside world into Blood Prince Gorge, Meng Hao sat there holding Xu Qing, watching her gradually grow older and older. More wrinkles covered her face, and her hair was now completely white. Finally, the pain in his heart seemed to form a resonance with the fighting and killing going on outside.

There was no way for him to keep Xu Qing's life force from slipping away. There was nothing he could do but watch as her beauty slowly faded.

There was no sparkle or reflection in her cloudy eyes when she opened them; her whole world had become blurry.

"After I'm gone, will you miss me...?" she asked.

When Meng Hao heard this, more tears welled up in his eyes, and stabbing pain filled his heart. He held her tight, and his tears dropped down onto her face.

"Don't cry...." she murmured, using what scant energy she had left to raise a withered hand and try to wipe his face dry. "I'm happy. Happy that I ran into you that day on Mount Daqing...."

"I hope that after I'm reincarnated and then regain my memories, it will be on another Mount Daqing... with you...."

"Meng Hao, I've been dreaming a lot recently. I always dream... that we are back on Mount Daqing, or in the Reliance Sect...." As she spoke, the flame of her life force began to slowly fade away.

By now, she was fully conscious. Clearly, this was the last bit of lucidity she would experience before death, the last burst of life force. Her eyes were not clouded now, but clear, filled with warmth as she recalled past times, and also brimming with an intense reluctance to leave.

She didn't want to leave the lands of the Southern Domain. She didn't want to leave Meng Hao. There were too many things keeping her here,

too many memories. She didn't want to part with any of them. She wanted to stay with Meng Hao for the rest of the hundred years. Unfortunately... that was now impossible.

She sighed, and deep in her heart she felt regret. Regret that the wedding ceremony... was only half completed.

"Meng Hao... take care of yourself.... You live, I live... you die, I die.... When the day arrives that I recover my memories after being reincarnated, you need to be there.... If you're not, then I don't ever want to wake up from the darkness of being unaware." The light that flickered in her eyes was gradually fading. The hand she had lifted up moments ago grew so weak that it fell back down.

In the moment that it began to fall, Meng Hao reached out to take hold of it. Deep in his eyes, grief mixed with warmth as he looked at Xu Qing.

He placed his right hand onto her back and poured more of his own life force into her. In that moment, his hair turned completely white.

The simple act bolstered her fading life force just a little bit, allowing her to stay alive in the world just a little bit longer. She could breathe bit more of that air she didn't wish to part with, and her eyes glowed with just a little bit more light as she looked at Meng Hao.

"Let me go, okay...?" she murmured weakly.

Meng Hao's eyes glowed with determination. "Our wedding hasn't been finished," he said. "So you can't go yet.... I'm going to give you a complete cultivator bonding ceremony!" With that, he held her tight and flew up into the air.

He dared not loosen his grip on her. It was his flow of life force that was preventing her from fading away.

They were still wearing their red wedding gowns, and both had snow white hair. They were old.

It was as if great rejoicing and great calamity were fused together as Meng Hao flew out of Blood Prince Gorge. Off in the distance, he could see the shocking battle which was underway.

Hundreds of thousands of cultivators fought like mad. The ripples cast off by magical techniques flowed out in all directions. Bright colors flashed in the sky, and the clouds churned chaotically. Booms and explosions accompanied death and destruction.... At any given moment, miserable screams could be heard drifting across the battlefield. They turned into waves of sound that resembled the Yellow Springs of the underworld.

The sky above and the land below seemed to have become the color of blood, filled with endless corpses....

It was evening, but the shattered air and swirling tempests caused the sky to look as dark as night.

When Meng Hao appeared, it instantly attracted quite a bit of attention. The powerful experts of both the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches saw the old man carrying the white-haired old woman, both of whom were clad in red wedding attire.

They could also sense the profound mixture of calmness and grief that radiated out of the man.

When the Southern Domain cultivators saw him, they couldn't help but feel bitter and pained.

"Meng Hao.... It's the exalted Meng Hao!"

"Don't tell me... is that Xu Qing in his arms...? That... that curse power is...."

"I was there at the wedding ceremony. I've never seen a more spectacular sight in my whole life...."

Patriarch Song looked at Meng Hao, and it seemed like he wanted to say something. In the end, he didn't. He could sense the profound pain in Meng Hao, the kind that was like losing your own heart.

The awoken Patriarch Golden Frost also remained silent.

Sun Tao had nothing left but a Nascent Divinity. He looked at Meng Hao from some distance off, then turned and continued to fight.

Pill Demon's expression was one of sorrow. He saw his apprentice and couldn't help but think about how the wedding ceremony had turned into this current situation. Great rejoicing had turned into great sorrow. He wasn't sure what he should say.

Virtually none of the Northern Reaches cultivators recognized Meng Hao at first. However, once they saw his clothes, and the white hair, as well as the agonized expressions of the Southern Domain cultivators, they thought of a name that had already become legendary among the Northern Reaches cultivators.

"Meng Hao! It's definitely that damnable Meng Hao!"

"Yeah, that's him! He infected the entire first wave of the army with the Hellwither Nineruins. Hundreds of thousands of cultivators... massacred! The Milky Way Sea turned red with blood!"

"Our Northern Reaches forces invaded the Southern Domain on the day of his wedding. What bad luck for him! His wedding day turned into a day of death and sorrow!"

"Well, he deserves it! Now that he's shown his face again, he'll die for sure. It's actually a good thing for him! They can go to the underworld together! A happily married pair of dead souls!"

The Northern Reaches' peak Dao Seeking experts were among the forces that were currently abuzz with surprise. All of them were hurt, especially the three who were seriously injured by the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch's death. Among those three, one was the man dressed in animal skins, and another was the young boy, both of whom were from the first wave army. The third was an old woman from the second wave army.

"That's the Meng Hao that the Southern Domain cultivators always talk about!" said the man in animal-skin garments, frowning. "He absorbed eighty percent of the curse power and still didn't die!!"

"He could be considered the archenemy of the Northern Reaches," said the boy through clenched teeth. His eyes burned with killing intent. "If he had died, it would have been lucky for him. Since he's not dead, then I'm going to turn him into mincemeat today!"

“Actually, it’s good that he’s still alive. Let him wallow in the feeling of withering up with his beloved on his wedding day! Let him be immersed in the sensation of growing old! Let his pain be a sacrifice to put to rest the souls of the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches heroes who died because of him!”

Next to the three wounded peak Dao Seeking experts were several Northern Reaches Patriarchs. They had long since heard the name of Meng Hao, and now that they laid eyes on him personally, their killing intent spread everywhere.

Countless eyes across the battlefield were fixed on Meng Hao; his expression was one of grief as he looked at the aged, white-haired Xu Qing. Finally, he looked up, and his gaze came to fall upon his master, Pill Demon.

“Master,” he said. “I want to finish the wedding ceremony here and now. Master, could you please continue to bear witness to the marriage!” Although his words were calm, that calmness contained something that caused the spirits of all the Southern Domain cultivators to be completely shaken.

Xu Qing’s eyes were fixed on Meng Hao. She fought with all her power to prevent them from closing, and as she did, scintillating teardrops welled up inside and then seeped out down her cheeks.

A tremor ran through Pill Demon.

At the same time, the eyes of the Southern Domain cultivators began to glow with red light.

“The Blood Prince’s grand wedding ceremony will continue!!”

“Blood Prince, I couldn’t prepare a wedding gift for you, so let me kill some Northern Reaches cultivators for you! Their heads can be my wedding gift, and their blood my means of congratulating you!”

“Exalted Meng Hao, let the wedding ceremony continue!!”

The sorrow in the hearts of the Southern Domain cultivators transformed into a massive roar that echoed out across the battlefield.

Immediately, Blood Demon Sect disciples flew out to create an area decorated with lanterns and banners. It only took a moment for the place to look like a joyous and happy wedding was taking place there.

The battlefield now seemed to be completely split in two!

On one side was blood and slaughter!

On the other side was Meng Hao's wedding!

Chapter 773: Xu Qing Enters

Reincarnation

To hold a wedding ceremony in the middle of a battle was something that had never happened in the Southern Domain. As the Southern Domain cultivators roared with grief and rage, Pill Demon hovered in midair, looking at Meng Hao and the white-haired Xu Qing. Pill Demon's heart trembled.

"I... will absolutely continue to bear witness for you and Xu Qing!" he said, his voice ancient and his heart filled with grief.

His voice echoed out across the battlefield, prompting a roar of response from the Southern Domain cultivators.

The hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators were shocked by the scene that was playing out in front of them. As for their seven peak Dao Seeking experts, their eyes flickered with killing intent.

"The first half was a Red Wedding. Therefore... let's make the last half even more red with blood!"

"Northern Reaches cultivators! Eradicate all of the Southern Domain cultivators! Stain the ground red with blood! Fill the place with discarnate souls! Soak this Red Wedding... with blood! CHARGE!!"

In response to the words of the peak Dao Seeking experts, the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators' killing intent rocketed up. Roaring, they charged forward.

"KILL THEM!!"

The carnage once again continued. The ground shook and the air rippled with distortions. The battle between the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches was like an enormous grindstone. Every time the two sides clashed, miserable screams would ring out. Every time they slammed into each other, blood and gore would spray in the air and discarnate souls would cry out in misery.

The Southern Domain cultivators had gone mad, and their hearts surged with righteous ardor.

“We’ve come this far, now the time has come to die in battle! FIGHT!!”

“The Southern Domain is my home while I live, and the Southern Domain shall be my haunt when I die!”

“The wedding will blossom like a flower in the heart of bloody battle! How grand! Present the blood and heads of the Northern Reaches cultivators as wedding gifts! KILL THEM!”

Deadly combat filled the battlefield. For the Blood Demon Sect disciples, the mountains were the wedding candles and the land below was the wedding veil. With the wave of a few hands, a palace rose up, beautiful and grand, with lanterns and streamers. The palace appeared to display the facade of a happy wedding. Everyone was smiling, except within their smiles could be seen deep grief.

Meng Hao held Xu Qing, and she rested her head against his chest to look out at the scene. She could hear his heart beating, and could feel her own connection to the world.

She looked up at Meng Hao as if she were trying to burn his image into her very soul in such a way that reincarnation would be incapable of wiping it away, the River of Forgetfulness would be incapable of washing it clean, and not even the tea of old lady Meng could make her forget.

Popping sounds could be heard as magical techniques and divine abilities were employed to create what looked like fireworks. Beautiful colors filled the land and sky; the sight was beautiful to behold.

The new bride and groom were a huge contrast to the battle around them!

Meng Hao’s white hair floated around him as he held Xu Qing in his arms and poured life force into her. Xu Qing’s hair was also white, and her face was covered with wrinkles. However, it also seemed to glow with a certain purity and holiness.

Even as an old woman, she could continue to smile despite the fact that

her beauty had faded away!

Meng Hao was also smiling, and yet, the grief in his heart continued to grow more and more profound. As of now, the only thing he could do was look deeply into her eyes. He knew that if he loosened his hand, she would fade away.

She would part from the world of the living and find her way to reincarnation.

“KILL THEM!” roared the seven peak Dao Seeking experts as they charged down from above. Patriarch Song’s expression was one of grief as he roared and shot to meet them. Sun Tao’s Nascent Soul and Patriarch Golden Frost joined him, along with Meng Hao’s second true self.

Booms echoed out as four people completely blocked the way of seven!

Bitter fighting continued all around; roars filled the air along with bloodcurdling screams. Both Northern Reaches cultivators and Southern Domain cultivators were fighting with madness, killing everything that moved.

The ground trembled as the fighting raged like wildfire.

Nearby, it was visible to everyone that... the wedding ceremony was officially commencing.

Pill Demon flew into the air to hover in front of Meng Hao and Xu Qing. He looked at Meng Hao, and he looked at Xu Qing, whom he held in his arms. Despite the fact that Pill Demon’s heart felt like it was being ripped apart, his lips couldn’t help curving into a gentle smile.

Meng Hao held Xu Qing as he looked at Pill Demon.

“Master, make the declaration, okay?” he said.

The ground was trembling, but there was still a significant number of cultivators in the area who dropped to their knees to kowtow. It was a spontaneous action on their part, their way of thanking Meng Hao for absorbing the curse and saving their lives.

Such kowtows were kowtows that came directly from the heart.

From far up above the battlefield, it could clearly be seen that, shockingly, the entire place had been split into two areas. In one area, the wedding ceremony was being carried out. In the other, it was complete carnage!

Those present who had attended the first half of Meng Hao's wedding ceremony were now participating in the second half, and they would by no means retreat!

It didn't matter if the wedding was stained blood red or turned ash-gray. It would be finished! This was Meng Hao's choice, and also the way for the Southern Domain cultivators to repay him. Meng Hao and Xu Qing's wedding... would not be a wedding of regret!

The kowtowing cultivators were spattered with blood. Some was the blood of enemies, some was their own blood. As for their exhaustion, they hid it inside. As for their grief, they bottled it up in their hearts. The only thing that could be seen... were the smiles on their faces.

These smiles were like brilliant sunlight that caused the entire battlefield to be shaken.

Pill Demon's heart was trembling as his ancient voice once again rang out to cover the entire battlefield.

"I declare... that henceforth...."

The seven peak Dao Seeking cultivators from the Northern Reaches fought with increasing ferocity. The hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators down below bellowed with rage as they charged in wave after wave of attack.

"Henceforth... Meng Hao and Xu Qing are bonded cultivators. Their hands are bound by destiny for all time. Whether they live or die, that connection will never be broken!" His voice echoed from one end of the battlefield to the other.

Xu Qing, nestled in Meng Hao's arms, heard the words, and her face flushed. She smiled shyly. A wedding is the most important day in a person's life, and to a woman, it is a day when dreams come true.

She and Meng Hao were now husband and wife. Heaven and Earth bore witness, as did the hundreds of thousands of cultivators from both the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches. Pill Demon officiated, and the ceremony was held under the vast canopy of the sky. Discarnate souls were present to bear witness, and the entire scene was as red as blood.

Together, all bore witness to the fact that... they were married!!

“Our hands are bound by destiny for all time,” murmured Xu Qing, gazing at Meng Hao. “Whether we live or die, that connection will never be broken....” Tears poured out of her eyes to disappear in the wrinkles that covered her cheeks.

“Our hands are bound by destiny for all time,” repeated Meng Hao, looking into her eyes. “Whether we live or die, that connection will never be broken....”

The ground shook, and the kowtowing cultivators in the area looked up. Then they joined their voices together in a cry that sent out shocking soundwaves. “Meng Hao and Xu Qing! Their hands are bound by destiny for all time! Whether they live or die, that connection will never be broken!”

The sound echoed across a battlefield that reeked of blood and gore. Amidst the carnage, a Southern Domain cultivator dashed forward, grabbed the severed head of a Northern Reaches cultivator and held it high into the air.

In the blink of an eye, chaotic fighting erupted out as the Southern Domain cultivators let out unprecedented roars of rage and went berserk. They seemed to be trying to outdo each other as they offered up one wedding gift after another.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, this is my wedding gift to you!”

“Exalted Meng Hao, this is my wedding gift!”

“This is mine!”

“Hahaha! Who dares to fight me over this severed head! This is my wedding gift for the Blood Prince!”

The sudden counteroffensive caused the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators to tremble in their hearts. For the first time... they actually fell back under the attack.

“They’ve gone crazy! It’s just some wedding, but it’s pushed them into insanity!”

“Insane! Completely insane! Wedding gifts?!?!”

“Dammit, they’re turning us Northern Reaches cultivators into wedding gifts!!”

As such comments echoed across the battlefield, Meng Hao stood in the temple, holding Xu Qing. He didn’t want the grief he felt to show on his face. However, by this point, the grief had completely inundated his heart. It was reaching the point where suppressing the Devil in his heart was virtually impossible.

He held tight to Xu Qing, unwilling to release his grip on her.

Xu Qing smiled, and to Meng Hao, it was the most beautiful smile to ever exist in the world. When he saw her smile, what he saw was not her age and her white hair. He didn’t care about any of that. All he cared about... was Xu Qing herself.

“Take me... to enter the cycle of reincarnation....” she said softly. “Now that we are husband and wife, I have no regrets.... Let me go.... Let me... leave. Please.”

Meng Hao’s eyes were shot with blood.

Xu Qing’s hand trembled as she reached up to stroke his cheek. As she murmured these things to Meng Hao, her eyes suddenly flashed with a final, brilliant radiance like that of a sunset. She had severed her own arteries!

She did not wish to see Meng Hao continue to deliver his life force to her, to give her a little bit of extra time at the cost of his own vitality. It pained her, and she did not want him to receive injury. She did not want to see any more white hairs on his head because of her.

“Qing’er!”

A tremor ran through Meng Hao.

Xu Qing looked at him one final time. A smile appeared on her lips, and it was the same smile that had appeared when she saw him for the first time, leaning out over the cliff on Mount Daqing. Of course, Meng Hao had never seen that smile.

A final tear rolled out of the corner of her eye.

In that exact moment, her body dissipated, transformed into motes of glittering light. There was no body for the teardrop to fall onto, so... it fell down onto the ground.

“You’re my wife....” murmured Meng Hao. “The Heavens. The Earth. None of it matters. No matter how long it takes, let the cycle of reincarnation bear witness. No one will take you away from me. When you are born again, I will find you!” He tried to keep ahold of her, but the only thing that remained was motes of light. Inside of him, the pressure weighing down on his heart transformed into a roar.

The battlefield suddenly went silent. In that moment, all gazes fell upon Meng Hao, whether they were from the Southern Domain or the Northern Reaches. They saw Xu Qing transform into motes of light that turned into a river which flowed up into the sky.

Chapter 774: Dao Seeking Felled!

The motes of light turned into a long river. In the darkness of the sky, the river of light was resplendent and glittering as it swept higher and higher.

A vast vortex suddenly appeared up above, rotating silently. It was as if the sky itself was being split open to reveal the starry sky above it. There, out in the stars, another river was visible, vast, mighty, and incomparably boundless. The water of the river seemed withered and yellow, and was filled with innumerable... discarnate souls!

The cultivators down below were shocked.

“The River of Forgetfulness!!” 1

“Heavens! That’s the legendary River of Forgetfulness!”

What the people down below could see was only one small portion of the river that flowed through the starry sky, visible through the vortex.

Xu Qing, now a collection of light motes, was just about to flow through vortex and merge into the River of Forgetfulness, then be swept away to the underworld of the Fourth Mountain.

Meng Hao hovered in midair staring blankly at the scene. Tears streamed down his face, and his heart was wracked with stabbing pain. Up above, the motes of light seemed to form the outline of a face as they entered into the vortex. It was Xu Qing’s face.

It looked just like the face that Meng Hao saw underneath the moonlight in the Reliance Sect. His heart quivered.

Xu Qing’s face seemed to be smiling at him. She looked at him for a moment, then turned and once again turned into a flowing river that flowed up toward the vortex.

Among the seven peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches, the young boy in the red robe had an evil glint in his eye. His body flickered as he shot directly toward the motes of light.

His voice was high-pitched as he cried out, "Want to enter the cycle of reincarnation...? You're dreaming! If you're gonna die, your soul is going to disperse into nothing!"

When Meng Hao saw the boy closing in on the motes of light that were Xu Qing, he began to tremble. A Devilishness, along with a desire to kill, exploded out in his heart, both of which were impossible to suppress.

In the same moment, just when the red-robed boy was about to reach the motes of light, he let out a miserable shriek. A mysterious power enveloped him, and he was sent tumbling backward, blood spraying from his mouth. He looked up at the vortex with shock in his eyes.

He had already been seriously injured in battle earlier when the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch self-detonated. Without an incredibly powerful cultivation base to support him, he would have long since died.

Right now, the power that swept out from within the vortex was filled with a shocking aura, something that left him frightened out of his mind. Furthermore, it seemed to only be a warning.

The vortex continued to spin as Xu Qing disappeared inside and merged into the great river. She was now one of many souls floating along in the waters.

However, there was something different about Xu Qing's soul. She had a red glow surrounding her, protecting her, making it so that none of the other discarnate souls could even get near her. All was quiet around her... as she drifted in the river water, far off into the distance.

The vortex vanished, and the sky returned to its normal state.

Meng Hao was silent. The temple vanished, and the candles were extinguished. The lantern and banners transformed into ash, and the happy atmosphere disappeared. The only thing that remained was a battlefield.

Meng Hao slowly descended to the ground. He looked down at his hands, and for a moment it almost felt as if he were still holding Xu Qing. Except... she was no more.

“Gone....” he murmured, his voice hoarse. “We made an agreement to spend a hundred years together.... But now you’re gone....” His face twisted, and his white hair began to rise up as an intense murderous aura rose up.

The murderous aura grew more intense. In the blink of an eye, it was an inferno, a black mist that roiled around him. Everything around him froze, and an aura of death spread out. The black mist rose up to turn into an enormous face up in midair.

The face was none other than Meng Hao’s face!

His eyes were no longer red, but black, with no pupils. It was as if he could see nothing but infinite blackness.

As he stood there, he lifted his head up and began to laugh bitterly. When the laughter entered the ears of the Northern Reaches cultivators, their hearts began to tremble, and their souls shivered.

Suddenly, cracking sounds filled Meng Hao’s body, although only he could hear them. It was the sound of shackles breaking. Within him... a Devil was being unleashed, something that had existed within him since the events in the Milky Way Sea.

As of this moment, he no longer had any desire to control it. He did not wish to suppress it. He only had one desire....

To kill each and every cultivator from the Northern Reaches who had invaded the Southern Domain! To kill each and every peak Dao Seeking expert. Kill them! Kill them ALL!!

He would pay any price to be able to do that!

If he couldn’t become an Immortal, then what was the harm in becoming a Devil!?

As he laughed bitterly, his body rumbled, and black mist poured out of him. His hair was now completely white, but his features were no longer withered. His youth was restored, and his face was shockingly icy.

He looked like a blood-thirsty Devil that could only see blood and killing.

Cracking sounds rose up from the ground as blood-colored ice spread out in all directions. Intense coldness spread around him, as if the seasons were suddenly changing. Black snowflakes began to flutter through the air.

Meng Hao had thoroughly unleashed the Devil within him, and he had removed any suppression of his desire to slaughter. He was now completely grim and cold, not just to his enemies, but even to himself.

His wedding day had been turned into a tragedy, and the only thing he could do now was become a Devil!

In the instant that his inner Devil was unleashed, the Blood Demon Grand Magic finally began to move away from the fourth level toward the fifth.

Meng Hao's gaze looked out into the sky toward... the red-robed boy.

"You," he said. "You shall die!"

Instantly, his second true self looked over with flickering eyes.

At the same time, Meng Hao vanished, then shockingly, reappeared up in midair. His body was wreathed in seething black mist and Devil flames. Along with his second true self, he shot toward the red-robed boy.

"Your clone is pretty tough," said the boy with a snort, "but your true self? Screw off!" In unison with his words, the fighting on the battlefield broke out once again. Whether it was the peak Dao Seeking experts up above or the madness of the close-quarter combat of the Southern Domain and Northern Reaches down below, the battling was intense. This was far beyond the fighting which had taken place outside of the Blood Demon Sect in the initial war.

Meng Hao's second true self shot toward the red-robed boy at high speed. As soon as they met, winds blasted out and lightning boomed. Explosion after explosion rang out as, within a short period of time, they exchanged thousands of moves.

As for Meng Hao, as soon as he flew out, the old man in animal-hide clothing moved to intercept him. Grinning viciously, he punched out

violently toward Meng Hao.

“Your beloved is dead! What’s the point in continuing to live? Why don’t you go join her!”

As the fist descended toward him, Meng Hao looked at it coldly. He lifted his right hand, and the Lightning Cauldron appeared, causing the old man’s face to instantly flicker.

It was then that lightning poured out from within the cauldron to surround Meng Hao. Brilliant light was cast out onto the battlefield, and then he suddenly vanished. So did the old man!

Their positions had been reversed!

When Meng Hao appeared in the spot previously occupied by the old man in animal-hide clothing, he didn’t even turn to look back. Even as the old man roared in fury and shot in pursuit, Meng Hao proceeded forward. He had one target: the red-robed boy!

It was that boy’s Cinnabar Fruit that had cursed Xu Qing!

Furthermore, he had just attempted to interfere with Xu Qing entering the cycle of reincarnation!

Meng Hao was like a Devil in his determination to slay him!

The red-robed boy was currently fighting Meng Hao’s second true self. He had already been seriously injured, and as such, was not a match for the second true self. He continued to fall back in retreat, his eyes bloodshot as he attacked with reckless abandon. When he saw Meng Hao bearing down on him, he pointed out with a finger.

“Trying to get yourself killed on purpose?! Fine, I’ll kill your true self!” In the instant that the boy pointed out, Meng Hao used the Lightning Cauldron again. There was a flicker, and he switched places with his second true self.

A boom rang out as his second true self appeared in the spot he had just occupied. As for Meng Hao, he was now... closer to the boy than anyone else on the battlefield!

Meng Hao's use of the lightning cauldron had reached the acme of perfection!

The red-robed boy's mind trembled. His finger attack just now was incapable of doing anything to Meng Hao's second true self. He jerked around and was about to make a deadly attack against Meng Hao, when suddenly, Meng Hao waved his hand. Shockingly, a magical symbol appeared in his hand!

It was a single character!

Wither!

This was the Withering Character Incantation which had appeared after he absorbed eighty percent of the curse power! The incantation could be used as a divine ability that could be continuously maintained for a long period of time. As Meng Hao's cultivation base grew higher, the withering power of the magic would grow more consummate, its might, more and more terrifying.

However, he could also focus its energies into a single instant attack. This would deplete the magical symbol and cause it to dim, requiring it to recharge and absorb more withering energy before it could be used again.

"I haven't personally killed a peak Dao Seeking cultivator before," said Meng Hao quietly. "You're going to be the first. The pain that my wife felt before she died, is now something... that you will have the pleasure of experiencing!"

Meng Hao's voice was calm, calm in a way that caused the red-robed boy's heart to pound. A profound sense of deadly crisis appeared inside of him.

The 'withering' character caused the red-robed boy to begin to pant. His scalp went numb, and he instantly tried to flee.

At the same time, Meng Hao, his eyes cold, coolly said, "Withering Character Blast!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, blinding gray light shot out from the palm of his hand. It immediately filled the sky, causing the hundreds

of thousands of cultivators down below to look up in astonishment. They could sense the withering curse power exploding out up above.

The old man in animal-hide clothing gasped, then immediately began to back up.

“NO!!” screamed the red-robed youth. Cultivation base power exploded out, and he produced massive quantities of magical items to try to fight back against the power of his own Hellwither Nineruins curse.

However, no matter what he did, when it came to the explosive withering power, he was like a praying mantis trying to block an army. In the blink of an eye, he was inundated by the grayness.

The only thing that remained behind was a bloodcurdling scream that echoed out across the land.

*

1. Although the river Lethe from Greek mythology is also known as the River of Forgetfulness, this is a different river, one that comes from Chinese mythology. I couldn't find much information about it in English, so I translated the summary from the baidupedia article about the River of Forgetfulness (this is information about the mythological river, not necessarily the river as portrayed in ISSTH): In Chinese mythology, after people die, they pass through the gates of Hell and travel the path of the Yellow Springs to the underworld. Between the Yellow Springs and the underworld itself is the River of Forgetfulness. The water of the river appears to be both yellow and blood-red. Within the river are countless wandering souls and wild ghosts that cannot be reincarnated, as well as endless bugs and vermin. The stench from the river buffets your face like a wind. Running over the river is the Bridge of Helplessness, beside which sits an old woman, who is old lady Meng. To cross the River of Forgetfulness, you must drink the tea of old lady Meng. If you don't drink the tea, you can't cross the Bridge of Helplessness, which means that you cannot be reincarnated.

Chapter 775: FIGHT!

The Withering Character Incantation had absorbed eighty percent of the Hellwither Nineruins' curse power. It was the most powerful magical symbol he possessed, and when its power erupted with the curse, it could slay the peak of Dao Seeking.

Meng Hao was well aware of this fact.

However, it would only work once, after which, the magical symbol would grow dark. Meng Hao had decided to use that one sure kill on the red-robed boy.

Grayness filled the world, and the red-robed boy screamed miserably. Everyone could hear it, and they were completely shaken and astonished.

It was just possible to see the red-robed boy within the grayness of the curse. His robes were in tatters; his hair was white and falling out of his head. His skin dried up; his flesh, blood, bones, organs and soul were all withering away.

Seeing the boy screaming miserably, Meng Hao calmly asked, "Does it hurt? Qing'er didn't want me to see her pain over these past few days. She endured it.

"Can you imagine how a fragile girl like her was able to endure such shocking pain?"

Everyone on the battlefield could hear his words, and it caused an intense coldness to well up in their hearts.

"I've also experienced such pain," Meng Hao continued slowly. "Now, it's your turn."

The boy's horrible shrieks grew even more intense. His entire body shook, and he even tried to detonate his Nascent Divinity, but was incapable. His Nascent Divinity had already become withered, just like his soul.

During that short moment, he experienced indescribable pain. His teeth fell out, and soon he didn't even have the energy to scream.... Eventually,

he was nothing more than a pool of yellowish liquid.

He had been withered to death!

After he died, the gray curse power up in the sky flew back to Meng Hao's palm. It transformed once again into the 'withering' character. However, the magical symbol was not as resplendent as before. It was now dimmer by half.

Half of the curse power remained after killing the red-robed boy. From this, the terrifying power of the curse could be seen.

By this point, the battlefield was utterly silent. Even the battle between Patriarch Song and the other peak Dao Seeking experts had stopped, and they were looking on, dumbfounded.

After a brief moment of silence, the Northern Reaches cultivators burst out into an uproar.

"The Patriarch of the Coffin Altar Sect... just died?"

"The Patriarch of the Coffin Altar Sect was at the peak of Dao Seeking! He... he just perished!!"

At the same time, the Southern Domain cultivators were enlivened, and seemed to have been rejuvenated, resuming their furious attacks with increased strength!

Once again, the fighting broke out down below. As for the Northern Reaches' peak Dao Seeking experts, they were inwardly shaken. This was the first time since the invasion had begun that a peak Dao Seeking cultivator had died.

The old man in the animal-hide clothing had eyes shot with blood. The red-robed boy had been one of his closest friends. With an enraged roar, he shot toward Meng Hao.

Off to the side were the two old men who looked completely identical except for their contrasting black and white robes. They joined the old man in charging Meng Hao.

The second true self's eyes glittered as he moved to intercept them.

Booms rang out as he began a tremendous fight with the black and white twins.

The old man in the animal hide clothing was going berserk. He spit blood out of his mouth and performed a double-handed incantation, causing all of his skin to suddenly change color. It rapidly became blue, and his speed increased dramatically. He skirted the second true self to head directly toward Meng Hao, toward whom he extended a powerful punch.

“DIE!!”

Meng Hao was quite close. His face was pale, and blood was oozing out of his mouth. This was the first time he had used only his own power, and not that of his second true self, to attack and kill a peak Dao Seeking cultivator.

As the man in the animal hide clothing closed in, Meng Hao extended his right hand down toward the ground. Immediately a huge vortex appeared within the Northern Reaches army.

The vortex was no longer golden, but black. It looked like a huge mouth, ready to consume everything. Immediately, miserable screams could be heard from the Northern Reaches cultivators caught inside. They rapidly withered, and their cultivation bases flowed out through their mouths and noses. Even their souls were shaken, and appeared to be on the verge of being sucked out.

RUUMMBLLE!!

Shockingly, seven such vortexes appeared all over the battlefield!

Seven huge vortexes enveloped nearly thirty thousand Northern Reaches cultivators, extracting power from their blood and flesh, which shot up toward Meng Hao and fused into his body.

It was the same with their cultivation base power!

Meng Hao closed his eyes, and when he did, his cultivation base shot up. Suddenly, he transformed into what looked like a shooting star that sped directly toward the attacking old man.

As he flew through the air, his eyes snapped open. The black mist face above him suddenly formed into the shocking shape of an enormous palm that slammed into the old man.

A shocking boom filled the air!

The old man tumbled backward in shock, blood spurting out of his mouth. At the same time, the miserable screams continued to echo out from down below. Quite a few within the vortexes had already withered and died.

Meng Hao shot backward, biting the tip of his tongue and spitting some blood out. As soon as the blood emerged, it expanded, transforming into a lake of blood!

That blood contained, not just the power of Meng Hao's qi and blood, but the power of the qi and blood of the thirty thousand cultivators stuck in the vortexes. All that power transformed into a lake that rumbled toward the old man in animal hide clothing.

The old man's face fell. He pulled his hand back, and it increased in size and sprouted spikes of bone. Then he punched out, and a shocking boom rattled out. The lake of blood collapsed into pieces.

In that moment, the black mist which surrounded Meng Hao once again shot forward in attack. In a short period of time, constant booms rang out as hundreds of exchanges occurred between Meng Hao and the old man.

The black mist surrounding Meng Hao continued to increase. The qi, blood, and cultivation base power from the cultivators down below was like a huge river pouring into his body, giving him shocking battle prowess.

"Dammit! BREAK!" roared the old man. He was leery of Meng Hao's 'withering' character magical symbol. However, he never imagined that Meng Hao, without even using the magical symbol, would be so difficult to deal with. Finally, he slapped his chest and began to burn life force as he made a double handed attack.

Two fists punched out, shattering the air, causing the sky to dim. Meng

Hao's eyes shone with a cold light. He said nothing, nor did he evade. Instead, he shot forward, relying on his cultivation base, his fleshly body, the Ninth Mountain, everything. It was an explosive attack that contained his mad, Devilish will, combined with the qi, blood and cultivation bases absorbed by the vortexes, all merged into one palm strike.

Another direct showdown!

"Still not dead?!?!" thought the old man, even as he retreated, coughing up blood.

Meng Hao was also sent tumbling back, and his body exploded. However, the Eternal stratum kicked in. Unfortunately, only a sliver of Eternal power remained in him. It had been severely drained during his battle with the curse power. Currently, there wasn't enough power left to completely heal him.

Seeing this caused killing intent to glitter in the old man's eyes.

"DIE!" he cried, extending his hands out in front of him, not in fists, but stretched out like claws. As he leaped out, the air distorted around him, and shockingly, he transformed into an enormous bird-like creature!

It looked like a roc, with a beak that emitted a cold glow and talons that could rend Heaven and Earth. He shot toward Meng Hao with such incredible speed that he was nothing more than a streak flashing through the air.

A fiendish wind buffeted Meng Hao's face as he lifted his right hand up to reveal the Lightning Cauldron.

The cauldron began to flicker, and Meng Hao looked down at a Northern Reaches Nascent Soul cultivator down below. Suddenly, Meng Hao vanished. The savage Nascent Soul cultivator then appeared in the spot Meng Hao had just occupied, and Meng Hao was now where he had been down below.

Form Displacement Transposition!

The Nascent Soul cultivator saw bright colors flash across his eyes, and

then suddenly, he was up in midair. He couldn't help but be shocked. Moments ago, he had been preparing to plunge his hand through the chest of a Southern Domain cultivator. Now, he was floating up in the air.

Suddenly, an intense sense of deadly crises surged through him as he saw a vicious roc flying toward him at indescribable speed. It was impossible for him to dodge, and even his nascent soul was scared so witless that it seemed as if it would crumble to pieces.

Boom!

The roc smashed into him, sending blood spattering out in all directions. A roar of rage filled the sky as the roc turned blurry and the old man reappeared. He glared down at the ground, his eyes flaring with killing intent.

"Meng Hao!" he raged. Once again, he transformed into a roc that shot toward the ground amidst a gale force wind.

Down below, Meng Hao stood in the midst of a huge force of shocked Northern Reaches cultivators, among whom he had seemed to just randomly appear. Before any of them could react, he gestured down toward the ground.

Blood Demon Grand Magic!

Rumble!

An enormous vortex appeared, with Meng Hao in the center. It instantly enveloped several thousand people. As for the Southern Domain cultivators it caught up, they felt a gentle force pick them up and eject them from the vortex.

Meng Hao remained within the vortex, his white hair swirling around. Once again he gestured downward, and his eyes were filled with calm coldness.

"Qi and Blood."

Rumbling could be heard as the Northern Reaches cultivators within the vortex began to shriek miserably, and visibly wither at a rapid rate,

regardless of the level of their cultivation bases.

Huge quantities of qi and blood power poured into Meng Hao. His body grew stronger, and his internal injuries were healed significantly because of the borrowed power.

“Spirit Meridians!” he said.

Rumble!

More miserable shrieks could be heard from the thousands stuck in the vortex. They were little more than skin and bones now that their qi and blood had been removed. The only thing they had left, their cultivation bases, transformed into white smoke that began to ooze out of their eyes, nose, mouth and ears. Their eyes bulged and their faces began to grow blank. They were completely paralyzed, and the only thing they were capable of doing was trembling and screaming.

Their cultivation bases flew out to be absorbed by Meng Hao, causing his own cultivation base to rise. His wounds were also healed even further.

By this time, the old man in the shape of a roc was now bearing down on him, roaring with killing intent.

“Soul!” said Meng Hao, yelling out the final word.

He WOULD break through to the fifth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!

Once he did, he would be able to control something that even his second true self couldn't control, something special that had been created for him by Patriarch Blood Demon... a false Immortal puppet!!

Chapter 776: Fifth Level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!

The 'soul' character had been uttered!

At that moment, the Northern Reaches cultivators stuck in the vortex around Meng Hao let out the last miserable shrieks that they would ever utter. Their bodies were withered dry, their cultivation bases vanished. Now, they felt an intense pain enveloping them like floodwaters.

Everything went black in their eyes, and the world disappeared. Their lives... were no more!

Numerous wailing, struggling souls emerged from their eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Each and every cultivator's back was arched, their face sunken, and their eyes gray. Their mouths were stuck open stiffly.

Their souls emerged and then fused into the vortex, becoming a cyclone of souls. Anyone who could see the spectacle was flabbergasted.

"Demonic magic! That's Demonic magic!!"

"Such a sinister divine ability has got to be Demon magic!!"

The Northern Reaches cultivators in the area were trembling, and their hearts were filled with terror. Horrified, they watched as the souls spun into a cyclone, and Meng Hao gestured toward the ground, then looked up. His white hair floated around him, and his eyes glowed with a cold ruthlessness.

His face was also as pale as death, making his overall appearance like that of a Devilish god. The souls of the slain around him looked like slaves that were incapable of escaping him.

Up in the sky, the old man who was in roc form gasped, completely shaken by what he was seeing. However, killing intent flickered in his eyes, and ferociousness burned in his heart. He continued to dive directly toward Meng Hao.

"Your occult trickery won't work on me! DIE!!"

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and as the old man bore down on him, he suddenly blasted up from the ground. The cyclone of countless struggling souls surrounded him, looking almost like a river as he sped to meet the roc.

A boom echoed out and even as strong and stalwart as he was, the old man couldn't stop the blood from oozing out of the corners of his mouth. He could no longer maintain the form of a roc, and reverted to his human form as he tumbled backward.

Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth, and the ground beneath him cracked and split, radiating in all directions.

The struggling souls exploded, transforming into motes of soul light that then sped toward Meng Hao and fused into his body. Meng Hao could sense that he had reached... the threshold of the Blood Demon Grand Magic's fifth level.

"I need even more souls!" he thought, his eyes flickering. Not waiting for the old man to charge him again, he produced the Lightning Cauldron. There was a flicker, and he switched places with another Northern Reaches cultivator.

He appeared once again in the middle of the Northern Reaches' army, whereupon he immediately gestured toward the ground. A vortex appeared as the Blood Demon Grand Magic once again surged into motion.

It almost seemed as if, to Meng Hao, the Northern Reaches cultivators were merely food. They were essential to his ability to combat a peak Dao Seeking expert. As he absorbed them, miserable screams filled the air. Qi, blood, and cultivation bases were sucked away, used by Meng Hao to strengthen his fleshly body to the point where it burst from the mid Dao Seeking stage into late Dao Seeking.

As for his cultivation base, it now exceeded Spirit Severing and had temporarily entered into Dao Seeking! Natural law swirled around him, making Meng Hao... even more valiant!

The Blood Demon Grand Magic was most suited to fighting against

multiple opponents!

The more enemies there were, the more invincible one could become!

Up in midair, the old man in animal hide clothing roared. His body flashed as he transformed, not into a roc, but into a gigantic black python. He opened his vicious mouth and struck toward Meng Hao as if to swallow him up.

Meng Hao waited in the vortex as the python closed in. Thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators could be heard screaming as their bodies withered, their cultivation bases faded, and they neared death.

Suddenly, Meng Hao said 'soul,' and a rumbling could be heard as the thousands of cultivators exploded, and their souls flew out.

Then Meng Hao vanished. Even as the python was about to reach him, he was off in the distance, where another Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex sprang up.

The old man was completely infuriated, and yet there was nothing he could do to stop Meng Hao and the Lightning Cauldron. The agile teleportation-like ability made it incredibly difficult to pin Meng Hao down, and left him shocked in his heart.

"Dammit! Meng Hao, I dare you to fight me one on one!"

Killing intent flickered in the old man's eyes. This time, he didn't pursue Meng Hao, but instead flew toward the Southern Domain's army of cultivators.

"If you won't come out and fight, then I'll just start killing some Southern Domain cultivators!"

Meng Hao stopped in place, then waved his right hand. The Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared, and the Lightning Cauldron flickered. This time, he changed positions with the old man.

After the exchange took place, the old man... was shocked to find himself directly in the middle of one of Meng Hao's vortexes.

Meng Hao hovered in midair, looking coldly at the old man.

“Wanna fight?” he said. “Let’s fight, then!” He stretched his arms out to either side, and the multiple vortexes he had created moments ago echoed with the shocked screams of Northern Reaches cultivators. Qi and blood flowed toward him, causing Meng Hao’s body to once again reach the peak of Dao Seeking.

Rumbling filled the air as the old man’s body began to wither. However, he was able to struggle his way out, whereupon he aimed a punch at Meng Hao.

“DIE!”

Meng Hao clenched his fists and shot forward to meet him. The two of them flashed back and forth over a hundred times, causing booms to rattle everything in the area. Finally, the old man’s eyes flashed with a bright light. Suddenly, two golden birds flew out from within his pupils, emitting shrill cries as they shot toward Meng Hao.

At the same time, the old man began to spin rapidly like a top. He lifted his right leg high into the air and then slammed it down toward Meng Hao’s head. If the kick connected, Meng Hao would obviously suffer a serious injury.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered coldly as he said. “Spirit Meridians!”

Immediately, more miserable shrieks could be heard coming from the Northern Reaches cultivators stuck in the vortexes down below. Their cultivation bases were sucked away through their noses and mouths to shoot directly toward Meng Hao. Cultivation bases swirled around Meng Hao in the form of a tempest, bolstering his own cultivation base until it was as strong as the peak of Dao Seeking.

He quickly performed an incantation gesture and pointed towards the sky.

“Ninth Mountain! CRUSH!”

Rumbling filled the air as the majestic Ninth Mountain appeared up above. It was huge, almost like a real mountain, and the natural law that swirled around it stirred the sky and caused the land to shake. Massive

pressure crushed down on the old man.

The old man lifted his head up and roared. His body expanded rapidly as he turned into a mountain-like giant. He immediately raised both hands into the air and grabbed onto the Ninth Mountain.

A boom could be heard as the Ninth Mountain slammed into him. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and cracking sounds could be heard as he managed to resist it.

“Soul!” said Meng Hao, his eyes radiating coldness. As the Northern Reaches cultivators in the vortexes toppled over dead, struggling souls flew toward Meng Hao from from their eyes, ears, noses and mouths.

The vast quantities of souls that were merging into Meng Hao’s body caused a rumbling sound to fill his head. All of a sudden... he reached the fifth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!!

In that moment, Meng Hao’s cultivation base did not change. However, his battle prowess instantly grew several times over!

His hair whipped about, and he looked every bit like a Devilish divinity. His eyes shone like suns, and the entire battlefield down below was obscured by the shadow of the black mist that surged around him. It was as if he was blotting out the entire Heavens.

He took a deep breath and then advanced forward.

The old man let out an enraged roar as he shoved upward with his arms. Apparently, he was causing some form of natural law to spring into motion. Now, cracking sounds could be heard coming from the Ninth Mountain, and then it shattered into countless pieces.

“Little bastard!” said the old man, blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth. Collapsing the Ninth Mountain had taken quite a bit of effort on his part. Now, his body flickered as he transformed into a white tiger, which roared and pounced toward Meng Hao.

This time, Meng Hao didn’t evade. The two cultivators met in midair; booms echoed out as they fought back and forth.

“Qi and Blood!” said Meng Hao coolly. This time, a tiny vortex appeared in the palm of his hand. When he landed a blow on the front leg of the old man’s tiger form, the entire leg instantly turned into skin and bones!

The sudden, shocking turn of events caused the old man’s face to fall. He gasped, a tremor ran through his white tiger form, and he retreated at top speed.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with killing intent. How could he possibly allow the old man to flee as simply as that? His body flashed through the air, and he appeared right next to the old man. The vortex in the palm of his right hand shot toward the old man’s back.

“SCREW OFF!!” roared the old man. Immediately, his cultivation base surged with an explosion of qi that shot outward. Meng Hao gave a cold snort and continued on with his palm strike.

“Spirit Meridians!”

A boom could be heard as he absorbed, not qi and blood, but cultivation base. As the terrifying cultivation base explosion emanating from the old man reached Meng Hao, Meng Hao simply touched it with his hand, and it appeared to collapse. Boundless cultivation base power immediately began to fuse into Meng Hao’s palm.

The old man’s scalp went numb. He could never have imagined that Meng Hao’s magical technique could be so shocking. In two short moments of contact, he had lost ten percent of his cultivation base as well as his qi and blood. It was nothing short of terrifying to the man, and he immediately fell back in retreat.

Meng Hao pursued without any hesitation. They fought back and forth, and the old man let out continuous roars. He didn’t dare to get too close but could only flee at top speed under an unending bombardment from Meng Hao. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and he fell back.

Meng Hao’s face was cold, and his killing intent raged.

Onlookers could hardly believe what they were seeing. The old man in animal hide clothing was incapable of fighting back against Meng Hao,

and was being beaten to the point that he was forced to retreat.

“Save me!!” he cried, his mind trembling. His body was quickly becoming nothing more than skin and bones, and he had lost forty percent of the power of his cultivation base. He knew that he was in a moment of grave crisis.

The Northern Reaches cultivators were astonished, and the other five Northern Reaches peak Dao Seeking experts up above were shaken. Moments ago, when Meng Hao had slain the red-robed boy, they were shocked. However, in their minds, Meng Hao had simply used some sort of trickery to win. But seeing what he was doing now left them thoroughly rattled.

Just when they were about to make a move to help the old man, the ‘withering’ character flickered into being next to Meng Hao. Gray light radiated out, and all of the peak Dao Seeking experts halted in place.

They didn’t dare to get close to him!

That was exactly why Meng Hao hadn’t used the ‘withering’ character again. The magical symbol’s greatest use to him right now... was as a threat against any outside interference!

Chapter 777: Dawn Immortal, Do You Dare To Fight Me?!

Meng Hao was a shooting star that closed in on the old man in animal hide clothing. He pointed out his index finger, and the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex appeared, causing the old man to freeze in place, trembling.

In that moment, Meng Hao's thrust his right hand violently at the old man's chest and stabbed into the flesh.

"Qi and Blood, Spirit Meridians!"

Boom!

The old man howled miserably as he fell back. His body withered up, and his cultivation base flowed out from him. He quickly bit the tip of his tongue and spat out some blood. The blood expanded in midair, shockingly transforming into a huge blood-colored cauldron which slammed towards Meng Hao in an attempt to shake him off.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, then clenched his hand into a fist and punched. He landed a blow onto the cauldron that was backed by his qi and blood, the energy of tens of thousands of cultivators, and even the power of the old man himself. A huge boom echoed out over the battlefield.

The cauldron immediately shattered into pieces. As Meng Hao's fist passed through the remnants, it transformed into a palm, and then a claw which latched onto the old man's face.

Rumbling filled the air as qi, blood and spirit meridians were rapidly sucked out of the old man's body. The old man screamed in pain and shoved his hands out toward Meng Hao. In response, Meng Hao vanished, then reappeared behind the man. He slapped his hand down onto the man's back.

"Save me!!" cried the old man. The sense of deadly crisis he felt caused his mind to reel.

“No one can save you now,” responded Meng Hao, his voice icy cold.

However, it was at this moment that a leaf suddenly appeared. Not just one leaf, but many, emanating scintillating glows as they descended from above.

An aura also appeared that Meng Hao was very familiar with!

The voice of a woman then echoed out coldly across the battlefield.

“What if I save him?”

Leaves fluttered down over the lands of the Southern Domain.

The innumerable leaves began to spin, then rapidly formed together into the shape of a woman. She wore a colorful gown, and exuded a palpable, exotic allure that would attract anyone who looked at her.

However, this was no girl. It was a woman.

It was... the mother of the Resurrection Lily. The Dawn Immortal!

She stretched out her right hand and pointed toward Meng Hao.

Numerous branches suddenly appeared around him. They expanded rapidly and then grew together, transforming into a cage that threatened to completely seal Meng Hao up.

“You showed up at the battle of the Blood Demon Sect, and now you show up again here! Screw off!” Killing intent flashed in Meng Hao’s eyes as his cultivation base exploded with power. It transformed into a cyclone that thrashed about in all directions, smashing a hole in the cage of branches. Meng Hao instantly shot out from within, and immediately headed in the old man’s direction.

The Dawn Immortal laughed coldly and waved her right hand. Shockingly, a seven-colored leaf appeared, which shone with prismatic light as it sped toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s mind trembled, and yet he didn’t slow down in his pursuit of the weakened old man. He caught up in a short moment, and then reached out his hand to push down onto the top of the old man’s head.

“Soul!” he said calmly.

The old man immediately let out a shriek of pain. His body trembled, his mouth opened wide, and his eyes bulged. His soul... began to seep out through his nose and mouth in many delicate strands that were quickly absorbed by Meng Hao.

“Looking to die?!” said the Dawn Immortal, her eyes flickering with killing intent. The seven-colored leaf picked up speed as it closed in on Meng Hao. In the blink of an eye, it was about to hit him.

Meng Hao took the old man and violently tossed him forward to slam into the leaf. A boom echoed out, and the old man’s body exploded. He was dead in body and spirit.

As for Meng Hao, he retreated immediately, his face somewhat pale. Having absorbed the old man’s complete cultivation base, as well as all of his qi and blood, plus his soul, he was now filled with indescribable energy. Resisting the leaf attack caused him to retreat, but did not injure him!

Now that the leaf was heading toward him for a second attack, his eyes flashed with killing intent. The Lightning Cauldron appeared, and a flash of electricity could be seen. In that moment, he switched places with one of the peak Dao Seeking experts who was fighting Pill Demon and the others, the old woman!

In response to the Form Displacement Transposition, the old woman’s face fell. The seven-colored leaf ground to a halt, then changed directions and shot after Meng Hao. By this point, Meng Hao was next to Patriarch Song, with whom he joined forces to launch an attack against the white-robed hopping vampire that was a Northern Reaches peak Dao seeking expert.

A boom could be heard, and the white-robed old man coughed up a mouthful of blood. Even as he fell back, the seven-colored leaf neared.

The flash of electricity surrounded Meng Hao, and he then appeared in the middle of the Northern Reaches army down below. Blood Demon Grand Magic vortexes instantly appeared, enveloping thousands. Qi,

blood, spirit meridians, and souls were all absorbed, and miserable screams rang out. Then Meng Hao vanished again.

Meng Hao had long since completely mastered the use of the Lightning Cauldron!

The peak Dao Seeking experts in midair were shocked.

“Dammit!”

“What kind of magical item is that Lightning Cauldron!? This Meng Hao is too hard to pin down!”

Meng Hao’s actions in the battle were strange and mysterious. He attacked with ruthless viciousness that left them thoroughly shaken. By now, Meng Hao was an archenemy in their minds!

He was such a threat that they knew he needed to be eliminated immediately!!

“I’ll deal with him,” said the Dawn Immortal coolly. Her eyes flashed with seven-colored light that bathed the entire area, apparently in an attempt to seal it.

“That toy of yours is quite mysterious,” she said a moment later. “I can’t completely seal it, but what I can do is slow down the transpositioning speed. Go ahead and try it out now.” Then, she began to advance on Meng Hao.

As she neared, an intense pressure weighed down on everything. Furthermore, a vicious, seven-colored Resurrection Lily appeared behind her!

The flower swayed back and forth, obviously immaculately beautiful, and yet at the same time, boundlessly evil.

Meng Hao’s expression was calm, and did not reveal the slightest shift in emotions. He put away the Lightning Cauldron and then pulled out... a blood-colored puppet the size of a hand.

The puppet flew out from Meng Hao’s hand and then began to grow. By the time it was thirty meters tall, it exploded with a shocking aura. Wild

colors flashed through the sky, and the clouds churned. This was the aura of an Immortal!

Not a true Immortal aura, but that of a false Immortal.

Either way... it was still Immortal!

The Dawn Immortal's face flickered for the first time, and the handful of peak Dao Seeking Experts from the Northern Reaches were all shocked.

This puppet was the trump card of the combined forces of the Solitary Sword Sect, Golden Frost Sect, Black Sieve Sect and Li Clan when they besieged the Blood Demon Sect. Were it not for the appearance of Patriarch Blood Demon back then, it would have clinched the victory.

Instead, Patriarch Blood Demon slaughtered the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch, then made some alterations to the puppet so that only Meng Hao could use it. That was his reward for reaching the fifth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!

Meng Hao's body flickered as he merged into the thirty-meter-tall blood-colored puppet. Moments ago, its eyes had been dark, but now they radiated a grim light, just like Meng Hao's eyes.

As Meng Hao took control of the puppet, it suddenly stood up. A shocking false Immortal aura exploded outwards across the battlefield, turning into a shock wave that swept out, forcing the Northern Reaches cultivators to fall back amid shocked gasps.

As for the Southern Domain cultivators, their spirits were lifting, and they began to shout out Meng Hao's name.

Sound waves rippled across the land, causing everything to shake!

"Dawn Immortal, do you dare to fight me!?" Meng Hao flew up into the air and then pointed toward the Dawn Immortal. A sound like thunder could be heard, and an intense pressure rumbled out. The earth cracked and the air shattered. In the blink of an eye, a black wind rose up to sweep across the land.

The Dawn Immortal did not speak, but her eyes glittered with a

mysterious light. She stretched her beautiful hand out and pointed. The apparition of the Resurrection Lily behind her passed through her body and flew into the air, its tentacles writhing in a bizarre and awe-inspiring fashion as it charged toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao snorted coldly. Due to his control of the puppet, he felt as if he was completely connected to Heaven and Earth. He waved his hand, and dark clouds appeared in the sky. Lightning descended like rain, transforming into a lake of lightning that enveloped the Resurrection Lily.

“Nothing but a false Immortal,” said the Dawn Immortal coolly, shaking her head. “If you use it, you’ll sow Karma with the Ji Clan.” Suddenly she vanished, and when she reappeared, she was directly in front of Meng Hao. She lifted her hand up, then dropped it.

Seven-colored light radiated brightly, transforming into a seven-colored sun that exploded into Meng Hao.

A huge boom shook everything. Even the peak Dao Seeking experts were flung aside. The old woman among their number was just about to retreat, when shockingly, Sun Tao of the Violet Fate Sect transformed into a powerful beam of light that completely inundated her.

She let out a miserable scream that echoed out in all directions.

“My body has already returned to the dust, and I can’t hold out any longer,” echoed the voice of Sun Tao from within the light. “Before I leave... I’ll take this woman with me. Fellow Daoists... I sincerely hope that you achieve complete victory!

“Master, I can’t be your apprentice alchemist any longer, nor will I be able to see you achieve true Immortal Ascension....”

A huge boom could be heard as the light exploded. The screams of the old woman from the Northern Reaches were suddenly cut off. Brilliant light covered everything, even Meng Hao and the Dawn Immortal.

Meng Hao felt stabs of pain in his heart. When the light faded away, Sun Tao was gone, as was the old woman.

Pill Demon trembled, and tears streamed down his face. He lifted his

head up and began to laugh sadly. Suddenly, innumerable magical symbols began to appear on his body. One by one, they started shattering into pieces. In the blink of an eye, more than half of them were gone.

At the same time, his cultivation base shot up. He was no longer in the mid Dao Seeking stage. He broke completely through to the late Dao Seeking stage and then broke through again into peak Dao Seeking!

The destruction of the magical symbols was not something he could consciously do. Rather, it was provoked by the intense feelings that surged through him.

Now that Pill Demon was in the peak Dao Seeking stage, an unfamiliar aura appeared on his body. Furthermore, his appearance had changed. Now... he looked exactly like the statue of Reverend Violet East from back in the Violet Fate Sect!

Chapter 778: Decisive Battle with the Dawn Immortal!

“Reverend Violet East....” Having seen everything that had happened, Patriarch Song’s expression was a complex one.

“A powerful expert from 10,000 years ago,” he murmured. “At one time... you were the number one Chosen in the entire Southern Domain. Reverend Violet East. You founded the Violet Fate Sect, and were its first generation Patriarch!

“You were at the peak of Dao Seeking 10,000 years ago, but weren’t willing to become a false Immortal. You vowed to tread the path of true Immortal Ascension. Before transcending the tribulation, however, you realized that you were on the incorrect path. You personally concocted a medicinal pill that contained a strand of your own soul. That pill became your vessel, with which you reestablished your cultivation!

“Now in our time you have once again reached the peak of Dao Seeking as Pill Demon. When all of the magical symbols are destroyed, the true Immortal Tribulation that you have been suppressing... will finally be unleashed!

“Unfortunately, throughout the years, far too many people have died during true Immortal Tribulation. Few have ever succeeded. Pill Demon... can you succeed?” Patriarch Song sighed.

Pill Demon didn’t reply. Violet qi swirled around him as he advanced forward. His aura was completely different than it had been before. Shockingly, he was now powerful enough to single-handedly fight two of the most powerful Northern Reaches peak Dao Seeking experts, and apparently, even suppress them.

Booms echoed out as Pill Demon’s intense power caused everyone to be filled with shock. Even the mother of the Resurrection Lily, the Dawn Immortal, looked over and raised an eyebrow.

Patriarch Song shook his head and sighed, then once again began to

fight the other peak Dao Seeking experts, along with Meng Hao's second true self and the severely-wounded Patriarch Golden Frost.

Down on the ground, the Northern Reaches cultivators were shocked to the core to have seen such a succession of defeats just now. After adding in the losses that had occurred earlier, the tide of battle between the Northern Reaches and the Southern Domain had completely reversed. The Southern Domain cultivators' eyes were red as they closed ranks and then screamed through the air in attack, more than 100,000 strong.

Blood flowed in rivers, and the sky darkened. The sounds of slaughter immediately caused everything to shake.

Up above, Meng Hao and the Dawn Immortal were fighting fiercely. The forces unleashed by their attacks seemed capable of collapsing the sky and the land. The Dawn Immortal's cultivation base was mysterious and enigmatic. Although this was nothing more than a clone, it was still incredibly powerful. In the short time she had been battling Meng Hao, they had exchanged more than a thousand moves. Massive rumbling caused many of the nearby mountains crumble. Now, only Mount Blood Demon stood strong and tall.

However, Patriarch Blood Demon remained inside, his eyes closed in deep sleep. His body seemed to lack even the slightest scrap of life force. Despite the violent trembling in the world around him, he did not awaken.

The ground cracked, and rifts appeared in the sky. Meng Hao and the Dawn Immortal's combat was like the collision of two storm fronts. The Ninth Mountain appeared, then shattered. The Black White Pearls appeared, then were suppressed. The Resurrection Lily writhed, transforming into a whip which the Dawn Immortal used to slash holes into the air itself.

The difficulty of this battle far exceeded what the Northern Reaches cultivators could ever have imagined or predicted. Meng Hao's appearance on the battlefield had completely turned the battle around.

First was the death of the red-robed boy, and then the old man in animal hide clothing perished. The pinnacle of the Northern Reaches' fighting

forces had been reduced by thirty percent. That... was something that could determine victory or defeat in a battle!

Then the Dawn Immortal appeared, and she seemed to be capable of getting control of the situation. But, contrary to what everyone would have expected, Meng Hao... pulled out a false Immortal puppet.

With the body of a false Immortal puppet, he was now engaged in a duel with the Dawn Immortal that cast the sky and land into complete shadow.

In addition, Pill Demon awakened, unleashing peak Dao Seeking power. Now, the Northern Reaches cultivators were getting quite anxious. At the moment, it seemed that securing victory... was no easy task!

Rumbling echoed out and Meng Hao spit up blood. Popping sounds could be heard as cracks spread out through his puppet body. Up ahead, the Dawn Immortal was frowning. The false Immortal puppet was forcing her to use all the power she could muster.

Even more shocking was Meng Hao's Blood Demon Grand Magic, which continuously popped up around the Dawn Immortal. The more he used it in battle, the stronger he got. It was extremely difficult to deal with.

The Dawn Immortal's true self was in the Milky Way Sea and could not leave, which meant that the battle was now in a deadlock!

Of course, the fact that there was a deadlock was a good thing for the Northern Reaches cultivators!

This group here was the main force of the second wave of invaders. Currently, there were four other armies in other parts of the Southern Domain, stabbing toward the Blood Demon Sect like sharp arrows. It would only be a matter of time before they arrived.

Although those armies did not contain any peak Dao Seeking experts, only Spirit Severing leaders, their combined forces numbered over 100,000. Once they arrived, they would be a critical factor in ending the deadlock.

Most important of all... the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators were only the second wave of the Northern Reaches'

expeditionary army. Currently, the third wave of 1,000,000 cultivators was making its way across the Resurrection Lily bridge.

The third wave was en route, in battle formation, and once they arrived in the Southern Domain, they would add four peak Dao Seeking experts to the battle!

Furthermore, they were not just any peak Dao Seeking experts, they were the four most powerful Patriarchs in the entire Northern Reaches!

Among their number was the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, whose cultivation base was monstrous; he was capable of battling false Immortals!

Once they reached the Southern Domain, victory would be assured!

This was something all the Northern Reaches cultivators were aware of, and the Southern Domain cultivators could conclude via speculation. All of the peak Dao Seeking cultivators in midair were also aware of these facts.

There was nothing the Southern Domain could do about it. If things went on too much longer, great tribulation would fall upon the Southern Domain!

Unless... they could quickly overcome this second wave of Northern Reaches cultivators before the third wave arrived. Perhaps that would buy them enough time to set up some spell formations, as well as get some much-needed rest.

If that didn't happen, and the ferocity they had experienced so far continued with wave after wave of opponents, then the Southern Domain forces would continue to sink further into exhaustion, and would have no time for vital preparations.

Meng Hao's eyes shone with a cold light as he fought back and forth with the Dawn Immortal. He, too, was aware of the overall situation, and it caused his eyes to flicker with killing intent. He took a deep breath, and even as he moved in for another attack, an expression of determination filled his face.

Without the slightest hesitation, he performed an incantation, causing a divine ability to appear. Using all the power of the false Immortal puppet that he could muster, he suddenly caused a blinding light to shine out.

Beams of light appeared, making Meng Hao's puppet look like a sun above the battlefield, casting bright light in all directions.

A powerful destructive force then began to surge out from the puppet.

This was a sign of self-detonation, which would unleash an unthinkable destructive force. After all... this was a false Immortal puppet. The power released by its self-detonation would turn into a petrifyingly powerful attack.

The terrifying aura that appeared immediately caused the minds of everyone on the battlefield to spin. As for the peak Dao Seeking experts of the Northern Reaches, their faces fell.

"He's going to self-detonate!!"

"The self detonation of that puppet will unleash an incredible shockwave that would cause even a false Immortal to perish!!"

"Meng Hao...."

The Dawn Immortal's pupils constricted, and her heart filled with a sense of grave crisis. As she prepared to retreat, she twirled the Resurrection Lily whip into circles, creating a defensive shield.

Meng Hao's determination left her completely shocked. She knew that this was a false Immortal puppet, something that would put Meng Hao in a superior position virtually anywhere he went in the lands of South Heaven.

Any powerful group would attach incredible value to a false Immortal puppet. It was a precious treasure that could certainly lead to violent conflicts.

And yet, Meng Hao was now going to blow the thing up!!

The shocked Dawn Immortal had just finished forming her shield when Meng Hao, utilizing the intense surge of power that came just before the

detonation, increased his speed and suddenly appeared directly in front of her. He did nothing to prevent her from unleashing various divine abilities; instead, he stretched out his hands, coughed up blood... and then wrapped his arms around her.

He held tight to the Dawn Immortal, after which the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex suddenly caused her body to momentarily lurch, frozen in place. Under Meng Hao's control, the puppet shot high up into the sky.

"You're looking to die!" she said coldly, her face flickering. For the first time, she appeared to be truly angry. The illusory Resurrection Lily whipped about, unleashing wild attacks.

Instantly, more cracks spread out across the puppet. Inside, Meng Hao coughed up blood and trembled. Each of the attacks being slammed against him could have injured someone at the peak of Dao Seeking.

As the puppet continued to disintegrate, innumerable beams of light shot out, and the ground quaked. All of the cultivators looked up in astonishment.

What they saw looked exactly like a sun!

Pill Demon's heart was racing; he knew of Meng Hao's Eternal recovery abilities, as well as the Blood Demon Grand Magic. However, this was the self-detonation of an Immortal's soul. Pill Demon had no idea whether Meng Hao could survive such a blast.

Patriarch Song was also incredibly nervous.

Most nervous of all were the four remaining peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches.

Their hearts were pounding as they realized that... if the Dawn Immortal was destroyed in the detonation, and Meng Hao survived... then there would be no way for them to continue fighting this battle. Unless the third wave of the army showed up, they would be forced to either flee or be killed.

Up in the air, the Dawn Immortal was struggling wildly. Meng Hao's face was twisted ferociously, and a vicious air surrounded him. He had

been pestered for years because of the Dawn Immortal, and was completely fed up with her.

“The one that’s going to die... is you!” he said through clenched teeth, shooting higher up into the sky.

Self-detonating down below wasn’t an option; too many people would be killed, both friend and foe alike. His only option was to self detonate high up in the air, and focus all the power on destroying the Dawn Immortal.

When he reached the apex of his flight, fear appeared on the face of the Dawn Immortal for the first time. By now, she realized that no matter what she did, she could not free herself. A strange light began to gleam in her eyes, and suddenly, countless leaves began to sprout out from her skin. The enormous whip transformed into an huge Resurrection Lily that began to wrap around her.

At this very moment, the light emanating from Meng Hao’s puppet had reached its brightest point. The air was shattered and the sky flashed with colors. An explosive boom and an indescribably powerful destructive force exploded out, sweeping across the entirety of the Southern Domain.

Everything was shaken violently!

The gigantic flower which surrounded the Dawn Immortal was ripped into pieces, destroyed like a dried weed, exposing from within a face filled with complete terror!

In the next instant, the Dawn Immortal’s figure was been enveloped by the wave of destructive power.

Inside the puppet, Meng Hao’s flesh was slashed into pieces, and he began to burn. Some of his skin even began to melt. At that moment, when he was just about to be enveloped... the Lightning Cauldron appeared in his hand. Coldness gleamed in his eyes. He might be in a deadly and critical situation, wracked with intense pain, but he was not flustered in the slightest.

His eyes shifted... to look down toward the battlefield... at one of the peak Dao Seeking experts of the Northern Domain. It was a middle-aged

Patriarch with a long violet robe, surrounding by a swirling, illusory flood dragon.

Chapter 779: The Northern Reaches Routed!

Heaven and Earth trembled, and the thunder-like, rumbling sound of the explosion echoed out through the entire Southern Domain. The self-detonation of the false Immortal puppet didn't just shake the Southern Domain. Ripples of air turbulence spread throughout the Northern Desert, and the clouds above the Eastern Lands churned.

Simultaneously, as the destructive power washed over Meng Hao, his body flashed with lightning.

Form Displacement Transposition!

His body vanished, and when he reappeared, he was in the spot just occupied by the middle-aged man with the violet robe and flood dragons. The peak Dao Seeking expert from the Northern Reaches reappeared where Meng Hao had been. He did not even have enough time to let out a miserable shriek before the power of destruction overwhelmed him.

Massive rumbling sounds filled everyone's ears; it almost seemed as if the sky would collapse and fall.

The peak Dao Seeking expert was instantly killed and the Dawn Immortal was enveloped by the destructive force. Even any sound or sign of her was incapable of escaping.

However, the two halves of the Resurrection Lily bridge that stretched out across the Milky Way Sea trembled, as if they were being wracked with intense pain. Rumbling sounds could be heard as parts of the bridge collapsed, the tentacles transformed into nothing more than ash.

A screeching cry sounded out from the Resurrection Lily, so powerful that it caused the ground to split and the sky to shake!

“MENG HAO!!”

Back in the Southern Domain, Meng Hao appeared next to Patriarch Song on the battlefield, and his body was a bloody mess.

The only part that remained intact was the hand that held the lightning cauldron. The rest of his body was in tatters. His skin was flayed off and his blood dried up. His vital organs were visible inside, and half of his head was destroyed. Upon cursory glance, it seemed that he would be incapable of anything but dying.

His Eternal stratum was virtually exhausted, and still in the process of repairing itself. As such, it was incapable of restoring Meng Hao's body. These were wounds that even the most miraculous medicinal pills would be incapable of healing!

Immense amounts of destructive force had battered Meng Hao. The fact that he didn't die in the blast was actually pure luck. Were it not for the Heaven-defying Lightning Cauldron, Meng Hao would most assuredly have been destroyed!

Even still, when he reappeared, the remaining three peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Desert gasped and unconsciously fell back. They didn't dare to try to take the chance to make a move.

Meng Hao's initial savagery and ruthlessness, his fearsome act of self-detonation, the slaughtering of the Dawn Immortal's clone, the casual slaying of the peak Dao Seeking expert... all of these things ensured that his fearsome name struck terror into the hearts of anyone and everyone.

A buzz of conversation rose up from the more than 100,000 cultivators from the Northern Reaches.

"He's still not dead!!"

"Look at how mangled his body is, and yet, he's still alive!!"

Pill Demon rushed over with medicinal pills, while Patriarch Song and Patriarch Golden Frost immediately sped to Meng Hao's side to stand guard.

"Hao'er!" said Pill Demon, with great urgency.

As for Meng Hao's second true self, he sagged listlessly and darkened. After all, if Meng Hao died... then he would most certainly also die.

Meng Hao couldn't speak. His eyes were blank and his expression looked confused. An aura of death swirled around him, as if he might pass away completely at any moment. He only had one tiny scrap of consciousness remaining. He looked down toward the ground at the astonished Northern Reaches cultivators.

Then, the Lightning Cauldron flickered, and he vanished. When he reappeared, he had switched places with one of the Northern Reaches cultivators. Then, his hand exploded. The only intact portion of his body that remained was half of his head!

Even the last remaining part of his head exploded into a bloody mist as it fell on the ground. The mist didn't vanish, though. It suddenly bored into the body of a nearby Northern Reaches cultivator, entering through his eyes, ears, nose and mouth. The Northern Reaches cultivator let out a bloodcurdling scream. His body began to writhe, and blue veins popped out on his forehead. His expression was one of astonishment and horror.

"NO! Help me—" In the middle of his sentence, his words were cut short. He began to wither as his qi, blood, cultivation base and soul were all sucked away.

As he died, vast quantities of red mist emerged from inside of him, which then split into two streams that then spread out once more.

Miserable screams rang out; quickly a shocking change occurred on the battlefield!

Rumbling sounds filled the air as one Northern Reaches cultivator after another withered up and died. The blood mist then split from two parts into four, then eight, then sixteen, then thirty-two, then sixty-four.... In the end, hundreds of streams of blood mist spread out, boring into hundreds of bodies, sucking away their qi, blood, cultivation base, and soul. Then, the mist spread out again.

All it took was the blink of an eye for thousands of streams of red mist to be visible. It was evil, Devilish, and seemed to be sentient as it spread out, avoiding all Southern Domain cultivators and seeking only Northern Reaches cultivators to destroy.

Up in mid-air were the three peak Dao Seeking Patriarchs from the Northern Desert. There were the two identical old men who wore black and white clothing and looked like hopping vampires. The other bore the semblance of a young man, around whom swirled mysterious magical symbols. From the look of it, each one of those magical symbols contained some type of weapon, just ready to be unleashed.

All three of them looked at what was happening with complete shock. After exchanging glances, they didn't hesitate any longer. Employing all the speed they could muster, they fled off into the distance.

How could they possibly dare to continue the fight?!

The Dawn Immortal was dead. Of the seven peak Dao Seeking experts, four were gone, three of them slain by Meng Hao. Furthermore, it seemed apparent that Meng Hao... still wasn't dead!

There was no way they could possibly dare to stay behind. Besides, Pill Demon was now at the peak of Dao Seeking, as were Patriarch Golden Frost and Patriarch Song. Those three alone were enough to cause problems, and that was not to mention Meng Hao's second true self. He might seem weak, but if Meng Hao recovered, he would be yet another powerful enemy!

There was simply no way to continue to fight.

The death of the Dawn Immortal's clone had sealed the fate of the Northern Reaches' second army.

The remaining three peak Dao Seeking experts fled, shivering in fear. Their only hope was to rendezvous with the third wave army. Only then would they possibly dare to reappear and face Meng Hao.

It wasn't that it didn't occur to them to seize this opportunity to try to kill Meng Hao once and for all.... Rather, the risk was too great. Fleeing was the safest option.

The three fleeing Dao Seeking experts completely ignored the remaining 100,000 or more Northern Reaches cultivators down below. As for Patriarch Song and the others, they hesitated for a moment as they

considered whether or not to pursue them. In the end, they decided that Meng Hao was more important.

Even if they did catch up with them, it wouldn't be easy to secure a win in a short period of time.

Pill Demon and the others exchanged glances.

"Don't interfere with him," said Pill Demon. "Let's start setting up spell formations to seal this place off and protect him!"

"That's the correct course of action. He's using the Blood Demon Grand Magic to recover! Let's go!" Immediately, they split up and began to seal down the area.

Down below, the blood mist raged. It was now split into more than ten thousand streams, which completely obfuscated the sky and land. Vast quantities of Northern Reaches cultivators were being consumed. No Blood Demon Grand Magic vortexes could be seen; the blood mist bored directly into the cultivators. They were incapable of fleeing, and their bodies were withered rapidly. Their fate was sealed; their qi and blood, their cultivation bases and their souls all became living sacrifices!

Miserable shrieks filled the battlefield, along with cries of pain. The Southern Domain cultivators were completely shocked and surprised by what they were witnessing.

What they saw was countless withered corpses with wide eyes and lifeless faces filled with what seemed to be the utmost pain.

The blood mist grew larger and larger. Soon there were tens of thousands of streams, which were now forming a nucleus in the place where Meng Hao had initially exploded. As for the mist itself, it seemed to stretch out from that central nucleus.

Soon, a tempest of bloody mist seethed around that nucleus, rapidly transforming it into something that looked like a cocoon. Then, something that resembled a shocking heartbeat could suddenly be heard.

Thump-thump!

Thump-thump!

Thump-thump!

Every heartbeat caused the land to tremble, and the sky to darken. It was as if the entire world were being covered by infinite ferocity. Boundless red mist seemed to be stretching out from the cocoon. There were now more than 50,000 streams sweeping about, making impossible for the Northern Reaches cultivators to flee.

“NOOO!!”

“Damn you, Southern Domain cultivators! You’re too ruthless!”

“Kill them! Kill some of these Southern Domain bastards while there’s still the chance!”

The Northern Reaches cultivators who had invaded the Southern Domain seethed with hatred and let out enraged shouts.

Meanwhile, far out among the stars outside of Planet South Heaven, there was a mighty river that no cultivator would be able to see, speeding along.

At first glance, the river seemed to be frothy and muddy, but upon closer inspection it grew more clear. This river was called the River of Forgetfulness, and its source was the Fourth Mountain 1. It swept through the great Nine Mountains and Seas, controlling the cycle of reincarnation, and the path to the underworld.

Any living being which died in the Nine Mountains and Seas, assuming their soul did not disperse, would enter into this great river, and then be carried to the Fourth Mountain, after which they would begin their cycle anew.

There appeared to be endless souls within the great river, most of whom looked around wide-eyed, moaning and screaming. Many struggled to escape the river water, including powerful beasts and mighty cultivators.

Of the numerous fierce beasts in the river, one was a pangolin who was covered with long spikes. It was fully three thousand meters long, and was

currently roaring in rage. 2

It was half submerged in the river water and struggling mightily. Once it was completely submerged, it would lose its mental faculties. As it struggled desperately, the beast let out a mighty roar.

“I’m an Immortal from the Mountain Deity Tribe! My grandfather is the Dao Lord of the Wind People of the Seventh Mountain! How dare you try to drag me into the cycle of reincarnation!!”

As the beast roared, it began to rise up. It was just on the verge of leaving the water, when suddenly, the river began to seethe. A spray of water burst into the air, which expanded out to form a sea. A rumbling sound could be heard as the beast was submerged. A miserable shriek rang out through the void as the gigantic creature was smashed, transforming into countless discarnate souls that merged into the river water.

The scene caused all the surrounding beast souls to tremble with fear and astonishment, even terror.

Off in the distance, an old man sat upright, floating above the surface of the water, surrounded by the melodious music of a great Dao. Every bit of his soul radiated Immortality, and his body shone with radiant light that spread out in all directions over the vast river. He seemed like a preeminent Immortal, towering over the River of Forgetfulness. He ignored the water, which seemed incapable of fazing him in the least.

“I am an almighty Dao Lord of the Sixth Mountain. My longevity might have ended, but in the past, the longevity of Dao Lords in the Nine Mountains and Seas was unlimited! Now... under what authority are you dragging me into the cycle of reincarnation, Fourth Mountain?!” The old man suddenly looked up, and his eyes seemed like two suns. Any souls that he looked at immediately began to scream and dissipate.

*

is pronounced almost the same as the word for “death,” and they are usually associated with each other.

2. In Chinese, pangolins have a pretty cool name. The characters literally mean “pierce mountain armor”.

Chapter 780: Slaughtering an Underworld Judge

The old man slapped his hand down onto the surface of the water and then began to fly upward. His hand flashed in an incantation gesture, and then a rift tore open in the starry sky, which he prepared to enter.

However, it was at this point that a black fish suddenly splashed out of the water. It had sharp teeth and looked incredibly ferocious. As soon as it appeared, black rays of light began to shine out from it, making it look like a black sun. It only took a moment for it to appear in front of the old man.

An indescribable pressure exploded off of it.

“You’re... an underworld fish!” said the old man, his face paling. “There’s an Underworld Judge of the Fourth Mountain who is an underworld fish. You’re his clone!” Just when the old man prepared to fight back, the underworld fish flickered and then stabbed into the old man’s forehead. The old man shook, and then his body began to dissipate.

Even as he began to fade away, the old man’s eyes suddenly flickered with a glow of determination.

“I might be dying, but you Underworld people must be dreaming if you think I’ll go down without a fight! My Dao manifested the music of a great Dao. Dead souls of the river, if you have any reluctance at all to part with the living world, then awaken! Listen to the call beckoning you to stay in the world of men! Break free, return, and exist as undead!” With that, he lifted his head back and laughed loudly. His body collapsed, but the sound of his voice rolled out through the River of Forgetfulness, which stretched out further than the eye could see.

The old man died, but the music of his great Dao echoed out over the discarnate souls within the River of Forgetfulness. They trembled, and were then unable to control themselves as they flew up into the air. They transformed into a tempest of souls which shot madly toward the rift out in the void.

“Let’s go home!”

“Flee this place and return home!!”

Rumbling could be heard as the countless souls whistled through the air. On the surface of the river water lay a woman surrounded by a blood-colored light. She also flew up into the air to join the other souls in the tempest.

The underworld fish next to the rift looked coldly at the souls.

“You people are already dead!” the underworld fish said coolly. “If you want your souls dispersed as well, then as an Underworld Judge, I can accommodate!”

“All souls in the River of Forgetfulness... will have no trial! Your sentence is to be refused entry into the cycle of reincarnation! Your souls will be exterminated immediately and melted into the River of Forgetfulness, where they shall remain for all eternity!” A black glow emanated out from the fish, transforming into a Dharmic decree that spread out in all directions.

In the blink of an eye, the entire area was covered with a black glow. Any soul who touched it screamed and then faded away, having been instantly eradicated!

“I don’t want to die!!”

“Ahhhh, soul dispersion! I refuse to submit!!”

“My life was ended, and now I get no second life?! I can’t accept this!!”

It took only a moment for all the souls above the river to fade away, with the exception of the woman’s soul. The black light was blocked by the red glow that surrounded her.

The black underworld fish looked over with glinting eyes that suddenly went wide.

The woman was none other than Xu Qing’s soul!

“So you already have a Dharmic decree attached to you, directing you into reincarnation?” The fish hesitated for a moment. Generally speaking,

souls with Dharmic decrees had incredible backstories. The fish couldn't help but look more closely at Xu Qing.

After further examination, a look of surprise gleamed in the fish's eyes.

"This woman has a Dao root? And it just sprouted? I've never heard of something like this before! I've been looking for a new slave girl. This one will do just fine!" Suddenly, black light appeared in front of the fish which then transformed into a huge hand covered with fish scales. It reached out toward Xu Qing to grab her.

However, as soon as it made contact with the red glow, shocking ripples flowed out. The hand trembled, then shattered into pieces, leaving the underworld fish astonished. It only took a moment for a bright glow to appear in its eyes.

"Interesting. This woman with the Dharmic decree must be some shocking, almighty figure. Now that she's died, she's weak and exhausted. If I can suppress her here in the River of Forgetfulness, then there won't be any chance of her coming back to look for me later!"

The underworld fish's body flickered, and the River of Forgetfulness began to crash with enormous waves. The waves surged, merging together, hundreds of thousands of them. The red glow fought back against the waves, but was eventually incapable of resisting the mysterious power of the River of Forgetfulness. After some time passed, the glow began to fade.

When it completely dissipated, the underworld fish laughed loudly and then summoned the black hand to once more reach out and grab at Xu Qing.

"I'll bless you with some good fortune! Wipe your memories and sever your path to mortality. You won't be going into the cycle of reincarnation, from now on, you're going to be the slave girl of an Underworld Judge!"

Just when the black hand was about to grab onto Xu Qing, a strand of divine sense suddenly flew up into the air and began to emanate an astonishing power. The strand slashed down, slicing the black hand in two!

A miserable scream could be heard from the underworld fish. With an expression of complete astonishment and terror, it shot backward in retreat.

At the same time, a cold voice echoed out through the River of Forgetfulness.

“How dare you touch the daughter-in-law of the one surnamed Fang!” The voice seemed enraged, and the entire River of Forgetfulness shook. The underworld fish couldn’t look more shocked.

“You.... Fang.... You’re....” It began to tremble with such fear that its soul nearly dissipated. Before it could finish speaking, the strand slashed out into the starry sky, severing all natural law. The strand continued to slash down toward the underworld fish. It screamed as its body was sliced into two halves. The strand then appeared to be preparing to finish the job and completely destroy it.

“Your excellency, please spare my life!” cried the underworld fish. It was completely terrified, and filled with a sense of deadly crisis. Unfortunately, it was incapable of fleeing, and had no other option than to beg for mercy.

It was at this point that another voice, ancient and archaic, echoed out from within the River of Forgetfulness.

“Elder Brother Fang, calm your anger. Considering my position as king, can’t you give me some face....”

In conjunction with the voice, an enormous face appeared within the River of Forgetfulness. It had a third eye on its forehead, and as soon as it appeared, all the stars in the sky trembled.

“No, I can’t,” was the cold response. A bloodcurdling scream rang out from the mouth of the underworld fish. Its body was destroyed, completely and thoroughly. Then, a will of extermination appeared that quickly found the true self that the clone originated from, and destroyed it as well.

Nothing could prevent this from happening!

The starry sky was now tranquil and quiet.

“Elder Brother Fang, we haven’t seen each other for years, but you still have the same temper.... You know, you might just be a stream of divine sense come from the lands of South Heaven, but that’s still a violation of the agreement.

“The 100,000 year period has just begun. You and your beloved are not permitted to leave South Heaven!”

“During the 100,000 years, I can send out one stream of divine sense,” replied the cold voice. “That was also written in the agreement.”

Down below, the eyes of the enormous face in the River of Forgetfulness flickered. “True, true. Although, you may only do that one time, ostensibly to provide a Dao Protector for your son. I never imagined you would use the divine sense on this girl.”

“The son of Fang is a dragon of Heaven and Earth! He doesn’t need me to act as Dao Protector!”

“Oh? You’re not afraid that someone might kill him?!” the face replied coldly.

“If someone kills my son, I will kill his everything!” responded the voice, cold and calm. “I will destroy his entire family, and their chance at reincarnation!” The words were spoken with a monstrous, domineering air. Intense, icy coldness spread out, and as for the face on the river, it trembled inwardly.

“Even after all these years, he definitely deserves to be called the number one Chosen of the Fang Clan,” thought the face. “For the sake of his crippled son, he was stationed on planet South Heaven for 100,000 years... unable to leave. South Heaven is old and dull, and his cultivation base cannot advance. It won’t take 100,000 years for plenty of other people to pass him up.”

At this point, the cold voice continued: “This is my daughter-in-law. My strand of divine sense will stay with her to protect her and ensure that she is peacefully reincarnated. During her time in the underworld, no one is allowed to interfere with her in any way.” With that, the strand of divine sense slowly floated down to circle around Xu Qing’s arm, then faded into

her.

The face on the river water said nothing. After a moment passed, it slowly sank back down into the water. This stretch of the vast River of Forgetfulness now had no souls in it other than Xu Qing's. Gradually, she drifted off into the distance.

Back in the Southern Domain, on the battlefield, the Southern Domain cultivators milled about, not attacking, but merely surrounding the Northern Reaches cultivators. They had long since grown accustomed to the reek of blood. They looked on coldly as the Northern Reaches cultivators let out their final screams.

Everything was sealed. The Northern Reaches cultivators couldn't flee. By now, there were less than 30,000 left, each and every one of whom... was withering away into a corpse.

The corpse-littered battlefield was huge, but now it was possible to see that in the very center, there was a giant blood-colored cocoon, within which sat a cross-legged figure. It was impossible to see the figure clearly, only its outline, but when the Southern Domain cultivators looked at it, their eyes filled with reverence and fanaticism.

A magic had been used that merged the qi, blood and cultivation bases of more than a hundred thousand people, to mold a new body. Such magic was matchlessly sinister and vicious. And yet, the magical technique itself was neither evil nor good. The nature of good and evil is often decided by the masses, and the heart.

To the Northern Reaches cultivators, the blood mist was evil to the extreme and indescribably cruel. They hated it to their bones. However, to the Southern Domain cultivators, it was exactly the opposite.

The living sacrifice of the Northern Reaches cultivators allowed their esteemed Meng Hao to mold a new body. It was something that left them incredibly moved on an emotional level.

It was impossible to say who it was that spoke first, but soon, all of the more than 100,000 surviving Southern Domain cultivators spontaneously began to cry out. Their voices grew louder and louder, until everyone was

shouting out one name.

“Meng Hao!!”

“Meng Hao!!”

“Meng Hao!!”

They were calling out to Meng Hao, calling out for him to awaken!

The sound rumbled out over the remaining 20,000 or so Northern Reaches cultivators. They were enveloped by red mist, and their miserable screams were a sharp contrast to the calls of the Southern Domain cultivators. Two very different sounds could be heard on the battlefield.

The Northern Reaches cultivators only lasted for the space of a few breaths before they were completely withered up. 20,000 corpses toppled over, and the thick red mist surged back into the enormous, blood-colored cocoon. Then, the heartbeat coming from within the Blood Cocoon... grew louder!

Thump-thump! Thump-thump! Thump-thump!

Not only did the heartbeat grow more intense, the image of the person inside began to grow clearer!

“Meng Hao!!”

“Meng Hao!!”

“Meng Hao!!”

100,000 Southern Domain cultivators were shouting at the top of their lungs, and the sound of it caused everything to shake, and even penetrated into the Blood Cocoon itself!

Within the Blood Cocoon, the figure's eyes... suddenly opened!

“Who... calls me...?”

Chapter 781: Meng Hao Awakens!

Within the Blood Cocoon sat a cross-legged figure with pale white hair. His body had no skin on it, making it possible to see the various blood vessels and other meridians. Overall, he looked completely horrifying.

His eyes were listless, and a monstrous Devilish aura emanated off of him, making him seem like a Blood Devil!

This was Meng Hao!

He had absorbed the qi, blood and cultivation bases of more than 100,000 cultivators, as well as their souls.

However, he had been destroyed by the explosion of the false Immortal puppet, washed over by the force of eradication. Therefore, even what he had already absorbed was not enough to completely restore his body.

The cultivators in the outside world called his name, and the sound continued to grow louder. It entered into the Blood Cocoon and echoed in Meng Hao's ears, muffled and distorted as if time were passing slowly, stretching out the sounds.

Gradually, Meng Hao's eyes were no longer blank, but rather, bright and clear.

"I... am Meng Hao...." he murmured. A tremor ran through him, and his mind seemed to fill with rumbling as his memories flooded back.

There were memories of his early childhood, and then that night when he was seven years old. His parents went missing, and he ran out into the fog to look for them. Then there was the Reliance Sect, the Violet Fate Sect, the Western Desert, the Demon Immortal Sect, the Milky Way Sea, and finally the war of the Southern Domain.

He remembered everything. He remembered his and Xu Qing's wedding. He saw her soul enter the River of Forgetfulness. All of it caused him to tremble. Then he looked down at the back of his right hand and saw that same mark that had appeared before, flickering and glittering.

This time when he looked down at the symbol, there was more.... There

were unfamiliar memories, broken fragments that he couldn't quite piece together.

Within those fragments were memories from before when he was seven. However, the setting was unfamiliar. It was not the State of Zhao, but some other place. It was some location where there seemed to be seven moons, one of which was bright, six of which were dark.

Underneath that unique sky, he was being carried in the arms of a woman. Off to the side was a young man who was smiling at him. Further off to the side was a tall old man, who was laughing kindly.

The man and the woman were not unfamiliar to him. They looked exactly like the father and mother that he remembered from when he was young.

As for the sky and the land, it was a world Meng Hao didn't recognize.

What he did know was... it was not South Heaven.

"That curse targeting one of the lands of South Heaven didn't affect me at all.... Is it possible that I actually wasn't born here?" Before, Meng Hao didn't have the time to consider the question. Now, here in this Blood Cocoon, his mind stirred with scattered fragments of memories.

After some time passed, the mark on Meng Hao's hand faded. He looked up, and heard the voices calling to him from the outside. Slowly, he rose to his feet. The Blood Cocoon exploded, transforming into a shocking, blood-colored whirlwind.

Meng Hao stepped out from within the whirlwind, into the view of the Southern Domain cultivators. What they saw was a Meng Hao with white hair and ferocious features. His body had no skin, making him even more terrifying. However, they continued to call his name.

"Meng Hao!"

"Meng Hao!"

"Meng Hao!"

Pill Demon, Patriarch Song, and Patriarch Golden Frost sped over to

appear at Meng Hao's side. Meng Hao's second true self was also recovered, and appeared off in the distance.

"Hao'er...." said Pill Demon. Seeing Meng Hao's current condition pained him in his heart.

Meng Hao clasped hands in greeting, then softly said, "Master, I'm fine.... These are merely the excesses of the sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic."

"The sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!" Patriarch Song exclaimed with a gasp.

This truly was the sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic. As soon as Meng Hao's body fell apart, the sixth level automatically activated. It seemed that in order to truly enter the sixth level, it required all the blood in the body to dissipate.

"As of now, you...." Pill Demon trailed off and didn't finish his sentence.

"Master," said Meng Hao, his eyes flickering with red light, "are there still cultivators from the Northern Reaches' second wave army left in the Southern Domain?"

"Yes!" he replied. "There were a total of six fronts. The third and fourth overlapped here, but there are still four others scattered in the four cardinal directions. There are still roughly 100,000 Northern Reaches cultivators out there." A flicker of worry could be seen in Pill Demon's eyes. He knew what state Meng Hao was in. He was bedeviled, and would carry out slaughter like a Devil.

"Master, I've found my path to the Third Severing," said Meng Hao. He looked at Pill Demon, then clasped hands and bowed respectfully.

Pill Demon looked at him seriously for a moment, and then suddenly laughed out loud. Relieved, he waved his hand, sending a jade slip flying out that detailed the locations of the four Northern Reaches armies.

Meng Hao caught the jade slip, then turned to clasp hands toward Patriarch Song and Patriarch Golden Frost. Finally he looked out at all the Southern Domain cultivators, clasped hands and bowed. With that, he

flew up into the air. His second true self rippled and vanished, becoming his shadow as he shot off into the distance.

After Meng Hao left, Pill Demon produced a pill furnace and then unleashed a vast quantity of medicinal pills for the Southern Domain cultivators to use to recover. Then he, Patriarch Golden Frost and Patriarch Song started to set up spell formations.

They knew that the war wasn't over. The Northern Reaches' third wave, which was the strongest of all, was currently en route. It wouldn't be long before it arrived, and then the true battle for victory or defeat would begin.

In the end... the Southern Domain's chances of winning were small. But they would fight nonetheless!

It would be better to die in battle than let the Southern Domain be overrun.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao shot through midair in a beam of blood-colored light. He sped forward, jade slip in hand, heading toward the second front, which wasn't very far off.

"The Blood Demon Grand Magic has three strata. With the first stratum, I can battle early Dao Seeking. With the second, I can battle mid Dao Seeking. With the third stratum complete, and my current cultivation base, I can definitely shake the peak of Dao Seeking!

"If I can perform my Third Severing and step into Dao Seeking, then... I would be considered invincible within the Dao Seeking stage!" Meng Hao's expression was placid, but his heart was thumping.

"Regarding my Third Severing... I already have the basics lined up." He looked down toward the ground and saw a shadow that others would not be able to perceive, which was his second true self.

As he proceeded onward at top speed, he was soon able to hear the sounds of battle. Though it was not the shocking sound of hundreds of thousands of cultivators fighting, it still caused everything in the area to shake.

There were tens of thousands of people on the battlefield, locked in

combat.

One side was in a state of constant retreat, and the other side was pushing them relentlessly. The ground was stained with blood and littered with corpses.

20,000 Northern Reaches cultivators were currently fighting 10,000 Southern Domain cultivators. Most of the group of Southern Domain cultivators was made up of Violet Fate Sect disciples. Among their forces were Chosen of the Violet Fate Sect who had not completely grown into their prime, and as such, were unable to take the lead. Currently, the cultivators taking the lead were three aged Spirit Severing cultivators.

On the Northern Reaches' side, there were four Spirit Severing cultivators.

Booms filled the air as the Southern Domain army was forced into constant retreat. Their three Spirit Severing cultivators were seriously injured. Their army had suffered severe casualties. Chu Yuyan was there fighting, her face pale, blood oozing out of her mouth.

There were many familiar faces, some who had already fallen, some who were still holding firm.

Meng Hao shot down from the sky like a bloody shooting star that stained the sky red. As soon as he appeared, the tens of thousands of bitterly fighting combatants were shocked to the core.

This was especially true of the Southern Domain's Spirit Severing cultivators, whose pupils constricted. They were unable to tell whether or not this person was a friend or an enemy!

That was not the case with Chu Yuyan. She dodged a fatal strike, coughed up some blood, and then looked up at the figure in the beam of light. Her heart trembled.

He had white hair, and no skin. He was fearsome and terrifying to the extreme. And yet, she could still tell... that it was Meng Hao.

"What's... happened to you...?" she thought, her heart aching. She had her pride, but even with that pride, when she saw Meng Hao like this, pain

filled her heart.

BOOM!

Meng Hao slammed into the middle of the Northern Reaches forces like a meteor. Massive fissures spread out across the land, and numerous Northern Reaches cultivators coughed up blood and then directly exploded.

The four Spirit Severing cultivators from the Northern Reaches were in shock. They gritted their teeth and attacked, but before they could even get close to Meng Hao, he waved his hand out in front of him, causing a vast red mist to spread out.

The four Spirit Severing cultivators had just begun their charge when the mist bored into them. They began to scream; shocking, earth-shaking screams. They were powerful Spirit Severing experts, but it only took the blink of an eye for them to begin to wither up. Qi, blood, cultivation bases, souls; all were extracted. As the mist spread out, anyone caught in it became a desiccated corpse that toppled to the ground.

The sight of it shocked all of the Northern Reaches cultivators. More miserable shrieks rang out as the red mist continued to spread.

Moments ago, the Northern Reaches cultivators' faces had been covered with malevolent, murderous expressions. Now, they were trembling in terror. Their bodies withered up, their cultivation bases vanished, their souls were wrenched out.

Soon, the entire battlefield was filled with the sounds of screaming. The Violet Fate Sect disciples backed up, their faces ashen. The scene which was playing out in front of them left them stunned, with looks of horror on their faces.

“Who is that!?!?”

“His entire body is the color of blood! He has no skin! His magic is Demonic!”

“How come... that looks a lot like Meng Hao's Blood Demon Grand Magic...?”

Chu Yuyan looked at Meng Hao in the middle of the Northern Reaches cultivators, and it felt like she was looking at a Blood Devil. Her heart ached as she realized that Meng Hao also had an air of sorrow to him.

Rumbling filled the air. The 20,000 Northern Reaches cultivators around Meng Hao screamed miserably as, one by one, they became desiccated corpses. Eventually, the red mist returned to Meng Hao. Cracking sounds could be heard from inside of him.

His previously skinless body now had some skin on it. His qi and blood were more vigorous, and up above in the sky, thunder rumbled.

“Meng Hao! It’s... Meng Hao!”

“It really is Meng Hao! I couldn’t tell before, but now that there’s some skin on him, you can tell... it’s Meng Hao!”

“How come he looks so different!?”

The Violet Fate Sect disciples were shocked. However, even as their voices rose, Meng Hao leaped up into the air. He looked down at the crowds, and his gaze lingered for a moment on Chu Yuyan. As he turned to leave, his voice rang out.

“Go meet up with the others at the Blood Demon Sect!”

Chapter 782: Three Swords Sweep Across the Eastern Lands!

In the same moment that Meng Hao left the second front in the Southern Domain, a man and a woman stood in a monolithic Tower of Tang in the Eastern Lands, just as they had been standing there the entire time.

Looking toward the Southern Domain.

“Soon.... He’s going to break through soon!” the man said softly. “Once he does, once he reaches Dao Seeking, we can go to him. We can tell him the truth about everything!”

“Before he reaches Dao Seeking, we cannot interfere with his Karma. We have to be extremely careful even with things tangentially related to him.

“If any accidents happen, this lifetime will have been a failure.... I... I don’t want to see him go through any more suffering.” As he spoke, a love shone in his eyes that seemed capable of melting even the coldest ice.

The woman standing next to him had tears in her eyes as she stared off toward the Southern Domain. She could see Meng Hao, and his current skinless visage caused her heart to quiver.

“But... he’s just a child,” she said, and the tears began to flow down her cheeks.

Almost as soon as the words left her mouth, her expression suddenly changed. Shocking, murderous intent flickered in her eyes as she turned her head to look in a different direction. Toward... the Ji Clan!

At this very moment, the clouds there were seething as an enormous vortex appeared above the clan, a vortex that anyone under Dao Seeking would be incapable of seeing.

It was something only visible to Dao Seeking and higher.

Within the vortex, a gigantic altar appeared. It was none other than... the Immortality Bestowal Dais!

Behind the Immortality Bestowal Dais, up in the sky above the Eastern Lands, a huge face appeared. Its eyes were closed as if it were sleeping. However, as soon as it appeared, an indescribable pressure emanated out that weighed down on all living creatures in the Eastern Lands.

“The false Immortal puppet Hao’er used was infected with Ji Clan Karma,” said the woman. “He already had Ji Clan Karma on him to begin with, now... they’re going to make a move!” The killing intent in her eyes grew even more intense.

At this point, rumbling sounds could be heard from within the Immortality Bestowal Dais; clearly, it was just on the verge of performing a teleportation.

“Remove my seal,” the woman said urgently. “They’re going after Hao’er, and I’m going to stop them!” The man didn’t say anything. However, his hand released the column it had been gripping and clenched into a fist.

“There’s no need,” he said calmly. “I’ll handle it myself.” The woman looked over in shock. As far as she could remember, her husband always opposed her when she tried to interfere in matters. They had quarreled about such things many times.

But now, HE was going to do something!

“You....”

“Hao’er is at a critical juncture, and can’t be disturbed. If WE can’t interfere, then... neither can the Ji Clan!” A cold gleam appeared in his as he stretched his hand out and pointed up into the sky.

Instantly, the entire Eastern Lands started to tremble. The face in the sky distorted as a gargantuan finger appeared up above, which then poked viciously down toward the Immortality Bestowal Dais.

As the rumbling filled the air, roars of rage could be heard from within the Ji Clan. Three figures appeared, which shot up toward the Immortality Bestowal Dais, and the descending finger.

The song of a great Dao rose up from the Immortality Bestowal Dais, and from the ancestral lands of the Ji Clan. The sky trembled, and the eyes

of the enormous face opened a sliver.

Instantly, the enormous finger began to shudder, seemingly incapable of withstanding the force.

Then, the man in the Tower of Tang snorted coldly.

The Eastern Lands consisted of 216 states. The Northern Reaches had 113. The Southern Domain, 219. The Western Desert had none, and was also the only region that had no Towers of Tang.

In the lands of South Heaven, there were a total of 548 Towers of Tang!

Currently, roughly a third of those Towers of Tang began to emit bright light. Brilliant beams shot up into the air, which sped toward the Tower of Tang in the Eastern Lands, where they formed into the shape of a sword.

It seemed to be a simple, ordinary iron sword. There was nothing resplendent about it whatsoever. However, as soon as it appeared, wild colors flashed throughout the sky, and Planet South Heaven... quaked.

Immediately, the sword slashed out with such speed that it was impossible to even see. It cut through the Immortality Bestowal Dais, rending a huge gash and causing the altar to fall down toward the ground.

“This dais wanted to seal my son. It shall remain fallen for 10,000 years!”

Then the sword slashed a second time, toward the three incoming figures from the Ji Clan. They could do absolutely nothing to block it, and disappeared in a haze of blood. The sword continued to slash downward into the Ji Clan ancestral mansion. A massive gorge was hewn out through multiple layers of the mansion as the sword headed toward the same location where the man’s wife had been stopped the last time she had gone to that place. Sitting at the top of a tall staircase was a young man. 1

The young man’s face flickered, and he immediately roared and counter-attacked with all the power he could muster. A boom rattled out, and blood sprayed from his mouth as both of his arms were severed! They flew up into the air and spontaneously combusted, gone for all eternity.

“Your clan wishes to infect my son’s Karma!? You’re nothing but a puny peak Immortal Realm Dao Lord who hasn’t even opened the great door to the Ancient Realm, and yet you dared to chide my wife? I’m severing your arms! Furthermore, you’ll never reach the Ancient Realm in this lifetime!”

2

The sword slashed a third time, toward the face up in the sky. Massive amounts of sword qi billowed out, and a huge rift was opened up in the sky. The face vanished.

“If your honored clan chief were here, I would obviously be no match for him. But the trifling strand of divine will that has become the Heavens of South Heaven... is not enough to keep me under its thumb!

“You listen to me, Ji Clan. I, Fang, have a family with four people in it. We’ve only been in the lands of South Heaven for a few hundred years, and have done nothing to interfere with your operations here. But starting today... I will fully assume my status as the Prison Warden of the Ninth Mountain. Henceforth, the Ji Clan will keep itself in line! If you harbor even the slightest ill intentions... well, let me remind you that you’re nothing more than an offshoot of the Ji Clan. Besides, even if you were the main branch, I’ve lost count of how many people I’ve killed from there!”

The Ji Clan instantly fell silent.

It was at this point that the woman’s proud voice could be heard from within the Tower of Tang.

“Listen up, you people. When my Hao’er returns, you little twerps who owe him spirit stones had better pay them back or else!”

Her way of handling things was somewhat reminiscent of Meng Hao....

Everyone in the Ji Clan was trembling. The Chosen, the Array disciples, even Ji Xiaoxiao, all felt their scalps go numb. At first, they weren’t sure who these voices were talking about, but once they heard mention of the debts of spirit stones, all of the Chosen who had been to the Demon Immortal Sect shivered and recalled the same person, that oft-remembered bastard who had conned them out of who knew how much, and had left them gnashing their teeth.

Deep in the Ji Clan, the young man who had lost his arms sat silently on an altar. A complex expression filled his face, and after a long moment, he sighed.

“He sealed himself here for 100,000 years, and is unable to leave South Heaven. He even became the Ninth Mountain Prison Warden. All to give his son a slim chance at life.... And it turns out that little kid down there is his son!”

The iron sword vanished, and the Towers of Tang in the lands of South Heaven went dark. Everything that had just happened was something that mortals wouldn't be able to see. Even most cultivators would not have been able to see anything.

As everything faded away, the woman turned turned to stare at her husband, and a strange light gleamed in her eyes.

The man's face was calm, his voice cool as he said, “Surprised? You interfered a few times already, which was quite dangerous. I lectured you before, but actually, I interfered once too. I prevented some punk child from trying to mess with Xu Qing's soul.”

The woman suddenly smiled. “Afraid Meng Hao would resent you if you didn't?”

“When Xu Qing left the lands of South Heaven and entered the River of Forgetfulness, I was then truly free to act,” he continued. “She is his beloved, which makes her our daughter-in-law. That strand of divine sense will protect her in her reincarnation, all the way until we meet her in person.

“As for Hao'er.... I have faith that he is a dragon among men. He's not some spoiled brat that needs to cower under the protection of his father and mother.

“We must stay here on Planet South Heaven for 100,000 years. That was the agreement. An oath. We can't leave, yet neither can we force him stay with us here for those 100,000 years. His path lies much further off in the distance. In this lifetime, he relied only on himself to get as far as he has, and we can be proud of how far he's risen. Therefore, we must have faith

that in the future... he will continue to make us proud!" He spoke softly, and it was hard to tell whether he was speaking to his wife, or to himself.

Back in the lands of South Heaven, Meng Hao's skin was now thirty percent recovered. He didn't look as terrifying as before, although his expression was as cold as ice. He flew through the air in a beam of blood-colored light as he headed toward the next battlefront.

Of the six fronts in the Southern Domain, the third and fourth had merged together. The other four were already being pushed toward the Blood Demon Sect. Considering the incredible speed Meng Hao was capable of, it didn't take long for him to appear in the air above the first front.

There were a few Violet Fate Sect disciples here, as well as many rogue cultivators. All of them were united to defend against more than 20,000 Northern Reaches cultivators. A bloody battle was being fought.

Desperate fighting was under way, and corpses littered the ground as far as the eye could see. It was completely shocking.

When Meng Hao appeared, he swept down like a red wind.

Among the Northern Reaches cultivators was an unusually domineering Spirit Severing expert. He was soaked with blood, although little of it was his own. His expression was merciless, and his eyes radiated killing intent as he occasionally laughed cruelly. Two human heads were hanging at his waist. One of them was a person Meng Hao recognized; it was one of the Blood Demon Sect's two Ironblood Patriarchs.

"Southern Domain cultivators!" roared the huge man. "You act like your way of cultivation is the only way, but now you're less than dog crap! I've even killed two of your Spirit Severing Patriarchs. All of you can go die!" He laughed loudly as he brandished his huge war club. Wherever he went, he left a trail of destruction.

Behind him were two giants as tall as mountains. They roared as they slammed into the virtually defenseless Southern Domain cultivators.

It was at this point that Meng Hao arrived, swathed in red. A red mist

rose up around him that, from a distance, almost looked like a cloak... a cloak that covered the entire sky.

Meng Hao exuded the air of a Paragon.

The burly Spirit Severing cultivator saw him, and his expression flickered. Roaring filled his mind as an indescribable pressure bore down on him. He suddenly felt as if he couldn't breathe. Cold sweat broke out all over. He felt like a tiny little animal facing up against a lion.

"Stop him!" cried the man, shivering. He fell back as the two giants lunged toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's expression was indifferent as he closed in. He simply passed by the giants, refraining from attacking. The red mist spread out to cover them up, and then, bloodcurdling roars rang out. The giants withered up in the blink of an eye and then toppled over onto the ground.

The Spirit Severing cultivator gasped, and his eyes filled with astonishment. "You're... you're at the peak of Dao Seeking. Definitely the peak of Dao Seeking! Dammit, aren't the Southern Domain's peak Dao Seeking experts all at the central battle? How could one of them be here?!"

He had no time to think about the question. In the blink of an eye, the red mist enveloped him, like the ravenous mouth of a Devil. He was swallowed up, along with the rest of the Northern Reaches cultivators.

For a few moments afterwards, miserable screams abruptly rose up into the air.

*

Meng Hao's mother trashed the Ji Clan in chapter 426.

For those of you who don't remember the four great realms of cultivation as explained by Ke Yunhai in chapter 587, they are Spirit, Immortal, Ancient, and Dao.

Chapter 783: Overwhelming

A short while later, the red mist reformed into the shape of Meng Hao. His skin was now roughly fifty percent restored. He no longer looked so hideous, but the coldness of his expression made his Devilish aura even more intense.

He flicked his sleeve, and then, under the shocked gazes of the Southern Domain cultivators, pierced through the air to disappear off into the distance in a beam of prismatic light.

Of the six fronts, hostilities had now ceased on four, and only two remained.

Meng Hao flew as fast as possible. The air shattered around him and lightning crackled as he sped across the land. Soon he appeared at the fifth front. Few Southern Domain cultivators remained on this front, only a few thousand. In contrast, there were more than 10,000 Northern Reaches cultivators, battling fiercely, pushing the Southern Domain force back in constant retreat.

Shockingly, Fatty was there in the crowd, spattered with blood, his expression fierce. Although his cultivation base was not incredibly high, he abounded with magical items. Furthermore, as the Golden Prince of the Golden Frost Sect, he was constantly guarded by other members of the sect.

Even so, currently facing a dangerous situation. After coughing up some blood, he leaped out, enraged, and bit a chunk out of the enemy's flesh.

When Fatty bit things, it didn't matter if it was flesh, bone or magical items; everything would be crushed and ripped. It was an incredibly fierce and cruel sight.

The Northern Reaches forces who pursued Fatty were covered in wounds that appeared to be bite marks.

"Dammit! Is this a person or a wild beast? How can he have such sharp teeth!?"

“What technique does he cultivate?!?!”

“Slay him and pry his teeth out! I’m positive that you can refine them into a shocking magical item!”

Their killing intent seethed, and the glow of magical items swirled around their bodies as they gave chase to Fatty.

“Bring it on!” roared Fatty. “Grandpa Fatty’s gonna bite you to death!”

The fighting raged, and the Southern Domain cultivators fell back again. The Northern Reaches army advanced with unbridled frenzy, and from the look of the situation, it seemed that the Southern Domain Cultivators would soon be completely wiped out.

Fatty’s eyes had long since been shot with blood. Off to the side, one of his beloved concubines received an injury, causing him to leap to her aid. He pulled her back and then lunged out, snapping his teeth at the arm of a Northern Reaches cultivator who was about to land a palm strike on her.

The Northern Reaches cultivator immediately fell back, scalp numb. Although Fatty only ended up biting air, the sound it emitted was completely shocking.

“Dammit!” cried the Northern Reaches cultivator. Shamed into rage, he waved his arm, causing a lump of bronze to appear. He tossed it out in front of him, whereupon it exploded with a bluish light that was apparently sentient; it immediately shot toward Fatty as if to consume him.

Fatty’s face fell, and a sensation of deadly crisis washed over him. He shot backward at high speed, pursued by the blue light.

Just when the light was about to slam into Fatty, a cold snort echoed out across the land. It was a mere sound, but it instantly caused the Northern Reaches cultivators’ bodies to tremble. There were some who coughed up blood and felt their minds reeling unstably.

The cultivator who was after Fatty suddenly went pale in the face. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and he turned his head in astonishment. What he saw was a blinding red light filling the sky.

The following moment, a hand stretched out from behind Fatty, grabbed his shoulder and pulled him back. It was then that Meng Hao appeared.

“Meng Hao!” cried Fatty exuberantly. Immediately, the spirits of the surrounding Southern Domain cultivators lifted.

“The exalted Meng Hao has arrived!”

“We’re saved! Meng Hao is here!”

The Northern Reaches cultivators had all heard of Meng Hao; they knew that he was the one who had wiped out the first wave army. When they heard his name, many of them gasped and subconsciously backed up.

Someone who could wipe out an army of 100,000 cultivators was clearly an astonishing figure, no matter how he accomplished the task.

As soon as Meng Hao appeared, his energy transformed into an oppressive air that sent the minds of the Northern Reaches cultivators spinning. At the same time, Meng Hao stretched out his hand and flicked the blue light that had been bearing down on Fatty.

“Disperse!” he said coolly. The blue light shuddered, then emitted a screech as it shot backward and swallowed up the Northern Reaches cultivator. Unable to escape, it then shrank back down into a lump of bronze and was pulled back through the air into Meng Hao’s hand.

The lump of bronze trembled, seemingly pleading for its life with Meng Hao, who looked at it for a moment and then put it into his bag of holding. Then he glanced around at the more than 10,000 Northern Reaches cultivators.

A dark look gleamed in his eyes, and he stepped forward. Vast quantities of red mist instantly roiled out, like countless vipers. They shot toward the more than 10,000 enemies, boring into their bodies, causing shocking miserable shrieks to fill the air.

Meng Hao still stood there, arms raised into the air, eyes closed. Rumbling sounds filled the air as one after another, the Northern Reaches cultivators transformed into desiccated corpses. Red mist poured out from their eyes, ears, noses and mouths, which then flowed back to Meng Hao.

His skin grew rapidly, and in the time it takes half an incense stick to burn, the screams faded away. The corpses toppled over, and Meng Hao opened his eyes.

His skin was now over seventy percent restored. His white hair floated around him, and he emanated a fiendish air that caused the Southern Domain cultivators to feel both anxious and shocked.

“The sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic... soon....” murmured Meng Hao. Eyes gleaming with cruelty, he turned to look at the Southern Domain cultivators. When his gaze fell upon Fatty, he smiled.

Yet... the smile caused Fatty to inhale sharply.

“You....” he said hesitantly.

Meng Hao didn’t respond. He turned and shot up into the air, preparing to head to the final front. That was where... he would complete the sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!

Fatty looked at Meng Hao flying up into the air, and couldn’t hold back from shouting out, “You’re not Meng Hao! Who are you?!”

When Meng Hao had appeared, he had been filled with joy. But after a moment, he had realized that there was something unfamiliar about him. There was a coldness that hadn’t been there before. Fatty suddenly got the feeling that this person was not the Meng Hao that he remembered from the past. He was different.

Very different!

It was the same feeling Chu Yuyan had experienced, except that with Fatty, it was even stronger.

The Meng Hao he remembered was not the type of person to carry out massacres. He was not so savage and cruel. He would not consume others’ qi, blood, life force and souls to further his cultivation. Those techniques were the craft of Devils!

Such practices would give rise to shock no matter what era or location they appeared in.

Cruelness, ruthlessness, the ability to treat life as worthless... that was how this Meng Hao was acting. He was completely different from the con-loving Meng Hao who existed in Fatty's memories.

Meng Hao came to a halt up in midair, and Fatty's words echoed about in his mind. He paused for a moment without looking back down at Fatty, then vanished off into the distance.

The sixth front was the location of the final remnants of the Northern Reaches' second wave army. The cultivators responsible for holding them back were from the auxiliary branches of the Blood Demon Sect: the Solitary Sword Sect and the Golden Frost Sect.

This was the only front out of them of all where... the Southern Domain maintained a superior position!

There were originally over 20,000 Northern Reaches cultivators, but now there were little more than half that. The Southern Domain cultivators fought back fiercely, and their enraged battle cries filled the area.

Chen Fan was in the middle of it all, along with Li Shiqi. The battlefield was filled with the glow of magical techniques and the power of divine abilities.

Chen Fan's cultivation base had returned to the Nascent Soul stage, and he fought with a sword. He truly looked like a sword cultivator, fighting as he did with shocking, killing blows. Li Shiqi was surrounded by a blood-colored glow. Of course, she did not cultivate the Blood Demon Grand Magic, but rather, used other magical combat techniques of the Blood Demon Sect.

Booms filled the air, and the sky suddenly turned bright red. Rain began falling, red rain. It was completely unexpected, and both the Southern Domain and Northern Reaches cultivators were astonished.

It was at this point that the falling rain transformed into a red mist that shot, swirling, toward the Northern Reaches cultivators. In the blink of an eye, it bored into their bodies.

The Southern Domain cultivators were shocked, and immediately fell back. They watched, shaken, as the Northern Reaches cultivators began to scream with unprecedented misery. Their bodies withered up and their hair fell out as their cultivation bases and souls were extracted through every orifice.

It was the same with the nearby mountain-like giants. Even the ghoullike spirit creatures that the Northern Reaches had brought were screaming. Their bodies faded as if they were being erased.

The Southern Domain cultivators gasped at the sudden, shocking turn of events. It almost seemed as if they were witnessing in a living hell.

Corpses fell to the ground one by one. The giants died, and the evil spirits screamed and faded away. After that, everything was silent.

Within the silence, the red mist surged up toward the red clouds in the sky, taking the qi, blood, cultivation bases and souls with it.

The scene left a deep impression on all of the Southern Domain cultivators. The red mist churned and rolled, and as they looked up at the red clouds, they saw someone sitting there cross-legged.

That was the person who was absorbing all the red mist!

Meng Hao's skin was now fully regrown. He was dressed like a scholar; however, his previously scholarly aura was now as cruel and merciless as a Blood Devil.

His white hair floated around him, and when his eyes slowly opened, it seemed as if red lightning were crackling within them. After absorbing all the power from the battlefield below, his body flickered, and he vanished.

There were friends down below, but he didn't want them to see him like this.

"Living sacrifices! He used some evil technique to turn them into living sacrifices!!"

"Who was that person in the clouds!?" Most of the Southern Domain cultivators made such exclamations. However, there were some people

whose faces flickered as they seemed to recall a similar, although not quite as vicious, scene.

Chen Fan stood there silently, a complex look on his face as he looked up into the sky.

Not too far off was Li Shiqi, who stood there trembling. She was a Blood Demon Sect disciple, and although she did not cultivate the Blood Demon Grand Magic, she was not unfamiliar with it.

“It was him....”

Chapter 784: The Final Battle!

When the fighting stopped on the sixth front, the war of the Southern Domain finally became peaceful and quiet. However, everyone knew that this was only the calm before the true storm.

The storm was nigh!

The final, decisive battle was coming!

As to where the location of the final battle would be, many opinions were voiced by various Southern Domain cultivators. Some people had their minds set on the Blood Demon Sect. With the spell formations that were already in place, much time could be saved. Furthermore, the majority of the battle-ready cultivators in the Southern Domain were already congregated in the area.

Many others felt that the best location was the point where the Northern Reaches cultivators actually entered the Southern Domain. Doing so would prevent the Northern Reaches cultivators from razing and pillaging the rest of the Southern Domain.

In the end, Pill Demon, Patriarch Song, and Patriarch Golden Frost all agreed that time was the most valuable commodity!

Thus, the Blood Demon Sect was selected. It was far from the Milky Way Sea, but relatively close to the Black Lands, and could be considered to be on the border of the Southern Domain. Although this would cede a large amount of territory, every day that they continued to survive was another day that the Northern Reaches would not be able to completely conquer the Southern Domain.

Furthermore, the Northern Reaches cultivators would have to travel all the way to the Blood Demon Sect, which meant that the Southern Domain cultivators would have more time to prepare.

After the decision was made by Pill Demon, Patriarch Song, and Patriarch Golden Frost, all the battle-ready cultivators of the Southern Domain were marshaled. There were approximately 200,000 of them, and

they were divided into multiple defensive fronts, with the Blood Demon Sect at the center.

Meanwhile, Pill Demon and the others personally went around the Southern Domain to the remaining sects and clans to collect vast quantities of supplies and treasures. They also set up enormous spell formations, ten in total, which caused shocking pressure to weigh down around them.

The atmosphere was tense. All of the Southern Domain cultivators were focused on healing and recovering their energy. Every area on the final battleground was filled with silence.

The final battle would determine victory or defeat. If the Southern Domain was victorious, they would be able to welcome in a new era of peace. After a period of rest and reorganization, they would be able to once again bloom like a beautiful flower, even more resplendent than before.

However, if they were defeated....

The Southern Domain would essentially become part of the Northern Reaches. Their core Daoist teachings and doctrines would be wrenched away. Their cultivators would be exterminated and the foundation of the Southern Domain would be lost. They would be ruled by the Northern Reaches, and years later... perhaps no one would even remember the formerly glorious Southern Domain.

This was the battle for everything!

They would live or die. There was no option for surrender.

A few days earlier, Meng Hao had returned to the Blood Demon Sect, where the final battle would soon take place. He went back to the same location where he had held Xu Qing and watched the sunrises and sunsets. Except now, there weren't two shadows falling on the ground. There was only his own.

His white hair fluttered in the wind, and his blood-red robe swayed.

His face was pale white, morbid and seemingly devoid of blood. It was a

sharp contrast to the redness of his robe. However, his eyes radiated darkness.

Anyone who looked at him could sense a pulsing feeling, as if his body contained a terrifying qi and blood power. Also barely visible were over 100,000 shrieking souls that swirled around him. They seemed to spread out endlessly, and their howls were astonishing.

Apparently, these were the people Meng Hao had consumed and destroyed. They were shackled to him for all eternity, unable to enter the cycle of reincarnation.

“Qing’er,” he murmured, “are you doing well...?” His eyes were cold, and contained a trace of loneliness that made his aura seem even more desolate.

Anyone who looked at Blood Prince Gorge would feel that it was filled with blood and mysteries. The news had long since spread that Meng Hao had consumed the qi, blood, cultivation bases and souls of the enemy cultivators. Virtually all of the cultivators in the entire Southern Domain knew about it, and in fact, most had witnessed it.

Deep in their hearts, the veneration they felt toward Meng Hao was now coupled with dread.

The Southern Domain was finally rested, and their spell formations were prepared. Five days passed....

Near the border of the Southern Domain, where it touched the Milky Way Sea, the sea water roared. Massive waves surged across the surface of the water. It almost seemed as if the Southern Domain would be drowned. Up above, shockingly bright lights could be seen on the Resurrection Lily bridge; apparently, teleportation portals were in continuous use.

Slowly, people began to appear. Soon they packed the bridge, seemingly without end.

The Resurrection Lily bridge trembled as two mountain-like giants appeared. These giants were different than the ones from the second wave. They were more powerful, and wore suits of golden armor. The

pressure they exuded was astonishing.

Shockingly, these giants were not comparable to the Spirit Severing stage, but rather, Dao Seeking!

It was only early Dao Seeking, but considering their enormous frames, they could clearly crush any cultivator within the same stage. Furthermore, they wore armor, and had enormous greatswords strapped to their backs, making them even more fearsome.

Behind the two giants was a monstrous, sinister death aura that took the form of an emerald-colored mist. In the region near the mist, numerous dead sea creatures could be seen floating on the surface of the water.

Inside of the mist were three 10,000-year-old wraiths!

The wraiths all emanated an air similar to Dao Seeking as they swirled about within the mist, shrieking and howling.

In addition to these, there were hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators that composed the main military force. They were packed in tight formation atop the Resurrection Lily bridge, and anyone who saw them would surely gasp in shock.

However, what was most eye-catching was what could be seen in the very rear position of the army.

It was a gigantic iron cage, fully three hundred meters tall. It was being pulled forward by countless iron chains, and sitting inside was a monkey that had bright red eyes. It was covered with numerous magical symbols, and sat motionless in the cage, breathing heavily.

In the vanguard position of the army were three people that emanated shocking auras. They hovered in midair, looking coldly out at the Southern Domain.

In the center position among the three was an old man with red hair and a ruddy face. He wore a white robe, and a mysterious pressure emanated off of him. He was surrounded by countless bolts of lightning that formed together to make what appeared to be... true dragons!

If you continued to watch, you would see the true dragons swirl together to form something entirely different... a miniature cauldron!

Were Meng Hao here... he would instantly be able to tell that this cauldron closely resembled his own Lightning Cauldron. However, on this cauldron was engraved... a dragon with lightning bolts curling around it!

The old man hovered there, clearly emanating the power of peak Dao Seeking. And yet, the feeling of his aura was somewhat similar to that of Meng Hao's false Immortal puppet.

Yet again, further examination would reveal that his aura was even more ancient and archaic.

He seemed to possess an aura that was somewhere between a true Immortal and a false Immortal.

This old man was the most powerful person in the entire Northern Reaches, the Clan Chief of the Imperial Bloodline Clan.

On either side of him stood a man and a woman. The man was gentle and effeminate, with phoenix-like eyes and a frame as lithe as the wind. However, within his eyes could be seen what appeared to be the cross-legged image of two Immortal Divinities, reciting scriptures. A mere glance at the man would show that he was completely beyond the ordinary.

He was also at the peak of Dao Seeking, with a strange air similar and yet different to that of a false Immortal.

The woman, on the other hand, was by no means beautiful. She had a black birthmark on a face that was twisted and uncouth. Furthermore, her body was neither elegant nor appealing and she was extremely obese.

Wrapped around her neck was a crimson snake that occasionally flicked its forked tongue out. Its eyes were grim, and if you looked closely, you would see that the snake did not actually have a physical body; shockingly, it was actually composed of countless discarnate souls.

This was the third wave army of cultivators from the Northern Reaches, the final wave, and also the most powerful!

As soon as they arrived at the border of the Southern Domain, three beams of light emanating the power of peak Dao Seeking shot toward them. They were the three Northern Reaches Patriarchs that had been frightened off by Meng Hao.

When they joined the force, it increased the number of peak Dao Seeking experts in the third wave to six!

In addition, there were the two giants and three wraiths. This army of Northern Reaches cultivators was incredibly powerful.

The three newcomers did not say anything. They produced jade slips which they tossed out to the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief and the others, who examined them closely for a few moments. Although their expressions did not change, serious looks could be seen in their eyes.

The six cultivators exchanged glances and then began to transmit a conversation.

“Meng Hao....”

“I’ve already received your earlier reports about him. It seems this Meng Hao... is the greatest hindrance to our Northern Reaches’ invasion of the Southern Domain!”

“He has a peak Dao Seeking clone, and his true self can absorb life force, qi, blood, cultivation bases and souls....”

“We must eliminate him. Without him, the Southern Domain is ripe for the picking!”

After a moment, their flickering gazes came to rest on the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief.

Lightning danced around him, and his closed eyes suddenly snapped open. He spoke for the first time, and his hoarse voice was filled with strange power.

“To deal with him, I approve the use of the ancestral statuary!”

The other five nodded in response. There was no further discussion. Moments later, the third wave army marched off of the Resurrection Lily

bridge and into the Southern Domain!

In that instant, the killing intent of the Northern Reaches cultivators exploded out. The sky darkened as they shot through the air like a black cloud.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief looked off into the distance. Lightning danced around him as he snorted coldly and then stretched his hand out and pointed upward. Immediately, a bolt of lightning shot up into the sky.

The air distorted, and then a fist-sized, translucent eyeball appeared up above. The lightning smashed into it, blasting it to pieces.

“The Southern Domain knows we’ve arrived,” said the old man. “Push forward at top speed. We will finish this war in one swift blow!” In response, the Northern Reaches cultivators roared and surged forward at incredible speed.

Colors flashed in the sky, and the wind screamed. Down below, the earth quaked under their killing intent!

Outside the Blood Demon Sect, Patriarch Song’s face flickered as he opened his eyes.

“They’ve arrived!” he said. “There is an old man with lightning surrounding him, most likely the most powerful person in the Northern Reaches, the Clan Chief of the Imperial Bloodline Clan. His cultivation base is astonishing. He noticed my Arcane Scrying Eye.

“They will be here in three days at the latest!”

Pill Demon and Patriarch Golden Frost exchanged glances. Seeing the profound gleam in each other’s eyes, they suppressed their anxiety and rose to their feet.

“Spread the word. The final battle is about to begin!”

Chapter 785: The Battle Begins!

Ten successive spell formations protected the Blood Demon Sect. When the 200,000 Southern Domain cultivators inside heard Pill Demon's proclamation, they opened their eyes from meditation. Their eyes were still bloodshot; their righteous ardor had by no means evaporated.

Although they had been able to rest for a few days, their minds were like taut bowstrings that had not relaxed in the least. Everyone was waiting... for the final battle to begin.

Now the moment was upon them.

No one spoke. The sound of their breathing formed a thunderous, reverberating echo. Each and every cultivator exuded a murderous air. All of it mixed together into a shocking aura that caused everything to tremble.

In this battle, there would be nowhere to retreat to!

In this battle, the ultimate frenzy of the Southern Domain would be unleashed!

In this battle, defeat meant death, and victory meant a chance for life!

No one was confident that they would be alive after the battle was over. Not even Patriarch Song and the other powerful experts had such faith. However, in a battle of this scale, between two major territories and hundreds of thousands of cultivators, anything was possible.

They sat there, taciturn. Many removed jade slips from their robes and inscribed them with their most consummate and powerful abilities, then applied blood curses to ensure that anyone who studied such arts in the future would be forced to view the Northern Reaches cultivators as their ultimate archenemies.

Some people produced magical treasures or other arcane heirlooms that represented important memories. They held them in their hands and stared at them, murmuring.

They appeared to be... making their farewells....

Meng Hao sat motionless in Blood Prince Gorge. During these days of rest, he did not practice cultivation. As for the Blood Demon Grand Magic, it was not fully complete. He still lacked some souls harvested from battle.

He sat there in the same spot where he had held Xu Qing, his mind a blank. It almost seemed as if his aura had vanished.

Time passed. On the evening of the second day since Pill Demon's proclamation, the Southern Domain cultivators' breathing had grown even louder and hoarser. It sounded like muffled thunder, echoing about. As before, no one spoke.

Finally... a black streak appeared far off on the horizon!

Soon, it became apparent that the shocking black streak was actually countless Northern Reaches cultivators!

They shot through the air, hundreds of thousands of them, bursting with energy. The clouds churned due to their passage, and rumbling echoed out across all the lands.

The ground quaked as the two giants in golden armor ran, stepping over entire mountains with each stride. The mere sight was terrorizing. The three wraiths flew through the air surrounded by swirling emerald mist. Wherever they passed, the living things down below died, and the mountain peaks appeared to melt.

Up in front were the six peak Dao Seeking experts, led by the Clan Chief of the Imperial Bloodline Clan. They streaked through the sky, looking almost like a gigantic talon, ready to rip the sky asunder.

The Southern Domain cultivators looked up. They put away the jade slips and the precious heirlooms, and stopped thinking about loved ones. As of this moment, they cleared their minds and allowed the desire for battle to burn hot and bright.

“Fight!”

It was hard to say who said it first, but the cry spread quickly. They had been suppressing themselves for days, and now they could finally vent. The roars grew louder.

“Fight!!”

“FIGHT!!!!” One by one, the Southern Domain cultivators rose to their feet. Their roaring caused the sky to dim as an explosive murderous air surged up, passing out through the spell formations to contend with the energy of the Northern Reaches cultivators.

Rumbling filled the air as the energy from the hundreds of thousands of cultivators fought against each other. It was an invisible conflict, but casualties were still inflicted. The Northern Reaches cultivators stopped in place, and there were even some with blood oozing from their mouths. It was the same with the Southern Domain forces.

Suddenly, a cold voice echoed out from the Northern Reaches forces.

“Central regiment, advance! Flanking regiments, form into a blade! Summon the Immortal Gate to smash the entire place flat!” The voice came from a veiled woman who floated cross-legged within the green wraith mist.

In response to her words, three regiments split from the army of hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators. The central regiment numbered 100,000, and advanced directly forward. The two flanking regiments had 50,000 cultivators each, and formed together into something that looked like sharp blades that shot forward.

Simultaneously, a rift suddenly opened up above in the sky. An enormous golden door emerged, which then smashed down toward the ground.

The two mountain-like giants in golden armor leapt forward, howling as they stretched their arms out to catch the enormous golden door, which they then hefted on their shoulders!

The door slowly opened to reveal a void of primal chaos, within which was a giant, green tree.

The tree slowly began to emerge from the door, and an ancient, archaic aura spread out to fill the land. It was shocking to the extreme.

“Activate the formations!” said Patriarch Song. Rumbling could be heard

as the ten spell formations began to rotate. Innumerable illusory spirit swords flew out, blotting out the sky as they shot toward the Northern Reaches cultivators.

“Break that formation,” the woman in the green mist said indifferently.

Instantly, the two giants with the door on their shoulders began to run toward the Southern Domain’s spell formations. More of the enormous tree had emerged from the door, roughly three hundred meters worth.

The two giants possessed extraordinary strength, and were incapable of being obstructed. In the blink of an eye, they were right on top of the Southern Domain cultivators’ tenth spell formation, which they struck with the gigantic tree.

A boom rang out, and cracking sounds could be heard. The tenth spell formation was completely incapable of withstanding the attack, and shattered into pieces.

Inside the spell formation perimeter, Patriarch Song’s and Patriarch Golden Frost’s faces fell.

“What is that!?”

“It a Formation Breaking Tree!” said Pill Demon, his face grim. “The Northern Reaches has access to profound resources. I can’t believe they still have one of those trees left!” Even as the words left his mouth, the two giants strode toward the ninth spell formation, followed by a massive wave that was the Northern Reaches army. Hundreds of thousands of cultivators prepared to inundate the Southern Domain forces.

At the same time, five of the six peak Dao Seeking experts up in midair flew forward at top speed toward the ninth spell formation. They reached it in the blink of an eye, and employed divine abilities as they joined the two giants in attacking it.

A moment later, the land trembled and the sky filled with rumbling as the the ninth spell formation was destroyed, and then the eighth. When the seventh formation was destroyed, a destructive power hidden within it was unleashed that transformed into an explosive shockwave which

roared outwards.

The giants bearing the golden door were incapable of fighting back against the attack. Trembling, they were forced back about three hundred meters. Many of the Northern Reaches cultivators behind them were incapable of standing up to the attack and were destroyed in body and spirit.

As the attack power spread out, the five peak Dao Seeking experts immediately sprang into action. Colorful divine abilities were employed, causing the ground to tremble, and the attacking power to dissipate....

“Charge!” roared Patriarch Song. He, along with Pill Demon and Patriarch Golden Frost, flew out, followed by five Spirit Severing experts and the 200,000 Southern Domain cultivators. This was the opening salvo of the final battle!

Pill Demon and the others headed toward the five peak Dao Seeking experts. Patriarch Song and Patriarch Golden Frost could only fight one enemy at a time, but Pill Demon had two lives worth of cultivation backing him. Although the magical symbols constraining him had not been fully removed, his peak Dao Seeking power far exceeded that of the other two.

When he attacked, the song of a great Dao swirled around him. A pill furnace materialized that seemed capable of refining Heaven and Earth, which he immediately sent against the effeminate Northern Reaches cultivator. At the same time, he waved his sleeve, enveloping the white-robed man who looked like a hopping vampire.

Booms filled the air as the three Southern Domain peak Dao Seeking cultivators waded into battle.

Unfortunately, the Northern Reaches had sent five peak Dao Seeking experts. There was still one left that could not be obstructed. That was the obese woman, who grinned as she shot toward Patriarch Song with a lethal attack.

However, even as she shot forward in attack, her scalp suddenly went numb and her face fell. She stopped in place and then retreated as a wooden sword suddenly materialized and slashed through the space

where she had just been. The sword glittered with the power of Time, which caused the air around it to suddenly pass through tens of thousands of years of time.

“Who is it?!” she thought.

Meng Hao’s second true self stepped out of thin air. He waved his hand, causing hundreds of magical symbols to appear, and a spell formation shaped like a parasol shot toward the woman.

The woman opened her mouth and spit out a writhing mist that transformed into the shape of a wild beast. It charged toward Meng Hao’s second true self, and rumbling sounds filled the air. The woman’s face flickered. She was not an ordinary peak Dao Seeking cultivator; she exceeded that. Normally, she could easily slay other peak Dao Seeking experts. She could never have imagined that she would meet someone here who was not weaker than her.

“So you’re Meng Hao?” she asked. She wasn’t the only one who had such thoughts. The effeminate man who was fighting Pill Demon looked over. The leader of the Northern Reaches, who had been observing the battle instead of fighting, also glanced over.

“That’s Meng Hao’s clone!” said the old man that looked like a hopping vampire.

Booming could be heard as the peak-level experts’ battle unfolded in midair.

At the same time, the five Spirit Severing experts whistled through the air down below. Unfortunately, the Northern Reaches had sent seven Spirit Severing cultivators to block their way.

Five battles quickly broke out as the remaining two Northern Reaches Spirit Severing experts heading toward the ordinary cultivators from the Southern Domain with evil gleams in their eyes.

On the battlefield, no one discriminated regarding cultivation base, not when it came to killing. Battles were won or lost depending on how many of the enemy you could kill.

It was at this point that the cross-legged woman in the mist once again spoke out coldly.

“Three Elders of the Northern Sky, please make your move.”

Immediately, the three wraiths in the mist began to cackle. Surrounded by swirling mists, they shot down toward the Southern Domain cultivators. Their eyes shone with mysterious light and bloodthirsty intent, as if they planned to consume the life forces of as many cultivators as possible.

The situation did not look good for the Southern Domain. However, there were still spell formations left standing. With that foundation, it was always possible to fall back to safety.

And yet, there still seemed little hope for victory. The most powerful expert from the Northern Reaches still hadn't made a move yet.

As the three wraiths descended like death toward the Southern Domain's main army, Meng Hao sat in Blood Prince Gorge. He saw what was happening, and the blankness left his eyes. A blood-like glow suddenly appeared, and then he vanished.

When he reappeared, he was in the middle of the battlefield!

Chapter 786: Slaying Wraiths!

Meng Hao appeared without a word or a sound. Not many people in the battle would be able to detect his sudden appearance. One of the few who did was the number one most powerful expert from the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief up in midair.

Meng Hao appeared just outside of the spell formation, swathed in red, his face pale white. He looked almost as if he were devoid of blood. He held the Lightning Cauldron in his right hand, which crackled with lightning as he suddenly vanished again.

Shockingly, when he reappeared, he had taken the place of a despairing Southern Domain cultivator who was being attacked by a burly Spirit Severing cultivator with wild hair.

The Southern Domain cultivator originally thought he was going to die, and was preparing to self-detonate. Then, his vision went blurry, and he switched places with Meng Hao. Even as his mind reeled with shock, Meng Hao reappeared in front of the burly cultivator with wild hair.

The burly man had already struck out with his hand. When he saw Meng Hao, his face flickered and his pupils constricted. Shocked, he was about to fall back when Meng Hao, like a soul vampire, moved forward and touched the man on the right arm.

A miserable shriek rang out from the burly man's mouth as his arm rapidly withered. The technique being used against him was like a black hole that rapidly sucked away his qi and blood. In the blink of an eye, his burly frame was nothing more than skin and bones. His cultivation base was gone and his soul was sucked away. His body fell into pieces as massive quantities of red mist were absorbed into Meng Hao.

Meng Hao didn't even pause. After casually killing the man, the lightning cauldron flickered again, and he reappeared in front of a Spirit Severing expert who was slaughtering his way through the Southern Domain forces.

The old man's scalp went numb; the speed with which Meng Hao had

killed the burly man was such that he didn't even have time to react. Even as his jaw was still dropping from shock, Meng Hao appeared in front of him.

Meng Hao's profound and mysterious face was devoid of any trace of blood, and a mysterious, dark glow filled his eyes. The old man was scared out of his mind.

"NO!"

He was about to flee when Meng Hao reached out and placed his hand on top of his head. The old man screamed miserably as his body withered, sucked out through the top of his head into Meng Hao's hand.

All of this happened in the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint. Meng Hao had just appeared, and already, two people had been slaughtered. The speed with which it happened caused all the onlookers to be taken aback.

Starting with the handful of people who Meng Hao had just saved, the Southern Domain cultivators began to chant his name.

"Exalted Meng Hao!"

"Exalted Meng Hao!!"

"EXALTED MENG HAO!!!" The combined voices of all the Southern Domain cultivators turned into a massive sound wave that rolled out.

Meng Hao stood there, his blood-red robe fluttering, his white hair floating around him, his energy surging.

Up in midair, The Northern Reaches' number one most powerful expert, the Imperial Bloodline Clan chief, looked down with wide eyes.

"That kid is seeking death!" he said. Without hesitation, he transformed into a Lightning Roc surrounding by crackling electricity that shot toward Meng Hao in a deadly attack.

Meng Hao's expression was as cold as ever as he caused the Lightning Cauldron to flicker, and he vanished yet again.

In another location on the battlefield was one of the three wraiths,

which vaguely resembled an old woman. She wore a twisted smile as she grabbed onto a Southern Domain cultivator, opened her mouth wide, and bit into the man's head. Crunching sounds could be heard as his skull cracked open and she began to absorb his soul.

The screaming man was still alive when suddenly, he vanished and was replaced by Meng Hao. The darkness in the woman's eyes flickered, and relying on the fact that her spirit body was illusory, she didn't pause. Laughing evilly, she opened her mouth to bite Meng Hao.

"Well," she said, "since you've delivered yourself up, let's see exactly how strong you are!"

Her mouth opened, a mouth which could cause the soul of an ordinary cultivator to be extracted with ease. Meng Hao's expression was cold as the mouth neared him. It was at this point that he opened his own mouth and began to inhale.

As he inhaled, the woman's body began to tremble. An indescribable sense of deadly crisis rose up in her, and she screamed. She immediately let go of Meng Hao and began to back up.

"Dammit! Are you even a cultivator?! How could it be that you practice ghost magic?!?"

Before the old woman could back up very far, Meng Hao inhaled even deeper, and her body collapsed. It transformed into countless motes of sparkling light which shot into Meng Hao's mouth.

It was possible to see the image of the woman in one of those motes of light. She was screaming as Meng Hao swallowed her down. His face darkened for a moment, then returned to its previous pale white, shrouded by a head of billowing white hair. Nearby, the other two wraiths were already flying away in retreat, thoroughly horrified.

Behind Meng Hao, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief descended, roaring. He moved with incredible speed, and in the blink of an eye, was almost upon Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes glinted with coldness. He suddenly turned, then shot

up into the air, spinning rapidly. A droning sound could be heard as he smashed directly into the Lightning Roc.

Boom!

The deafening roar that rippled out shocked even the peak Dao Seeking experts fighting in midair. Even as the Lightning Roc collapsed, an ancient looking hand emerged and punched down toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao was sent tumbling backward, blood spraying from his mouth. As he fell back, the Lightning Cauldron flickered, and he switched places with a Northern Reaches cultivator off in the distance. Now he was directly in the path of one of the fleeing wraiths.

Shockingly, everything that was happening was exactly as Meng Hao had planned it.

The instant he appeared, he leaped forward without the slightest hesitation. His right hand flickered in an incantation gesture, then he waved his hand, and his body began to emanate red mist. The mist transformed into a cyclone that headed straight for the wraith.

The wraith's face fell and it let out a high-pitched shriek as it sped backward. Such action was useless, however. The cyclone swallowed it up instantly, whereupon it was shredded to pieces, destroyed both in form and spirit. As Meng Hao absorbed it, he could tell that the Blood Demon Grand Magic was becoming more refined.

"Just need a little bit more!" he thought, his eyes flashing with red.

The final wraith was now completely and truly scared to death. After sweeping across the Northern Reaches for years, he had finally been captured and transformed into a wraith. In the past he had been a powerful expert, but was then forced to consume souls as a form of cultivation. To him, feasting on human flesh to bolster his spirit was the natural order of things.

However, this was the first time he had encountered... a terrifying existence that could consume ghosts and wraiths like himself!

The wraith flew backward in complete astonishment, merging back into

the green mist that hovered in midair, not daring to emerge again.

Up above, the two mountain-like giants with the golden door on their shoulders, and the huge tree, were now once again bombarding the Southern Domain's spell formations.

The sixth spell formation collapsed into pieces, and the fifth formation started crumbling.

Down below, the number one expert of the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, was once again in human form, his body surrounded by crackling lightning that formed his own Lightning Cauldron. He suddenly lifted his hand and waved his finger toward Meng Hao.

A lightning bolt immediately shot out from his Lightning Cauldron. It was black, and looked like a dragon as it sped through the air.

At the same time, the old man changed shape again, transforming into a three hundred meter long dragon. This was no ordinary dragon, this was a Lightning Dragon! 1

"Primordial Lightning Dragon Transformation!" cried the old man, his voice thrumming with what seemed like the power of Heaven. A savage and archaic aura rose up from his body, as the incarnated Primordial Lightning Dragon charged toward Meng Hao.

Unfortunately for the old man, this was not a true Primordial Lightning Dragon, but merely the shape of one. Even still, it was shockingly powerful!

For the first time, Meng Hao's face flickered; this old man was the most powerful person he had ever encountered other than the Dawn Immortal!

Although this man didn't match up to the Dawn Immortal in terms of bizarreness, the domineering extent of his energy exceeded hers. That was especially true of this Primordial Lightning Dragon incarnation, which clearly emanated a feeling of an archaic time. It seemed monstrously aggressive, as if anything which stood up against it could be crushed like dried twigs.

“What kind of dragon is that!?” thought Meng Hao, his eyes flickering as he backed up. “That cauldron in his hand just now looked very similar to my Lightning Cauldron....” Suddenly he vanished, switching places with a Northern Reaches cultivator off in the distance.

As soon as the Northern Reaches cultivator appeared where Meng Hao had been, he was ripped to shreds by lightning.

“You can’t flee!” roared the old man in Primordial Lightning Dragon form. “There’s nobody who can even lift a finger against the Primordial Lightning Dragon! Lightning Transformation!” His speed suddenly increased explosively by severalfold; he was clearly not going to allow Meng Hao to have another chance to flee with his Lightning Cauldron.

“I don’t plan to flee,” said Meng Hao, his eyes glittering. “As for this Lightning Dragon... I’ll show you what happens when I lift a finger!” As the Primordial Lightning Dragon bore down on him, Meng Hao raised both hands into the air. A vortex appeared, which was Meng Hao himself. As it pushed outward, the countless struggling souls which surrounded him screamed bitterly. Hundreds of thousands of them were under his control. They flew like raindrops, merging together into the shape of a gigantic head.

This head was the color of blood, and had a horn sticking out of its forehead. It was none other than the head of a Blood Demon!

Before the two divine abilities could slam into each other, a miserable cry rang out from the sky up above.

Over the past days, Patriarch Golden Frost’s wounds had remained unstable, despite the medicinal pills provided by Pill Demon. Currently, he was in full retreat up in the air, a look of madness in his eyes.

“My longevity was already reaching its end,” he said. “I’m going to die soon anyway. The only reason I didn’t die in previous battles was because the Li Clan Patriarch saved me. And now... if I’m going to lose my life, dying as part of the Southern Domain’s struggle means my death is not in vain!” He roared, and suddenly his body burst into flames as he unleashed the flame of his life force. In the blink of an eye he was temporarily at his

ultimate peak!

His legs had burned away, and his body began to dissipate. Apparently he was using every aspect of his life force to transform into... the final sword form of his entire life, a forbidden sword art!

“Golden Frost Immortal Slaying!”

A power capable of devastating Heaven and Earth rumbled forward.

The golden glow of the sword rose into the heavens, and it only took a moment for it to reach the black-robed old man who looked like a hopping vampire. He was incapable of evading, and after the sword passed by, his head toppled down toward the ground.

Patriarch Golden Frost, having unleashed this final sword form, completely faded away. His soul was dissipating, and would be incapable of entering the cycle of reincarnation.

“Patriarch!!” Down below, the Golden Frost Sect disciples among the Southern Domain cultivators were all filled with grief and anger.

“If there was one mistake I could take back, it would be joining the Solitary Sword Sect to go to war with the Blood Demon Sect. It’s the biggest error I made in my entire life. Hundreds of thousands of cultivators were pointlessly sacrificed in that war, and Fellow Daoist Blood Demon was injured so badly... that he cannot awaken!

“Were that not the case, the puny Northern Reaches would never be so arrogant as to dare to invade the Southern Domain!” Regret could be seen in Patriarch Golden Frost’s eyes. Finally, he turned into nothing more than dust, and vanished from the lands of the Southern Domain.

*

1. “Lightning Dragon” or “Thunder Dragon” is also how you would translate “brontosaurus”.

Chapter 787: The Rise of a Blazing Sun!

Of the powerful experts of the four powers that had waged war against the Blood Demon Sect, the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch had perished in battle, as had the Black Sieve Sect Patriarch. Now, Patriarch Golden Frost transformed his life force into a sword, which slaughtered a Northern Reaches cultivator and then became ash in the wind.

As far as he was concerned, if the war with the Blood Demon Sect hadn't occurred, the Southern Domain would currently be much stronger. Even if the Northern Reaches did have eleven peak Dao Seeking experts, they still wouldn't have dared to send troops into the Southern Domain.

After all, the five great sects and three great clans had deep Dao reserves. Although they only had eight peak Dao Seeking cultivators, they did have several other Dao Seeking experts.

When you added in the precious treasures of the various sects and clans, it would have been more than enough to make the Northern Reaches cultivators pay a heavy price for any incursion.

But now... all of that was mere wishful thinking.

"Patriarch!!" cried the Golden Frost Sect cultivators down below. Their minds were filled with grief as they watched their Patriarch fade away.

As for Patriarch Golden Frost, in his mind, he was atoning for his sins committed in the past.

Now there were only five peak Dao Seeking experts among the Northern Reaches forces. Unfortunately, the Southern Domain cultivators now only had the increasingly weakened Patriarch Song and Pill Demon, and then Meng Hao's second true self.

It was the three of them versus four peak Dao Seeking opponents!

Rumbling filled the air, and the fierce fighting continued down below. Heaven and Earth were wreathed in shadow, and the clouds churned. Miserable howls drifted through the air, as did the boom of magical techniques. In the final moments before death, some people chose to self-

detonate. All of this transformed into something like a funeral dirge that echoed like thunder throughout all creation. Rivers of blood flowed wide and deep.

Down below, the number one most powerful person in the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, had transformed into the shape of a Primordial Lightning Dragon. Lightning crackled out from his body, seemingly connecting all the way up to the sky. The power it contained as he shot toward Meng Hao was indescribable.

Meng Hao had rotated the Blood Demon Grand Magic to the pinnacle of its speed. Hundreds of thousands of enslaved souls, incapable of entering the cycle of reincarnation, had merged together to form a Blood Demon's head, with its vicious horn. The head was huge, and anyone who saw it couldn't help but be astonished.

This was a duel between a Primordial Lightning Dragon and a Blood Demon!

This was a battle that could possibly have actually occurred countless years in the past. Now, it was occurring again. The Primordial Lightning Dragon and the Blood Demon were once again locked in deadly combat!

In the blink of an eye, the Primordial Lightning Dragon and the Blood Demon slammed into each other. The Blood Demon Head shattered and then exploded into countless pieces.

Simultaneously, the Blood Demon's horn glittered like a sharp blade which sliced into the body of the Primordial Lightning Dragon, then slashed through it, splitting it completely in half.

A shocking boom rolled out, accompanied by the roar of the Lightning Dragon and towering Demonic qi from the Blood Demon head. It turned into a powerful blast that rapidly spread out in all directions.

All of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators on the battlefield were momentarily shaken into senselessness by the blast.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief appeared in the spot where the Lightning Dragon dissipated, blood oozing out of his mouth. Veins bulged

out of his forehead as he glared at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao trembled and coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. He staggered backward a few paces, and even as the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief looked over, the lightning from his Lightning Cauldron covered him and he vanished. When he reappeared, he looked back to see a Northern Reaches cultivator standing in the spot he had just occupied.

As soon as he reappeared, Meng Hao stretched out his hands, causing vast quantities of red mist to spread out. The mist was apparently sentient, and it immediately shot toward thousands of nearby cultivators.

Miserable shrieks rang out across the battlefield as it bored into their bodies. One after another, the Northern Reaches cultivators' bodies dried up and died; their qi, blood, cultivation bases and souls emerged and flew toward Meng Hao.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief was in a rage. Lightning seemed to pulse in his eyes as he took a deep breath and caused his body to expand. In the blink of an eye he had turned into a thirty meter tall giant. As his long hair floated around him, he lifted his head and roared, a roar which contained a bizarre natural law. Everything around him ground to a halt.

It almost looked like everything around him was moving slower, whereas he was moving faster!

His body flashed as he shot toward Meng Hao and punched out.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered coldly. This old man was powerful, and considering his current cultivation base and divine abilities, was difficult to fight back against.

"Unless... I could use the sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!" Meng Hao pushed his hand down toward the ground, then lifted it up, causing the thousands of corpses in the area to fly up and shoot like meteors toward the incoming Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief.

"Time to die!" cried the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, his voice echoing out coldly. The corpses crumbled to pieces, and he appeared in front of Meng Hao. His punch landed!

BOOM!

Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth as he suddenly vanished. He reappeared some distance away, where the Blood Demon Grand Magic suddenly surged into motion. The screams of thousands of surrounding cultivators once again rose into the air.

"Dammit!!" the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief roared, enraged. He immediately shot forward in pursuit, in state of complete astonishment because of Meng Hao's gory technique. He couldn't allow Meng Hao to just sweep freely through the Northern Reaches cultivators. If he did, it wouldn't be long before that technique absorbed all of their lives.

"It doesn't matter what age or era this evil technique appeared in, anyone would consider it Devilishly evil!" he yelled. "Everyone would rise together to destroy it! Cultivating a technique like this has doomed you to face the wrath of Heaven! You WILL meet a violent end!"

"Magic is neither good nor evil," replied Meng Hao calmly. "That exists only in the heart. You are incapable of harming the Dao heart of Meng Hao!" He flickered to reappear in another location on the battlefield. The astonished Northern Reaches cultivators in the area tried to flee, but they weren't as fast as Meng Hao's red mist, which bored into their bodies and began to absorb them.

"Let's see who's faster, you or me!" said Meng Hao, his eyes flashing with the desire to kill. He could sense that he was just about to achieve the sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief's eyes gleamed with a profound light as he ceased pursuit. Instead, he shot up into the air, his target being the location where the Northern Reaches' peak Dao Seeking experts were fighting Patriarch Song and the others.

"You kill Northern Reaches cultivators? Fine, I'll kill Southern Domain peak Dao Seeking cultivators!"

As the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief shot up into the air, Meng Hao's lips twisted into a cold smile. He stopped absorbing the life forces of the Northern Reaches cultivators and then caused the Lightning Cauldron to

flicker. In response, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief laughed.

It only took a moment for his laughter to turn choked.

That was because Meng Hao had not switched places with someone nearby to block his path.

Instead... he reappeared next to the two giants, who were barreling forward with the giant golden door and the huge tree.

“Dammit, how insidious!” thought the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, his face falling. “This kid is vicious and merciless. If we don’t get rid of him, it’s going to be difficult to finish wiping out the Southern Domain!” With that, he shot in Meng Hao’s direction.

Meng Hao had reappeared directly next to one of the golden-armored giants, and a strange light gleamed in his eyes. Completely ignoring the fact that the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief was closing in on him, he stretched his hands out. Rumbling could be heard as red mist exploded out from him.

It shot forward in the blink of an eye, boring into the body of one of the golden-armored giants, whose face then filled with astonishment. It let out a terrified howl.

Its body began to shake, and its eyes shone with an expression of unbearable suffering. Its body withered rapidly as its boundless qi, blood, cultivation base, and soul were rapidly extracted.

Its entire body withered in the blink of an eye. Cracking sounds could be heard as its legs, incapable of supporting the giant golden door, began to disintegrate. The giant then began to lean to the side, on the verge of collapsing.

It was then that the enraged Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief arrived. His fist slammed into Meng Hao, causing blood to spray from his mouth. Meng Hao immediately shot backward in retreat, his eyes shining with an extraordinary light.

“Die!” yelled the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, advancing at top speed. The Primordial Lightning Dragon appeared again, along with the roc, the

python, as well as white tigers. The energy being unleashed was astonishing, and it all combined into a single punch.

Just when the punch was about to slam into Meng Hao....

The withered giant in the golden armor couldn't hold on any longer. Its life force vanished, and its corpse slammed into the ground. Massive amounts of red mist glittered brightly with the power it had absorbed.

The brilliance of the glow far exceeded that shown when Meng Hao had absorbed countless tens of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators. As the red mist fused back into his body, he began to tremble.

The energy in his body was completely recovered, and the Blood Demon Grand Magic... all of a sudden reached...

The sixth level!

His energy was now vastly different than it had been moments before. Instantly, a blood colored tempest sprang up around him, stretching up high into the sky.

Within him, the Blood Demon Grand Magic was rotating at the pinnacle of speed. Meng Hao raised his hand in a palm strike that surged directly toward the incoming Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief.

A vortex appeared around the palm. At first it was only three meters across, but it rapidly expanded to three hundred meters. It looked like a huge mouth, biting voraciously toward the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief.

For the first time, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief felt a sense of deadly crisis. He immediately put all the power he could muster into his own strike.

A shocking, thunderous boom echoed out!

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief was consumed by the vortex. A moment later, an enraged roar could be heard, and the vortex collapsed. From within, a blood-soaked figure flew out.

It was the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. He was severely wounded, with blood spurting out of various wounds. An expression of astonishment

could be seen on his face as he realized that twenty percent of his power had been withered away in the brief moment that had just passed.

The collapsed vortex immediately flowed back into Meng Hao. A tremor ran through him as his fleshly body grew even more powerful. In fact, even a bit of Immortal will could be detected!

His cultivation base also surged with rumbling power.

He hovered in midair, the blood-colored tempest raging around him, the Lightning Cauldron crackling with electricity, his hair whipping around. He looked like a Paragon!

He glanced down coldly at the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, and the aura of a Paragon grew even more intense. Colors flashed in the sky and the wind screamed. The hundreds of thousands of cultivators on the ground, even the peak Dao Seeking experts locked in combat up above, were all completely shocked.

Meng Hao looked like a blazing sun, rising up with infinite splendor!

Chapter 788: Suppression!

The number one most powerful expert in the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, stared at Meng Hao with wide eyes. Earlier, Meng Hao had been pestering him, but now, the feeling he gave off was like that of some primordial wild beast. His gaze, his aura, the blood-colored tempest, all caused the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief to feel incredibly shocked.

His expression was grave as Meng Hao walked forward, eyes glowing with coldness. It only took him a moment to reach the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, after which he waved his hand, causing a blood-colored light to spread out. In the blink of an eye, the two of them had exchanged dozens of blows.

Booms echoed out. Around them, the fierce fighting continued, and up above, the battle of the peak Dao Seeking experts continued.

Originally, the Southern Domain had been in the weaker position, but now that Meng Hao had risen up with his Blood Demon and the sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, everything... had been turned around!

If Meng Hao could just kill the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, then the Southern Domain... would probably... have a chance to eke out a victory!

The morale of the Southern Domain cultivators surged, and they lashed out with increasingly vicious attacks.

Outside of the spell formations, one of the golden-armored giants had been killed, and the other stood there trembling, completely terrified of Meng Hao. The huge golden door, having lost one of the giants that had been supporting it, was now tilting awkwardly to the side.

The giant watched in horror as Meng Hao fought the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, and its scalp began to grow numb. Finally, it threw the huge door down and turned to flee.

After all, it was not a cultivator, but rather, a giant descended from an

ancient bloodline. The thought of fighting Meng Hao struck terror into its heart.

However, in the same instant that it turned to flee, the cold, detached woman who floated in the churning green mist looked over with flashing eyes. Her beautiful hand stretched out and pointed at the giant.

“Fleeing before the battle is finished? I’ll exterminate your bloodline to the ninth degree of kinship!”

Immediately, the giant began trembling, and a sealing mark appeared on its forehead. The mark began to burn, deep into its skin, all the way to the bone. The giant let out a miserable shriek, and madness appeared in its eyes.

“I shall erase your mind,” said the woman calmly, “send you into insanity, replace your life force with madness. Kill a hundred thousand enemies, and the curse will be lifted.” The giant howled, and its expression twisted into one of insanity. Its eyes were blood-red as it leapt toward the Southern Domain army.

Any Southern Domain cultivators it encountered were be ripped to shreds before they even had a chance to flee. The giant crushed them with its feet, then picked them up and tossed them into its mouth. Blood flowed down its chin, and it seemed to be completely mad.

To the Southern Domain forces, a mountain-like giant with strength similar to Dao Seeking was a huge influence on the battle as a whole. In the blink of an eye, hundreds of Southern Domain cultivators were killed.

It was virtually impossible to stop. The only way to faze it would be for tens of thousands of cultivators to all attack it in unison. Unfortunately... there was no way the Northern Reaches cultivators would give the Southern Domain the opportunity to do such a thing. Under the direction of the woman in the green mist, the Northern Reaches cultivators began to push forward in an offensive.

An endless sea of people surged forward like the tide in a general charge.

In the battle between the Dao Seeking experts up above, Patriarch Song and Pill Demon were anxious, and yet were incapable of doing anything to provide assistance to the Southern Domain. All they could do was watch as the flow of battle once again reversed.

Booms filled the air as Meng Hao fought back and forth with the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. The number one figure from the Northern Reaches had powerful energy, an incredible cultivation base, and wild, vicious attacks. That, along with Meng Hao's sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, made it seem as if the ground itself were about to explode up into the sky.

As they struggled back and forth in combat, Meng Hao saw the giant going crazy, and could sense the sinister woman hovering in the green mist.

"Time to die!" he said to the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. Killing intent flickered in his eyes as he lifted his right leg up and then began to spin around rapidly. He turned into a cyclone that shot forward and slammed into the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief's incoming fist attack.

A huge boom echoed out, and blood sprayed from the mouths of both opponents. However, it was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly vanished, then reappeared in the place of a Northern Reaches cultivator next to the charging giant.

"You'll die for that!" roared the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. Meng Hao's nimble manipulation of the battlefield was giving him a headache. He was just about to give chase when Meng Hao decisively waved a hand, causing a gigantic red mist to appear. The mist instantly churned into a vortex that swallowed up the roaring giant.

A crunching, chewing sound could be heard. The sound was grating to the ears, and anyone who heard it couldn't help but be shocked.

Blood flowed out from the vortex, along with miserable screams. Rumbling could be heard as the vortex then faded away. The red mist within flowed toward Meng Hao, fusing into him, making him... even stronger!

He turned and punched directly at the incoming Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. A huge boom could be heard as, for the first time, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief was sent tumbling backward. His expression showed first shock, and then fury. Then his body flickered as he changed shape into a three-legged golden crow!

Brilliant light shone off of him, making him look like a sun. Intense heat blast against Meng Hao's face.

At the same time, the woman in the mist looked on with coldly glittering eyes. She stretched out her hand, causing nine magical symbols to fly out at top speed. They swirled together in midair to form a huge sealing symbol!

The shockingly powerful sealing symbol immediately flew directly toward Meng Hao.

"Suppress!" said the woman lightly, her voice cold and devoid of any emotion. Her face was pale to begin with, but unleashing the nine magical symbols left it even paler.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed with killing intent. His cultivation base surged as he raised his left hand, within which appeared a shocking black claw, roughly the same size as a human fist.

As soon as the claw appeared, a brutal aura exploded out. At the same time, something that resembled the shriek of a cat echoed out, causing everything to shake.

This claw was none other than one of the items Meng Hao had acquired during the eruption of the ancient Dao Lakes! After refining it for some time in the past, he was finally able to use it!

It was not the claw of some wild beast, but actually, a cat!

It was a cat's claw!

The claw was black, and the cat it had come from was also completely black.

As soon as it appeared, a brutal aura filled the air, and the astonishing

shriek of the cat shook the minds of everyone in the area. It almost seemed to be an attack levied against the soul. Catalyzed by Meng Hao's cultivation base, the claw flew up into the air and expanded. It grew larger and larger until it was dozens of meters wide. Instantly, the claw slashed toward the incoming three-legged golden crow.

The three-legged golden crow trembled, but was incapable of evading the strike. The claw slashed into it, and its three legs instantly exploded. It let out a miserable shriek as it morphed back into the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and his arms were slashed to pieces. He shot back in astonishment, simultaneously using a magical technique to instantly regrow his lost arms.

His face was ashen and his voice weak as he said, "Nine Hells Burial Cat!"

At the same time, the sealing symbol continued to barrel toward Meng Hao. He looked up at it, and the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex rumbled up around him, transforming into a tempest, and then a Blood Demon head. Its expression was savage as it shot toward the sealing symbol, surging with a shocking energy that seemed capable of ripping everything apart.

"Disperse!" said Meng Hao, his voice echoing out. The huge sealing symbol shuddered, then began to split apart. Cracking sounds could be heard, and then it exploded, transforming once again into nine magical symbols. Three of them were now dark, and gradually faded away. The other six flew back to the woman in the mist.

Then, Meng Hao began to slaughter his way toward the woman.

"Your turn to be suppressed!" he said. "Ninth Mountain!" He pointed out with his index finger, and everything shook. The Ninth Mountain appeared, followed by the Blood Demon Grand Magic, which fused into it, turning it bright red. It then shot directly toward the woman in the mist.

As it descended, a huge fissure opened up in the ground below, which consumed no small amount of Northern Reaches cultivators. The woman's face flickered, and she suddenly reached out and grabbed the

remaining trembling wraith, then hurled it up into the air.

The wraith transformed into a shooting star which shot toward the Ninth Mountain. At the same time, the woman performed an incantation gesture, which caused her six remaining magical symbols to fly up at top speed and form a halo that joined the wraith as it slammed into the Ninth Mountain.

BOOOOOOMMMMM!

Shockingly, the descending power of the Ninth Mountain seemed to have been obstructed.

“Black White Pearls!” Meng Hao said coolly. A black and white mist appeared around the Ninth Mountain, which then turned into two pearls. As they rotated around the Ninth Mountain, a rumbling could be heard, and the mountain began to descend once more. The wraith was shattered into pieces, and the halo exploded in a brilliant flash of colors. They were incapable of blocking the Ninth Mountain as it continued to descend toward the shocked woman.

Colors flashed in the sky and rumbling filled the air. The green mist was blasted to bits. The woman, as well as quite a few of the Northern Reaches cultivators in the area, were all completely crushed under the mountain.

As of this moment, there was a new mountain in the land!

Everyone in the area was shocked, including the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. His eyes were shot with blood. Because of Meng Hao, the Northern Reaches had sustained far too many losses in this difficult battle.

Originally, victory had been a certain thing for the Northern Reaches, but now... all because of Meng Hao, the tide had turned! If they couldn't handle Meng Hao, then the Northern Reaches... would lose!

Having reached this conclusion, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief's eyes flickered with determination. Originally, he wanted to avoid using the ancestral statuary, as it would waste a significant amount of qi reserves. That was why he had first attempted to handle Meng Hao himself.

Now he could see... that he had made a mistake.

“I should have used the ancestral statuary from the beginning, regardless of the cost!! However, it’s still not too late!

“Meng Hao, to be suppressed by my clan’s ancestral statuary will be your good fortune!” The Imperial Clan Chief’s eyes radiated determination as he pointed one finger up toward the sky and another down toward the ground.

“Ancestral statuary, please reveal yourself!”

Chapter 789: A Huge Crisis!

As the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief's voice rang out, Meng Hao's eyes flashed, and an ineffable sense of deadly crisis abruptly rose up inside of him.

Meng Hao did not retrieve the Ninth Mountain, but rather, left it there towering above the land, emanating incredible pressure.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief pointed up at the sky and down toward the ground. A bolt of blue lightning suddenly appeared, piercing Heaven and Earth....

Some distance away from the battlefield was an area that had previously been completely cloaked, but was now suddenly visible. It was as if a curtain had been pulled back to reveal... an enormous cage!

Inside the cage was a monkey, its body completely covered with magical symbols, and its eyes as red as blood. It seemed to be filled with a madness that could consume the Heavens.

As soon as Meng Hao caught sight of the cage and the monkey, his mind reeled. Even he... had been completely unable to detect the existence of the cage.

That indicated that the intense power of the cage exceeded Meng Hao's cultivation base by a huge amount!

Right now, even a false Immortal would be incapable of completely evading Meng Hao's detection. Thus, it indicated that the cage... was comparable to a true Immortal!

Furthermore, the Imperial Bloodline Clan would never use anything less powerful as their ancestral statuary!

It was a precious treasure formed from countless years of collected qi reserves.

The cage slowly rose up into the air, surrounded by lightning which stretched from the ground all the way up into the sky. The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief immediately dropped to his knees in worship, raised

his hands into the air, and began to chant a bizarre spell.

The air suddenly filled with the music of a great Dao. It sounded like the chanting of countless voices, droning dully in a way that made it impossible to hear clearly. However, the surrounding cultivators who did hear it were shaken mentally. The peak Dao Seeking Patriarchs up in midair looked on with shock.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. The sense of deadly crisis had reached a pinnacle inside of him. He lifted the Lightning Cauldron up, and lightning spread out to cover his entire body. He suddenly switched places with a cultivator close to the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. He flew up into the air, performing an incantation gesture that caused the Blood Demon Grand Magic to appear as he sped toward the clan chief.

He could not allow the man to continue to perform his magic; the strange, ancient cage was something that filled Meng Hao's heart with fear.

BOOM!

His divine ability slammed into the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, who didn't do the slightest thing to evade. He knelt there in worship just as before, the spell's words pouring from his mouth. As Meng Hao's divine ability reached him, it was blocked by some invisible power, and then... dissipated.

Meng Hao's face fell.

It was at this point that, inside the cage, the monkey's eyes suddenly flickered. The countless magical symbols on its body began to squirm and wriggle, and then flew into motion across the surface of its body. Golden light emanated off of the monkey, along with an aura like that of an Immortal Divinity.

Meng Hao's scalp went numb, and his sense of deadly crisis rose even higher. Seeing that he couldn't attack the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, he began to back up, preparing to leave this area of the battlefield and the terrifying cage.

However, even in the moment that he began to back up...

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief looked up, and his expression was one of madness. “Ancestral statuary,” he cried out in a loud voice, “please slaughter this person!”

Lightning descended to dance around the cage, making it like a sun of lightning in midair.

The magical symbols on the monkey’s body began to move even faster than before. Then, all of the magical symbols on its right arm suddenly vanished, scattering to other parts of its body.

The magical symbols were like seals that kept it under constant suppression. Now... the right arm had been unsealed.

Next, one section of the cage in front of the monkey rippled and twisted into an opening!

A ferocious gleam appeared in the monkey’s eyes, and it suddenly roared: “The world of Immortals is the root of all evil! Immortals... must be suppressed!”

As its voice echoed out, it stretched out its right hand, passing through the gap to appear outside the cage as it reached toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s scalp was numb. The Lightning Cauldron crackled, and he vanished, reappearing some distance off, where he immediately transformed into a shooting star that sped away.

In the instant that he took to flight, however, the arm stretching out of the cage began to expand. In the blink of an eye it was three hundred meters long. Another blink, and it was three thousand. Then thirty thousand!

An enormous hand shot after Meng Hao. It was huge, filling up the sky, blocking the light, exceeding mountains and rivers as it closed in on Meng Hao.

It was impossible to tell exactly what type of divine ability was involved. Meng Hao was astonished, as were the peak Dao Seeking experts.

Meng Hao spat out a mouthful of blood as he pushed himself forward at indescribable speed. However, the enormous hand seemed to have no limits. It was like a continent unto itself as it shot after him. It spread out to completely encompass him. Up ahead of him, what looked like five gigantic mountain peaks were descending from up above!

Meng Hao's eyes went wide from astonishment regarding this ancestral statuary. However, a cold gleam then appeared in his eyes, and the image of a roc appeared on his forehead. He burst forward as the image of a fish appeared in the air around him, its flapping tail shattering the air around him as he propelled himself forward. 1 The war chariot appeared, and he circulated the qi of Immortal Shows the Way. Rumbling filled the battlefield as he shot forward.

Utilizing the power of the war chariot, he was able to pass through one of the gaps between the five descending mountains.

Behind him on the battlefield, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief spat up a mouthful of blood. Immediately, the magical symbols reappeared on the arm of the monkey in the cage. The chief was enraged; how could he ever have imagined that the ancestral statuary would be incapable of capturing Meng Hao?

"Dammit, this is unbelievable!" The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief bit the tip of his tongue and spat some more blood out. Then he took out a skull fragment, which he pushed down onto his forehead. His body began to tremble, and rumbling sounds could be heard. A boundless radiance shone out from him, and countless voices spoke in unison.

"Ancestral statuary, please seal this person!"

As the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief's roar echoed out, the monkey's eyes flickered. No longer did they glow with red light; instead, they began to darken, as if the flame of its life force were burning out. It was at this point that the monkey transformed into a stone statue.

When that happened, the cage began to shine with brilliant light, simultaneously increasing in size. Then, it abruptly vanished.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao was speeding off into the distance, utilizing all

the possible power of the war chariot. In the blink of an eye, he was far, far away. He turned to look behind him, and when he could see no enormous hand, he sighed with relief. Then, killing intent flickered in his eyes, and he was about to return to the battlefield, when suddenly, his mind reeled with shock.

Everything around him was flat and drab. The whole world looked peaceful and calm. In fact, there seemed to be no life present at all.

He looked up, and could see a mountain range off in the distance.

“Considering the power of the war chariot, and how hard I pushed it just now, I should be able to see the Milky Way Sea from here....” His mind spun, and a bad feeling welled up in his heart. Eyes flashing, he sped forward toward the mountain range he had just seen. Then, his face fell.

Those... were no mountains! Instead, they were enormous pillars!

Meng Hao’s scalp tingled. He turned again and, shockingly, found himself looking up at a gargantuan statue.

It was a statue of a monkey, and the expression on its face was one of derision.

A thunderous roar filled Meng Hao’s mind. If by this point he didn’t understand what had happened, then he wouldn’t be Meng Hao.

“I’m inside that cage!” he thought with disbelief. He had just employed the top speed he could muster, and had clearly outrun the monkey’s palm. Panting, he again sped off into the distance. It only took a bit of flying around for him to determine that he was definitely not in the lands of the Southern Domain, but rather, a square-shaped world.

In each of the four directions, he ran into pillars. In the center of all of them was the gigantic stone monkey. Finally, Meng Hao’s face fell.

It was at this point that chanting sounds began to pulse toward him from all directions. The voices seem to contain some unspeakable power. As they floated about, the world began to tremble. What happened next was clearly visible to Meng Hao. The entire world... began to shrink!

At the same time, a shocking pressure weighed down.

The more the world shrank, the more intense the pressure became. It was a suppressing force that made Meng Hao tremble; it felt as if a mountain were crushing down onto him.

Meanwhile, in the outside world, Pill Demon, Patriarch Song, and the others hovered above the battlefield, shaken. Down below, the cultivators of the Southern Domain looked hopeless.

Everyone could see that the cage up in midair, which was covered by countless lightning bolts, now contained a figure inside that was Meng Hao!

However, he seemed to have been shrunk down to a tiny size, and was being suppressed by some power within the cage.

A ruthless gleam appeared in the eyes of the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. He put away the skull fragment, then spit out a mouthful of blood. His body aged visibly; manipulating the ancestral statuary in the way he just had came with a steep price.

"This campaign has been fraught with setbacks. However, Meng Hao has finally been suppressed. At long last, the war of the Southern Domain shall end. The Northern Reaches will now control this territory!

"The Immortal destiny will definitely appear within a Northern Reaches cultivator!" He lifted his head up and laughed. The heavy price he had paid was worth it considering that the result was that Meng Hao was suppressed.

Killing intent flickered in his eyes as he shot up into the air, heading directly toward the battle with Patriarch Song and Pill Demon. After killing them, the battle would be completely in hand.

Down below, the Southern Domain cultivators were in a state of hopelessness, whereas the Northern Reaches cultivators were enlivened. Roaring, the Northern Reaches cultivators charged in attack; in the blink of an eye, the Southern Domain suffered heavy casualties, and were pushed back. The only thing they could do now was fall back behind the

protection of the spell formations.

The spell formations were strong, but not strong enough that they could block an entire army of hundreds of thousands of maddened cultivators. The enormous golden door was once again hoisted up by tens of thousands of cultivators. The fourth spell formation was destroyed, then the third. Although some Northern Reaches cultivators died in the process, the second spell formation was also broken.

The Ninth Mountain still hadn't faded away. It remained there, emitting rumbling sounds, as if someone was inside trying to break out!

The Southern Domain was in a huge crisis!

*

1. Don't forget that rocs, or "kunpeng," start out their existence as a fish.

Chapter 790: He Once Said....

Up in the air was another crisis!

Blood sprayed from Patriarch Song's mouth. He had lost another eye, ripped out by the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. Were it not for Meng Hao's second true self interfering with the Time Sword, he would surely have perished.

Patriarch Song, having lost both his eyes, was in a sorry state. Suddenly, his forehead tore open, and a brilliant glow appeared, which was his Nascent Divinity. Since he had no fleshly eyes, he would use his Nascent Divinity as his eyes so that he could continue to battle.

He couldn't afford to self-detonate. If he self-detonated in this moment of grave crisis for the Southern Domain, it would not only ensure that Pill Demon and Meng Hao's second true self would be defeated even sooner, it would also be a crippling blow to the morale of the Southern Domain cultivators.

"A fight to the death! What's the big deal in that?!" Laughing, Patriarch Song continued to battle on.

Pill Demon coughed up blood. He was fighting against two opponents, and considering how powerful the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief was, he couldn't hold his own. Thankfully, Meng Hao's second true self intervened, pinning down the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief as well as the obese woman.

"I already suppressed your true self, you trifling clone!" said the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief with a cold laugh. "Screw off!"

He waved his hand, and the Primordial Lightning Dragon appeared. Roaring, it bore down on Meng Hao's second true self.

Meng Hao's second true self looked coldly at the dragon. After his true self had been sealed, the connection between the two of them had been lost. Although he was incredibly nervous about the matter, there was nothing he could do about it except stall against the enemy.

The ground shook, and cracking sounds could suddenly be heard from the Ninth Mountain. A rift appeared on its surface, as if the person it was sealing would soon be freed. It was in that moment that a huge boom rang out; the Southern Domain's final spell formation was destroyed.

The backlash attack that it unleashed sent the Northern Reaches cultivators flying backward in retreat. However, it was only moments later that they charged once again, eyes bloodshot, faces covered with ferocious, cruel expressions.

The Southern Domain cultivators had been pressed down to the limit. Of their original force of 200,000, less than half remained. Now, they were prepared to put everything on the line in a final, brazen charge.

“Kill them!!”

The ground quaked, rivers of blood flowed, and fierce fighting raged.

There was so much blood that the sky itself reflected it, turning red. The killing field that was the final battle for the Southern Domain shook violently.

Back inside the cage, Meng Hao was also experiencing deadly tribulation. His body trembled underneath the pressure, and he coughed up blood. It seemed that... the Southern Domain... would inevitably suffer a huge defeat!

The cultivators were in a disastrous situation. The Dao Seeking experts were in sore straits. The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief's eyes glittered ruthlessly; the battle seemed moments away from being won.

However, it was at this point that....

“South Cleaving!” An ancient voice rang out to echo through the land. It was like a windstorm that swept out in all directions.

“South Cleaving!!” A second voice rang out, uttering the same words. It was an equally archaic voice that swept out to fill Heaven and Earth.

“South Cleaving!!”

“SOUTH CLEAVING!!!” More voices rang out, until finally it was

impossible to tell how many there were. Everything shook, and the sky flashed. Looks of shock began to appear on the faces of the Northern Reaches cultivators. The Southern Domain cultivators looked equally confused.

Up in the air, Patriarch Song and Pill Domain stared in shock. The Northern Reaches' Dao Seeking experts turned to look off into the distance.

As for the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, his face flickered.

"South Cleaving!" Amidst the rumbling, 10,000 figures suddenly appeared, striding through the air. They wore green armor that brimmed with an ancient air. It was as if these figures had existed for countless years; many were even dilapidated and broken down.

Inside the armor could be seen expressionless faces that appeared to be completely lifeless. They were puppets! Green-armored Demon guardians!

Every one of the green-armored Demon guardians had a core formation cultivation base, and the ground trembled as they advanced. Behind them were ninety additional figures wearing black armor.

Pitch black and circulating Demonic qi, these were... black-armored Demon guardians!

Each one had a Nascent Soul cultivation base, and possessed shocking power. As they advanced, it could be seen that behind them were six figures in violet armor.

Each of those six figures emanated Spirit Severing auras and shocking energy. As soon as they appeared, the ground trembled and the sky dimmed.

Behind those six figures were three old men wearing bronze battle armor. Their hair was white and floated about them, and their facial features were ancient. They seemed to have existed for many, many years. These old men were also puppets, no longer cultivators. However, the auras they emanated were that of the peak of Dao Seeking!

As these more than 10,000 people appeared, they all shouted the same

thing.

“South Cleaving!”

As the sound rose up into the sky, the Southern Domain cultivators began to think about an ancient legend.

According to the legend, the Southern Domain and the Western Desert had not always been on stable terms like they were now. In fact, there had been lots of friction, including several instances of war.

In one of those wars, the Western Desert had been in the weak position, whereas the Southern Domain was much more powerful. The Southern Domain invaded the Western Desert, which prompted the Western Desert cultivators to join forces to create the South Cleaving Sentinels. Supposedly, all of their peak Dao Seeking cultivators volunteered to give up everything and become puppets. They created a mountain range to cleave the south from the west; it completely and thoroughly separated the Western Desert and the Southern Domain.

From that time forward, those boundless mountains were called... the South Cleaving Mountains!

Within those mountains existed eternal guardians of the Western Desert, which was the former legion... of the South Cleaving Sentinels! 1

Afterwards, the Western Desert declined in power, and then the Violet Sea arrived. No more Dao Seeking experts had arisen there, and so, relations with the Southern Domain gradually stabilized.

“South Cleaving Sentinels!”

“Those are the Western Desert’s South Cleaving Sentinels!!” The appearance of this new force left the Southern Domain cultivators completely shocked. That was especially because they weren’t sure if the South Cleaving Sentinels came as enemies or allies!

The Northern Reaches cultivators were in the same position. The sudden appearance of a third party left them astonished.

It was at this point that a group of tens of thousands of people could be

seen charging out from behind the South Cleaving Sentinels. They wore simple clothes, and looked rough and coarse. They had barbarous expressions, and their hair flung about wildly like savages.

They also gave off an archaic air, as if within their veins pulsed blood that had existed for countless ages. These people were... the Golden Crow Clan, the great Wild Flame Tribe, the great Demon Butterfly Tribe, and the great Cloud Sky Tribe!

The Western Desert had become the Violet Sea, the great tribes had migrated to the Black Lands, and these people were the warrior tribes of the Black Lands.

“Fellow Daoist Pill Demon, we are indebted to you for your kindness all those years ago. Fellow Daoist Meng Hao, we are here to join you in battle!!”

“Patriarch Meng Hao, we’re here!!”

“We might have had our differences with the Southern Domain in the past. However, when the Violet Sea Apocalypse came, the Southern Domain permitted the Western Desert to occupy the Black Lands, and did not interfere with us. Nor did you take advantage of our situation to harm us. Such kindness... will be repaid by the Western Desert cultivators on this very day!”

“We have already consulted with South Cleaving Pass on this matter, and the Patriarchs agree. We will aid the Southern Domain to drive out the Northern Reaches!”

As the voices rang out into the ears of the Southern Domain and Northern Reaches cultivators, everyone was shocked.

The Southern Domain cultivators were trembling. They had never imagined that at the eleventh hour, the Western Desert... would actually send troops to their aid!

The Northern Reaches cultivators were also trembling. Just when the battle seemed to be clinched, another setback occurred!

It was at this time that behind the Western Desert Cultivators could be

seen hundreds of thousands... of wild beasts!

Although the beasts were not incredibly strong, their speed and numbers were enough to darken the sky. Numerous Dragoneers could be seen controlling the beasts as they charged toward the battlefield, forming a pincer formation with the Southern Domain cultivators to completely surround the Northern Reaches forces!

The Southern Domain cultivators' spirits were instantly raised, and they began to fight passionately.

Trembling, Patriarch Song lifted his head and laughed. Next to him, Pill Demon also appeared to be moved. He had treated the Western Desert well in the past, often providing them secret assistance. That was because long ago, Reverend Violet East had once been on good terms with the Western Desert. 2

Now that the Western Desert cultivators had arrived, the Southern Domain had been given a new lease on life from its imminent crisis!

This was especially true considering the presence of the South Cleaving Sentinels. As soon as they reached the battlefield, the old men in the bronze armor immediately shot toward the peak Dao Seeking experts' battle.

"Dammit!" roared the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. "You Western Desert barbarians are looking to die!" He was immediately pulled into fighting with one of the three peak Dao Seeking Western Desert puppets from the South Cleaving Sentinels. Fierce fighting caused everything to shake.

Three great territories were now locked in battle! The Western Desert! The Southern Domain! The Northern Reaches!

As the battle raged, the sky grew dark. The land was shattered into pieces, and the air itself was rent. The sky above was torn, revealing a peek of what appeared to be a different set of stars up above. Even the whole of South Heaven seemed as if it had been tilted on its axis, and the entire planet trembled.

Originally, the Ji Clan would have stepped in to prevent these three territories from going to war like this, and from shaking the very foundation of the lands of South Heaven. But now... the Ji Clan was acting as if they didn't even notice. Not a single Ji Clan member appeared.

Within the rumbling of battle, beasts and cultivators slashed murderously at each other. The Southern Domain, the Western Desert and the Northern Reaches all fought with madness. Currently, it was actually difficult to tell who was in the winning position.

No one was confident of clinching victory, neither the Southern Domain and Western Desert, nor the Northern Reaches.

The lands flowed with blood, and fierce fighting raged everywhere. Miserable screams drifted about, and countless corpses fell to the ground. Everything was stained with blood. The sky was dark. Everyone seemed to have become mired in a bloody slaughterhouse. The only thing to do was kill... and keep killing!

Up in midair, the five Northern Reaches Dao Seeking experts were fighting against three Southern Domain cultivators and three Western Desert experts, a total of six. Their battle thoroughly shook the sky up above, dissipating the Ji Clan's sky and revealing the true starry sky of ancient times.

On any other occasion, the Ji Clan would never have allowed such a thing to happen. But now... the Heavens of Ji were severed. They had lost their protector, making it so that the current sky distorted into a massive vortex.

The spinning vortex looked like a huge eye, within which spun a starry sky!

The Violet Sea churned and the Milky Way Sea roared. The massive quaking was such that, in the area where the two seas bordered each other, it was possible to see that the Violet Sea was now leaking out into the Milky Way Sea. Instantly, shocking transformations began to occur.

The transformations were astonishing by themselves, but what was even more astounding was that... the blood that inundated the battlefield did

not soak into the ground, but rather, began to slowly flow into the Milky Way Sea.

The lands which had once been the Blood Demon Sect were awash with blood that now poured into the Milky Way Sea. Considering that the Violet Sea was also flowing into it, the Milky Way Sea... erupted.

At this point, a faint voice rose up over the Milky Way Sea.

“He once said... when the vortex eye appears in the sky, when the lotus transforms, when there is a gap between Immortal and Devil, the Blue Lotus will appear.... And now...

“The stars can be seen, the blood of millions of cultivators flows freely, and the vortex eye can be seen in the sky.

“The Western Desert Apocalypse and the boundless Violet Sea concealed the transformations of the lotus.

“On the day the Heavens are numbed 3, filled with legions of grieving ghosts, I desire... to see the Blue Lotus!

“I will turn the blood of millions of cultivators into mud! I will transform all the wronged souls into a sludge. I shall... emerge spotless and unblemished from within that sludge of endless bloody mud! I shall... cast off the body of the Resurrection Lily and become the Blue Lotus!” 4

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1. The South Cleaving Mountains were described in [chapter 504](#), and Meng Hao encountered a South Cleaving Sentinel in [chapter 506](#).
2. There is a reference that I’m sure some of you will remember that seems to connect Pill Demon with the Western Desert. It even relates to Zhou Dekun. Check out [chapter 263](#).
3. I previously translated this “on the day of vicissitudes.” I think this version is more accurate, and will go back to change the previous references later. Also, this line and the previous two lines rhyme in Chinese.

4. Confucian scholar Zhou Dunyi wrote, “I love the lotus because while growing from mud, it is unstained.”

Chapter 791: Great Dao Resonance!

When the Milky Way Sea merged with the Violet Sea, its color changed; it was now indigo-blue!

The water on the surface churned, and the foamy waves suddenly looked like hair floating up from within the sea.

The enormous Resurrection Lily bridge that connected the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches suddenly began to tremble. Then the tentacles retracted from both the shores of the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches!

They pulled back to the surface of the Milky Way Sea to form... a shocking Resurrection Lily!

A seven-colored Resurrection Lily!

The Resurrection Lily was blooming, and its colors were fading along with the Milky Way Sea's change in color. It now bore the semblance of an indigo-blue lotus.

Boundless spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth surged toward the Blue Lotus that had once been a Resurrection Lily, as if the process of transformation desperately needed the entire planet's energy.

Colors flashed in the sky, and the winds screamed. The Ji Clan immediately noticed these phenomena, and the clan members' minds were shaken.

In the lands of the Southern Domain, the ordinary cultivators didn't notice anything more than a slight reduction in the spiritual energy around them. However, the Dao Seeking experts up in midair could detect the astonishing changes that were occurring in the direction of the Milky Way Sea.

The number one most powerful expert of the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, couldn't help but look shocked. The other peak Dao Seeking experts of the Northern Reaches were also astonished. Now that the Resurrection Lily bridge had disappeared, they had no

escape route back to the Northern Reaches!

“Dammit!” Their faces fell.

As for Pill Demon and Patriarch Song, their eyes flickered with killing intent. They weren’t sure what the Resurrection Lily was planning to do. Right now, the most important task at hand was slaughtering the Northern Reaches cultivators!

Even if the sky were falling, they would still fight as desperately as before.

Rumbling filled the air, and fierce fighting raged. The three parties of the Northern Reaches, the Southern Domain and the Western Desert all fought bitterly. The Dao Seeking experts up in midair were the same. With the addition of the forces from the Western Desert, the battle was now much more even.

It was now a fair fight!

However, the battle was being fought in the Southern Domain, the home of the Southern Domain cultivators. If the fighting kept going on much longer, the Northern Reaches cultivators would surely be beaten!

Unfortunately, the Southern Domain and the Western Desert would have to pay a grievous price to win this war. However, it had to be won, no matter the cost. Anything was better than the foundation of their cultivation being destroyed.

“Kill them!”

The ground trembled and blood flowed everywhere. The sky was rent, and wild winds whipped across the land. The entire rotation of South Heaven was influenced.

In fact, there were even some areas of the Southern Domain which quaked so badly that the land collapsed, allowing the Milky Way Sea to rush in.

Meanwhile, the Imperial Bloodline Clan’s ancestral statuary floated in midair, emanating an ancient aura. Inside the cage, Meng Hao was now

facing the most critical danger he had ever faced in his life.

The cage's world was shrinking. As of this moment, he could see that the entire world was barely 30,000 meters wide!

An intense pressure bore down on him, sealing him completely.

Blood oozed out of his mouth. He performed incantation gestures to summon divine abilities. The Blood Demon Grand Magic raged as he attempted to break through the seal. However, nothing worked. No amount of power did anything to affect the area around him.

He could only watch, wide-eyed, as the 30,000-meter world became 25,000 meters, and then continued to shrink.

"Dammit!" he said, his eyes bloodshot. He flew up into the air, focusing all the power of his cultivation base to transform into a shooting star that sped up into the sky in the hopes of making a hole and breaking out.

BOOM!

Meng Hao's body shook violently and he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. He slammed back into the ground, having done absolutely nothing to weaken the power of the seal.

The area was continuing to shrink. Now there were only 20,000 meters left!

Meng Hao's head suddenly jerked up. His hair was in disarray, and his body was filled with rumbling. He took all of the qi and blood power that he had absorbed earlier and focused it in his right hand, creating... the most powerful punch he had ever unleashed.

At the same time, his cultivation base exploded with incredible ripples, as he focused all of the cultivation base power he had absorbed into his right hand. By now, his right hand was glowing with a blinding, dazzling light.

"Souls!" Meng Hao roared, and vast quantities of struggling souls screamed out. Hundreds of thousands of them seemed to blot out the sky. Then Meng Hao's hand became a black hole that began to suck in the

souls.

By now, his fist contained a terrifying destructive power, a power that was the absolute peak of what he could summon. He flew up and then struck out at the sealing barrier which surrounded him.

A massive boom raged out which caused the entire world to shake. Time ground to a halt, and a gigantic vortex ripped open that seemed capable of sucking the whole world into it.

Heaven and Earth distorted, and cracking sounds could be heard. The seal seemed to be on the verge of falling apart, until... the stone monkey in the middle of the world suddenly opened its eyes. A bizarre light shone out, which then surrounded the entire world.

Everything seemed to be freezing over!

BOOM!

The vortex collapsed, and the distortion disappeared. Everything returned to normal. The previous 20,000 meter distance was now 10,000!

Meng Hao coughed up some blood and backed up. The world was shrinking too much, and the pressure weighing down on him had doubled. He coughed up more blood.

An archaic voice echoed out from the stone statue.

“The world of Immortals is the source of all chaos. Immortals are the source of all slaughter. The Immortal Realm must be sealed! Immortals must be suppressed!”

The pressure grew more intense, and Meng Hao could hear cracking sounds inside of him, as if his bones were being broken.

Anyone else in this situation would already have been crushed out of existence; it was only because of his incredibly powerful fleshly body that he could hold out.

“What the hell are you talking about?!” he said. The words spoken by the stone monkey didn’t make any sense to him. However, his eyes were completely shot with blood, and the killing intent he felt in his heart

continued to grow stronger. Being stuck in this sealing cage was causing him to feel completely helpless.

“I was a bit too weak just now,” he thought. “This stone monkey’s gaze negates anything I do! I don’t have the power to break open the cage, but... I can borrow some power!” His eyes suddenly filled with a gleam of determination. He took a deep breath, and no longer made any attempts to violently break out. Instead, he sank back down to the ground and sat down cross-legged, a profound look in his eyes.

“I’ve already reached an understanding regarding the path of my Third Severing.... I’ve only been hesitant about the correctness of the path. But now... I might as well just go ahead with it!

“I’ll borrow the power of the blade of the Third Severing, the Dao Severing blade, to break open this cage!” His eyes gleamed with decisiveness.

“My First Severing cut away the Resurrection Lily, and carved out freedom. That was my direction!

“My Second Severing cut away the past, and carved out my Dao Fruit!

“My Third Severing... will cut away the Devil in my heart! I will carve away my desire to become Devilish. That is Devil Severing!

“I must... Sever the Devil and Seek the Dao!” When he looked up, an intense glow could be seen in his eyes. He took a deep breath and began to rotate his cultivation base. He used all of the power of his cultivation base to stimulate the blade of the Third Severing!

In Spirit Severing, there were three blades. As long as one was confident of the Dao, and one’s spirit was ready, the blades could link with Heaven and Earth to cause a Dao blade to descend!

If the Severing was correct, then the cultivation base would experience a breakthrough. If the Severing was incorrect, the body would perish and the Dao would dissipate!

Spirit Severing cultivators who were not 100% confident would not easily perform a Severing. What they feared most was realizing at the last

minute that they had Severed incorrectly. Their fate would then be death.

The First Severing was difficult, and the Second was incredibly dangerous. As for the Third Severing... that was the most critical of junctures!

If the Severing was correct, then the cultivator would step into Dao Seeking. If it was incorrect, the cultivator would die. If the Severing was somewhere in between, neither correct nor incorrect, the result was an existence of being crippled. No further advancements would be possible, and they would forever remain in the Third Severing stage until their longevity ran out and they returned to the dust.

As for what was correct and what was incorrect, the answer could only be found in the heart of the cultivator!

If the heart was correct, everything was correct. If the heart was incorrect, so everything else would be!

It had been a profound mystery since ancient times, and even in modern days, no one completely understood the matter.

Meng Hao's cultivation suddenly surged out. It was irrelevant that he was in a cage, or that he was sealed. The Dao was amorphous, and although places existed in Heaven and Earth where there was no Dao, clearly... this cage was not one of those places!

Almost as soon as Meng Hao's cultivation base exploded out to call his blade of the Third Severing, lightning and thunder crashed in the world outside. Rumbling filled the air, and the sky split. A vortex appeared, and the power of a great Dao suddenly emerged.

This great Dao power descended from the starry sky, nearing the lands of South Heaven, and the battlefield on the Southern Domain!

In the blink of an eye, virtually all of the cultivators down below could sense the power of the great Dao. One by one, looks of shock appeared on their faces.

"That's... a great Dao of Spirit Severing!"

“Who’s calling to a Dao of Spirit Severing!?”

“Don’t tell me someone is about to break through to Spirit Severing right in the middle of the battlefield!?”

Despite the fact that battle was raging, the appearance of the power of a great Dao made it impossible for people to remain calm. From the expressions on the faces of the peak Dao Seeking experts of the three territories, it was clear that they were thoroughly astonished.

Their gazes swept about, but none of them could see anyone who seemed to be attaining Spirit Severing enlightenment.

It was at this point that suddenly, the rumbling great Dao power intensified by tenfold. The vortex up above seemed to be completely obscured. It was as if nothing were left in the world except for the great Dao.

Even the cultivators who were locked in vicious combat suddenly found that it was extremely difficult to utilize any magical techniques or divine abilities. It was as if they were being assimilated by the great Dao.

It was the same with the peak Dao Seeking experts up in midair. People began to gasp, and expressions of shock could be seen everywhere.

“That’s not a blade of First Severing, that’s a Third Severing blade!”

“That can’t be right! There’s never been a Third Severing blade with such astonishing power before!”

“Don’t tell me that....”

Rumbling echoed out as the power of the great Dao grew more intense. The entire sky of the lands of South Heaven was shaking and blurred. And yet, the power of the great Dao grew even stronger. Even the Resurrection Lily in the Milky Way Sea was astonished.

The power of this great Dao was shocking the entire world. It was like a wall that prevented anyone on the battlefield from attacking. Their expressions were that of shock as they realized that the Imperial Bloodline Clan’s ancestral statuary cage was now emanating intense light.

After looking closely, it was possible to see that the source of that light was none other than Meng Hao, who was still in the cage!

The bright light appeared to be some sort of resonance!

A Great Dao Resonance!

Chapter 792: The Dao Becomes a Mist; the Mist Becomes a Blade!

“It’s Meng Hao!!”

“It’s the exalted Meng Hao! How could that dinky ancestral statuary possibly suppress his excellency Meng Hao!?”

“Isn’t his excellency Meng Hao at Dao Seeking...? How could there be a great Dao of Spirit Severing?”

The Southern Domain cultivators were in an uproar, and many of them were completely flabbergasted. From the feeling most people got, Meng Hao couldn’t possibly be in the Spirit Severing stage. Essentially, most people had long forgotten that his cultivation base was actually at the Second Severing level!

In the history of the lands of South Heaven, there had never been a Spirit Severing expert who possessed a peak Dao Seeking clone. Nor had there ever been a battle in which a Spirit Severing cultivator actually fought and killed someone at the peak of Dao Seeking.

The things which these cultivators were witnessing were completely unheard-of. Therefore, there were quite a few people who actually believed that Meng Hao... was at the peak of Dao Seeking!

Of course, the Northern Reaches cultivators’ shock and astonishment was even more intense.

“The ancestral statuary can’t keep him suppressed! Just... where is this guy from!?”

“He’s actually at the Spirit Severing stage? That’s impossible!!”

“Heavens! How... how could he possibly be a mere Spirit Severing cultivator!? If he can fight the peak of Dao Seeking now, then when he steps into Dao Seeking, doesn’t that mean he could fight false Immortals!?!?”

The Northern Reaches cultivators were thoroughly astonished. One by

one, they all looked over toward Meng Hao with expressions of shock and disbelief.

These people were not very familiar with Meng Hao. Now that they realized the truth about him, it was almost impossible for them to accept.

As for the Western Desert cultivators, they immediately began to make loud exclamations, the noise of which turned into a sound wave that shook everything.

“The number one non-Immortal in all the lands of South Heaven!”

“The exalted Meng Hao is about to free himself!”

“Spirit Severing into Dao Seeking!”

As for Pill Demon and Patriarch Song, they were unfazed. Although they knew Meng Hao’s true cultivation base, and had gotten used to his incredible power, they had stopped paying attention to the fact that he was actually still in the Spirit Severing stage.

However, the Northern Reaches cultivators did not know this, and they stared with gaping mouths. The obese woman was especially astonished, and she suddenly glanced over at the expressionless face of Meng Hao’s second true self.

Then she started to tremble, and her scalp went numb. She suddenly had the feeling that the Northern Reaches had made a colossal mistake in invading the Southern Domain.

There was someone who was even more shaken than her, a person whose heart filled with massive waves of astonishment. That was the number one most powerful expert from the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief!

He was in a daze, and could hardly believe what was happening. In fact, he wasn’t willing to believe. The incredible battle he had just experienced with Meng Hao had left him wounded, and had forced him to use the ancestral statuary. And that... was a battle with a Spirit Severing expert!?

“Impossible!” he gasped. His eyes were filled with not just shock, but

also terror. He could never have possibly imagined that there really was an unequaled Chosen who could accomplish the things Meng Hao had while merely in the Spirit Severing stage.

In his disbelief, he felt his scalp grow completely numb.

“No matter how you put it, you have to say that the Third Severing is the most critical of all,” he thought. “The slightest mistake, and you immediately perish. Even if you aren’t completely right or wrong, your cultivation base will be forever restrained.

“Meng Hao obviously hasn’t prepared well for the Third Severing, that much can be determined. Therefore, this Spirit Severing right now is being done because he’s been forced into a corner. It’s a forced Severing!

“In that case... if he fails, then he will perish this very day!

“Meng Hao... there’s no way that you can succeed!” The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief was truly frightened, and simply couldn’t believe how unimaginably powerful Meng Hao would be if he succeeded in entering into Dao Seeking....

The great Dao was growing even more powerful. The entire sky above South Heaven was now completely obscured.

In the lands of South Heaven, in that tower of Tang, the man and woman stood together, trembling. The woman was excited, and the man was apparently trying to keep his cool, but failing.

They had been waiting for this day for a very, very long time.

“We still can’t go,” murmured the man. “Just wait a bit longer. Only a little bit.... This is the final stretch!

“If he succeeds, then we will finally be able to reunite. If he doesn’t succeed....”

His wife clasped his hand tightly. Both of their palms were slick with sweat.

In their entire lives, this man and woman had never been so nervous, nor was there any event they had ever experienced that was so important.

Even if some shockingly powerful individual attempted to interfere with what was happening, they would pay any price to stop that person from causing even the slightest bit of trouble!

“We’ve waited for three lives. For hundreds of years.... Just for this moment!”

“Hao’er, you... must... succeed and reach Dao Seeking!”

Back in the cage, Meng Hao sat cross-legged, trembling slightly, his hair floating around him. The world around him had shrunk down to only about three thousand meters. There was virtually nothing around him except for air. All of the mountains and everything else had been crushed into dust by the shocking pressure.

Cracking sounds could be heard emanating out from his body, as if his skeleton were being ground away.

However, Meng Hao didn’t notice. All of his concentration was focused on summoning the blade of the Third Severing. The more intense his summons grew, the more obscure Heaven and Earth became in the outside world.

The great Dao grew stronger, to the point where a mist appeared.... The mist was first seen on the battlefield and then spread out to cover all of the lands of South Heaven.

The peak Dao Seeking experts from the three territories immediately recognized what was happening. They began to speak in hushed tones, which were overheard by the other cultivators, causing their hearts to tremble.

“That’s....”

“A Dao turned into mist!!”

“The only time a Dao will take form as a mist is when an incredibly powerful expert gains enlightenment of a great Dao! Only then will such transformations of Heaven and Earth take place!!”

“This is something you only hear about in legends! It’s virtually unheard

of in the lands of South Heaven!!”

A gleam of excitement appeared in Pill Demon’s eyes, and he almost couldn’t hold back the laughter that burst out in his heart.

Patriarch Song looked equally excited.

In contrast, Meng Hao’s second true self suddenly closed his eyes and sat down cross-legged in midair!

The descent of the great Dao caused all hostilities to cease. Even the peak Dao Seeking experts were incapable of making attacks during the great Dao’s descent. The Northern Reaches experts could do nothing but stare in wide-eyed disbelief at Meng Hao’s second true self sitting there cross-legged.

“Dammit! You’d better not pull it off, Meng Hao!” thought the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. His heart was pounding.

Currently, all of the powerful experts of the Northern Reaches, Western Desert and Southern Domain were closely observing the scene. Back in the Eastern Lands, the Ji Clan was completely quiet. As for the young Patriarch with the missing arms, he was staring fixedly at what was happening.

By this time, there were other powerful experts from various sects and clans in the Eastern Lands who had also sensed what was happening. Shocked, they sent out their divine sense to observe. However, no one dared to do anything. After all, if the Ji Clan wasn’t interfering, how could they dare to interfere?

It was at this point that, back in the cage, Meng Hao abruptly lifted his head. His eyes opened, and he cried out: “Third Severing!”

His voice echoed back and forth within the world, which had now shrunk to 1,500 meters. At first it didn’t seem that the sound could be heard in the outside world, but in actuality, it was as if there were innumerable Meng Haos issuing an echoing cry that could be heard faintly by those outside.

It almost seemed as if the sound was coming from the mist itself, as if

the echoing response came from within the descending great Dao itself.

Countless ears heard the voice, and everyone who did was completely and thoroughly shaken.

As the voice echoed out, the mist that covered all of South Heaven suddenly surged back, roiling as it condensed above the battlefield in the Southern Domain. There, in midair, it formed into the shape...

Of a Mist Blade!!

Mist Blade!

Dao enlightenment! 1

As soon as the Mist Blade appeared, the eyes of all of the peak Dao Seeking experts on the battlefield went wide. Their minds filled with a roaring sound. Even Pill Demon wore an expression of disbelief.

The fact that there was a Dao that became so strong it turned into a mist was shocking enough. Something legendary like that was possible to accept. However... to see the mist turn into a blade was something that filled them with uncontrollable shock.

“Mist... Blade!!” thought the shocked Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. “That’s... something that should be experienced on the Immortal Mountain, just before pushing open the Door of Immortality, when reaching Immortal Ascension!!”

“Those who achieve true Immortal Ascension must face Immortal Tribulation. After they transcend the tribulation, they will stand on an Immortal Mountain of their own. As they take that step forward, a Mist Blade will fall. Then, they will be severed from the Spirit Realm and have the power to push open the Door of Immortality, and become a true Immortal!

“But he... is using a Mist Blade to perform his Third Severing!! When that Mist Blade slashes through him, it will sever his Spirit Nucleus and stabilize the path to true Immortality!!”

His mind was reeling, and his body trembling. Suddenly, he realized that

sending troops into the Southern Domain had been a monumental error!!

All of the peak Dao Seeking experts up in midair were shocked. Of course, it wasn't just them. In the Eastern Lands, the Patriarchs of the various sects were equally astonished. They could hardly believe what they were seeing, and were filled with shock and disbelief.

"Who is that young man!?"

"He's using a Mist Blade for his Third Severing! If he fails then it doesn't matter, but if he succeeds, wouldn't it be a defiance of the Heavens?!"

"If he succeeds, then will he step into Dao Seeking, or Immortality?"

The armless young man in the Ji Clan suddenly rose to his feet, his eyes wide and filled with disbelief.

"Rumor has it that Fang Xiufeng, the number one Chosen in the Fang Clan, used a blade composed of twenty percent mist in his Third Severing. That caused a huge commotion among the ancient clans of the Ninth Mountain. Even the Patriarch watched the whole thing with rapt attention. 2

"This Meng Hao... he... he's actually even more Heaven-defying in his Spirit Severing than Fang Xiufeng. He's actually... using a complete Mist Blade!"

In the Tower of Tang, the woman gasped.

"The Dao became a mist, and the mist became a blade!" The woman's eyes shone with excitement, and she was trembling violently. "Husband... can you believe Hao'er is doing this!?!? He even... he... he didn't just bring SOME of the mist together, he actually used all of it to make a Mist Blade! He's vastly more shocking than you!!"

"Seventh Year Tribulation," murmured the man. "Four lifetimes. Three incarnations predestined.... Only by preventing his Karma from being contaminated by ours, could we give him a slight chance at life!

"The Dao became a mist, the mist became a blade. That blade will complete the gap between Immortal and Devil!" The man's eyes shone

with a bright light, and he couldn't help but lift his head up and laugh.
“It's natural that a son of Fang is even more astonishing than his father!”

*

1. There is an important play on words here. In Chinese, “Mist Blade” is pronounced “wù dāo,” almost exactly as the pronunciation of Dao enlightenment, which is “wù dào”.
2. Fang Xiufeng's name in Chinese is 方秀峰 fāng xiù fēng. Fang is a surname which also means “square” or “direction.” Xiu means “elegant” or “handsome.” Feng means “peak” or “summit”.

Chapter 793: Sever the Devil, Seek the Dao!

Third Severing!

The mist sent the sound of his voice throughout the lands of South Heaven, and then it, along with the contraction of the mist, was sucked back in. In the end, the mist was formed into a Mist Blade, and Meng Hao's voice echoed above the battlefield in shocking fashion.

The Mist Blade looked ordinary in every aspect.

It was made from nothing but mist, and yet that mist... was formed by a great Dao that had reached an utmost purity! Inside of that blade was the distillation of the entirety of the great Dao that had descended!

That blade didn't just contain the mist from before, all of the obscurity that had existed in the sky had been turned into countless amorphous strands of power that joined the mist in transforming into the enormous blade.

It was a blade, and it was a Dao!

It was a mist, and it was enlightenment!

It was a Mist Blade, and it was Dao enlightenment!

SEVER!

The Mist Blade descended toward the cage. Inside, the stone monkey's eyes snapped open, and they gleamed with a strange light that tried to fight back against the blade. However, almost as soon as it shone out, the light shattered. The blade dropped, slicing into the cage and bearing down on Meng Hao.

The stone monkey howled and leaped up into the air in an attempt to block the blade.

As soon as it touched the blade, however, rumbling filled its entire body and blood sprayed from its mouth. Then... it was directly sliced in half, powerless to affect the Mist Blade in the least.

There were only three hundred meters left within the world of the cage. As the Mist Blade sliced down, it easily split what had moments before been an unshakable barrier to Meng Hao.

Rumbling filled the air as the cage was completely split open!

The walls collapsed, the stone monkey was split in half. The cage that was the ancestral treasure of the Imperial Bloodline Clan was completely destroyed. It finally shattered into countless pieces, and Meng Hao once again appeared in the outside world!

He sat cross-legged just as before, looking up, his white hair fluttering around him. Devilish flames engulfed him, and his skin glowed with a black aura that seemed to penetrate deep down inside him.

That was his Devilish will, the source of his desire to kill. That was his Devilishness!

Rumbling filled the air as everyone looked on mutely. All onlookers were incapable of moving, even the peak Dao Seeking experts.

They could only spectate, wide-eyed, as this once-in-a-lifetime event occurred right in front of their eyes!

The Mist Blade rumbled as it sliced down. When it touched the top of Meng Hao's head, a twinge of pain could be seen on his face. The blackness that surrounded him rapidly flew into motion, becoming countless struggling, twisted faces.

Meng Hao quivered; the pain he was experiencing was indescribable. He almost felt like his body was being ripped apart. And yet, his eyes shone with determination.

By now, it wasn't just the crowds on the battlefield who were watching him. The Patriarchs in the Eastern Lands were using a variety of methods to observe, some of which even came at a high price.

The Ji Clan was looking on, as were the couple in the Tower of Tang.

Everyone was watching closely, keen to find out whether Meng Hao would succeed or fail!

“Sever the Devil!” thought Meng Hao, his eyes shining with decisiveness. He looked at the Mist Blade and let out a powerful roar, and his cultivation base exploded out with incredible power as he stimulated the Devilish will inside of him. Deep within his heart, the desire to slaughter rose up. At the same time, images appeared of all the murderous massacres he had carried out after becoming bedeviled.

The Mist Blade trembled, then continued to descend. This time, it stabbed three inches down into the top of Meng Hao’s head. No blood flowed out, because this was not a physical blade, but a Dao!

And yet, Meng Hao still experienced intense pain, a pain more powerful than he would feel were the blade physical. The black aura began to spread out from him, where, shockingly, it transformed into a face.

That face... looked exactly like Meng Hao’s!

However, it was filled with vileness, savagery, and madness. Devilish qi roared up, and the face opened its mouth, soundlessly howling at the Mist Blade.

The Mist Blade gradually descended further. The power of this blade did not come from the Heavens, from the Earth, or from the underworld. No, it was Meng Hao’s!

This was Meng Hao’s Severing!

The power of the Severing came from his own will. Whatever he wished to Sever, this blade would Sever. If he gave up, then the blade would fade away, and his Spirit Severing would be a failure!

“SEVER!” he said hoarsely, through gritted teeth. Rumbling could be heard as the Mist Blade continued to slice down. It cut through his head, then his neck. The blade trembled. As for the ferocious, vile face that existed around Meng Hao, it was now possible to see a huge split down the middle of it, something that would never be mended.

Miserable screams could be heard coming from the vile face’s mouth. Then the face scattered and surged back into Meng Hao’s body. Now, everything below his head was completely black.

“My path is not incorrect!” he murmured. “True freedom and true independence! The Resurrection Lily was incapable of possessing me! I even awoke from death! My Dao... is not the Dao of the Devilish!”

“Devilishness can be a type of obsession. That kind of perseverance is something that I need. What I don’t need is something that controls me. I am not a Devil. I am not an Immortal. I am me and nothing else!” He took a deep breath, and more power poured into the Mist Blade. Rumbling could be heard as it began to slice down once more.

RUMMMMMMBLE!

The Mist Blade sliced through his shoulders, and then down to his dantian region. There was now only a moment left, and Meng Hao’s Severing would be complete.

Currently, black qi had merged together on either side of him to form the shape of two wings. Gradually, they took on the appearance of Meng Hao himself. One of the figures was roaring in rage at Meng Hao, the other was whispering to him silently.

They seemed unwilling to be severed away; they were born of his Devilish will, and were part of him. They wanted to exist within his mind, and were not willing to be severed.

Meng Hao sat there silently, a blank expression on his face.

As of this moment, he forgot that he was engaged in Spirit Severing. In his mind, he saw two images of himself, and they were fighting each other.

As the Devilish will raged, he thought back to the things he had seen the first time he had charged into the Black Sieve Sect. As the other Devilish will whispered to him, he thought of how he had held Xu Qing’s corpse, and the ruthless laughter of the Northern Reaches cultivators.

He paused.

In that moment in which his will paused, the Mist Blade also paused.

Everyone on the battlefield was watching him closely, as were the Patriarchs of the various sects in the Eastern Lands.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief wore an expression of joy. Seeing that Meng Hao was hesitating, he joyously called out in his heart: “Stop! Just stop!”

In the Ji Clan of the Eastern Lands, the armless young man, the Patriarch, looked on with shining eyes.

In the Tower of Tang, the woman looked extremely anxious. And yet, there was nothing she could do. Anything she did to interfere could have a huge negative influence. Everything... was completely up to Meng Hao.

Ten breaths of time passed.

Even though it was a mere ten breaths, to everyone watching it seemed like a very, very long time.

Meng Hao sat there quietly, his eyes closed. When they opened, they were calm, so calm that it was impossible for anyone to tell what he might be thinking. However, the two Devilish images on either side of him appeared to be delighted.

“People say that there are two opposing concepts: good, and evil,” murmured Meng Hao.

“Rather than say my Third Severing is a Severing of the Devilish, it would be better to say that it is a Severing of the evil.

“But... is it really possible to completely Sever evil?

“If humanity was left only with goodness, perhaps that would make the world a more beautiful. Unfortunately, that isn’t realistic. Without the existence of evil, perhaps good... would no longer be called good.

“Good and evil are the desires of the heart. If I earnestly perform good deeds, evil can be suppressed. Likewise, if I malevolently perform evil deeds, good will be suppressed.

“Perhaps there is nothing truly good or truly evil in the world, similar to what my master Pill Demon told me about what is correct and incorrect. 1

“What I have... is my own will!

“The choices I make decide everything!” As his voice echoed out, the

music of a great Dao rose up around him, as well as the power of natural law. These were things that did not exist moments before, but gradually appeared along with Meng Hao's words.

Apparently...The laws of nature were being dictated by the words that Meng Hao spoke!!

When the Dao Seeking experts sensed that natural law, their minds trembled. It was at that exact moment that...

"Oh great Dao, continue your severing!"

RUMBLE!

The Mist Blade sliced down through Meng Hao's dantian region, completely passing through him. Miserable shrieks could be heard emanating out in all directions as the two Devilish figures on either side of him were separated completely from his body.

In that instant, any ferocious air that Meng Hao had faded away. The aura of a scholar returned. Furthermore, the mark on his right hand once again flickered brightly, filled with an aura of mystery. Powerful natural law surged around him, distorting the air, transforming into a shocking windstorm that swept about.

After witnessing what was happening, the Southern Domain cultivators on the battlefield instantly understood what had happened, and their faces went wild with joy.

"Meng Hao!!"

"Meng Hao!!"

"Meng Hao!!" The combined voices of a hundred thousand people rose up. Their eyes were filled with fanaticism. Fatty was in the crowds, yelling at the top of his lungs despite his hoarse throat.

The Western Desert cultivators were also roaring, especially the members of the Golden Crow Tribe and the Church of the Golden Light.

In sharp contrast, the Northern Reaches cultivators trembled and looked at Meng Hao with fear and dread.

Up in midair, Pill Demon was laughing uproariously, along with Patriarch Song, despite his weakened state.

The peak Dao Seeking experts of the Northern Reaches' faces were ashen and pale. All of them were wondering... exactly how powerful Meng Hao was about to become!

"He just entered Dao Seeking," thought the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. He clenched his jaw. "Well, I'll make sure that the day he enters Dao Seeking is the day that he perishes!" He pushed aside his dread, and intense killing intent could be seen in his eyes.

Meanwhile, the two Devilish wills merged together, transforming into a monstrous black aura. Since they had been Severed, they were unable to exist any longer, and began to fade away.

"It really would be a pity to let a Devilish will like this simply dissolve...." Meng Hao said coolly. With that, he lifted a finger, causing the Devil Construct to tremble. Then, it shot directly toward Meng Hao's second true self.

The second true self's eyes snapped open, and he sucked in a breath. Immediately, the Devilish will surged into him through his nose and mouth. The second true self's eyes instantly began to glow with intense coldness. It was a coldness that seemed to be completely callous and grim, even vile. The desire to kill began to emanate off of it.

He was surrounded by a black aura that made him look completely like a Devil Immortal!

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1. It was in chapter 759 that Pill Demon passed a message to Meng Hao about what is correct and incorrect.

Chapter 794: Invincible Meng Hao!

Meanwhile, out on the Milky Way Sea, the enormous Resurrection Lily was shrinking in on itself. The petals folded up into a bulb, and the tentacle roots weaved together to form the shape of a Blue Lotus!

The Blue Lotus swayed back and forth, and although it appeared to be in full bloom, there also seemed to be something missing, as if it was unstable and could revert to the shape of a Resurrection Lily at any time.

“The gap between Immortal and Devil has appeared....”

**

On the battlefield in the Southern Domain, the crowds were crying out with loud voices. The Northern Reaches cultivators stood there ashen-faced as the great Dao blade slowly faded away.

At the same time, the state of motionlessness which had been imposed on everyone gradually disappeared. However, no fierce fighting broke out. The Northern Reaches forces began to form up in groups. Up above, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief let out a roar and transformed into the Primordial Lightning Dragon. Bypassing the three South Cleaving Sentinels in bronze armor, he shot toward Meng Hao.

“Let’s see just how strong you are now that you’re in Dao Seeking!” he roared.

As the old man neared, killing intent flickered in the other four peak Dao Seeking experts’ eyes. Their cultivation bases burst with power; they knew that their only chance was to attack in unison. If they didn’t do that now, the battle would definitely end in a huge defeat!

If they could kill Meng Hao now, then... they might have a chance to turn a defeat into a victory!

Five people closed in at incredible speed.

“Kill him!”

“He was already powerful before, so there’s no chance that he won’t be

Heaven-defying now that he's in Dao Seeking. Except, his cultivation base is unstable since he just completed his Third Severing. Kill him now!"

"Only by killing him can we turn this battle around! We can't leave him alive!"

"Kill him before he truly enters Dao Seeking!"

Those were the thoughts running through their heads as they closed in, roaring.

The extremely obese woman rumbled through the air, surrounded by colorful streams of mist that transformed into seven hypertoxic strips of paper!

Each strip was a different color, and each one was covered with countless glittering magical symbols that pulsed with Dao Seeking auras.

Flying next to her at top speed was the effeminate man whose body emanated shocking coldness. The coldness transformed into an obscene statue that possessed both male and female properties. Furthermore, it emanated a Dao will that seemed to combine the properties of both yin and yang.

Glittering light spread out, and the effeminate man suddenly began to transform into a woman, extremely beautiful, and yet filled with a murderous aura.

Of the other two peak Dao Seeking experts, one of them was the old man who looked like a hopping vampire. Suddenly, black fur sprouted out all over his body, and his eyes began to glow with a green light. Cracking sounds could be heard as his body grew larger, and an aura of death surged out from him. Now he looked like a drought ghoul! 1

He was surrounded by an aura of death, and although he should have emanated yin-type coldness, he actually burned with ghost fire. The ghost fire spread out, its faint glow causing the sun and moon to tremble. Within the flames could be seen countless evil spirits, so many that they blotted out the sky and the land. Rumbling filled the air as they shot toward Meng Hao.

The last Dao Seeking expert was the man in the violet robe who had participated in the second wave army's attack. Despite being seriously injured, he had continued to fight all the way down to this final, decisive battle. He spit up blood, and seemed like an arrow at the end of its flight, completely spent of all energy. Nonetheless, he let out a roar, and his body suddenly grew larger. His features became aged, and in the the blink of an eye, he looked like an old man.

By sacrificing longevity, he was able to gain earth-shaking power. His body expanded rapidly, and scales grew out to cover his skin. A horn even grew out of his forehead, and a long tail appeared behind him. He now completely resembled a Demon Devil!

A savage aura burst out, as well as rancid wind. Dust swirled around him in the wind, transforming into a sandstorm that flew directly toward Meng Hao.

These four peak Dao Seeking experts went berserk as they unleashed pyrrhic divine abilities that could kill a thousand enemies at the expense of eight hundred allies. As for the number one most powerful person from the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, he instantly transformed into a Primordial Lightning Dragon. Thunderous booms filled the air as he shot toward Meng Hao.

The five of them swept through everything in their path, as if nothing could possibly block them. They closed in from five different directions, radiating such indescribable power that the air vibrated and everything shook. Not even Pill Demon and the others could block them.

From the look of it, even a false Immortal would be seriously injured by this allout attack by five peak Dao Seeking experts, in which caution was thrown to the wind!

Down below, the Southern Domain cultivators' eyes were shot with blood.

"Your excellency Meng Hao!!"

"Not good! Blood Prince Meng Hao just performed his Third Severing and hasn't had time to stabilize himself! Those damned Northern Reaches

cultivators!!”

Patriarch Song’s and Pill Demon’s faces fell. They were just about to risk everything to try to block the Northern Reaches cultivators when all of a sudden, Meng Hao’s voice echoed out.

“Allow them to come.”

It was one sentence, with only four words. 2 They were words spoken with the utmost confidence, such confidence that apparently he didn’t even need to utilize his second true self.

As soon as those words rang out, the Southern Domain cultivators calmed down.

No one did anything to block the Northern Reaches cultivators. As for the five peak Dao Seeking experts, rumbling filled the air as they shot through the air in five beams of colorful light.

“Meng Hao, you’re DEAD!!” they roared.

As they neared, Meng Hao looked up at them, his face calm in an unparalleled manner. Then he slowly rose to his feet from his cross-legged position.

The movement only took a moment, but during that time the air around him rumbled as a power exploded up within him that seemed capable of splitting Heaven and Earth apart.

Shocking thumping sounds filled the air.

As he stood, the power of natural law descended and the area around Meng Hao filled with streams of ancient magical symbols. They glittered brightly as they formed Meng Hao’s personal natural law of Dao Seeking.

It was a Dao of freedom, a Dao of good and evil, formed from Meng Hao’s will. It was a law that could transform Heaven and Earth with a single thought.

When the natural law appeared, the rumbling in the area grew even more shocking. The sky shook as something appeared that seemed to be a mountain. It was not the Ninth Mountain, but rather a lush, green

mountain.... It was...

Mount Daqing! It was also a Dao-confirming mountain!

As soon as it appeared, it began to shine with brilliant light. Meng Hao took a deep breath and looked down at the mark on his right hand. It was also pulsing with an aura that merged into his body and then transformed into the aura of an Immortal.

It was Immortal qi!

After experiencing the mist blade, Immortal qi had appeared on Meng Hao!

When the Immortal qi appeared, the world trembled. The Northern Reaches cultivators down below were shaking in their boots, and the Southern Domain forces were getting even more excited than before.

Pill Demon gasped, and then murmured, “Severing the Devil and Seeking the Dao. This is something rare that only exists in legends!!”

Patriarch Song was equally excited.

Moments before, the peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches had a sliver of hope that they might win by a fluke. Now that the Immortal qi had appeared, they gasped, and their minds were sent spinning.

The five peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches were astonished.

“He just stepped into Dao Seeking and he already developed Immortal qi! Impossible! I’ve been in Dao Seeking for years and still haven’t developed even a scrap!”

“Just what level of cultivation base does he have! I actually... can’t even clearly make out what his cultivation base is!!”

“It seems like early Dao Seeking, but at the same time, mid Dao Seeking, and also peak Dao Seeking! What’s going on!?!?”

“Now that I think about it, there’s a legend about a type of Dao Seeking which isn’t split into multiple levels! As soon as you step into it, you’re at

the peak....”

However, they were already like arrows unleashed from the bow. They had to go through with their attacks; if they didn't, their fate would certainly be death.

Considering that retreat meant certain annihilation, then the only course of action they could take... was to attack!

The five of them closed in on Meng Hao, surrounded by rumbling sounds!

The fastest of them all was the man who had assumed the shape of a beautiful female cultivator. He was the first to arrive, surrounded by a shocking cold aura. The matchlessly bizarre statue emanated faint light; it had been refined by the man after he had reached Dao Seeking, by sacrificing some of his own life force. It could unleash a shocking divine ability.

“Yin-Yang Nine Tribulations!” the cultivator bellowed, stretching out both hands. His goal was to completely destroy Meng Hao in one shot.

However, even as he neared, Meng Hao clenched his right fist and punched out. It was a tidy and efficient blow, delivered with indescribable speed. The air was sucked in, and massive energy surged. The beautiful cultivator's face fell as he sensed an unsurpassable pressure surging toward him like Heavenly might. It was something impossible to contend with, and the amorphous power blasted into him before he even had a chance to retreat.

BOOOOMMMMM! A huge explosion rattled out.

The beautiful cultivator was at the peak of Dao Seeking, and was burning life force in an incredible display of power. Despite all of that, blood sprayed from his mouth in a constant stream. The statue shattered into pieces. His body trembled, and then exploded into pieces. His Nascent Divinity sped out, shrieking.

One punch had completely destroyed a peak Dao Seeking expert who was burning life force!

The sight caused countless gasps to ring out. At the same time, Meng Hao gave a cold snort. His eyes shone with a strange light as he unexpectedly did not destroy the Nascent Divinity, but instead, slapped his hand out toward the extremely obese woman and her hypertoxic, multicolored strips of paper.

The slap was calm and even leisurely, almost as if he were swatting a fly. As it neared her, the woman's eyes went wide and she let out a miserable shriek. She went all out with every scrap of power she had, causing the seven strips of paper to emanate blinding beams of light. Ghost images sprang up from the papers, making them look like a bound book. She placed her hand on the book and shoved it out to meet Meng Hao's palm.

BOOOOOOOMMMMM!

A deafening explosion caused everything to shake.

The book composed of seven pieces of colored paper trembled, and didn't even manage to stay together for the space of one breath of time. It exploded into swirling confetti, which then became dust. As for the woman, her hypertoxic mist was completely incapable of fazing Meng Hao. She flew backward, blood spurting from her mouth. After ten meters, her arm exploded. After twenty meters, her entire body began to crack. After thirty meters, her body completely exploded.

Meng Hao did not destroy her Nascent Divinity either, but rather, allowed her to flee, her face filled with with terror and astonishment.

"And now you," Meng Hao said coolly, turning to the hopping vampire. He pointed out, and its body began to tremble. A look of despair appeared on its face as the ghost-fire which covered it was immediately extinguished. To Meng Hao, it was so weak it couldn't withstand a single blow. The man's Nascent Divinity emerged, surrounded by an aura of death. He looked at Meng Hao, trembling, his eyes shining with intense fear and astonishment.

"Invincible!! He's invincible!!"

Everything was shaking. Of the five peak Dao Seeking Experts, three had just had their fleshly bodies completely destroyed. As for the violet-robed

man who looked like a Demon Devil and the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, they were roaring madly as they descended upon Meng Hao, like moths to the flame.

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1. The “drought ghoul” refers to a mythological creature. Although the wikipedia article indicates that it is a specific person, this kind of creature can be seen in games as a type of enemy creature. Normally it would be “drought demon,” but considering the implications of the word “demon” in the story, I’m going with the word “ghoul.” The character “妖 yao” does not appear in the name of the creature itself.
2. I can’t always match up the words to the sentences, but in this case it’s the same in Chinese. One sentence, four characters!

Chapter 795: Half a Step Into Immortality!

The violet-robed man who looked like a Demon Devil had skin covered with scales. Even his face had transformed; his eyes were deeply sunken in, whereas his jaws protruded, revealing a mouthful of wicked fangs. He had a long horn with a razor sharp tip, as well as a lashing tail.

He had already been shaken by Meng Hao, but now he had no other choice than to attack. He roared as his body burst into flames, causing his cultivation base to instantly surpass that of the three Nascent Divinities nearby. He became a cyclone that shot directly toward Meng Hao.

As he neared, he stretched out both hands in front of him and made a ripping motion.

“Rupture the Heavens!” he roared, causing everything around him to shake. A huge rift was ripped open in the air, like a gigantic mouth that wanted to swallow Meng Hao whole. However, even as the rift was almost upon Meng Hao, Meng Hao gave a cold glance in the old man’s direction.

It was a single glance, a simple look.

The rift collapsed, and the fiend-form old man let out a miserable shriek. Meng Hao’s gaze was like that of a god. Indescribable pressure bore down on the old man, causing first his hands, and then both arms to explode in a haze of blood.

His eyes were red, and he tilted his head as he attempted to use his horn to pierce through the pressure radiating out from Meng Hao’s eyes. Perhaps he couldn’t kill Meng Hao, but at least he would be able to wound him in some way.

However, just when the horn seemed about to stab Meng Hao, he reached up and grabbed it. His expression was calm, but he seemed to be recalling the brutal image of the old man slaughtering Southern Domain cultivators earlier. Meng Hao twisted his hand, and a cracking sound could be heard as the horn snapped off.

Screaming, the old man tried to attack with his tail, but before he could

get near, a rumbling sound filled his entire body, which then began to collapse into pieces. Terror flooded into his mind, completely submerging him. His Nascent Divinity burst out, terrified, and tried to flee. As he did, one word blared out in his mind.

“Invincible....”

Down below on the ground, the cultivators gasped. Everyone was looking on, eyes wide with disbelief.

Four of the five peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches now had nothing left but Nascent Divinities. It was unclear why Meng Hao hadn't destroyed them; if he wanted to, though, all four of his opponents would already be dead.

As for Meng Hao, he was calm and unruffled. And invincible!!

The last person left was the number one most powerful expert from the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, who was still in the form of a Primordial Lightning Dragon. He roared at the top of his lungs, and it was a roar filled with indignation, despair, and even... the desire for death.

“DIIIEEEE!” he howled. Lightning crackled as he shot through the air, surrounding him with a lake of lightning. It was lightning summoned from the highest Heavens; apparently he wished to die together with Meng Hao.

At this point, the air behind Meng Hao rippled, the sky above him rumbled, and the ground down below quaked. The entire world seemed to be in motion, set off as a foil to Meng Hao himself.

The Immortal qi in his body grew stronger as he finally finished rising completely to his feet. He was surrounded by a boundless, blinding light as he gazed at the incoming Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. Suddenly, behind him, all of the motion swirled together to form... a giant!

The giant looked exactly like Meng Hao in every way, but was unimaginably tall. Its head touched the sky, and its feet were planted on the ground. Its body emanated a shocking pressure that caused the land to

quake. The countless cultivators down on the ground below were completely shocked to find that their cultivation bases were utterly suppressed.

Gradually, all of the natural law in the area began to swirl around the enormous figure behind Meng Hao. Starlight from the starry sky outside of the vortex up above shone down on it, bathing it in brightness, giving it a completely unearthly energy.

It looked like a Paragon!

The enormous image behind him looked very much like the type of image that Dao Seeking cultivators could normally summon. And yet, it was completely different. The images summoned by Dao Seeking cultivators were illusory, powerful beings from ancient times who were summoned via means of a magical technique. In contrast, the image behind Meng Hao was like a projection of himself!

Of the two kinds of images, one was illusory and the other was a projection. Although neither were real, the difference in caliber between the two was like the difference between Heaven and Earth.

In fact, one day, if Meng Hao ever became strong enough, then anyone who received his approval could summon the same image by calling upon his name.

That was another area in which his image was completely different.

This image was referred to by a unique name....

Dharma Idol!

“It’s a Dharma Idol!!”

“He... he actually summoned a Dharma Idol!!”

“Only Immortals can summon Dharma Idols! But look, he has one!!”

As soon as the Dharma Idol appeared behind Meng Hao, everything began to rumble. All of the lands of South Heaven were shaken.

The Dao Seeking experts of the Northern Reaches, the Western Desert and the Southern Domain all gasped. In the Eastern Lands, gasps of

disbelief could be heard in all of the ancient sects.

“He just stepped into Dao Seeking, but I can’t see his cultivation base! That can only happen in that legendary state when both the fleshly body and the cultivation base are in the Dao Seeking stage!! That man... that man couldn’t have a Dao Seeking fleshly body, could he?! Impossible!!”

“Immortal qi. He actually has Immortal qi! And it’s not false Immortal qi, but that of a true Immortal! True Immortal qi!! He hasn’t even stepped into the boundless Immortal Realm, and yet he already has that aura!”

“The path to Immortality opens every 10,000 years. Don’t tell me that South Heaven’s sole true Immortal from this generation is that man!?!?”

“He actually produced a Dharma Idol. That’s.... that’s a divine ability that, according to the legends, belongs only to Immortals. That kid... that kid is half a step into true Immortality!! Other than the Ji Clan and a few other mysterious beings, this kid could stand up to anybody!!”

The great sects of the Eastern Lands were all shaken. Meng Hao hovered in the air above the battlefield, his face calm, and his aura devoid of anything even the least bit vile. Now, he looked like a scholar from the mortal world. He wore a green robe, and his hair was no longer white, but pitch black.

His eyes shone brightly, and the enormous Dharma Idol behind him radiated a shocking pressure that stifled the breathing of everyone in the area.

Next to him was his second true self, which radiated monstrous Devil flames. It was sinister to the extreme, filled with a vileness that carried the desire to kill. It looked around at the world with cold eyes.

“DIE!!” the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief roared as he threw all caution to the wind, bearing down on Meng Hao in his Primordial Lightning Dragon form.

Meng Hao looked at the man and then waved his finger.

As he did, the Dharma Idol behind him also waved its finger. It seemed to blot out the Heavens, transforming into a gigantic land mass that

descended to slam into the Primordial Lightning Dragon.

A massive boom rattled out. The Primordial Lightning Dragon collapsed into pieces. The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief coughed up blood and staggered backward, his face filled with astonishment and disbelief. He came to a stop several hundred meters back, where he continued to cough up seven or eight mouthfuls of blood. His body was listless and weak.

“You....” he said, his face deathly white. Meng Hao was now so powerful that the simple wave of a finger left the man seriously injured. Then, Meng Hao’s gaze fell upon him, and he felt his mind reeling as an intense, indescribable pressure weighed down him. It felt like countless bolts of lightning were about to slam into him.

“That little cauldron of yours is connected to me by destiny,” said Meng Hao, a bashful expression appearing on his face. He waved his hand, causing the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief’s Lightning Cauldron to fly over onto his palm.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief’s face grew even more pale, and he coughed up more blood. He seemed to have aged rapidly in just the past few moments, and his eyes shone with hopelessness. Behind him were the other Northern Reaches peak Dao Seeking experts, all of whom shook with fear as they looked at Meng Hao.

His gaze swept over them, and they trembled so violently that it seemed their Nascent Divinities would explode at any moment.

Finally his gaze shifted to the forces of the Western Desert, and the South Cleaving Sentinels. “Fellow Daoists from the Western Desert, many thanks for your assistance. This kindness... will be remembered by the Southern Domain for generation after generation. It will never be forgotten!”

With that, he clasped hands and bowed deeply.

Immediately, the South Cleaving Sentinels bowed back with deep respect, as did all of the Western Desert cultivators. Meng Hao’s incredible bravery and power, coupled with the events of past years, made it so that the Western Desert cultivators viewed Meng Hao as one of their own.

“This war is now over,” said Meng Hao, looking out at the Northern Reaches cultivators.

“More killing would be meaningless. There is no path for you to return to your home, so you will stay in the Southern Domain. The price you will pay for this invasion is that your cultivation bases will be sealed. From this generation forward, your bloodlines will not produce Nascent Soul cultivation bases. Your path to Immortality is broken. Henceforth... you are felon citizens.” Meng Hao’s voice was calm, but his words struck like thunder, making it clear that his words would be strictly enforced. When he said ‘felon citizens,’ the words were branded deeply into the hearts and minds of the Northern Reaches cultivators, and they knew that this would be their identity for generations to come.

Furthermore, among the more than 100,000 Northern Reaches cultivators, all of the Nascent Soul cultivators trembled as their Nascent Souls involuntarily shattered. Their cultivation bases fell, and in the blink of an eye, not a single Nascent Soul cultivator could be found among the Northern Reaches forces.

Next, he turned his attention to the Dao Seeking experts.

“As for you people.... Your war has shattered the Southern Domain. Innumerable cultivators have died, and the spiritual energy of the land has become sparse. The five of you will be suppressed and turned into the Southern Domain cultivators’ foundation in the future. For generations to come, the power of your Nascent Divinities will be extracted to replenish the spiritual energy in the Southern Domain!” Even as he spoke, he waved his hand, causing the Ninth Mountain, which had been trembling this entire time, to suddenly rise up into the air. Revealed beneath was a woman, blood oozing from her mouth, left with only a tiny scrap of life force.

The mountain then shot toward the five Dao Seeking experts.

“Henceforth, this mountain shall be called Sin of the North!”

Meanwhile, back in the Ji Clan, in a hidden location, the armless young Patriarch took a deep breath. A look of regret appeared in his eyes, and he

shook his head.

“Fang Clan....” he murmured. “Son of a Chosen, with fifty percent of the power of a true Immortal. Half a step into true Immortality.... That mark on his hand... it must be... THAT mark.” A strange light appeared in his eyes, and he smiled. Apparently he had just recalled something.

“Interesting. I just remembered that the main branch of the Fang Clan on Planet East Victory has a peerless Chosen by the name of Fang Wei. If the two of them ever meet, I wonder what will happen.”

At the same time, the couple in the Tower of Tang wore excited expressions. They exchanged a glance, then clasped hands and stepped forward.

“It’s time to reunite....”

“We’ve been waiting for this day for so long....”

“Seventh Year Tribulation. Ah, the Seventh Year Tribulation. My son has transcended the tribulation. Now the fish will make its leap into being a dragon amongst men!” 1

*

1. This is a reference to a common Chinese expression about a fish “leaping” to success and becoming a dragon.

Chapter 796: Putting the North in its Place

“NO!!”

“I’ve practiced cultivation for thousands of years! I refuse to be suppressed!”

“Sealing the path to the Nascent Soul for Northern Reaches cultivators? Suppressing us with a mountain? Extracting our spiritual energy to bolster the Southern Domain?! I won’t allow it!” The five peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches, including the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, were in a rage. However, they were no match for Meng Hao, now that he had produced a Dharma Idol and was half a step into true Immortality.

The peak of Dao Seeking was simply not a match for him, not even when they joined forces like they had earlier. Roaring, the five transformed into prismatic beams of light as they attempted to flee.

In this war, the Northern Reaches had been defeated... completely and utterly defeated!

However, as long as the five of them remained alive, there was always the possibility that they could turn things around in the future. Therefore, they fled at top speed, each one heading in a different direction.

Meng Hao floated in midair, calmly looking on. He waved his hand, and the Ninth Mountain rumbled, shooting forward to appear directly in front of the obese woman.

The woman was moving with indescribable speed. However, as soon as the Ninth Mountain appeared, her body sank down and her Nascent Divinity flew out amidst the shattering air. She let out a miserable scream, and a boom rang out as the Ninth Mountain completely suppressed her, sealing her Nascent Divinity inside of it.

Then the mountain flickered again, reappearing off in the distance, where it began to suppress the old man who had looked like a hopping vampire. His cultivation base was the weakest of them all, and his Nascent

Divinity had a look of despair on its face. He tried to attack madly, but was completely incapable of doing anything to the mountain. Rumbling could be heard as he was sealed inside.

After that, the mountain flickered again, to appear in front of the effeminate man. His body was covered with glittering magical symbols that made him look almost like a moon. Seeing that he would be incapable of escaping, a ruthless gleam appeared in his eyes, and he chose to self-detonate.

He would rather die than be suppressed!

However, before he even had time to self-detonate, the rumbling Ninth Mountain sealed his Nascent Divinity inside, filling the effeminate man's eyes with despair.

After quickly sealing those three people in succession, the Ninth Mountain's spiritual energy was incredibly strong. A droning sound filled the air as it moved once again, causing winds to stir and the air to distort. It was now in front of the old man who looked like a Demon Devil. He struggled, but it only made the situation worse. He was suppressed and absorbed into the mountain.

Finally... the mountain vanished for the final time, to appear in front of the Northern Reaches' most powerful expert, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. The man's face was ashen, and he began to laugh bitterly. Turning his head to Meng Hao, he said, "We will replenish the spiritual energy of the Southern Domain, but you have to give the Northern Reaches a time limit... then I will help you!"

"Ten thousand years!" said Meng Hao, his voice neutral.

"Ten thousand years...." The old man laughed bitterly, but ceased his struggling and allowed the Ninth Mountain to suppress and seal him.

After suppressing five powerful experts, the mountain was now bursting with spiritual energy. It looked like a spirit mountain as it slowly descended down to the lands below. When it touched down, it would fuse with the Southern Domain, and use the spiritual energy coming from the five peak Dao Seeking cultivation bases to nourish the land.

These five people were now like five spirit stones; their spiritual energy would be slowly sucked away until the Southern Domain's spiritual energy once again flourished like it used to.

It was then that, all of a sudden, a faint sigh echoed through the land. At the same time, a woman appeared, coming from the direction of the Milky Way Sea.

She wore a blue gown which spread out to cover everything beneath her, almost like a stretch of sky. She floated toward the battlefield from off in the distance, a swath of blue drifting between Heaven and Earth.



Official ISSTH art of the Dawn Immortal (note the Resurrection Lily in the background)

As soon as she appeared, the natural law in the world faded. Even time seemed to come to a standstill. The Ninth Mountain hovered there in midair, incapable of touching down onto the ground. As for all of the cultivators on the battlefield, they stood there trembling.

Even the Dao Seeking experts could do nothing but stop in place. Everything was motionless.

The woman was the only one who was moving. She strode through the air up toward Meng Hao.

“He once said... when the vortex eye appears, the lotus transformation will be seen; in the gap between Immortal and Devil, the blue lotus will appear.... And now....” The woman’s voice was faint but profound as it echoed out through Heaven and Earth. Behind her, a faint image appeared, that of a Blue Lotus. It was... a Dharma Idol!

“Under the gaze of the countless stars, the blood of a million cultivators flows, and the vortex eye appears.

“The Western Desert Apocalypse created the boundless Violet Sea, within which was concealed the transformations of the lotus.

“The day has arrived in which the Heavens are numbed and filled with grieving ghosts. Now my Blue Lotus... can appear!

“The only thing I am missing is the gap between Immortal and Devil.... The Mist Blade descended, you severed the Devil and sought the Dao, and thus, the gap between Immortal and Devil appeared.” The woman’s gaze seemed somewhat distant. At first glance, her eyes looked calm, at second glance, insane, and at a third glance, profound. It was as if her gaze contained countless cycles of reincarnation.

“I will use the blood of millions as mud. The countless aggrieved ghosts as muddy stains. I will... emerge unstained from the blood-soaked mud, without a blemish upon me. I will... shed the Resurrection Lily and become a Blue Lotus!

“I sought the Dao on the day the Heavens were numbed. By dawn, I had already reached Immortal Ascension. I severed my goodness, and cut away my root of Immortality. Only when my evil reached the pinnacle, could I risk everything to make a transformation.” She strolled forward, and came to a stop three hundred meters in front of Meng Hao.

“I’ve been making preparations for a long time. Now that the gap

between Immortal and Devil has appeared, I can assimilate you, and then be complete.

“I scattered countless roots years ago, so the gap between Immortal and Devil was bound to appear eventually. Originally, I wouldn’t have selected you, but you became part of the League of Demon Sealers. It seems you were fated by Karma. Now... I must thank you.” With that, she gave him a curtsying bow.

Meng Hao didn’t respond at first. The pausing of the natural law of Heaven and Earth, and of time, was all due to this woman. However, cracking sounds could suddenly be heard around Meng Hao, like that of something shattering. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao was restored to normal. The Dharma Idol behind him began to shine with resplendent light.

“Mother of the Resurrection Lily,” he said. “Dawn Immortal.”

The woman nodded, and a faint smile could be seen on her face. It was a beautiful smile that contained reminiscence. As she studied Meng Hao, she suddenly looked a bit distracted.

“You don’t look like him... but your aura is the same,” she said softly. “From ancient times until now, the League of Demon Sealers... has been cold and heartless.

“I’ll assimilate you, and become a Blue Lotus. Karma will be fulfilled. What was sown that year will be reaped this year. From now on, I owe him nothing, and he owes me nothing.” She stretched out her hand and pointed toward Meng Hao.

Immediately, everything seemed to change. The world filled with shocking, illusory waves of seawater that swept toward Meng Hao from all directions, seemingly preparing to inundate him. However, it was at this point that the Dharma Idol behind him suddenly opened its mouth and roared.

It was one roar, but it caused everything to shatter. Cracking sounds echoed out, and the waves collapsed. The seawater vanished as if it had evaporated, transforming into endless dark clouds up above.

“Back in the Reliance Sect,” said Meng Hao coolly, “you were lurking in the shadows. When I was in the Milky Way Sea, you were there hiding. You even showed your face at the battle of the Blood Demon Sect. And yet again, here you are in this territorial war.

“I don’t care about your motive for all of this. You want to assimilate me...? Unfortunately, you’re not qualified.” His Dharma Idol’s eyes glittered; it then took a step forward and lifted its hands up. The Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared, an enormous vortex which shot toward the woman.

If you looked closely, you would see that the Blood Demon Grand Magic was similar to the vortex up in the sky. As it rotated, the clouds up above swirled and also surged toward the woman.

“When the Resurrection Lily blooms with seven colors,” the woman said softly, “the petals fall, Immortality in one thousand years.” She looked at the incoming vortex, then waved her finger. Shockingly, a seven-colored Resurrection Lily appeared in front of her. Instantly, it shattered, forming seven multicolored wisps that floated through the air like dandelion seeds as they collided with the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex.

A shocking boom could be heard. As the seven multicolored wisps passed through the vortex, they trembled slightly. They might have seemed weak, but they didn’t pause at all. They transformed into beams of multicolored light that shot directly toward Meng Hao.

As they neared him, they became seven flower petals that resembled magical sealing marks.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed with coldness. His Dharma Idol roared, causing the surroundings to distort, and the seven petals to stop in place.

It was at this moment that he raised his right hand, in which... the copper mirror appeared!

A glittering light could be seen within the copper mirror. If you looked closely, you would be able to make out... Demon Weapon Lonelytomb!

When Meng Hao merged the Demon Weapon into the copper mirror, he

had been unable to use it. Only after he had entered Dao Seeking, had Immortal Qi, and could summon a Dharma Idol, was he finally able to sense Lonelytomb inside.

He pushed down onto the copper mirror and grabbed, and a huge roar filled the air. A gust of Demonic qi surged out, filling the air everywhere. It was at this point that a long, red spear appeared in his hands.

It was both red and white, the colors intertwined in a way that made it impossible to describe with any word other than Demonic.

With Lonelytomb in hand, Meng Hao didn't hesitate for even a moment. He immediately struck out toward the seven petals.

The spear shot through the air, and everything rumbled. Demonic qi surged out, sweeping across everything. As Demon Weapon Lonelytomb surged through the air, shockingly, a tombstone suddenly appeared in front of Meng Hao.

The tombstone instantly suppressed everything in the area.

BOOOOMMMMM!!!!

The seven flower petals were destroyed, exploding into seven-colored motes of light that spread out into the air.

In this moment, Meng Hao stood there, holding Demon Weapon Lonelytomb in hand, and he looked like a Paragon of Heaven and Earth, undefeatable!

The woman's expression was the same as ever, as if she didn't care at all about Meng Hao's grandiose aura. In fact, a look of pity appeared on her face.

"You are of the League of Demon Sealers, so I won't lie to you. Nobody can save you. This planet's branch of the Ji Clan owes me a favor, and they won't do anything to stop me.

"Other than them, there are a few ancient beings on this planet, but none of them will do anything to obstruct my way either. Today... nobody can save you.

“The time has come, for you... to be assimilated.” As she spoke, she began to glow with boundless light. Behind her, the Blue Lotus began to sway and emit an indescribable, crushing pressure. For the first time, Meng Hao’s facial expression flickered.

Neither he nor his Dharma Idol were capable of moving even the slightest bit. Furthermore, it even appeared as if a Blue Lotus... was about to sprout out of his body!

At this exact moment... a cold snort echoed out like thunder, shattering the air as it rolled across the land.

“I dare you to touch him. Just try it!”

Chapter 797: Reuniting....

“I should have killed you the last time we met in the Milky Way Sea, slut!” This second voice was that of a woman.

The two voices instantly shattered the pause which had caused everything to cease moving. The Ninth Mountain continued to descend, and all the cultivators could move again.

Even as the cold snort continued to echo about, a sword beam shot through the air to completely sever the invisible connection between the Dawn Immortal and Meng Hao!

Booming echoed out, and a tremor ran through Meng Hao. The Blue Lotus vanished, and his Dharma Idol was restored. His eyes went wide as he saw two figures approaching from off in the distance.

It was a man and a woman, and when Meng Hao could see them clearly, his mind filled with thunderous roaring.

He knew those faces well. Even if tens of millions of years passed, he would not be able to forget them. The woman was his mother, the mother who had held him in her arms when he was a child, and told him stories. The man was his father, who seemed strict, but whose eyes were filled with boundless fatherly love.



Official ISSTH art of Fang Xiufeng, Meng Hao's father



Official ISSTH art of Meng Li, Meng Hao's mother



Cute version of Fang Xiufeng



Cute version of Meng Li

Meng Hao began to tremble, and could do nothing more than stare

blankly. At the same time, the mark on his hand began to shine brightly.

As soon as the man and woman appeared, the Dawn Immortal's face flickered. She began to pant, and her expression was one of complete disbelief as she backed up.

She had only retreated by three measures when the man's gaze locked onto her.

A rumbling sound echoed out, and then blood sprayed out of the Dawn Immortal's mouth. A look of astonishment covered her face. It was at this point that the Dharma Idol behind her directly exploded into countless pieces.

Furthermore, the enormous resurrection lily on the Milky Way Sea, which was the Dawn Immortal's true body, also exploded, shattering into countless pieces. The Resurrection Lily... was completely defeated.

"One look from him shattered my Dharma Idol," thought the Dawn Immortal, her face pale. "It even seriously injured me.... What just severed my Blue Lotus bridge just now was not a sword, it was his gaze!

"Who is he!?!?"

"His level of power is unimaginable. Even the Ji Clan can't begin to compare!" Her foundation had been destroyed, and now, she didn't dare to back up any more. In the face of an almighty being like this, whether or not she lived or died wasn't up to her.

"Before I came to this planet," the man said coolly, standing between Meng Hao and the Dawn Immortal, "an old friend revealed to me that there was a flower here within the ocean, left behind by his benefactor. The flower had long since become a Demon that had existed for countless years.

"It had experienced nirvanic rebirth numerous times, and was not willing to truly ascend to Immortality. You must be the flower he spoke of.

"You clearly could have achieved true Immortal Ascension long ago, and made your way out into the starry sky. Why have you made things hard on yourself, and on others? Well, considering your existence has provided

some benefit to my son through all his tempering, I won't slay you this day.

"Go break through to Immortal Ascension already!" The sky and land trembled as if struck by countless peals of thunder. When this man spoke, natural law conformed to his words. The Dawn Immortal's face went pale, and more blood sprayed from her mouth as she fell back a full three thousand meters. Finally, she looked up, and she smiled a heartrending smile.

The woman standing next to the man suddenly spoke up. "Why waste your words on her? Just sever her head!"

Meng Hao stood behind the two of them, his mind spinning with disbelief. His heart was in complete chaos, and he had no idea what to say.

"Sever me?" The Dawn Immortal laughed bitterly. Her face twisted savagely, and her hair was thrown into disarray. She had lost her foundation, the actual Resurrection Lily. Her Dharma Idol had been destroyed. And yet, a look of madness could be seen in her eyes.

"The League of Demon Sealers are all a heartless bunch. I kept that man company, but he severed me in the end!

"My heart beats with HATRED!!

"I was born in ancient times, and yes, I could have achieved Immortal Ascension on many occasions throughout the years. The only reason I never left this place is because of what he told me back then.

"He severed me here, and then left on his own. I killed countless members of his bloodline, but my hatred remains!

"And now you... YOU want to sever me too!?" She lifted her head up and laughed. Then she flung her arms out wide.

"I have existed in the lands of South Heaven since ancient times. I may have stayed hidden and out of sight, but now, I call on all of the people who owe favors to me, the Dawn Immortal... All of you... help me assimilate this child!

“Help me achieve my desire! Abide by your promises from the past!”

Her shrill voice echoed out throughout all the lands of South Heaven. As it did, a soft sigh could be heard echoing out from within the Ancient Dao Lakes. The sigh seemed to contain helplessness, and at the same time, shocking power.

“I should not emerge. According to the treaty from back then, I cannot emerge. And yet this favor... must be paid back.” A gold-violet beast suddenly appeared from within the Ancient Dao Lakes.

At the same time, dust began to fall off one of the statues inside the Ancient Temple of Doom. The statue’s eyes opened. At first, they looked confused, but then an archaic light began to shine out, and the statue slowly rose to its feet.

“It was she who enabled me to go into hiding in this ancient temple, and acquire that joss stick’s power. If I don’t emerge, I can’t rest my heart at ease.”

Far beneath the surface of the Milky Way Sea, an emaciated figure suddenly clawed its way out from within the mud and silt.

“The favor from years ago will be repaid today. However, before that happens, I must consume more blood.”

In the vast Western Desert, because of the draining of the Violet Sea into the Milky Way Sea, its water level had been greatly reduced. Not too far beneath the surface of the Violet Sea was a mountain that at first seemed completely ordinary. But then the mountain began to shake, and suddenly a face appeared on it. This mountain... began to rise up.

It was no mountain, but rather, an enormous giant. It looked like a mountain deity as its head broke through the surface of the water. Its expression was archaic as it flew up into the air.

“Slaughter! To repay my debt, I shall slaughter a million cultivators!”

Also underneath the Violet Sea was a mountain range called the Black Dragon Mountains. The mountain range began to tremble, sending numerous boulders tumbling down its sides. Shockingly, an enormous

crocodile appeared. It swished its tail as it shot out of the water, causing everything to shake.

A brutal gleam could be seen in the crocodile's eyes, and it did not speak. However, its unbridled ferocity exploded with intensity.

In the Northern Reaches, in the lands of a minor tribe, was an altar, upon which rested a skull that had remained in that position year in and year out. It was impossible to tell how long it had been there. At this moment, a dim light began to shine out from the skull, and it flew into the air.

Also in the Northern Reaches was a valley that was sealed over with ice. It was a forbidden zone for cultivators, and deep in its depths... was a chunk of ice. Sealed inside of the ice was a man who had golden wings growing out of his back.

The man's eyes snapped open, and cracking sounds could be heard as the ice shattered. He stepped out, frowned, then gave a light sigh.

"Back when I arrived, I was seriously injured and was on the verge of death. She kept me alive... and made me promise to pay her back."

In the vast Eastern Lands were two forbidden zones.

One was the Ancient Paradise. Rumor had it that the entire place was filled with countless ancient medicinal plants, each one of which emanated strong auras of death. That was because the Ancient Paradise was actually... an ancient battlefield.

Within the Ancient Paradise was an enormous, withered tree, whose roots spread throughout the ground. The tree trembled in response to the Dawn Immortal's call, and its roots retracted back into the body of the tree. When that happened, the tree... surged with shocking energy!

There was another forbidden zone in the Eastern Lands, which some people called the Immortality Temple. It was located in a sprawling mountain range, and was filled with innumerable restrictive spells. Deep in the mountains was an ancient, dilapidated temple.

The statue of whatever divinity it was that the temple had been erected

to had long since crumbled, and was impossible to see clearly. However, inside the temple was an oil lamp which had not been lit for uncountable years. As of this moment, that oil lamp blazed with fire, and began to pulse with a divine light.

The light covered the entire ancient temple, as well as the statue of the divinity. Suddenly, a figure appeared, who then sighed.

“Well, she came from here, and is connected to me....” It separated from the image of the divinity, floated up out of the ancient temple, then flew off into the distance.

A total of nine auras surged out, causing rumbling to spread throughout all the lands of South Heaven. The sky turned dark, and the living creatures in the land trembled. All of the cultivators on the battlefield appeared to be on the verge of losing consciousness.

The great sects of the Eastern Lands were completely astonished, and their Patriarchs began to think about the various legends recorded in their ancient records.

In the Ji Clan of the Eastern Lands, the armless young Patriarch stood up, and a strange light gleamed in his eyes.

“The Dawn Immortal is incredible! Even I could never have imagined that she would have set up so many contingencies!

“And it’s no wonder! She has existed for... countless, countless years. If she had focused solely on cultivation, it would be impossible to even speculate what Realm she would be in.”

As the lands of South Heaven trembled, the husband and wife stood there in front of Meng Hao. The woman’s face flickered as she looked around, then she stepped back to stand next to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s mind was still spinning, and as he looked at her face, he felt like he was in a trance.

“Are you... really my mom...?” he murmured.

“Hao’er,” she responded. “You’ve suffered many hardships throughout

the years.” This woman was none other than Meng Hao’s mother. When she looked at him, her heart stabbed with pain. She reached out to clasp his hand, and her eyes were filled with both love and tears.

“It’s all my fault,” she said. “I’m a bad mother for not being able to take care of you. You were so young back then.... When daddy and I left, you ran out of the house crying and yelling. I saw you fall down, and my heart broke.” 1

It was at this point that the man turned back to look at Meng Hao. It was a gaze that caused Meng Hao’s mind to tremble. It was filled with love and kindness, and it instantly caused tears to begin to stream down Meng Hao’s face.

He never imagined that he would cry at this moment in time. He had never imagined that he would reunite so quickly with his father and mother.

He wasn’t sure what to say, but he couldn’t stop the tears from streaming down.

His mother saw Meng Hao weeping, which caused more tears to flow down her own face.

“Hao’er....” she said, and then embraced him warmly, which made Meng Hao think about the times when he was a boy, and how he hated leaving her side.

“Don’t cry,” said his father, tousling his hair. He was smiling, and the love in his eyes seemed to grow even stronger.

“You’re grown up now....” he said calmly. “You’re already half a step into true Immortality, so it’s time that I pass on some Daoist magic to you. My Dao, is the Dao of the sword.... Watch carefully, I’m going to show you nine sword forms.

“First form!” He extended his left leg and bent it slightly. Then his body sprang into motion. He bent backward gracefully until he looked almost like a taut bow, completely at one with Heaven and Earth. In the next breath, it seemed as if Heaven and Earth were wholly incompatible with

him, and yet were helpless to do anything. It was as if he had drawn an incredible burst of power down from the Heavens.

He extended his right hand, within which appeared an ordinary iron sword. 2

The sword... swept toward the Southern Domain's Ancient Dao Lakes!

*

1. Meng Hao had a vision of when his parents left him, way back in chapter 653.
2. We have seen this iron sword before, in chapter 782.

Chapter 798: Father Makes a Laughingstock of South Heaven

“Three thousand great Daos,” the man said softly. “They each have their powerful and extraordinary aspects. In fact, it’s impossible to say which is the most powerful....

“The Dao exists in the heart, and the heart is born of the will. If your will is strong, then your Dao will be powerful, and your sword... will be invincible!

“Pay attention to my movements. There are nine in total, and each one can stir up the power of the stars.” The iron sword descended.

The sky and land shook, and all the light in the world seemed to vanish. The only thing left behind was the sword beam. Everything grew faded and blurry; the only thing remaining was the iron sword!

The sword beam surged, and the iron sword descended. It appeared above the Ancient Dao Lakes, directly in front of the flying beast that had just emerged. The beast stared in shock at the sword beam, and its face fell completely. It let out a miserable shriek, and appeared to be in a state of thorough astonishment and disbelief. It raced backward in an attempt to get back into the Ancient Dao Lakes.

“This... this....” Even as the beast retreated, the sword beam closed in. At the same time, the Ancient Dao Lakes erupted, and an archaic voice echoed out.

“Your Excellency, please calm your anger. I beg of you to show mercy to this clan member of mine....”

“Request denied!” growled a voice which caused explosive pressure to fill the air above the Ancient Dao Lakes. The sword beam swept through the air, and the beast let out a bloodcurdling scream. Its body exploded into burning chunks as it was destroyed in body and spirit.

One sword blow blotted it out of existence. Everything rumbled as one out of the nine auras which had appeared was wiped away. The remaining

eight auras froze in midair, and their faces filled with astonishment. After only a moment, they hurriedly retreated.

Unfortunately for them, it was too late!

“Hao’er,” said Meng Hao’s father, “look carefully at the second sword form. Always remember that when you attack with a sword, your mind must be empty, free of all distraction. You are the Dao, and the Dao is the sword!” Shockingly, what he was passing on was the most powerful Dao he had ever mastered in his life.

A Dao could not be passed down lightly. However, this was his son. Considering that he had agreed to stand guard over South Heaven for 100,000 years for Meng Hao, there was no need to even wonder about whether he would pass down a Dao.

Even as he spoke the words, he stepped forward with his right foot. The move was made so quickly that it kicked up a fierce wind. The second sword beam exploded out. The sky vibrated under the terrifying power; it almost seemed like all the man had to do was exercise a thought, and the Heavens could be slashed apart!

Rumbling could be heard as the sword beam appeared above the Southern Domain’s Ancient Temple of Doom. The image of the statue was terrified, and already fleeing at top speed. However, before it could enter the temple, the sword beam slashed through the air. A bloodcurdling scream rang out as an almighty being was beheaded. His body raged with fire as he was completely destroyed.

The only thing that remained was the lingering cry of death.

“Above the Spirit Realm is the Immortal Realm,” said Meng Hao’s father. “Right now, you are half a step into true Immortality, which means you are in the space between the Spirit Realm and the Immortal Realm. When you complete that step... you will enter the Immortal Realm!

“Now, pay attention to the third sword form.” Breathing steadily, he caressed the blade of the sword with his left hand, almost as if he were awakening its spirit. In this third sword form, the blade was stabbed down into the ground, causing the entire land to shake. The sword beam

appeared beneath the Milky Way Sea, behind the withered figure there that was fleeing at top speed.

“Who are you!?!? Don’t kill me! I surrender! I can be your son’s Dao Protector!!”

Back in the Southern Domain, Meng Hao’s father looked back at him. “Hao’er, do you want him?”

Meng Hao stared in shock, and then subconsciously shook his head.

His father laughed.

“Dao Protector? You’re not worthy to play such a role for my son.” As his voice echoed out, the sword descended. Rumbling filled the withered figure as his body collapsed into pieces which burned into nothingness.

Three sword forms had slaughtered three almighty beings!

When the Patriarchs of the ancient sects in the Eastern Lands saw what was happening, they rose to their feet and began to tremble with terror. As they observed, they began to surmise what exactly was happening.

In the Ji Clan, the armless young Patriarch sighed.

“If you people hadn’t showed your faces, none of this would have happened. He wouldn’t have gone to make trouble for you. At any other time, it wouldn’t have mattered. Considering his temperament, he really wouldn’t have paid you any attention. But now... you had to go and mess with his son.

“Messing with his son is like rubbing a cat’s fur backward! Who would dare to do such a thing?”

The remaining six auras were trembling violently. How could they ever have imagined that the Dawn Immortal would actually provoke someone this terrifying? Of these six auras, two ceased falling back, and instead shot high up into the sky, as if to flee the planet itself.

One was the skull, the other was the mountain deity from the Western Desert’s Violet Sea.

“On the path of cultivation, one cannot rely on the protection of others.

You haven't left Planet South Heaven yet in this lifetime. Let me tell you, I've seen far too many Chosen who utilize the help of Dao Protectors. By now... each and every one is as useless as a wild chicken or a stray dog.” Meng Hao's father turned to him and chuckled, then performed an incantation with his left hand, extending his index finger and middle finger together. It almost seemed as if he were wresting away energy from Heaven and Earth, causing a bizarre glow to surround his entire body as he took two more steps forward. With each step, a blast of sword qi shot up into the sky.

A moment later, the mountain deity let out a miserable shriek. Its enormous frame was clearly just about to escape Planet South Heaven. Nonetheless, it collapsed into pieces, which then burned into nothing.

As for the skull, it shot out into the starry sky and was speeding away. Unfortunately for it, even with such speed, it could not outrun the sword qi.

“NO!!” screamed the skull. Then, it was completely destroyed, including its Nascent Divinity.

Meng Hao's eyes widened, and he stared blankly at his father. He had taken five steps, and unleashed one sword after another. One by one he had slaughtered five terrifying beings as easily as if he were killing baby chickens. Those almighty creatures' auras were such that any single one would leave Meng Hao dazed; any of them could have slaughtered him easily. And yet, a single beam of sword qi from his father, and they were completely eradicated.

“What... what Realm are they in?” Meng Hao murmured.

The first to reply was his mother. “They have opened their Immortal meridians, solidified their Dao Fruit, and stepped into the peak of the Immortal Realm. They refer to themselves as Dao Lords, but are unable to open the door to the Ancient Realm. They aren't even true Immortals, and will one day return to the dust.”

“In the Spirit Realm, Dao Seeking is the absolute peak,” said Meng Hao's father. “In the Immortal Realm, there are two paths. The first path

involves offering worship to an ancestor, acquiring that ancestor's Dao Fruit, and then using it to tread the path to Immortality. On that path, you will never have a Dharma Idol of your own. Immortals like that are referred to as false Immortals. That is because, if that ancestor ever perishes, everyone who worships him will experience a drop in their cultivation base!

"That is the easy path to Immortality, the one which the vast majority of people choose to follow. However, there is another path.... On that path, you worship yourself. Your Dharma Idol is your own. You experience Immortal Tribulation and tread your own path. Others can worship you and tread your path of cultivation as false Immortals. This second path is the path of... the true Immortal!"

Meng Hao's father moved like the wind as he took two more steps forward. Each step caused the ground to quake. His hair swirled around him in the air, and wisps of mist rose up from the top of his head. He waved his right hand, causing two more beams of sword qi to fly out, one toward the Eastern Lands, the other toward the Western Desert.

In the Ancient Paradise of the Eastern Lands, the tree's branches were rustling, and its aura surged. Its mind was unprecedentedly focused as it drew upon all the power it could muster. The entire Ancient Paradise began to vibrate. The ground split, and the tree's roots writhed as it prepared to fight back against the incoming sword qi.

A boom rang out, and the tree wailed. All the power it could muster did nothing to stop the incoming sword qi. The tree was split completely in half, and then began to burn. Screams of pain filled the air as the tree was transformed into ash.

Beneath the surface of the Violet Sea in the Western Desert, the crocodile was trembling. It fled with all the speed it could muster, but the sword qi descended upon it nonetheless. In the blink of an eye, it was right above its head.

The crocodile wore a look of hopelessness.

"I... I can be a mount!" the crocodile cried out. "I don't qualify to be a

Dao Protector, but I... I'm willing to be a mount!"

When it cried out, the sword qi suddenly came to a stop in midair. It swirled around, transforming into a sealing mark which fused onto the crocodile's body.

"You possess some of the bloodline of a Scaly Dragon. Thus, you are qualified to be a mount for my Hao'er."

The crocodile trembled, and its mind was completely occupied by terror and fear. After being sealed, its body shrank down until it was only about three meters long. Then it was pulled back rapidly until it appeared in front of Meng Hao.

The crocodile knew that it was dealing with a Little Patriarch, so it immediately put on an ingratiating air and swished its tail back and forth.

Meng Hao looked at the crocodile, an awkward expression on his face.

"Unfortunately," said Meng Hao's father, shaking his head, "you've only opened 53 meridians. If you could open at least 60 or more, then you could summon the power of the Scaly Dragon's bloodline."

"Hao'er, in the Immortal Realm, there are no stages. There are only the 100 meridians of the Dao of Immortality."

"All living creatures have 100 meridians, that is a constant. No living thing has more or less."

"Once you enter the Immortal Realm, you will cultivate those 100 meridians. The soul is grouped into three spiritual aspects and seven physical aspects; a total of ten vessels. The meridians are organized into groups of ten, each of which form a vessel. If all 100 meridians are opened, you have achieved the Immortal Soul, and will produce your own unique Dao Fruit, whereupon you can open the door to the Ancient Realm!"

1

"Unfortunately, success in the Immortal Realm is not so easy. From ancient times until now, someone with 50 opened meridians would be considered to be at the peak of the Immortal Realm, and could attempt to open the Ancient Door. According to legend, it is as easy to find someone

with 80 opened meridians as it is to find a phoenix feather or a qilin horn. Only Chosen who are direct descendants of various great sects and clans would have a chance to do so.

“90 opened meridians is something even rarer, and exists only in legends. As for the full 100 meridians... from ancient times until now, no one has ever done it.”

“But you can, Hao’er!” said his mother immediately.

His father laughed, then suddenly crouched slightly, then straightened up, his posture like a giant holding up the weight of the world. He took two steps forward and waved his arms, causing two beams of sword qi to shoot out, one toward the Eastern Lands, the other toward the Northern Reaches.

Considering the level of his cultivation base, he actually didn’t need to use such meticulous movements; he normally moved as fluidly as the clouds or flowing water. However, for Meng Hao’s sake, he was demonstrating all of the movements in detail.

In the frozen valley in the Northern Reaches, the man who had walked out from the ice earlier was now laughing bitterly. He didn’t make any move to evade, but rather, sat there cross-legged, chuckling, his eyes shining with a light of madness.

Suddenly, his skin turned purple, and the power of a curse began to circulate around him as the sword qi bore down.

“Anyone who kills me will have their bloodline cursed!” he cried, and the wings on his back suddenly opened wide.

A cold snort echoed out. “Someone from a measly species of curse-users? Your bloodline isn’t pure, and yet you dare to try to curse the house of Fang?”

The sword qi descended, slashing directly into the winged man’s head.

Flames burst out, dissolving the curse power. It never even had a chance to be unleashed before it was dissipated completely.

1. Considering Meng Hao's father's explanation of the physical and spiritual aspects of souls, it now becomes more clear why the Wang Clan Patriarch was said to be incapable of truly reaching Immortal Ascension as described in chapter 682 and especially 683.

Chapter 799: Born On East Victory!

The final blast of sword qi shot through the ground toward the deep mountains of the Eastern Lands, and the ancient temple. An intense, glowing light rose up from the temple, as well as the music of a great Dao. It seemed as if there were countless Immortal Divinities sitting cross-legged inside the temple. The mountain itself, as well as everything surrounding it, seemed to be part of a Daoist rites temple. It was even possible to see that crowds of Chosen had practiced cultivation there throughout the years.

“Oh?!” exclaimed Meng Hao’s father. The sword qi came to a stop.

The door of the ancient temple opened up, and a figure emerged. It was impossible to see the figure clearly, but it stood there facing Meng Hao’s father.

“I didn’t realize that there was an Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple here.... How rude of me! Well, since this location has been activated... hand over the Immortal Ancient Daoist Medallion!”

The figure was silent for a moment, then waved a hand. The ancient temple rumbled, and out flew a command medallion that pulsed with Immortal qi. The bright light emanating from the temple faded, and the figure vanished.

Nine powerful experts had appeared; one after the other perished. The crocodile became a mount, and the figure from the Immortal temple offered up an Immortal Ancient Daoist Medallion to prevent any trouble. The other seven were all slain.

It all happened incredibly quickly. By the time Meng Hao’s father finished speaking a few words to Meng Hao, everything was over.

The cultivators on the ground in South Domain were astonished. The peak Dao Seeking experts in midair were completely shaken.

The Dawn Immortal laughed bitterly and staggered back a few paces. Blood oozed out of her mouth as she looked at Meng Hao and shook her

head.

“Fate, how cruel you are....” she said. “I wanted to become a Blue Lotus... not for the sake of true Immortality, but because he said... once upon a time... that he loved lotuses.” The Dawn Immortal chuckled sadly and backed up further. Her body seemed to be starting to dissipate.

She had lost her foundation, and since she couldn't assimilate Meng Hao and become a Blue Lotus, the only thing left for her to do now was fade away.

“Meng Hao....” she murmured. “You are of the League of Demon Sealers. From ancient times, they have always been cruel and heartless. One day, if you ever encounter one of them who mentions Resurrection Lilies, I'd like you to ask him something for me....

“Ask him if he remembers a flower back in the lands of South Heaven.... A Resurrection Lily whom he severed away.”

She looked up into the sky, and tears glistened down her cheeks as she began to fade away. “I am filled with hatred.... But what I hate is not you. I hate myself... for not being a Blue Lotus.” Her soft voice echoed out across the lands before fading away.

Meng Hao's mind trembled as he watched the Dawn Immortal vanish into nothing.

The war between the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches... was over.

The Western Desert left, their towering South Cleaving Sentinels leading the way. The Southern Domain would never forget the kindness shown to them by the Western Desert; it would be engraved in their memories for generation after generation to come. As for the sinners from the Northern Reaches, they had lost their path back home, and become felon citizens....

There were now only a hundred thousand cultivators in the Southern Domain. Many sects and clans had been completely wiped out. Numerous core Daoist teachings and doctrines had vanished. Even the spiritual energy in the land was sparse. Thankfully, the mountain that Meng Hao

had created continued to infuse the land with spiritual energy.

Perhaps many years later, the Southern Domain would once again shine with its former glory.

Pill Demon went back to the Violet Fate Sect, and Patriarch Song to the Song Clan.

If you didn't count Meng Hao, they were the two remaining peak Dao Seeking experts in the Southern Domain. Furthermore, the Violet Fate Sect and the Song Clan were now like Holy Lands within the Southern Domain.

In the days to come, they would lead the Southern Domain cultivators to rebuild their sects and clans, and also select appropriate people from among the mortal populace to begin practicing cultivation. Slowly, the Southern Domain would be restored.

What was needed was time; at the very least, hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of years.

The mountain in which the five peak Dao Seeking Northern Reaches cultivators was sealed, the one named Sin of the North, stood tall above the lands. As time passed, it would become a famous landmark in the Southern Domain.

The war... was over.

During that war, Meng Hao had risen to complete prominence. His name was famous in the Southern Domain and the Western Desert. It had even shaken the Eastern Lands. Meng Hao... had become the focus of attention of all the lands of South Heaven.

As for all the Chosen of his own generation, some were dead and some had faded into obscurity. None of them were able to keep up with Meng Hao, let alone surpass him.

To the cultivators of the Southern Domain, Meng Hao's stories were the stuff of legend.

He had started out in the Reliance Sect, acquired the Blood Immortal Legacy, thrown the Southern Domain into chaos, and shocked everyone at

the Song Clan. Then, in the Violet Fate Sect, he had rocked the entire Southern Domain again under the name of Pill Cauldron.

At the Rebirth Cave, he had slain one of the sons of Ji, a Quasi-Array member!

In the Black Lands, he had participated in the siege of Holy Snow City!

In the Western Desert, he had led his tiny tribe through the Violet Rain Apocalypse. Because of him, they rose to glory one step at a time, until he finally brought them to the Black Lands.

Then, he had vanished, only to reappear years later, fighting the Spirit Severing expert Patriarch Huyan in a shocking battle that had astonished the Western Desert and Black Lands alike. Then, he had left everyone reeling in shock as he went to the Demon Immortal Sect.

The Chosen of the Southern Domain had congregated in the Demon Immortal Sect, but couldn't do anything to Meng Hao even after joining forces. After wresting away virtually all of their good fortune, Meng Hao had next appeared in the Milky Way Sea!

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch had appeared in person, and Meng Hao narrowly avoided death. His Perfect Dao foundation was stolen, and just when he was about to truly die, Xu Qing saved him, proving that they were destined to be bound in marriage. After he awoke in the Rebirth Cave, he battled the Black Sieve Sect, then shockingly, descended into Bedevilment.

At the Ancient Dao Lakes, he had snatched the soul of a true Immortal. Four powers of the Southern Domain had allied against the Blood Demon Sect in a shocking war. Then, on the day of his grand wedding, the Northern Reaches invaded. Xu Qing died, and Meng Hao went mad. Fight, fight, FIGHT!

Kill, KILL, KILLLL!!!

Finally, he severed the Devil and sought the Dao, stepping halfway into true Immortality.

Meng Hao's story swept through the Southern Domain like storm winds. The Western Desert heard the tales, as did the shocked Northern Reaches.

Even the Eastern Lands caught wind. Meng Hao's name... had truly risen to prominence!

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Currently, Meng Hao sat in Blood Prince Gorge in the Blood Demon Sect. His father and mother sat in front of him. Meng Hao was no longer shaken like he had been before. Instead, he sat there quietly, even taciturn.

Hundreds of years had passed, and he had finally reunited with his parents. Although the memories from when he was seven years old had not been erased, they were somewhat foggy. However, the affection he felt because of the blood connection with his parents made things even more complicated.

There were so many things he didn't understand, too many perplexing conundrums. Why did his father and mother leave that year? Why had they suddenly reappeared now? Where had they been this whole time...?

Where were they when he was experiencing grave crises?

Where were they when the Resurrection Lily infected him?

Where were they when the Wang Clan Patriarch stole his Perfect Dao foundation?

Where were they when he nearly died in the Rebirth Cave?

Where were they... when Xu Qing died?

If they were merely mortals, it wouldn't matter. But they had just casually slain nine incredibly powerful experts in a single short battle. Meng Hao now knew that his father and mother were powerful. So powerful, in fact... that the Ji Clan hadn't appeared during the entire affair.

He needed an answer. He needed an explanation. His heart... felt twisted into a knot.

"Hao'er...." began his mother, tears streaming down her face. "You don't need to worry about Xu Qing. Your father placed a stream of divine sense on her. It will keep her safe during reincarnation, and will guide her back

to you.”

“I know what is gnawing at your mind,” his father said. “You must have many questions.” There was love in his eyes, and it was clearly strong. He stretched out his hand, and a brilliant glow appeared at the tip of his finger.

“Allow me to take you into the past, to awaken your memories. Then... you will see the explanation with your own eyes.” The brilliant glow rose up and approached Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked at his father, and then looked at the brilliant glow. Finally, he closed his eyes. The bright glow fused into his forehead, then pulled him down into the deepest recesses of his memories.

When he was born, there were two moons in the sky, and countless stars. It was picturesque.

He heard laughter ringing about in a magnificent temple. The temple was so enormous that it spread out across half of the entire planet it occupied. That entire area belonged to...

The Fang Clan!

“This boy will be a qilin of the Fang Clan! 1 Throw a banquet that will last for 300 years! Invite all of the Fellow Daoists from Planet East Victory!

“Wait. Planet East Victory isn’t enough. My grandson’s name will definitely shake the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea! Invite the Fellow Daoists from all the other three planets! Invite the ancient sects as well!

“This child is my daughter’s son, which means that his future path of might will encompass the Eighth Mountain too! Invite everyone from the Eighth Mountain to come offer their congratulations!”

The voice rang out amongst endless cheerful laughter. When Meng Hao opened his eyes, these were the things he heard and saw.

A woman was holding him in her arms. When he looked up at her, he saw his mother, although she looked much younger. Standing next to her was a young girl of five or six years of age, looking at him with a curious,

mischievous smile. Occasionally, she would take advantage of her mother's distraction to make faces at him. That was his older sister.

Further off in the distance was his father, who looked very excited. He was surrounded by old men who were constantly toasting him.

Meng Hao's birth caused a huge sensation throughout Planet East Victory. The reason was that... his father was a direct descendant of the Fang bloodline, and also the eldest son. As for Meng Hao... he was also a direct descendant, and the eldest grandson!

Another reason was that Meng Hao's maternal grandfather was not from the Ninth Mountain. He was from the illustrious Meng Clan of the Eighth Mountain. In fact, the Lord of the Eight Mountain was surnamed Meng!

When Meng Hao was born, even the Ji Clan sent congratulatory gifts, and Lord Ji sent a Dharma Clone to visit.

Meng Hao's birth rocked all four great planets, the entire Ninth Mountain, and all the ancient sects.

There were many people who understood that as long as this baby didn't turn out to be completely useless, then considering the power of the Fang and Meng clans, he would one day shine with blazing brilliance among the stars and seas.

This was especially the case because the child had been born with a special mark on the back of his hand. It was a Nirvana Brand!

**

"Young Lord, you can't go in there! That's a restricted area! You can't just barge in!"

"Young Lord, I beg of you, please don't bite that!"

"Young Lord, stop it, stop it! You can't dig holes there! The Patriarch planted that tree there personally! Y-y-you... that tree never did anything to you, don't dig it up...."

He was a five-year-old boy who caused headaches for everyone in the

Fang Clan. He was simply far too naughty.

Virtually every day he ran around followed by a trail of fellow clan members. If there wasn't someone keeping an eye on him at all times... havoc would be wrought.

"Little brother, you've been naughty again!" said his older sister, cracking her knuckles and looking at him with narrowed eyes and a mischievous smile. She was a head taller than him, and the sight of her stomping toward him caused Meng Hao's scalp to go numb. He backed up, stammering, and was just about to try to make an explanation when the smackdown began.

As his sister grew up, she continued to be very strict on him, to the point where Meng Hao's heart filled with fear at the thought of her and her violent personality.

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1. This expression is used to describe a child that will bring good fortune and prosperity to the family.

Chapter 800: Seventh Year Tribulation!

“Young Lord, you need to study now....”

“Young Lord, stop bullying your cousin Prince Wei! Look, he’s crying because you hit him!” 1

“Aiya! Young Lord, don’t bully Princess Ling’er. She’s... she’s your future beloved! The Patriarch already issued the official order!”

Meng Hao gaped at everything that was happening. He watched the five-year-old version of himself pummeling another boy his age. Apparently the boy had told on him, which earned Meng Hao beating from his sister. This was his revenge. In the end, the boy was in tears and begging for mercy. In another scene, he saw himself setting fire to the hair of a young girl who was about the same age as him. That left him feeling quite shocked. In fact, he couldn’t help but think... this kid couldn’t really be him, could he?

He saw many unfamiliar faces, and he also witnessed the carefree life he had lived until he was seven years of age. The life he had lived was one of simple happiness.

He wasn’t studious at all, which made Meng Hao recall how poorly he had fared in the Imperial examinations.

However, on his seventh birthday, everything changed!

The day his seventh birthday arrived, something completely unforeseen happened to him. It was a misfortune, an extremely shocking matter that caused a huge commotion throughout the entire Fang Clan, although the news was quickly hushed up.

The Fang Clan had a bloodline legacy, a Daoist Magic that was completely Heaven-defying. It manifested differently among different clan members, depending on their bloodline. It was a Daoist magic that could... allow for Nirvanic Rebirth up to four times! It was an ability that essentially gave them a chance to live up to four lifetimes!

The character ‘Fang 方’ is composed of four strokes, just like those four

lifetimes 2. It was this Daoist magic that ensured that the Fang Clan remained as a towering force in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, regardless of whether it was the era of Lord Li or Lord Ji.

Any clan member who was born with a Nirvana Brand was considered Chosen. If a clan member was born without it, it was very difficult to develop it later in life.

Furthermore... throughout all the years, it was virtually unheard of for anyone to actually live all four lifetimes. Even some of the clan Patriarchs, when they became old and weak, could only experience Nirvanic Rebirth once. Those who had been able to experience Nirvanic Rebirth twice were extremely rare.

It required a deep cultivation base, as well as a very pure Fang clan bloodline.

Every time Nirvanic Rebirth was experienced, a Nirvana Flower would bloom. It would meld into the body, and allow the subject to become incredibly powerful by living an entire additional lifetime!

On Meng Hao's seventh birthday... he experienced Nirvanic Rebirth!

He did not have a powerful cultivation base, and yet... he experienced Nirvanic Rebirth!

This matter shook the whole Fang Clan. Meng Hao's father and mother were even more astonished!

That was because... although Nirvanic Rebirth was a good thing, and enabled someone to live more lifetimes, for something like that to happen to a seven-year-old child was the most brutal of calamities! 3

He hadn't even lived a life yet. He had a road of endless possibilities ahead of him, but was stifled before he could explore any of them! All of the essence of his flesh and blood, all of his fated good fortune that had yet to be revealed, was sucked into the Nirvanic Rebirth as he started over from the beginning!

His body began to degenerate as he passed backward from seven years of age until he was in the same state he had been when he was born. The

Nirvana Brand on the back of his hand faded some, and a layer of it fell off, which then transformed into a flower. Shockingly, the flower... gave bloom to a fruit!

That fruit gave rise to further shock in the Fang Clan. Even the Patriarchs who were locked away in secluded meditation came out to see.

According to the legends, the pinnacle of the Fang Clan's Nirvanic Rebirth Daoist magic was none other than the Nirvana Fruit!

Nirvana Flowers were rare, but there were people in every generation who produced them.... However, for many many years in the Fang Clan, the Nirvana Fruit had only been spoken of as the stuff of legend. Up until then, in the entire Fang Clan there was only one shriveled up, auraless husk of a Nirvana Fruit.

Nirvana Flowers bloomed when a member of the Fang Clan experienced Nirvanic Rebirth and began to live another lifetime. They were born inside of the body, and could enable one to grow incredibly powerful. When that clan member died later on, the Nirvana Flower would wither and fade away.

However, Nirvana Fruit... were the absolute pinnacle of power. They could be preserved... and passed on as legacies!

And now... little Meng Hao actually produced a Nirvana Fruit!

This matter shook the Fang clan, and many clan members started to view Meng Hao as an extraordinary Chosen. However, his father and mother were a bit uneasy about the matter. And as they watched as their son reverted from being seven years of age to being an infant, that unease grew more intense.

This type of good fortune was something that they didn't dare to think too deeply about. If they did... it caused their hair to stand on end in terror. It was the prospect of a child who, at seven years of age, had lost an entire lifetime, as if an eighth year of life didn't even exist for him.

Meng Hao's paternal grandfather looked on silently. Then one night, he left. Before leaving, he told Meng Hao's father and mother that he was

going to seek an Outsider, who he believed was the only person who could explain what was happening. Meng Hao's maternal grandfather, the venerable old man from the Eighth Mountain's Meng Clan, went with him.

The two of them disappeared into the starry sky.

Little Meng Hao grew up again, almost as if he had been reincarnated. He did not retain the memories of his previous life, and his personality had changed drastically. He was much quieter. He also noticed the strange looks that many clan members would give him when they thought no one was looking, and it scared him.

Such gazes were not the look you would give to a child, but rather, some type of Heavenly material or Earthly treasure.

When people looked at him in that way, his older sister would burst into a ranting rage and storm over with Meng Hao in tow to beat them up. She was frequently at his side, watching out for him.

"Don't be scared little brother, your big sister is here to protect you!" She was fifteen or sixteen years old now, and was already slender and elegant. However, her violent personality hadn't changed. In fact, she had actually grown more violent. 4

One day, a senior member of the clan gave Meng Hao that same strange look, which left him very frightened.

Later, he told his father about it. His father smiled and tousled his hair, then rocked him to sleep. After Meng Hao fell asleep, his father turned to leave, and his face was extremely grim. That day, the entire Fang Clan was sent into an explosive uproar, and many miserable shrieks rang out. Meng Hao's father swept through the entire clan, sword in hand.

From that day onward, there were far fewer such gazes cast Meng Hao's way.

Time passed. The other children who were once Meng Hao's age were now older, and the people he used to bully began to make progress along the path of cultivation. He could no longer set fire to that increasingly

beautiful girl's hair. He was completely incapable of beating up Prince Wei, whom he found so objectionable. None of his former friends would play with him. Although he was constantly attended by various clan members, he was still plagued by a festering feeling of loneliness. Eventually, he also found out about the rebirth he had undergone when he had turned seven.

The only people who he truly had to accompany him were his father, his mother, and his older sister. During this second lifetime, Meng Hao rarely went outside. Most of those seven years were spent in silence....

Finally, the seventh birthday of his second lifetime arrived, and... he once again went through Nirvanic Rebirth.

When it happened, Meng Hao felt fear, and pain. His body withered, and everything went blurry. It was as if his flesh and blood were fading away. The mark on the back of his hand once again shone with a bizarre glow.

The Fang Clan was yet again thrown into chaos. As Meng Hao experienced the Nirvanic Rebirth, his mother held him in her arms, and tears flowed down her face onto his. As he experienced these blurry memories, Meng Hao couldn't help but stare blankly at his mother, and the look of pain and heartbreak on her face.

Little Meng Hao's voice was hoarse as he said, "Mother... don't cry.... Didn't you tell me that this is just like sleeping a bit...? I'll rest for a while and then wake up.... When I wake up, you have to tell me a story, okay...?" His older sister stood off to the side, weeping as she watched her little brother. She was already twenty years old, and to see her little brother grow up twice, only to experience Nirvanic Rebirth twice, was heartrending.

His father stood off to the side, fists clenched tightly at his sides, eyes seemingly on the verge of dripping with tears of blood. Unfortunately, there was no way for him to vent the anguish he felt in his heart.

Nirvanic Rebirth was certainly Heaven-defying. However... for it to happen twice to a young child on his seventh birthday, was no good fortune. It was a tribulation!

Seventh Year Tribulation!

If it happened a third time, and then a fourth, then what awaited Meng Hao would be certain death. He would leave behind four Nirvana Fruits, and would then vanish into nothing.

His life would be one in which... he never reached eight years of age.

A strange atmosphere fell over the Fang Clan. Many people were watching, waiting for Meng Hao to complete the Nirvanic Rebirth, and then give bloom to a second Nirvana Fruit. However, no strange looks could be seen, and no one spoke.

They watched as Meng Hao gradually degenerated, once again becoming a young child.... The mark on his hand produced a flower, which then bore a Nirvana Fruit.

Thus, the curtain fell on Meng Hao's second incomplete life.

When he finally became an infant yet again, he didn't cry. As his mother held him in her arms, he gazed blankly up at the stars.

His mother wept. Trembling, his father lifted his head up and roared. Unfortunately, that didn't change anything. They could see the mark on the back of Meng Hao's hand, the Nirvana Brand, and they knew that the third lifetime had begun.

This time, he was clearly doomed to experience Nirvanic Rebirth again on his seventh birthday.

There were many aged members of the Fang Clan who were observing what was happening. Many of them appeared to be very distressed; others sighed.

Word of the matter finally began to spread outside the clan. However, the secret of Nirvanic Rebirth was maintained. The only thing that people on the outside knew was that the Fang Clan's eldest grandchild, the direct descendant of the bloodline, was born with tribulation attached to him. Every seven years he would experience such tribulation.

A child like that was essentially crippled.

Meng Hao's mother spent her days with tears staining her face. His older sister's violent temper caused her to get into fights virtually every day, as if that was the only way for her to give vent to the anger in her heart. His father did everything in his power to try to figure out a way to solve the problem, but it was all in vain.

His two grandfathers never returned.

When he was one year old during his third lifetime, a young man came to Planet East Victory. His arrival caused the elder members of the clan to reel in shock. One after another, they came out to bow in respect.

The young man said he had been sent by Meng Hao's grandfathers. After laying eyes on Meng Hao, he was silent for a long time. His face flickered with memories and conflicting emotions, as well as surprise.

"In life, all things relate to the reaping and sowing of Karma. Farming is an example. You must work hard before you can bring in the harvest.... You must pay out before you can profit.

"As a husband and wife, are the two of you willing to abandon any future glory, to give up your current status and become the Prison Wardens of the Ninth Mountain, to guard the gate of South Heaven for 100,000 years? Are you willing, no matter what Heaven-shaking Earth-shattering events take place, no matter what calamitous tribulations occur in the outside world, to spend 100,000 tedious years in that one place and not step foot outside of South Heaven? Are you willing to guard the gate of South Heaven, and not let any living beings from the outside world pass through it?

"If you are willing to leave behind everything that has been polluted by your Karma, then take this child to South Heaven. That place is the origin of the entire Ninth Mountain. If you take him there... then you must leave him before his seventh birthday. Keep your distance from him until the day he reaches Dao Seeking. You must not meet him, and must not allow your Karma to contaminate him. All of this will depend on the level of your sincerity. If you are truly sincere, then you can succeed.

"He must not be surnamed Fang. Have him take his mother's surname.

“If you do these things, then perhaps... he will have a chance at a life.”

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1. The name of Prince Wei might make some readers recall something said by the Ji Clan Patriarch in chapter 795....
2. The four strokes of the character ‘Fang’ (方).
3. This word for “calamity” is actually composed of two characters 浩劫. The first character is the same character “Hao 浩” from Meng Hao’s name. The second is the character often translated “tribulation 劫.” Together, they mean calamity.
4. The depiction of Fang Yu protecting Meng Hao might make some readers recall what happened back in the Demon Immortal Sect in chapter 611, when she killed two Fang Clan members who were threatening Meng Hao.

Credits

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